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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN TODAY'S GERMANY
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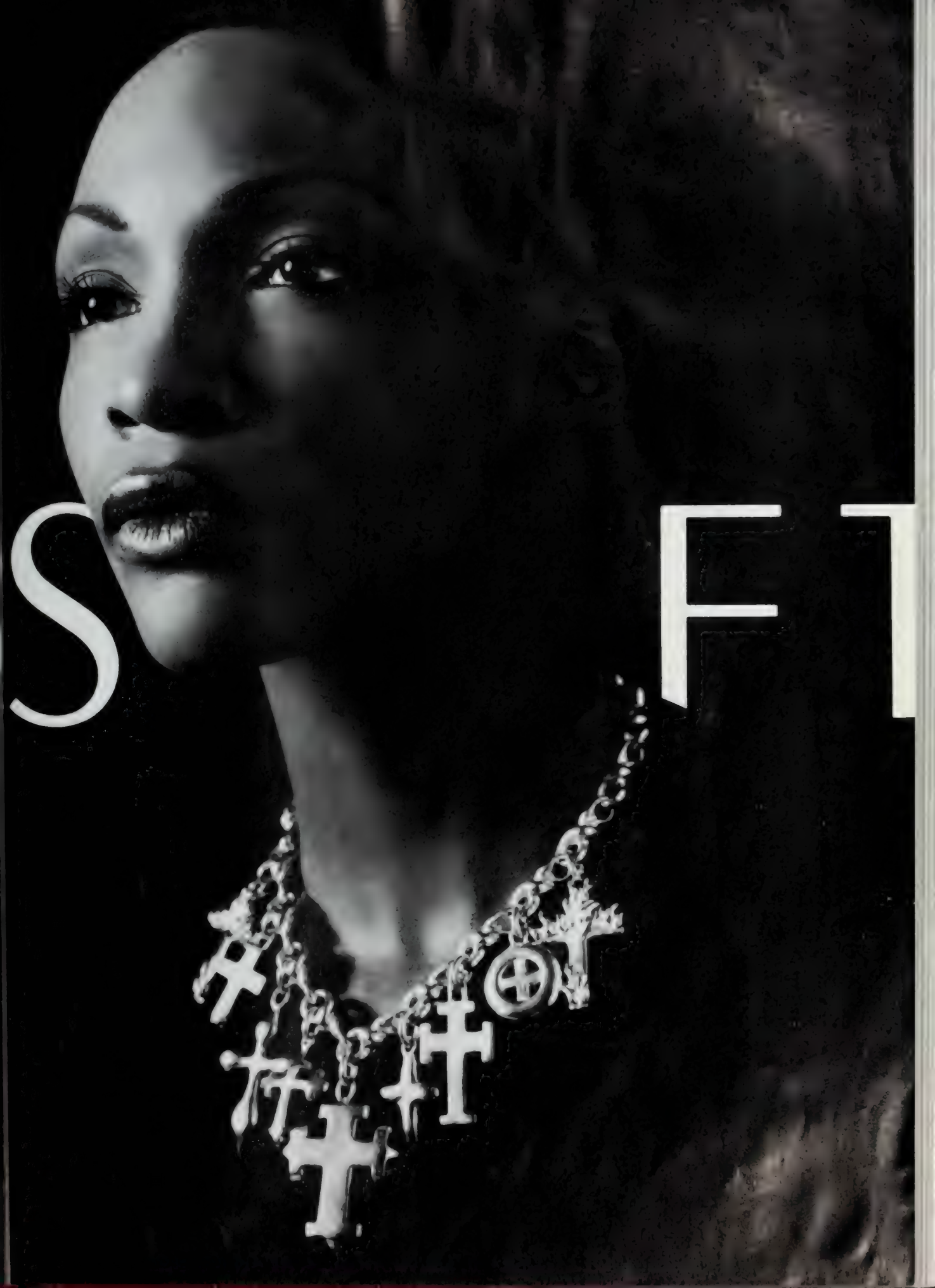
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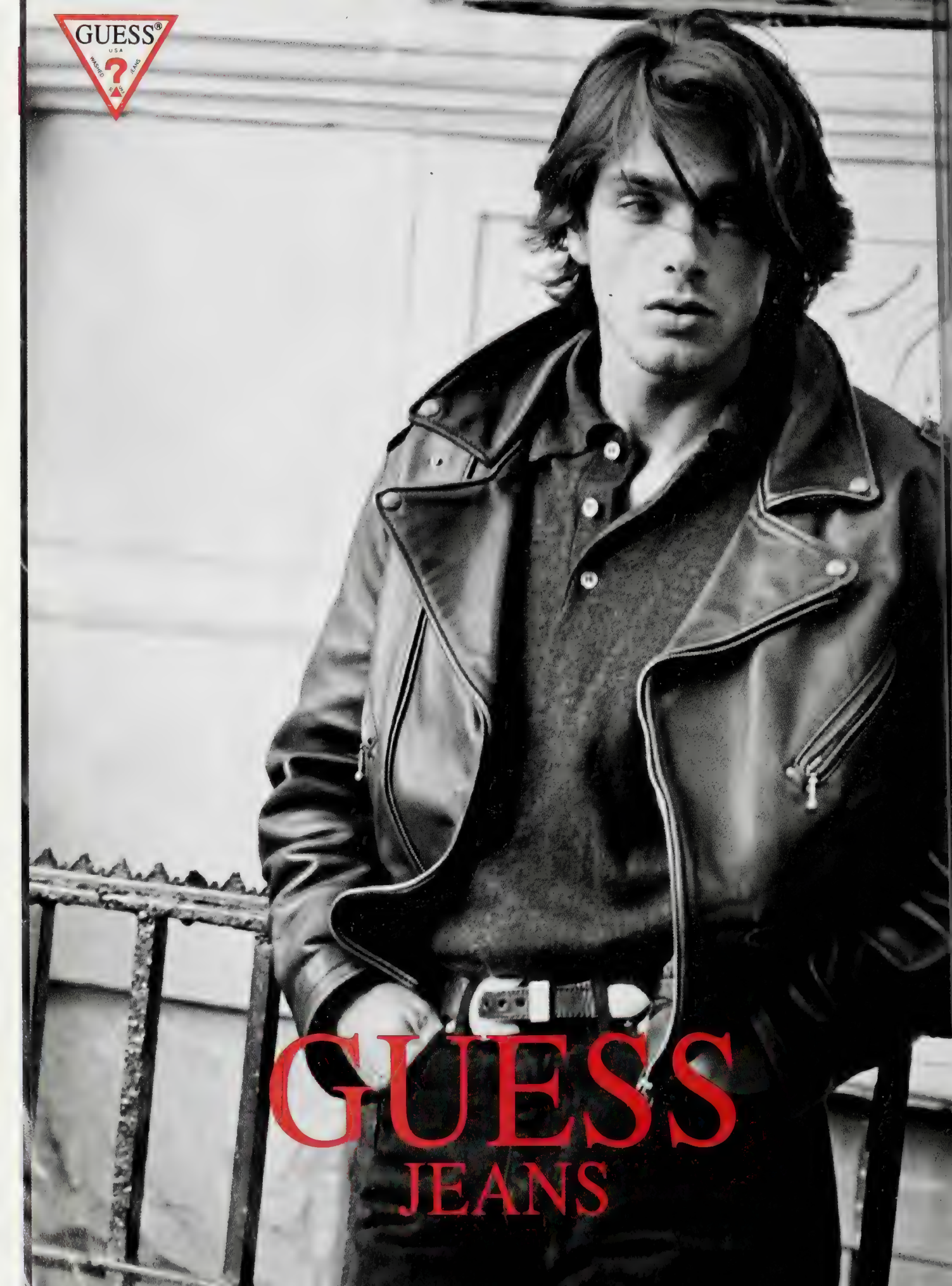


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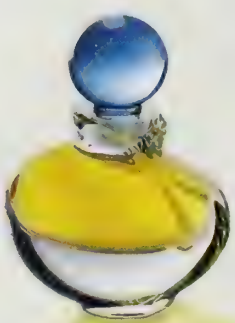
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Editor's Letter

Defining Moments



On the eve of the largest gay-rights rally in the nation's history, no single figurehead for gay activism has yet appeared on the scene. But there are several men and women whose varied styles and methods converge in a common goal: the gaining of full gay-and-lesbian equal rights. Contributing editor Luisita Lopez Torregrosa spent time with four of them—all impressive leaders coming into prominence at a defining moment for their cause ("The Gay Nineties," page 122).

"The unique thing about the movement," says Torregrosa, "is its Madison Avenue–versus–downtown approach—the corporate, politically motivated, marketing-wise strategy versus the grass-roots, less pragmatic approach.

"Talking to these people was gripping," she continues. "This is one of the most important social issues of the 90s—1993 may be for gays and lesbians what 1963 was for blacks. Though there are crucial stages in any movement, *this* is the defining moment."

If this is any sort of defining moment for another movement, that would amount to the worst possible news. What began in Germany as a handful of isolated, aberrant attacks on foreigners has escalated in an alarming way: today, the rise of neo-Nazism is a fact. Sparked in part by resentment about Germany's liberal refugee policy and by a wretched economy, upwards of 4,500 xenophobic attacks were reported last year, 740 in one month alone. Arson and murder are not uncommon. One of the first casualties w an Angolan worker beaten to death in 1990 wh police looked on; his killers weren't even charg with murder. It is his story that William Sha cross uses to describe the larger picture ("Fe and Hatred in the New Germany," page 42).

"I think refugees and mass migration will one of the most intractable problems of the 90 as global communications make more and more peop aware of the comparative wealth of the First World, and nationalism disrupts communities," says Shawcross. T author of several books on international politics (and, mo recently, the biographer of Rupert Murdoch), Shawcross ha long-standing interest in Central Europe. (Indeed, his fath was the chief prosecuting lawyer at the Nuremberg Trials.)

"Refugees and migrants are treated badly in many cou tries," he adds. "In some ways, Germany has a much bett record than, say, Britain. But the spectacle of foreigne being beaten to death by thugs claiming allegiance to Hitl has an awful resonance of its own."

Two utterly different movements, but both certain to he define the 90s, and to emerge from the decade themselv transformed.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Proud Tina

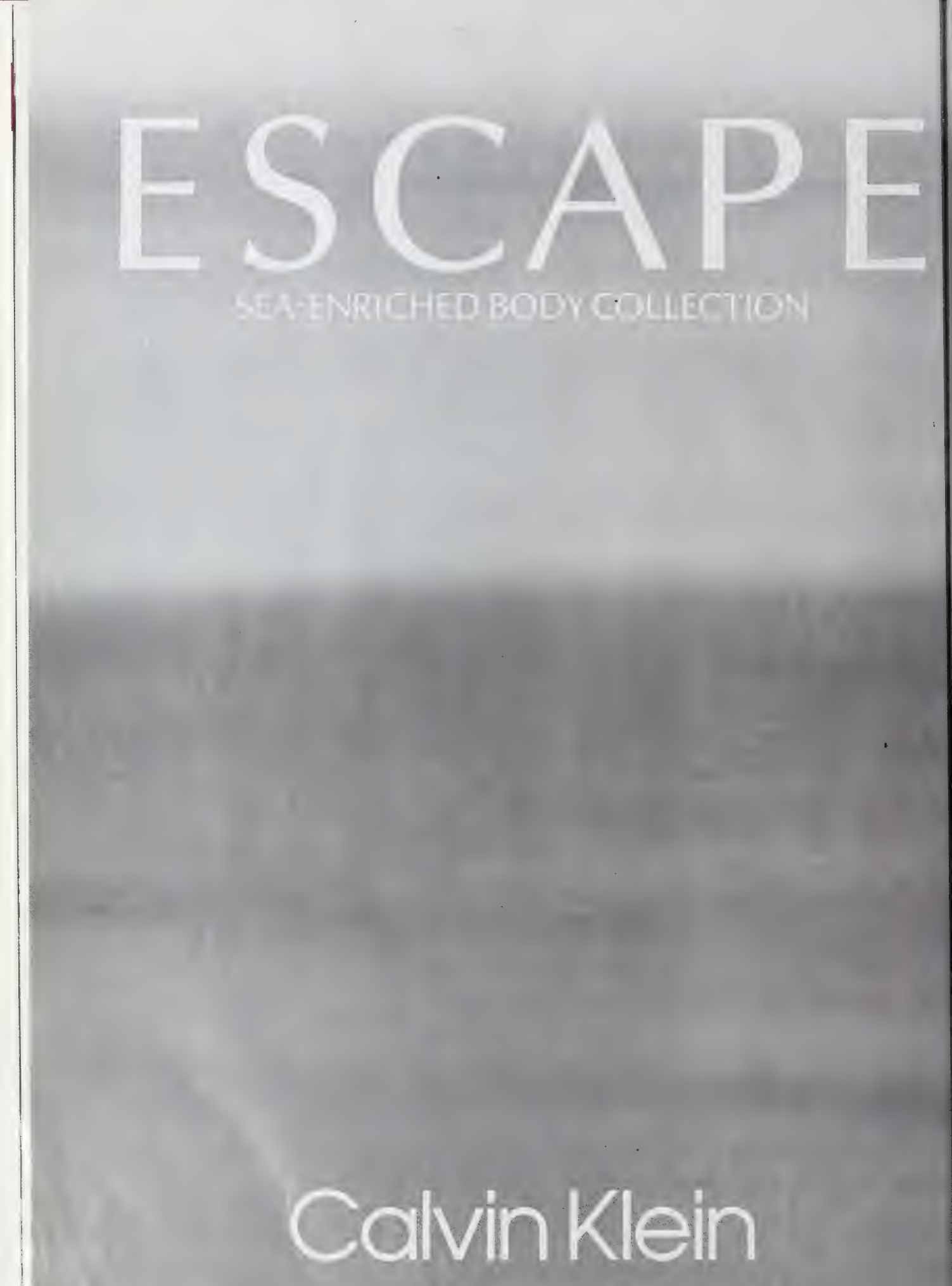


Reigning queen of rock 'n' roll soul Tina Turner poses with *V.F.*'s creative style director, Marina Schiano. "The energy she put into it!" says Schiano of the L.A. cover shoot. "Tina's not a normal human being—she's a volcano, a human volcano." *Near right,* Turner wears a guitar-pick dress by Michael Schmidt.



ON THE COVER
Tina Turner wears a hair dress by Jean Paul Gaultier. Shoes by Ombeline. Stockings by Fogal. Hair by Paul LeBlanc. Makeup by Kevyn Aucoin. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michel Comte.


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Contributors



DMITRI KASTERINE

Dominick Dunne reopens the 19-year-old mystery of Lord Lucan's disappearance, page 130. His latest novel, A Season in Purgatory *(Crown), which was excerpted in last month's* V.F., *is just out.*

Jeffrey Bernard has written a column for *The Spectator* for 14 years. He is the author of three books, *Low Life* (Duckworth), *More Low Life* (Pan Books), and *Talking Horses* (Fourth Estate). The play *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell,* which is based on his life and writings, is touring Great Britain.

Ben Brantley has worked with many people with AIDS as a volunteer for G.M.H.C., and has been repeatedly astonished by the "varied and often surprising forms heroism can assume in people confronting this illness." He says about his profile this month of the late Franco Rossellini, "Franco, for all his frivolity, was a hero."

Joan Juliet Buck, the movie critic for *Vogue,* is the author of two novels, *The Only Place to Be* and *Daughter of the Swan.* Raised in Paris and London, she has spent long periods of her life in Europe as a writer and editor. She currently lives in New York.

George Christy has written *The Hollywood Reporter*'s "The Great Life" column for 18 years. He is the author of a novel; *All I Could See from Where I Stood,* written in the 60s, and of *The Los Angeles Underground Gourmet.* An ex–New Yorker, he lives in L.A.

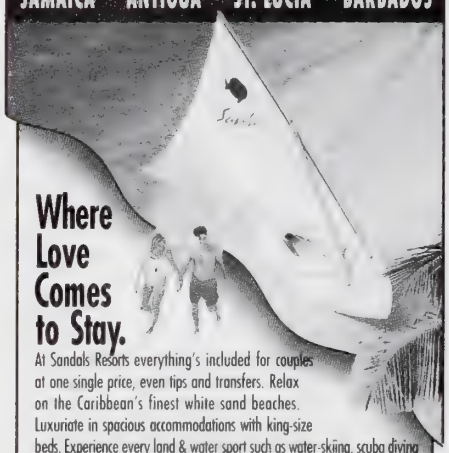
Michel Comte is working on a collection of photographs for a book and an exhibition. He photographed Andie MacDowell for the March '93 *V.F.* *(Continued on page 18)*

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TIMES BOOKS

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(Continued from page 14)



TIM SHEAFFER

Michael Shnayerson on Indecent Exposure*'s David McClintick and his latest exposé, page 78.*

Stephen Fried's book, *Thing of Beauty: The Tragedy of Supermodel Gia* (Pocket Books), was excerpted in the February issue of *V.F.* An award-winning investigative journalist based in Philadelphia, he met Heidi von Beltz, the subject of his piece this month, "during the fact checking of another story. I was amazed that such a mythologized figure in Hollywood had managed to keep so quiet her inspirational struggle to walk again."

Luisita Lopez Torregrosa has reported for *V.F.* from the Philippines, Japan, Brazil, and Florida—all in the past year—and now checks in from California and Washington, D.C. She is at work on a book about her great interests: politics, culture, and the study of power.



William Shawcross on the reunited Germany's wave of neo-Nazi violence, page 42.

Maureen Orth says of this month's cover subject, "Onstage, the incomparable Tina Turner is this hot, wild force of nature. But offstage she's guileless, wanting very much to be a lady. To know her story of triumph over beatings and degradation is to know sweet inspiration."

William Shawcross's *Murdoch*, a biography of media mogul Rupert Murdoch, is out from Simon & Schuster. He is also the author of the award-winning *Sideshow*, and *The Shah's Last Ride*, a best-seller in the U.S. and abroad.



Maureen Orth on Tina Turner, survivor and rock 'n' roll goddess, page 114.

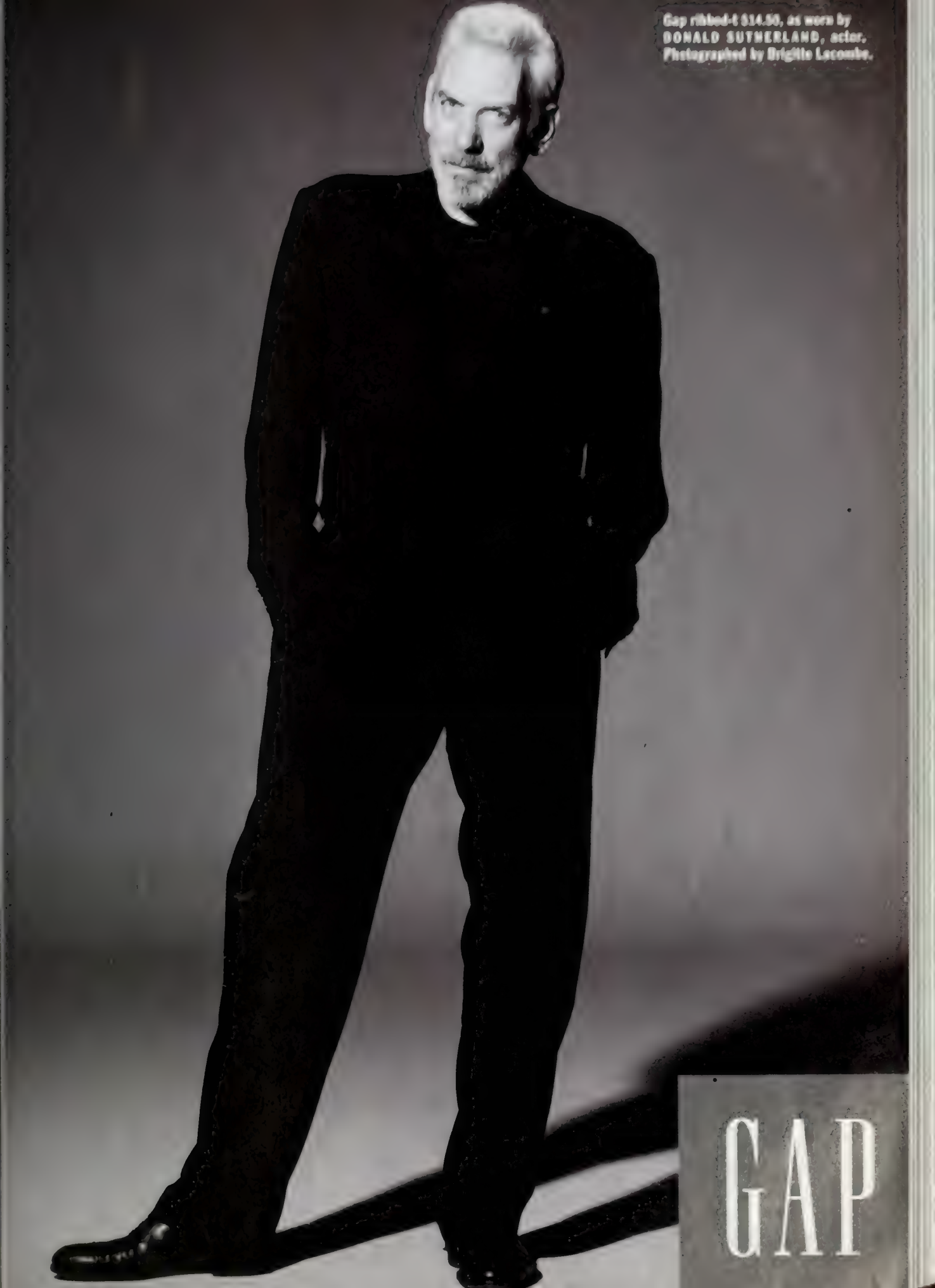
Michael Shnayerson, author of *Irwin Shaw: A Biography* (Putnam), is writing a book about electric cars for Random House.

Mark Stevens, who frequently covers art for *V.F.*, is at work on a biography of Willem de Kooning.

Firooz Zahedi, who photographed Elizabeth Taylor for the November '92 *V.F.*, notes that sales of those photos have raised about $50,000 for the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation.


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Letters



MAIL BONDING

Take Cover

I understand half of the March issue's circulation had Andie MacDowell on the cover; I, however, was in the unlucky half with Bill Clinton's cover picture. I would have strongly preferred the cover with Andie MacDowell. My reasons are twofold: (1) Ms. MacDowell is vastly more attractive, and (2) we have no reason to believe she is a pathological liar. Incidentally, has anyone with the Andie MacDowell cover complained about not having Bill Clinton's mug?

JULIE V. CARR
New York, New York

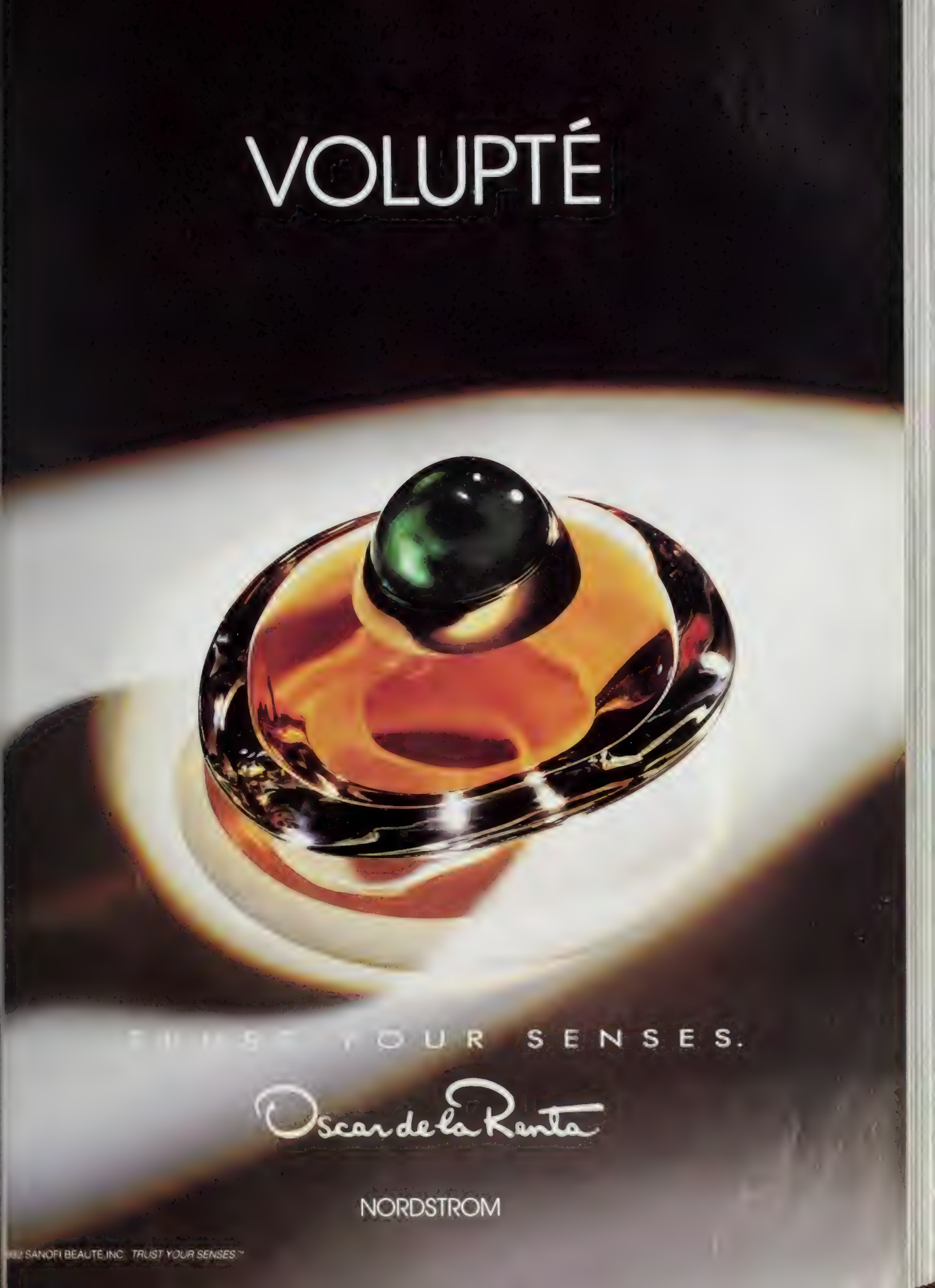
After it was reported that the March issue of *Vanity Fair* would have two covers—one with Bill Clinton for the East Coast and Arkansas, and the other with Andie MacDowell for everyplace else—I wrote you a complaining letter. Then my March issue arrived in my mailbox with a beautiful black-and-white photo of President Clinton on its cover. Never mind.

LINDA O'NEILL
San Diego, California

Brunch Crunch

As a longtime Clinton admirer, supporter, and fan I would be proud to be identified as the owner of the inn "where the Clintons used to brunch on weekends," if only it were true ["The New Guard," photographed by Annie Leibovitz, March]. But since Bill and Hillary ate with us *one time* each, I'm not comfortable with the habitualness *Vanity Fair*'s designation implies. Naturally, I'd like to think that were we and our inn closer than a four-hour drive from the Clintons' former home in Little Rock their breakfasting with us *would* have

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been habitual, but we weren't and it wasn't. This is a small point that probably makes no difference to anyone in the universe besides me, but I'm reluctant to inflate my FOB-ness beyond what it was and is—though, believe me, I'd be the first to brag on it if I could do so honestly.

CRESCENT DRAGONWAGON
Eureka Springs, Arkansas

Funny Face

"Who is this wild, rail-thin, almost absurdly angled woman, all mouth and legs and missing eyebrows? William Norwich identifies Kristen McMenamy, the model of the moment . . ." In her interview with Mr. Norwich ["Oooh—That Look!" March], Ms. McMenamy accused Gianni Versace models of being "stuck together with tons of makeup and boobs and big hair."

Who is Kristen McMenamy? Well, if memory serves me correctly, in September of 1989 I assisted Wilfredo Rosado, who was the fashion editor of a now defunct magazine, on a shoot. The unknown Kristen had pounds of long, lovely locks, full breasts, and a face applied by a makeup artist. Hmm . . . from anonymous Barbie doll to androgynous, insecure eunuch in a couple of years.

Let me tell you, Kristen McMenamy is certainly one thing—intelligent. She has succeeded in manipulating top fashion-magazine editors, haute couture designers, fashion photographers, and gossip columnists in both Europe and the Americas into christening her the flavor of the month.

FREDDY MONTES
Brooklyn, New York

Pretty in Pink

Sorry, but from the photo of J. Edgar Hoover with lover Clyde Tolson ["Hidden Hoover," by Anthony Summers, March], Hoover's shoes alone would have pegged him as a queen!

ANTHONY BARATTA
VICTOR MAZZA
New York, New York

Anthony Summers doesn't make nearly enough of the American press's bootlicking affair with J. Edgar Hoover. Over the years the now thoroughly discredited G-man was beyond criticism in the vast majority of newspapers. In 1962 I declared, before an audience of prominent West Coast Democrats, that Hoover's vaporings about the so-called Communist menace were "sententious poppycock." I also pointed out that he wasn't much good as the nation's number-one spyswatter.

These sentiments were almost universally denounced by the press. Several hundred editorials and columns cried out against such blasphemy and asked my employer to fire me. I was told by the newspaper in Seattle, where my speech was given, that I was no longer welcome in that city.

By the time of this incident, Hoover's sordid doings were pretty well known in journalistic circles, as Summers indicates. But the press consistently failed to print stories that would have exposed his true character, whether from cowardice or sycophancy it is hard to tell. The result is a shameful chapter in American journalism. The press could now begin to make up for its unworthy behavior by joining in a campaign to remove Hoover's name from the F.B.I. building in Washington. Summers' article could serve as major evidence in support of such an effort.

W. H. FERRY
Scarsdale, New York

Super Man

I read, with great interest, your profile of Vernon Jordan ["Clinton's Mr. Inside," by Marjorie Williams, March]. Your article seemed unfair as it highlighted Mr. Jordan's interest in big money (as a super-lawyer-lobbyist) rather than his commitment to a better world.

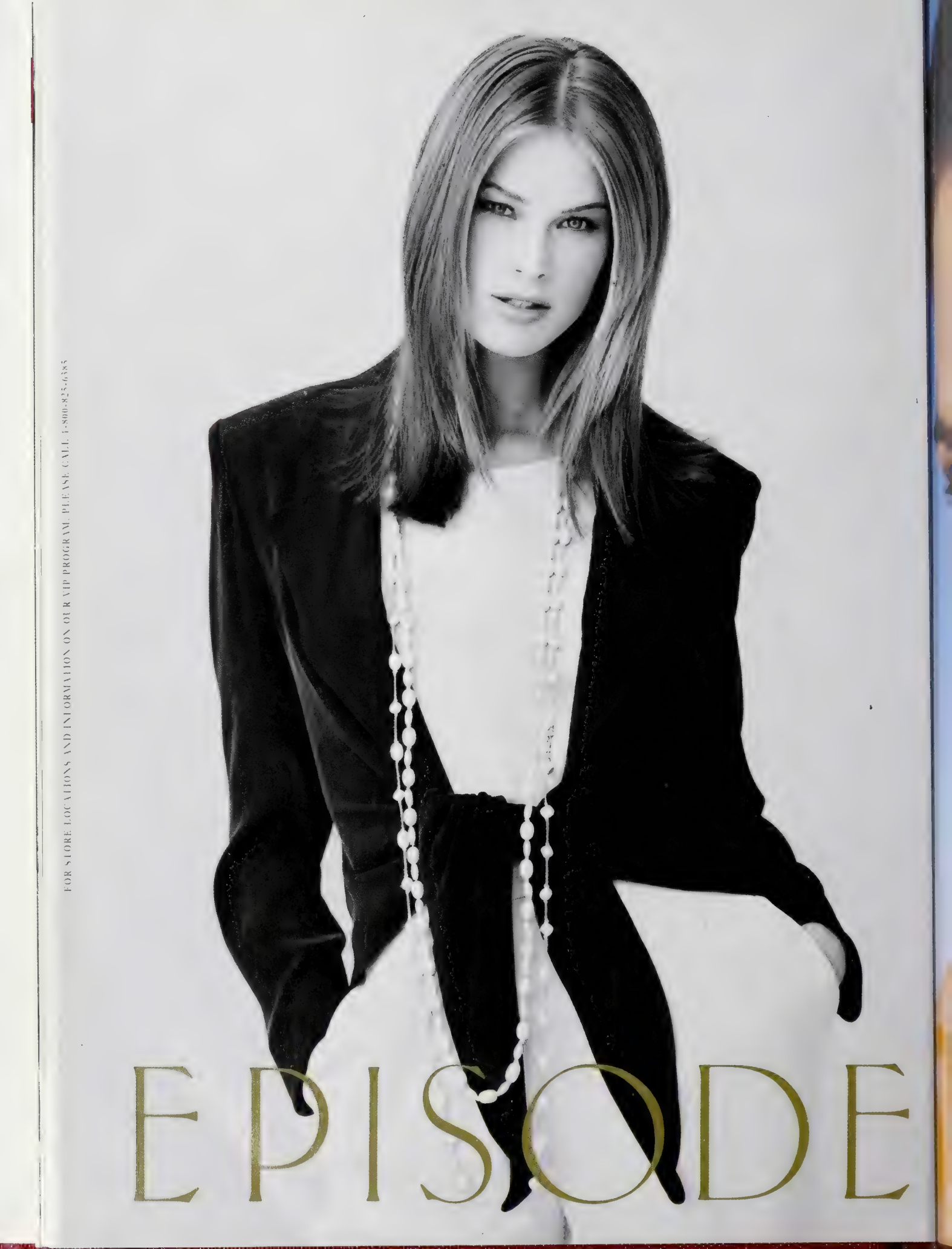
I saw a different side of Vernon Jordan earlier this year. A former employee of Mr. Jordan's, who resides in Greenburgh, had personal problems with the town. As town supervisor, I received a note from Mr. Jordan expressing the hope that I would assist the family in working out their problems. Mr. Jordan gave me his direct telephone number and really was interested in helping. The former employee, who was a lower-level aide, told me that he has stayed in touch with Mr. Jordan on a regular basis since they stopped working together and that they are great friends.

It felt good to speak to an individual who genuinely cares about people. Unlike politicians who use people to get ahead, Vernon Jordan is willing to help people he no longer needs. Of how many politicians can one say the same?

PAUL FEINER
Greenburgh, New York

Mary Jordan of Atlanta was an exquisite caterer, and unlike my friend Windsor Jordan, I would *(Continued on page 38)*


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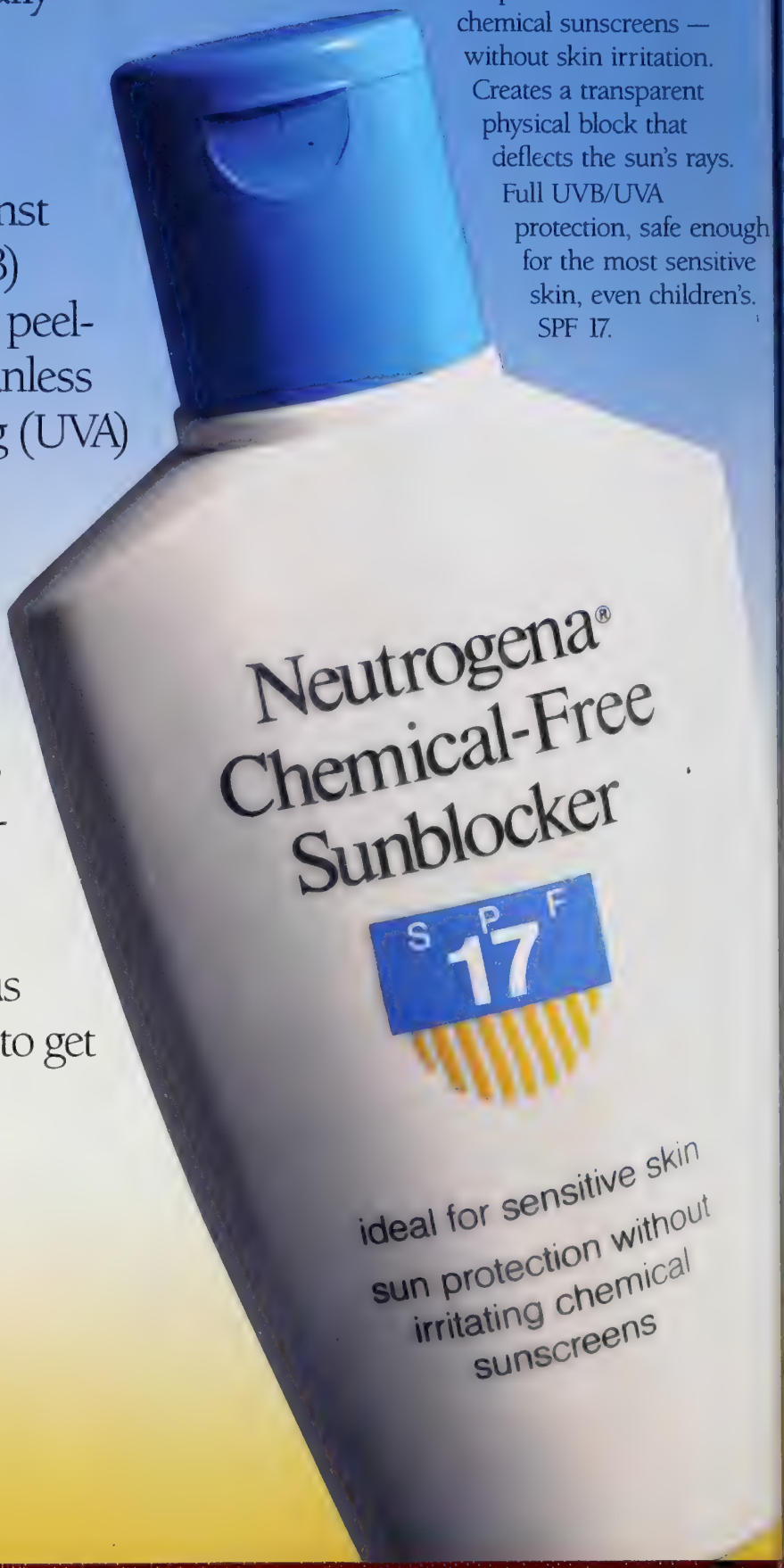
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Letters

(Continued from page 30) have loved to carry her chicken-salad sandwiches in my lunchbox *at least* three times a week. I knew her well, rode in her emerald-green Cadillac de Ville sedan to all kinds of political functions, and spent time in her home in Atlanta's Old Fourth Ward surrounded by pictures of Warren, Vernon junior, and Windsor. Her birthday was just another day to her, but I remember trying to keep it when I lived there.

Mary was a power in the Old Fourth Ward. I know—she backed me when I ran in the Georgia House District 28 election back in 1978. I miss her. If Vernon can develop 10 percent of her acumen for business and politics, he will serve all of humanity well.

DR. CAREY WYNN II
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Risky Business

As is his wont, my strictly commercially oriented and self-appointed biographer, Bryan Burrough, has managed to slam me once again in his recent piece, "Barbarians in Retreat" [March].

While I had nothing to do with the RJR Nabisco deal, Burrough manages to tag me, falsely, with responsibility for the alleged smearing of Edmond Safra by the American Express Company. For the record, I did no such thing, nor did I authorize such action, nor in fact do I know whether the American Express Company did so.

The article has Jim Robinson denying all knowledge of the subject, and Peter Cohen believing that the Robinsons have a vendetta against him because he believes he knows of Robinson's alleged true involvement in the Safra affair. Well, let the two of them fight it out; I've gone on to more peaceful and socially useful pursuits.

HARRY L. FREEMAN
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Red-eye Flight

This letter is in response to your article "Cuba Libre" [by Luisita Lopez Torregrosa, March]. As a Cuban-American it was interesting for me to read your piece on Major Orestes Lorenzo Pérez. Although it is undeniable the major risked his life to rescue his family in Cuba, he is no hero in my book. It is ironic that the major started questioning Communism during his last years in the Cuban air force. As you probably know, the situation in Cuba (economically and socially) has deteriorated the last few years, and salaries and privileges in the military have dwindled even for a major in the air force. The article is not a story about seeking freedom; it is a story about a guy who wanted better conditions for his family, whether they were provided by the Cuban or the American government.

JOSÉ A. BLANCO
Charlotte, North Carolina

Blood Feud

I greatly admired T. D. Allman's story on the ghastly and tragic events that have torn Yugoslavia to bits ["Serbia's Blood War," March]. Historical tragedies do indeed repeat themselves, not as farce, but as gruesome and degraded spectacle.

Did I detect within the article the suggestion that our American reporter simply cannot be made to understand the "logic" of Serbian politics because . . . well, because he is an American and can so clearly see the insanity of racial genocide—being from a country which unflinchingly confronts its own heart of darkness?

America, in its role of "policeman of the world," is just like the cop who, after a day of busting the criminals and restoring the peace, goes home and beats his wife and ignores his children.

TED MONIAK
Chicago, Illinois

And Another Thing...

Having just completed Christopher Hitchens's article "The Tribes of Walter Mosley" [February], I, as a Lubavitcher, feel I must comment.

Lubavitchers do not believe that "all Gentiles and most Jews are beyond the pale." To us, all Jews (those either born of a Jewish mother or who have converted according to Jewish law) are equal—they are simply Jews. As well, there have been many occasions when Gentiles have written to the Lubavitcher *rebbe* for a blessing and received a response.

And, by the way, there are many families in Crown Heights and elsewhere who are, like Mosley, both black and Jewish, and are full participants in the community.

TOVA SIEGEL
Los Angeles, California

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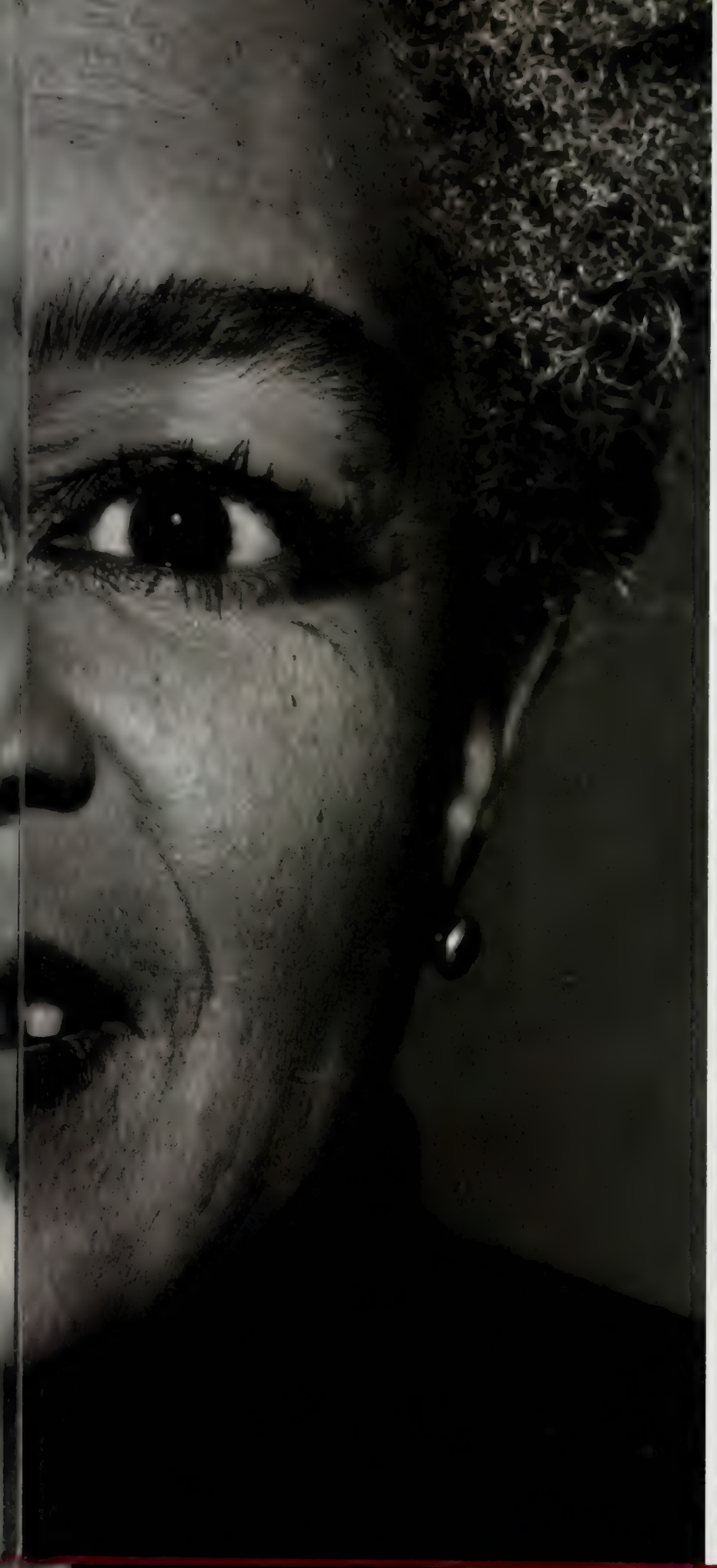
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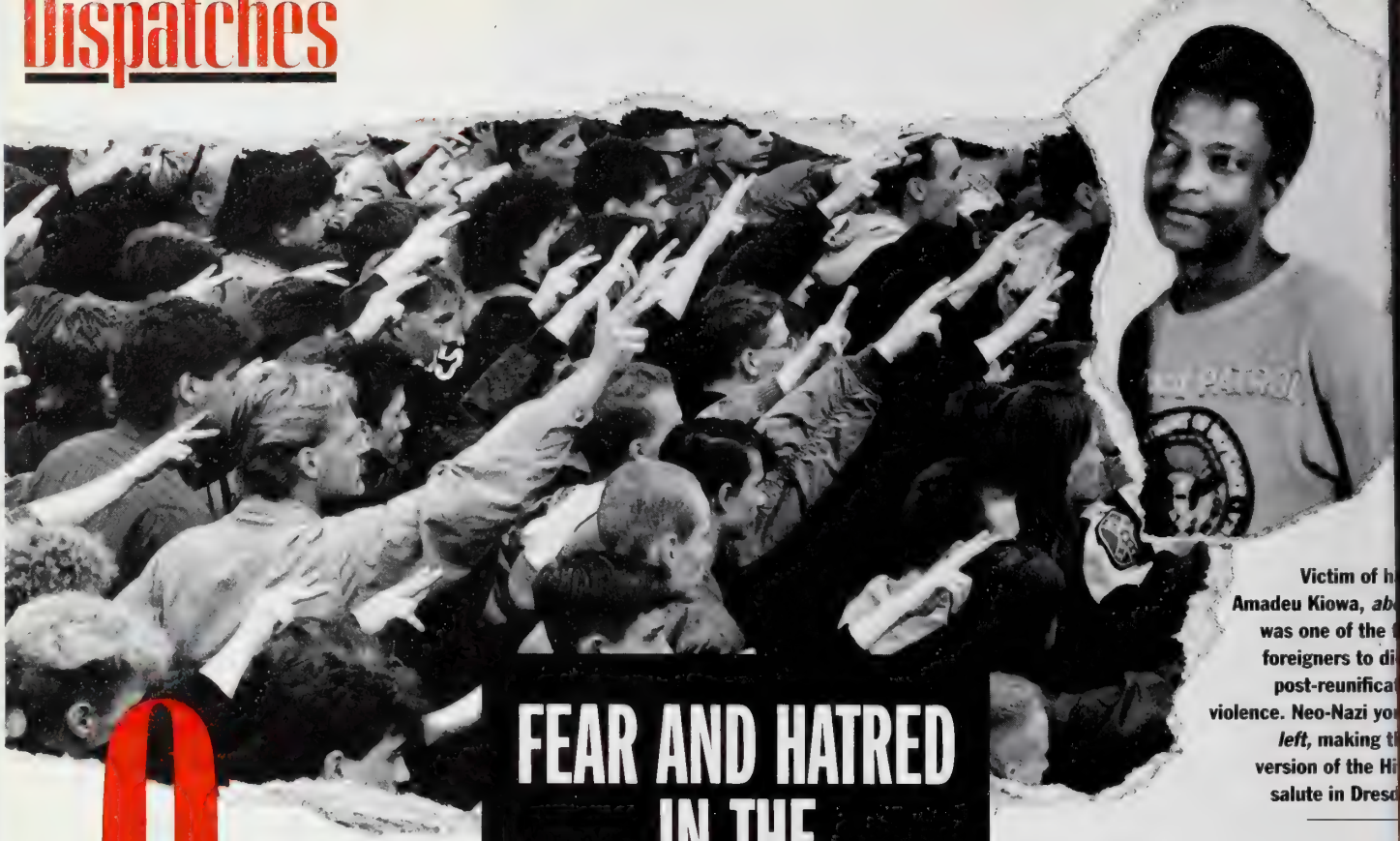
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Amadeu Kiowa, *ab*
was one of the
foreigners to di
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FEAR AND HATRED IN THE NEW GERMANY

The casually brutal death of a young foreigner, whose neo-Nazi killers may yet go free, reflects the ugly and troubling forces rumbling within Europe's mightiest power

BY WILLIAM SHAWCROSS

On the night of November 24, 1990, in the small town of Eberswalde in eastern Germany, Amadeu Antonio Kiowa, a slaughterhouse worker from Angola, was beaten into a coma by a group of drunken thugs shouting neo-Nazi slogans. The police stood by, literally, as Kiowa was attacked, doing nothing to help him. He never regained consciousness.

An appeals court will soon hear the case of three German youths convicted in Kiowa's killing, which has become a symbol of growing racial tension and the rise of neo-Nazis in Germany. There is a good chance that the original verdict will be overturned—in which event the murder of the 28-year-old Angolan will be one that never happened.

Kiowa's was not an isolated case. Last year, violence against foreigners reached epidemic proportions in Germany, on both sides of the former Iron Curtain. Indeed, one can say that in the reunited Germany foreigners are the new Jews to the neo-Nazis.

After Kiowa's death, his German girlfriend gave birth to a son, whom she named Amadeu. She was subjected to abuse and harassment. Neo-Nazis in Eberswalde daubed swastikas on the baby's pram and even set it alight.

Exactly 60 years after Hitler came to power Germany's federal government has warned for the first time that right-wing terrorism poses a greater threat to the state than that from the left. The Verfassungsschutz, or secret service, says there are now about 41,400 right-wing extremists in 77 different parties, gangs, and groups.

According to government figures, in 1992 there were 4,587 xenophobic attacks; these included 538 arson attacks and 18 bomb attacks on foreigners. Seventeen people were killed. In October 1992 alone, 740 incidents were registered. These included 82 arson attacks, three bomb attacks, 66 attacks against individuals, and 589 other criminal offenses such as robbery, threats, and slander.

Many of those attacked are asylum seekers or refugees. Most of those arrested are juveniles or young men. The majority are skinheads or devotees of heavy-metal music. They often call themselves neo-Nazis, and brandish the emblems and slogans of the Fascist regime.

The wave of violence is one of the prices being paid—by foreigners—for the blithe, almost careless way in which the two German states were propelled into reunification in October 1990, just a year after the Wall came tumbling down.

German politicians, especially Chancellor Helmut Kohl, assumed that the West German "miracle" could easily be applied to the East, and that within a couple of years the country would be successfully integrated.

Despite the euphoria of that time, there were those who spoke against hasty reunification. One of the Jeremiahs was Günter Grass. He warned that, after Auschwitz, Germans "have every


Trésor
THE FRAGRANCE
FOR TREASURED
MOMENTS
LANCÔME
PARIS

reason to fear ourselves as a unit.'' He was derided and abused.

Now Grass feels that he has been vindicated. ''It's coming out as I predicted,'' he told *The New York Times*. Far from being a matter of joy, reunification has caused the specter of Nazism to rise once more in the heart of Europe.

In central Berlin nearly all traces of the Wall have been removed—too much so, perhaps, for now Checkpoint Charlie is little more than a nondescript kiosk. Nonetheless, to travel from former West Germany to former East Germany is still to cross a great divide.

The West carries the imprint of 48 years of democratic restraint, increasing prosperity, and bourgeois satisfaction, if not complacency. The East still bears the scars of the brutal dictatorships which it suffered for 60 years.

Reunification was originally meant to be a shared burden. But almost all the pain of it has been borne in the bankrupt East. Former chancellor Willy Brandt once said of the two Germanys, ''What belongs together will grow together.'' But that has not yet happened. In the East, people often speak of arrogant ''Wessis'' with fear and loathing; in the West, the idle, scrounging ''Ossis'' are mocked. The concrete wall is gone, but ''*die Mauer im Kopf*''—the wall in the head—remains.

From Berlin, I drove north and east to Eberswalde. The town where Amadeu Kiowa died is in the *Land*, or state, of Brandenburg, which, in terms of right-wing attacks, is the second-most-violent state in Germany.

I took small roads, which twisted close to the Polish border, through rather desolate terrain. Small brown and gray bungalows and poorly designed industrial parks, many now abandoned, were patched onto the farmland and in between the beech and pine woods.

In the 17th and 18th centuries this area of flat farmland provided a haven for persecuted Huguenots from France; there are still many French names in the telephone book. Poles too were usually welcome here. In the early 20th century, steel and chemical industries were established in Eberswalde, and in the Second World War it became a key armaments center. En route to Berlin the Russians captured the town, and then it was bombed by the *Luftwaffe* itself.

After the war Eberswalde became one of the most important Soviet garrisons in East Germany. As late as the 1970s some streets and areas were reserved for the exclusive use of Russians. Today it still has the largest Russian base in the country; there are some 20,000 troops stationed just outside the town, with their own airport. They are due to return home this year.

In Eberswalde, one of my first stops was a welfare office catering to foreigners. It had for sale handicrafts and knick-knacks from various parts of the Third World. Under the Communist regime, blue-collar jobs were done by foreign workers, under contract with their governments. The Eberswalde crane factory employed mostly Cubans; the Angolans, like Kiowa, worked in the slaughterhouse.

When the police finally approached Kiowa's fallen body, one of the skinheads said, "This black is only sleeping."

The foreigners lived in hostels and had little contact with ordinary Germans. Quite apart from their color, they were resented for the fact that they could sometimes travel to the West and were often able to obtain dollars and shop in the hard-currency stores. The chief of police of Eberswalde reportedly claimed on one occasion that problems arose because of different behavior patterns: Africans were more emotional than Germans, he said.

In 1989, there were about 191,000 foreigners in East Germany, most of them contract workers from Vietnam, Poland, Mozambique, the Soviet Union, and Hungary. Since the Wall came down, the majority of the contract workers have returned home—only to be replaced by a tide of refugees.

From the center of Eberswalde I went to see the place where Kiowa had been murdered and, later, to look for his girlfriend, Gabriela Schimansky.

The road out of town runs through a seedy industrial area which contains the large, ugly, red brick chemical works. Behind them are some of the workers' apartments, built in the 60s and 70s by the Communist regime. These are depressing structures, though no worse than many other housing projects built in the same era in both Eastern and Western Europe.

Almost opposite the chemical works, on the main road, is a small working-class pub called the Hüttengasthof. This place is deserted at lunchtime, but in the evening it livens up as workers come in from the chemical factory on their way home. On weekends it sometimes has live music. Unlike certain other bars, it made a business out of catering to foreign workers, in particular the Africans, who were not always made to feel at ease elsewhere.

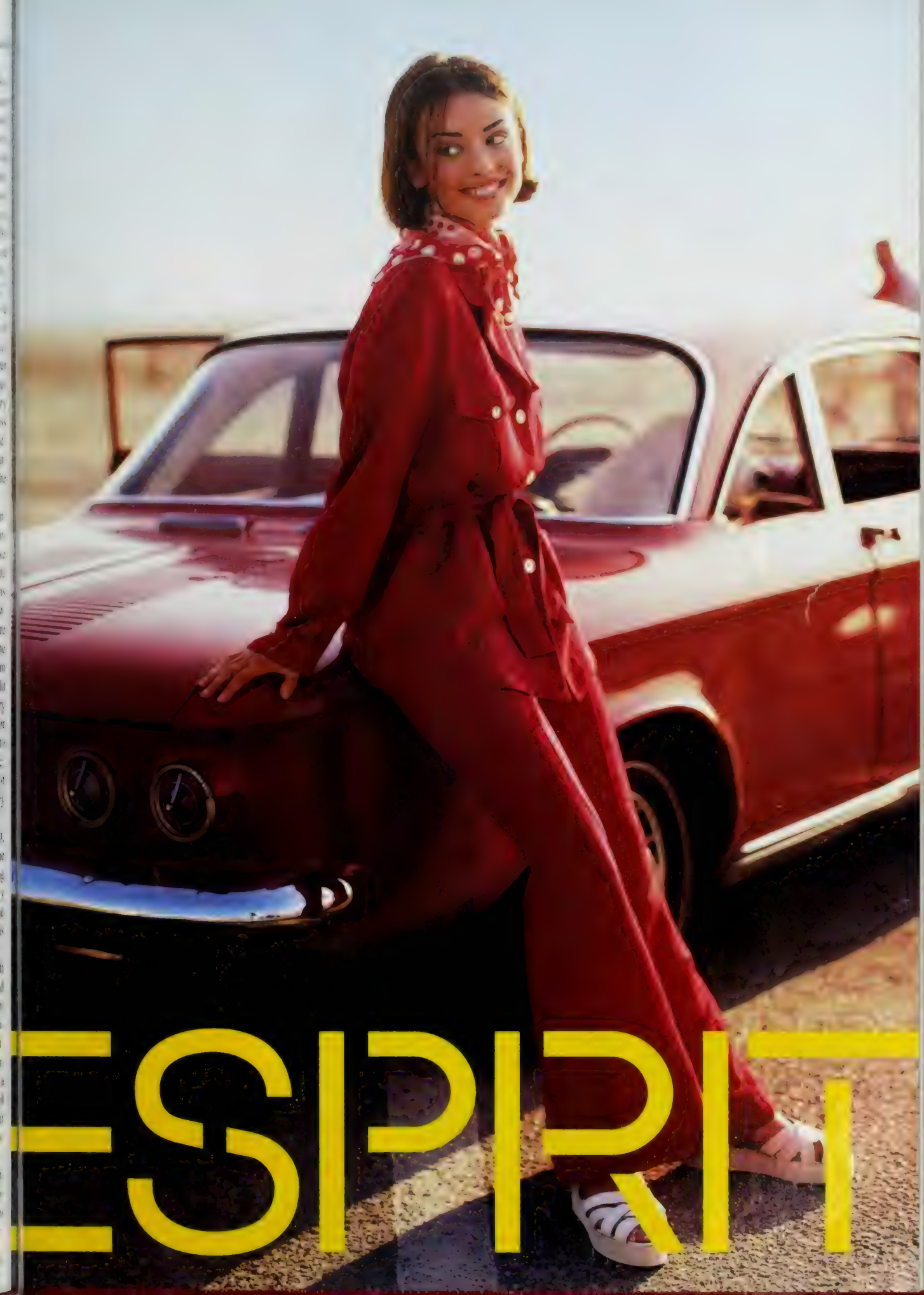
''There aren't so many of them now,'' said the middle-aged waitress. ''They've either been sent home or they've gone to the West, mostly.'' While she spoke, the bartender chased schnapps with beer and smoked furiously, stabbing his cigarette onto the zinc counter. ''It's very terrible what happened,'' the waitress added. ''Germans should be ashamed. The Angolan turned the wrong way outside. If he had gone the other way he would still be alive.''

Farther out of town, off the same dingy road, is another place of entertainment: the Rockbahnhof. It too looks like a very ordinary pub. On a wall outside are scrawled, in English, the slogans FUCK THE POLICE and FUCK THE SYSTEM. The customers of the Rockbahnhof are almost all working-class kids from the nearby housing project. Some of them are skinheads. Some—not all—would call themselves neo-Nazis. Some carry baseball bats, the accessory of choice for young, violent Germans. They listen to blaring heavy-metal neo-Nazi music, which they often greet with shouts of ''*Sieg heil*'' and ''*Heil* Hitler.'' They tend to get hog-whimpering drunk.

On the night of November 24, 1990, the manager of the Rockbahnhof became alarmed by the behavior of his young clients, which was more than usually drunken and aggressive. He called the police and informed them that there was trouble brewing.

A group of about 50 of the thugs left the bar, swinging their baseball bats and shouting abuse about blacks. They rampaged down the road and past the chemical factory toward the Hüttengasthof. They shouted ''Germany for the Germans'' and damaged a few cars and a snack shop. Horst Schulz, the owner of the Hüttengasthof, was warned of their approach by the police, and decided to close early.

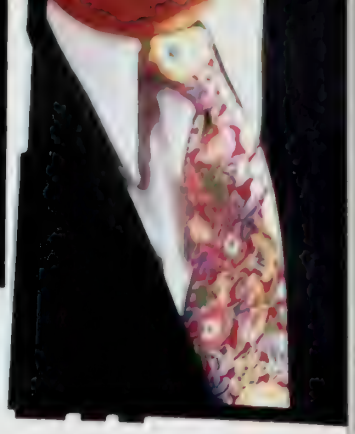
Among the patrons of the Hüttengasthof pushed into the street were Amadeu Kiowa, his cousin Francisco Dos Santos, and a friend from Mozambique,


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In 1931, my father opened Harry's Bar in a place my mother found. I believe this place showed his genius for elegance and for simplicity. It was a simplicity of spirit and lightness that never imposed anything on the customer. Harry's Bar became quite famous, but my father always said that people would come not because we were famous, but because we gave them our best.

Ernest Hemingway would often come and stay for hours. He came because it was a comfortable place, and because everyone was treated well here. Hemingway loved martinis. One day he told my father that a good martini should be mixed 15 to 1—the same ratio Field Marshal Montgomery insisted on when fighting the enemy. So when he swung through the door of Harry's Bar he would call out, "Give me a Montgomery."

Hemingway traveled often and he valued his haunts. I believe people who appreciate a place like Harry's Bar are inclined to visit more places and to see more of the world. I think that having the American Express® Card, the world becomes smaller.

"Ernest Hemingway named one of my father's drinks. My father had a few names for Hemingway, too."

Harry Cipriani
Owner, Harry's Bar
Venice, Italy







Don't Leave Home Without It.



Armando Meque. Before they could make it back into the relative safety of the town itself, they were spotted outside the chemical factory by the mob from the Rockbahnhof.

Kiowa and his friends were set upon by at least 15 of the drunken thugs, some of whom were wearing masks. Many more stood about, jeering and cheering. Armando Meque was badly knifed. Francisco Dos Santos was beaten savagely with baseball bats. Kiowa was knocked to the ground and repeatedly kicked and beaten and stamped on by the young Germans. One of the defendants later testified at the trial that a skinhead in a hat said, " 'He is still breathing,' and jumped with both feet on the head of the Negro."

Three police officers, armed but in plain clothes, were standing nearby, outside the chemical factory. Astonishingly, they watched the attack but did nothing. "I called my colleagues back because I didn't want any trouble," one of them later said. They also claimed they had been waiting for reinforcements. But nearby, behind the Hüttengasthof, sat another 20 policemen in their cars. They sat there throughout the incident.

When the police finally did walk up to Kiowa's fallen body, one of the skinheads who was still standing around said, "This black is only sleeping." Amadeu Kiowa never came out of that sleep. He died on December 16, 1990. His son was born just a few weeks later.



Showing the flag: Right-wing radicals unfurled the Nazi war flag in front of Eberswalde's town hall, to protest the presence of foreign refugees.

After Gaby and Amadeu started dating, they were harassed in the streets. "Sometimes we were threatened with knives."

Dim lights, dry-ice smoke, shaved-headed musicians, violent heavy-metal music. The music is integral to the neo-Nazis. Their most popular band is Störkraft (Destructive Force), based in Düsseldorf. Its 1990 song "Kraft für Deutschland" ("Strength for Germany") has lead singer Jörg Petrisch shouting,

We fight shaved, our fists are hard as steel,
Our heart beats true for our fatherland.
Whatever may happen, we will never leave you,
We will stand true for our Germany,
Because we are the strength for Germany,
That makes Germany clean.
Germany awake!

At the end of some concerts, the audiences begin chanting Nazi slogans, or giving Fascist salutes, or even unfurling swastika flags. Such Oi music—neo-Nazi rock—is becoming more popular, not only in Germany but also in other parts of Central Europe.

In East Germany, extreme-right sympathies began to develop among the young in the early 1980s, in part as a rebellion against the Communist regime. Kids started to dress as skinheads and to favor heavy-metal music; they made isolated attacks on foreigners and homosexuals. But the constitution of the German Democratic Republic had outlawed Fascism. So, if and when these people were brought to trial, they were called hooligans, and thus depoliticized. In 1988 the Movement of 30 January, named in honor of the day Hitler became chancellor, was founded in East Germany. In 1990 another neo-Nazi group, the National Alternative, was created.

In the West, the most important extreme-right group has long been the Republican Party, led by Franz Schönhuber, a former member of the Waffen SS. Today it is the respectable, formal face of the German right, analogous to Jean-Marie Le Pen's movement in France. Its members do not wear brown shirts or flourish swastikas. Their slogan is "*Deutschland den Deutschen*"—Germany for the Germans. People with such sympathies tend to speak of the former East Germany as "Mitteldeutschland," implying that the lands to the east, now Poland, which were ceded after World War II, are still part of the real Germany.

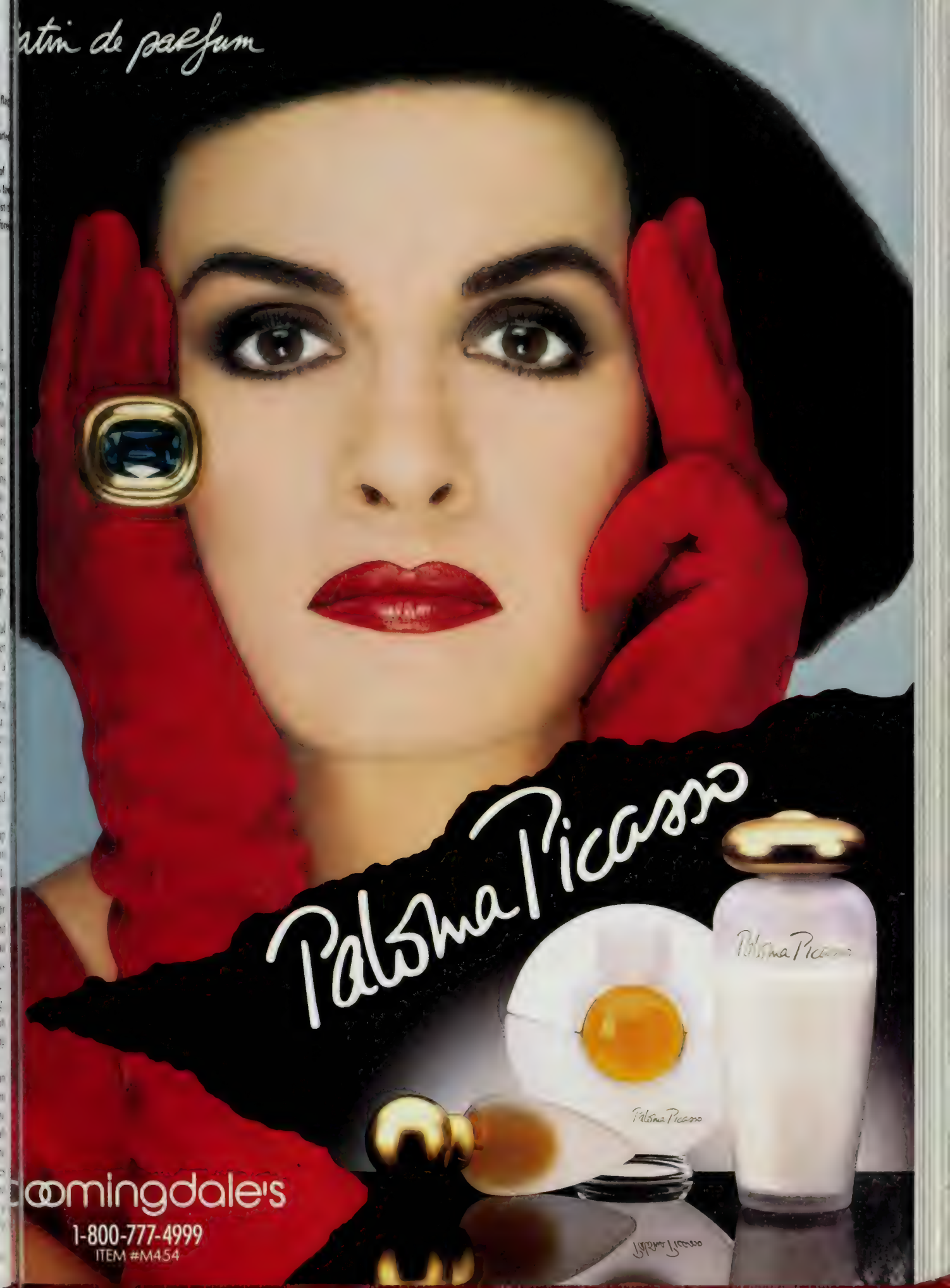
For years the West German secret service excluded the Republicans from its annual report on extremist groups. So the Republicans could claim that they were democrats. Now they are listed, and claim they are being persecuted. In January 1989, Republicans were elected first to West Berlin's local government and then to the European Parliament and to the state parliament of Baden-Württemberg. As yet, they have no seats in the federal parliament. But since reunification their support has been growing.

In Eberswalde, I went to see the local Republican Party leader, Jörg-Dieter Vennen. Vennen is the landlord of a poor working-class pub, Richterplatz. At lunchtime a few men were drinking beer; on the wall a Republican Party poster declared, WE ARE RADICAL AGAINST THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR INNER SECURITY. On another wall was a tatty poster of Alice Cooper with a python wrapped around his neck.

There was one word which came up again and again in conversations in Eberswalde and elsewhere in the East. "Frustration." About 20 percent of the work force in Eberswalde is thought to be unemployed. The town used to depend on its crane works and the chemical factory. The crane works have been closed. The chemical factory and others are barely running, with far smaller work forces than ever before. Things seem to be getting worse.

Vennen, a man with wispy hair and an earring, took a classic populist or even Poujadiste position. He claimed that the Republicans "stand for workers and small people. We would have saved the crane factory here. We would build houses and make the streets safe. We want the police to have more rights, though not a police state. The courts should give

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tougher sentences. We need more money spent on youth work."

Reunification had brought such expectations, and such disappointment. And, now, such insecurity. "Before, we were organized, or in prison—we couldn't worry. Now we do," said one woman.

The principal effect of reunification, in the former German Democratic Republic, has been unemployment. What was called the "necessary shrinking" of East German industry has now become virtual deindustrialization and is having terrible effects upon the entire economy. Since 1989 the number of those employed in eastern Germany's manufacturing industries has fallen from three million to an estimated 700,000. As unemployment has grown, so has intolerance toward foreigners, especially refugees.

Germany has probably the most liberal refugee policy in the world. In effect, the constitution mandates that anyone arriving at a border who seeks asylum be allowed to stay, pending a hearing. At a time when much of Europe has been in disarray—if not, like Bosnia, in a state of horror—it has been inevitable that Germany would seem to millions of people the safest and most easily navigable haven. It takes about half of all the refugees given asylum in Europe—far, far more than any other country. There are now some 1.4 million refugees in Germany. Among the largest groups are Iranians, Afghans, Romanians, and citizens of one part or another of the former Yugoslavia. Last year about 500,000 arrived.

There is no country in the world which could cope easily with such an influx, particularly at a time of social and political upheaval and economic crisis. According to government figures, the cost to the German state of housing and keeping asylum seekers is around six billion marks ($3.6 billion) a year. They have become hapless scapegoats for the nation's traumas, and the government has often failed to protect them. Nothing shows this more brutally than the death of Amadeu Kiowa.

Amadeu Kiowa Jr., now aged two, and his mother, "Gaby" Schimansky, live in a decrepit apartment building on a side street where houses still bear bullet holes from World War II. On the pavement, a drunk lay bleeding from where he had banged his face as he fell to the ground. Passersby were solicitous and someone called an ambulance. "He's always drunk," said one man.

Gaby is a thin, wiry, and taut woman with a frizz of dark hair. She was born in the town of Schwedt, a few miles closer to Poland. Her parents, now both dead, were workers in the chemical and crane factories. She came, in other words, from the poorest of the East German working class.

She met Amadeu in 1987. He had come to East Germany on a contract between the Communist regime of the G.D.R. and the government of Angola; he was living in a hostel for foreign workers and sending back almost 30 percent of his salary to the Angolan government.

The state prosecutor said his investigation of the murder ran into "a wall of silence, ignorance, secret agreements, and cover-up."

Gaby said there were three buildings at the hostel in Eberswalde: Poles lived in the blue block, Angolans in the red block, and Mozambicans in the brown block. She thought there were about 250 other Angolans working with Kiowa in the slaughterhouse. About 15 of them had German girlfriends.

She said she did not know much about Kiowa's life before she met him, or about his family back in Angola. After she and Amadeu started dating, they were harassed in the streets. "Sometimes we were threatened with knives. It happened constantly when we were out together."

Things got worse after the Wall came down—perhaps because people were less cowed by the police and felt freer to express their prejudices, but also because the new federal government insisted on sending asylum seekers to the East, against the advice of human-rights and refugee groups. Tensions between East Germans and the foreign contract workers were already high. When tens of thousands of refugees were also assigned to eastern German towns, tension became violence.

The night of the attack, Gaby was waiting for Amadeu. When he did not return home, she went to the hostel; a Mozambican man told her that something had happened at the Hüttengasthof. At the hospital she was told that Amadeu was in the coma from which he never emerged.

After her baby was born she was taunted and abused in public. "Skins sprayed swastikas on the pram. One night my neighbor's flat was wrecked. I think they thought it was mine. I knew them. They were newly shaved kids from next door."

She moved for a time to Berlin in the hope of finding safety in anonymity, and of getting help from anti-racist groups based there. They found her a young left-wing lawyer, Ronald Reimann, to represent the rights of her child in the court case.

The investigation into Kiowa's murder was slow and ineffectual. The police found it almost impossible to discover who had actually hit and killed him. One problem was that almost all the witnesses had been drunk at the time. More important still, almost all the witnesses were also suspects.

"The problem at the court was that there were no independent witnesses," said Reimann. "They had all gone to the Hüttengasthof to attack blacks. Afterwards they said they couldn't remember anything. Among them was a well-known young Nazi from Eberswalde. But some of them were just juveniles." The state prosecutor, Henry Möller, said his investigators ran into "a wall of silence, ignorance, secret agreements, and cover-up."

Altogether the investigation took almost 18 months. I went to Frankfurt an der Oder, where the state prosecutor's office is located, to ask the chief prosecutor, Herr Lehmann, why it had taken so long. Lehmann, who came from the West, blamed the legacy of the Communist regime.

"The police and the prosecutor then were still from the G.D.R. They had never learned to handle this kind of violence. The G.D.R. was a police state in which people were suppressed and the whole society was controlled by the Stasi [secret police]. This was a new type of violence in the unified Germany. The police and judiciary had not learned to deal with it. That is why the whole thing happened." The police were afraid of re-creating the old days, when they frightened everyone. The public prosecutor had the same


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problem. He was insecure. He did not know how to respond.

Eventually five young men, born between 1970 and 1973, were prosecuted, not for murder but for "*Körperverletzung mit Todesfolge*"—death following fatal injury. Lehmann seemed to think that this was the best that could have been hoped for. "Maybe more than 5 out of the 50 were responsible, but at least charges could be brought against 5."

The case would normally have been heard in Frankfurt an der Oder, where the prosecutor's office is located. But to demonstrate its importance to the people of Eberswalde, the authorities decided the hearing should take place there.

Kiowa and his two friends were set upon by at least 15 of the drunken thugs. Many more stood about, cheering.

Two of those charged were brothers, Sven and Kay-Nando Böcker; each had a record for assault. Kay-Nando had also been head of a neo-Nazi skinhead group. He ran away after being charged. During the trial he was caught in Stuttgart, where he had been working in a hotel, and brought back to Eberswalde, but since the trial was already well under way he could not be prosecuted. He appeared instead as a witness.

During the trial, another witness turned up in Nazi regalia. One of the defendants said, "The life of a black man has no meaning to me." But despite the clear evidence that existed, the judges ignored the accused men's ties to extreme right-wing groups.

The judges, two professionals and two lay people, were subsequently criticized for discouraging questions about political affiliations. "That was important to establish motive," said Reimann.

Last fall, four of the defendants were sentenced to terms of between two and four years for Kiowa's death. (The fifth was convicted of beating Armando Meque.) The maximum sentence would have been 10 years. The sentences were much lower than those demanded by the prosecution, and the commissioner for foreigners in the state of Brandenburg criticized them as "clearly too light."

The written sentences have not yet been delivered by the court. But when they are, the lawyers for three of the youths will appeal. Their grounds will be, in effect, that the court has been unable to prove that it was their clients who actually delivered any of the fatal blows.

In Eberswalde I went to see Alrik Kohrs, the aggressive young lawyer who defended one of the young men, Steffen Hübner. During the trial, Kohrs and Reimann developed a professional antipathy toward each other. Kohrs objected to Reimann's asking about the politics of the accused. He also questioned Reimann's right to be in court at all, arguing that there was no real evidence that Kiowa was the father of Gabriela's baby.

"It's quite simple," Kohrs said about his plan to appeal Hübner's conviction. "The sentence was a compromise, and not a good compromise. If the judges really thought they were guilty, then giving them only four years was a joke. But they were not sure. The case became such a public issue—with TV, radio, and the press. It was a very big case for the judges and all of us lawyers. There was a lot of pressure. It was a show trial, but not made for it."

Kohrs maintained that the only fact that was established was that Kiowa was killed. "The statements were all contradictory. That is why the judges were uncertain. Some people were just standing around. Some were hitting and kicking. But who? In the case of my client I do not believe that the facts established his guilt. I shall appeal on those grounds."

Civil-rights groups in Germany and such international groups as Human Rights Watch argue convincingly that the state's failure to prosecute forcefully the murder of Kiowa and many other cases has encouraged right-wing violence against foreigners.

Last year, one of the worst incidents took place at the refugee camp in the Lichtenhagen neighborhood of Rostock, a port town in northeastern Germany. The camp's reception center was situated in the middle of a working-class housing project, a location that was intolerable for both refugees and local people. Throughout the summer th number of refugees had grown, and b mid-August there were as many as 25 people camping in a field in front o the center. More and more small clash es and thefts were reported. Local resi dents were promised that most of th refugees would be moved. But nothin happened.

Then, on the night of Monday, Au gust 24, 1992, protests outside the re ception center turned into a violen rampage. At least 1,000 rioters, cheered on by an even larger number of bystanders, broke into a building housing abou 100 Vietnamese contract workers, set fires, and began searching and destroying, floor by floor. The Vietnamese and the reception-center workers, who were on the seventh floor, moved higher up in the building as the smoke, the shouting, and the smashing rose toward them. It was hours before the police came and drove back the rioters. Eventually the Vietnamese were able to escape over the roof to another building.

The police had been warned since the previous Wednesday that an attack on the reception center was likely. But they took no action, neither ordering reinforcements to the area nor setting up checkpoints to stop armed right-wing "radicals" from entering Rostock.

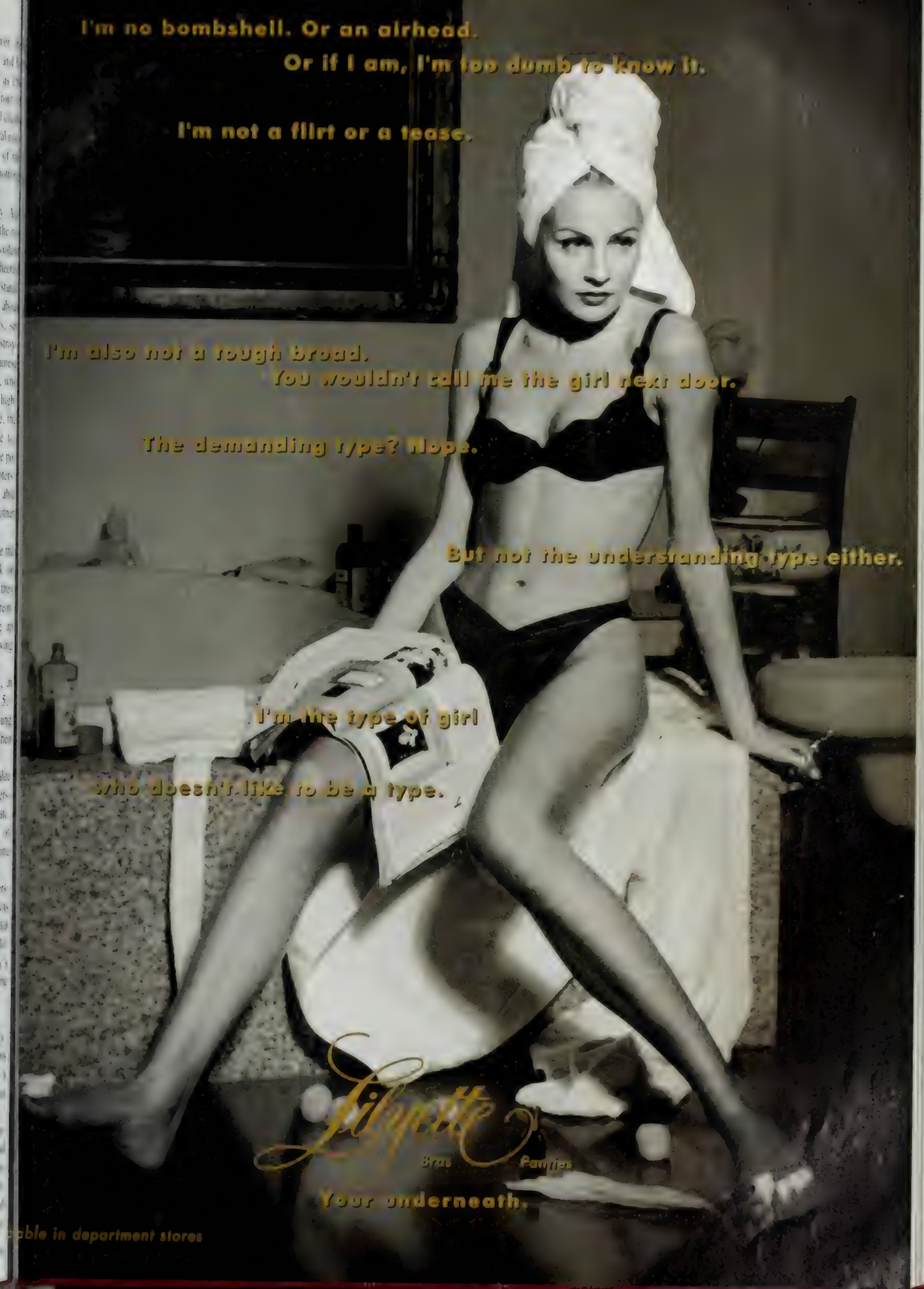
Rostock was followed by Mölln, in the West. There, last November, a 51-year-old Turkish woman and two young Turkish girls were burned to death when their home was firebombed.

Mölln is about as far from Eberswalde (or Rostock) as one can imagine. Eberswalde is decaying and rather desperate. Mölln is smugly self-confident, part of the Hamburg region, which is booming as a result of reunification.

It is easy to blame unrest in Eberswalde, Rostock, and other eastern towns on despair and economic regression. But this "Officer Krupke" argument, as Josef Joffe, an editor at one of Germany's leading newspapers, calls it, cannot be applied to Mölln.

The Mölln murders shocked Germany. An army of police and prosecutors descended on the town; within a week two young men had confessed to the crime and been arrested.

They were Michael Peters, a 25-year-old who was the leader of a small band of radical skinheads, and Lars Christiansen, 19. Christiansen worked as an apprentice in a supermarket, and had led an uneventful life. But Peters, an unedu-


I'm no bombshell. Or an airhead.
Or if I am, I'm too dumb to know it.
I'm not a flirt or a tease.
I'm also not a tough broad.
You wouldn't call me the girl next door.
The demanding type? Nope.
But not the understanding type either.
I'm the type of girl
who doesn't like to be a type.
Lingette
Bras Panties
Your underneath.
able in department stores

cated, unemployed skinhead, had long been under surveillance for violence against foreigners. Ten members of his gang had been arrested in the days before the Mölln attack.

Neighbors said that his apartment, in a village a few miles from Mölln, was a regular meeting place for radical rightists. He frequently threw loud parties with neo-Nazi music, and drunken skinheads shouting "*Heil* Hitler" out of the window and waving the German imperial flag.

Rostock and Mölln received worldwide attention and forced German politicians to unite in condemnation. The government in Bonn banned first the Nationalist Front and then another neo-Nazi party, the German Alternative. Hundreds of police raided the offices of the German Alternative and its members' homes in six German states early one morning in December.

On December 10, Chancellor Kohl began a parliamentary debate by saying that Germany had a moral duty imposed by its Nazi past to act against extremists responsible for violence against foreigners. He promised "no leniency" toward the guilty. Of Mölln, he said, "Whoever thinks they can change our land with a climate of intimidation and fear, they are fooling themselves. Germany is a democracy that can defend itself, and we will prove it now."

But the assaults also reopened the constitutional debate on Article 16—the asylum article—of the German Basic Law. Politicians preferred to seize on the issue of refugees rather than on that of growing right-wing violence. After much emotional debate, the constitution is now to be amended to place much stricter limits on the right to asylum in Germany. Some right-wingers are bound to see murder and rioting as having been highly successful tactics.

Germany's European neighbors watch with a sort of macabre fascination as elements of its past flicker across the present and attempt to direct its future. Magazines and newspapers are filled with articles about the neo-Nazis. But much of the reaction has been hysterical, even gleeful, displaying an almost racist attitude toward the Germans themselves. The rest of the continent is hardly immune from xenophobia: in Britain, 7,780 racist attacks were reported in 1991.

Though Germany is facing an unprecedented crisis of identity brought on by reunification, it is by far the most powerful country in Europe. The Maastric Treaty, which is causing so much angst Britain, Denmark, and even France, w at one level, designed by Germany's E ropean partners to lock it into Europe. B the reality is that Germany will domina Europe, financially and then politicall with or without a treaty.

The shadow of Auschwitz still han over Germany. But no other governme in Europe would have maintained such generous asylum policy for so long. Ar in poring over the violence in the cou try, there is often an element of schade freude; we want to believe that th Germans are at heart really Nazis. The is an envy of their postwar economi achievements. And there is a kind awful pleasure in saying, "There they g again. They never change."

In fact the changes are enormous. Th is not 1933. There is no sign of a ne Hitler. In 1933, near anarchy stalked th land. The economy was in ruins; be tween 1929 and 1932, the G.N.P. ha fallen 35 percent. The population wa cynical and frightened by the storm troops of all sides. Today there is vio lence again, but it is private and diso ganized.

There is another hugely important dif ference. The murders at Mölln provoke ordinary citizens to make personal an collective protests against the black booted thugs. At the end of last yea millions of ordinary Germans took to th streets to demonstrate their outrage a neo-Nazi excesses, the attacks on for eigners, and the government's failure t confront either issue boldly. Nothing like that happened in the 1930s. In some ways the Germans are more sensitive than other Europeans to the implications of their history. And the public demonstrations may have had an effect: rightist violence seems to have diminished in the first month of 1993.

Germany has grave problems. But so does all of Europe. The Cold War and the division of Europe placed the whole continent in a kind of limbo from which it is now emerging in all its grief and glory—in all of its gory danger, too.

I went one evening to talk to kids at the workers' flats just behind where Kiowa was killed. One room had been made into a youth club, run by a woman named Ilona Klückmann, who said she was there because of her Christian vocation. The room had a table and chairs, for playing cards, and some easy chairs. The atmosphere was



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relaxed; a constant stream of teenagers lounged in and out. Some of the boys were skinheads, some not.

Before this room existed, they had nowhere to go, they said; they used to hang around in the graveyard, steal cars, and beat people up. Their favorite music was by Guns N' Roses, Slime, and Nirvana. They did not like punks. Punks, they said, were left-wing, dirty, and stoned. "Skins are clean and want order in Germany."

A boy called Remo said only a few of them liked Hitler: "We just like the idea of a clean Germany for Germans."

Not one of them had a job. "Ilona is the only person here who works!" said a kid. They thought that since the end of East Germany everything had gotten worse. Everything.

When I asked them about violence, they agreed that having this room had calmed most of them. But one girl said with a smile, "Some people deserve violence." Asked whether the problem of neo-Nazis would grow, a young man replied, "Yes, of course, if the economy doesn't improve. And if foreigners still get all the jobs."

Günter Grass has argued that the violence against foreigners is above all poor Germans fighting their own lowly status. "The hate between Germans is the root of this violence. But they know that they cannot take on the other Germans, the stronger Germans, with their jobs and their money and their cars, so they go for the weakest. In many ways it is an expression of their own self-hate, which was bound to happen with reunification."

Before I left Eberswalde, I went to see Gabriela Schimansky again. Young Amadeu was bowling around the apartment. Gaby still has friends from the foreign community; I met several Angolan and Zairian workers there.

I asked her for photos of Amadeu; she had two and agreed to let me have them copied. One was a wistful, rather charmingly posed studio shot of him and friends taken at a local shop, Photo Grund. I found the shop on the main street, recently moved to larger premises. The woman behind the counter was kind about Amadeu. "He was a very nice, intelligent boy," she said. "It was so sad." She had the pictures copied in a couple of hours, and I took the originals back to Gaby.

"I am thinking of going to Angola," she said, "to show my son to his father's family. A Dutch television cre might go with me. But I am a b afraid. I am afraid that they mig blame me for Amadeu's death. And am afraid they might want to ke Amadeu.

"And I am afraid of the racism there.

The next day I took local trains throug Brandenburg, changing in the litt town of Bad Freienwalde.

In the station lobby a slim youn man with long blond hair, wearing a expensive tight leather jacket, trousers and thongs, was beating up anothe older man while a third looked on. Th blond and his friend were screamin abuse at their victim. I shouted t them to stop, and the third man trie to restrain his friend. All three wer very drunk.

The blond ceased pummeling th older man's bleeding face to sweep number of beer and vodka bottles off windowsill to the floor. He smashe one against a wall, and I was afrai that he was going to attack his victi with it.

Just then the police arrived: two me in their late 20s who seemed to be quit scared. They dragged the blond off an managed to handcuff his hands behin his back. They pushed him out to thei car. Four or five other youths came ou of the station pub, where they had bee playing billiards. All were drunk. Al tried to argue or threaten the police into changing their mind. The bleeding man disappeared. The police dithered frightened and uncertain. One of the most drunk of all, a huge young man with a shaved head, began to threaten the police with his billiard cue. Fortunately, some of his less inebriated friends pushed him away. He was so drunk he practically fell. He contented himself by pissing his beer against the wall of the booking office. A trail of urine ran down the length of the room. As my train came in, the police took the handcuffs off the young thug and appeared to be on the point of letting him go. They seemed to have no idea how to react.

All this took place at 4:30 P.M. on a wintry afternoon, in the last light of the day. The scene could have been played out in any seedy European town. But, just then, it was easy to see how the three police officers in Eberswalde had stood and watched while poor Amadeu Antonio Kiowa was kicked to death by similar drunks in the middle of the night. □




ANNE KLEIN
NECKWEAR



Brad von Beltz, Heidi's actor father, has been her main support from the moment he saw her in the hospital after her on-set accident, *below*, and said, "You gotta get well."

THE HEIDI CHRONICLE

A horrible stunt accident left her a quadriplegic in 1980, but Heidi von Beltz was determined to walk again—and party with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, Ray Liotta, and her legion of Hollywood friends

BY STEPHEN FRIED

Buck Henry takes a bite of chicken hash and leans forward to speak above the restaurant din. "It's like we're part of a secret society, or a club of some kind," he says. "People come out to that house for these parties, and a lot of people are brought who meet her for the first time. And they're all hesitant and curious, and maybe a little scared. And then they meet her, and, you know . . . she's *Heidi!*"

Henry is recounting a gathering held some months ago at the ranch-style home, on 11 acres high above Zuma Beach, that is known to Malibu residents as the Old Red House. It is owned by Heidi von Beltz, a stunning and singular 37-year-old woman who was front-page news for several guilt-ridden moments in Hollywood, but who has since settled into a less visible but more complex role. From a distance, she is still a poster adult for Tinseltown recklessness. Up close, she has become some kind of self-performed miracle.

"I don't want to ascribe to her properties that make her sound like some remote saint," Henry explains. "But I *know* I couldn't do what she has done. And, with all her pain, she in effect seems to be trying to make *you* feel better. And that *is* the property of saints. I mean, that's what they do, right? And this family—well, the von Beltzes have always amazed me. It's a very complex experiment in human behavior that's been forced on these folks."

In 1980, Heidi von Beltz broke her neck in one of the worst on-set accidents in motion-picture history. Working as a double for Farrah Fawcett in *The Cannonball Run*, the 24-year-old stunt ingenue was a passenger in an Aston Martin without seat belts which smashed into a van during an aborted high-speed driving trick. She was pronounced a quadriplegic, permanently paralyzed from the shoulders



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


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-DANTE
INTRODUCING
TUSCANY
Per Donna
EIMAN MARCUS
ORDSTROM
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down, with a short life expectancy and the grim expectation that it wouldn't be much of a short life. Doctors told her to accept her fate, learn to love her wheelchair, and understand that any hopes she had—beyond winning a three-ring circus of lawsuits filed on her behalf—were probably false ones. Institutionalization was strongly recommended.

The von Beltz family has been living by its own second opinion ever since. They believe Heidi will walk again, and they greet every day in the kind of anything-for-the-patient emergency mode normally associated with brief recuperations. They have invested so much in Heidi's *not* getting accustomed to a wheelchair that she is generally *carried* from place to place, often by her father. And there are few sights more dramatic than retired actor Brad von Beltz—well into his 60s but tanned and robust, with longish gray hair and a dangling feather earring—picking up his six-foot daughter in his arms and transporting her.

For the first three years after the accident, Heidi and her parents lived in a beach home together, with Heidi's older brother and sister in close attendance. "At least we didn't have to worry about empty-nest syndrome anymore," says Heidi's mother, Patty, who wears all the family's emotions, and peppers her conversation with an occasional frazzled "Oh my Gahd!" Then Heidi redeclared her independence and moved out. She now lives alone in the Old Red House, with a rotating staff of seven and her Saint Bernard, Mozart. Her Arabian horse, Excalibor, is stabled in the front yard next to her speedboat. Her parents—"Brad and Mom"—reside half a mile away on Frank Sinatra's stretch of Malibu beach, in a home purchased as an investment with some of the $7 million in settlements the accident generated. The house has become a popular and lucrative beach "location." Herb Ritts shoots there often because he loves the light, and Oliver Stone used the house—and Brad for a Leary-esque cameo—in a party scene in *The Doors*.

On the tony stretch of the Pacific Coast Highway that separates the two homes, the von Beltzes have created Heidi's World, where time is suspended but life goes on, where the movement of one toe is a more newsworthy event than the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Almost all of Heidi's friends—from her lifelong best "buddess," Melanie Griffith, on down—are in show biz. Brad von Beltz was a contract actor at Universal, and until the accident he was also writing and producing (he made the immortal kung fu film *Kill the Golden Goose*), so he brings an older Hollywood to the party. But the people orbiting the family are there for reasons that are rarely encountered in this company town: *purely personal* reasons.

"Most of my life is and was a relationship to the business," says Steve Reuther, producer of *Pretty Woman* and *Sommersby*. "My relationship to the von Beltzes is outside of that. I think that's part of the remarkable thing about Heidi—she attracts really interesting people in a very meaningful way."

The von Beltzes have created Heidi's World, where the movement of one toe is a more newsworthy event than the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Actor Ray Liotta, for example, fell in love with Heidi just *after* her accident. For a crucial year and a half of her recovery, Liotta all but cohabited with the von Beltzes, and he maintains an intriguing, amorphous connection to Heidi. Actress Kathleen Quinlan became a close friend after attending one of Heidi's grand parties—which became legendary in Malibu, especially in the early years after her injury, when she still had a great need to "perform" in order to show everyone she was going to be O.K.

Bruce Willis, Jamie Lee Curtis, author Jess Stearn, and playwright George Furth are just a tiny cross section of the cast of characters who have played roles in the family-produced theater of the obsessed which keeps Heidi cheerled.

Recently, there has been more to cheer about. After a decade of excruciatingly slow progress, Heidi's efforts to reteach her body how to do *everything* have shifted into a new kind of overdrive. One morning in late 1989, as she was being pulled out of bed by her staff, she sat up—by herself. That's when the Malibu parties were curtailed and the 10-to-12-hours-a-day workouts began in earnest.

The party Buck Henry has been chewing over with his chicken hash was the first in nearly a year. And it was atypical for a von Beltz bash. Heidi still held court in the living room, sipping champagne from a crystal glass held to her lips by a friend and speaking with great animation—without really moving anything but her head, shoulders, and left hand. And every flat surface in the house was still laden with rows of framed, enlarged snapshots of Heidi, her family, and her mostly celebrity pals in various combinations.

But many of the guests spent the majority of the party circulating in and out of Heidi's bedroom, where the walls were hung with magazine covers of Griffith and Liotta and the VCR had been set up to play a recently shot video. On the tape was the quadriplegic—"or *the quad*, as they always refer to you in the hospital, which is really charming," Heidi quips—pedaling away on a motorized bike. As her friends gaped in amazement, the camera cut to Heidi strapped in a "standing frame." One by one, the straps were loosened until she was standing up by herself—her knees and hips locked by her strength of will. Then she proceeded to bend over from the waist and straighten herself up several times.

"Oh my God," somebody muttered, "she really *is* going to walk, isn't she?"

Before all this happened, Heidi von Beltz was a pair of long legs, a husky voice, and a fearless spirit who was raised among actors and agents and emboldened by professional skiers and stuntmen. The first woman ever to perform a backflip on skis, she gave private lessons as a teen and later settled into an ambitiously haphazard career of modeling and acting, including small roles in movies and on such TV shows as *Charlie's Angels*, *Starsky and Hutch*, and a Bob Hope special.

"I met Heidi when I was 15 and she was 16," recalls Melanie Griffith. "I was in awe of her. She was the most beautiful, incredible woman. She was always a daredevil, and I was timid; she had to push me off the ledge. She was wild and always very naturally athletic. She was also very secretive; she was always doing something that nobody knew anything about. She wasn't a braggart about the stuff she could do. She's

azing—the best friend I ever had. We n lived together one year in Malibu r Don [Johnson] and I broke up."

Buck Henry has graphic memories o the dynamic duo. "Melanie and di together was, like, everyone's am," he says. "You couldn't have more poignant fantasy than the idea being shipwrecked on an island ere only you, Melanie, and Heidi ived. Because you know they could ld the house, too, and kill the ani ls. They were both, as young girls, atever the California equivalent is street-smart."

Heidi's friendships with stunt pros— and Griffith were dating veterans oby Bass and Buddy Joe Hooker, pectively—led her through the e door into the film business, be ning with *Smokey and the Bandit* which starred Burt Reynolds. The n was directed by former stuntman Needham, who early in his ca r had done stunts for Brad von tz on the TV series *Have Gun, Will vel*.

"Heidi was, like, one of the celebri of that time, when the stunt mys e was just really strong," says her nd Keefe Millard, an actress married stunt coordinator Dean Ferrandini. he late 70s was just a real big time for nts. There were lots of big action s, and they'd have live stunt compe ons. And Heidi was a starlet of that ole scene."

"Heidi was like an ad for big, perfect erican kids," Buck Henry adds. ctually, she still is. It's the same , the same animation; when it lights it's still spectacular. Laid out on her pital stretcher between therapy ses s, she was still a dream date."

"Heidi is just a great adventurer," s Kathleen Quinlan. "It's hard to l women friends who want to go and *do* things. She's fearless, and girl is macho beyond belief. We d to go water-skiing on her speed t—she loves to go fast. We'd tow out in a rubber boat from the ch.

Sometimes we call Heidi 'the Queen Malibu.' She's royalty. She's more norous than I'll *ever* be. I remember first thing she learned how to do en her arm started coming back was old a cigarette and smoke it. And she es to travel in that Hollywood world; knows more people in the industry I do. We got a limo and went to anie's opening of *Working Girl* to ier. We had a blast!

"She never lets you know how much pain she was—or is—in. She doesn't like to give it that much attention. One day they're going to do a movie of her story. She said she wanted me to play her, and I told her I didn't know if I could, because I would have to go into such a dark place. It would be, metaphysically, really painful, especially because she's my friend.

"In the last few years, I haven't been able to see her as much. I really miss her, but it's like she's in a master's program at a university. She has it all mapped out, and by the time she's done with what she has to do each day, she's ready for bed. It's like she's training for the Olympics."

It is early afternoon in Malibu, and Heidi is finishing her ninth mile on a contraption called a hand bike. Sunlight reflects off the ocean and fills her small workout room through a floor-to-ceiling window. Heidi's blond hair is tied back, her forehead is jammed into the bike's padded headrest, and her bright blue eyes are clenched shut. She chews red Trident about as hard as gum can be chewed. With sweat pouring over her Teutonic face, she looks like a Brueghel painting of an aerobics instructor.





"I met Heidi when I was 15 and she was 16," recalls Melanie Griffith. "I was in awe of her. She was the most beautiful, incredible woman."

Standing above her in the room is trainer Gayle Olinekova, a former world-class runner and author of the best-selling fitness book *Go for It!*, who now does private coaching. Olinekova helped Heidi design the program she has been on for the past two and a half years. Before the trainer arrives, Heidi does the approximately three hours of stretching she goes through each morning, beginning with her toes and feet and working her way up to her arms and shoulders and finally her hands—which curled tightly in on themselves a year after the accident and are slowly being coaxed open like time-lapse roses. The stretching prepares her for the grueling workout: a combination of traditional exercise and "patterning"—manually working the non-functioning muscles until they get the hint. The hand bike is actual exercise. Olinekova wants Heidi to try to finish one more mile; when she reaches the home-stretch, the trainer barks, "C'mon—*Jaws, Jaws,* get back to that *boat!*"

At 10 miles, Heidi stops, raises her dripping head, and asks Emma, one of the seven Latino women who work for her in shifts around the clock, to readjust her trunk and legs in the chair. Heidi's condition has made her Hollywood's ultimate actor turned director. She must tell someone precisely when and how to do almost *everything* for her. After her body parts are readjusted, she calls for a reapplication of her one cosmetic affectation: frosted pink lip gloss, applied with a wand that she nearly bites down on.

Before Heidi begins the next exercise, she asks about something she feels in her left shoulder—the last place where she is actually injured. For a decade, she didn't know what was wrong with it; then, for two years, she believed there was an undiagnosed dislocation. To explain the sensation in her shoulder, Olinekova uses the anatomy book that Heidi keeps on a music stand in her workout room. When Heidi is trying to get her body to do something, she stares at the book and studies the machinery of the human body, trying to figure out a way to "play" herself.

"Anytime Heidi moves," the trainer explains, "she rehearses it in her mind." Then she just does it, or keeps trying until she can, which may take minutes, hours, days, or even years. "Over the years, I've had people with spinal-cord injuries call who want to know what I do," Heidi says. "I tell them, and they say, 'Jeez, that sounds like a lot of work.' I know *that*, but what am I supposed to do, sit here and get bedsores—which, by the way, I've *never* had, just like all the other stuff the doctors said would *absolutely* happen and didn't. Oh, don't get me started. . . "



Heidi's rehabilitation routine includes sessions on the hand bike, *top,* and three hours of stretching every morning, from her toes to her fingers.

After the accident, Heidi was totally limp and without feeling or control from the shoulders down. "I was just this *head*," she recalls, "like 'the brain that wouldn't die.' " Besides the badly broken neck—she was found with the back of her head resting between her shoulder blades, but the spinal cord wasn't severed—she had a broken hip and leg. A bone fragment in her phrenic nerve severely restricted breathing and speech; for a while she communicated by clicking her tongue. Stomach problems left her practically unable to eat. The head trauma caused sounds to be maddeningly amplified; that and the constant pain kept her from sleeping more than a few minutes at a time.

Brad helped set Heidi's attitudinal agenda as soon as she came to in the hospital, putting into action the spiritual combo platter of self-reliance and old-fashioned "religious science" he refers to repeatedly as "metaphysics." (Brad and Patty were involved with Christian Science well before the accident, but more for its "mind over matter" ethos and practitioner counseling: "We're not joiners," Brad says.)

"In the hospital, Brad wouldn't let anybody tell me what had happened," Heidi recalls. "When I finally asked him, he said, 'You were in an accident and fucked yourself up pretty good, and you gotta get well.' I figured, Hell, I can do that, and that's pretty much the way we've always approached it, like a sports injury you work back from. When he and Mom said everything would be O.K., all my fear and anxiety left, and I never really had it back again, no matter what doctors have said during the course of this whole thing. We just take care of business—that's what Brad always says."

The von Beltzes were without much encouragement from the medical-industrial complex, which has only very recently begun to treat each of the 12,000 spinal-cord injuries a year as

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unique, rather than writing them off en masse. The new gospel is that "paralysis" may often be an inexact diagnosis of a temporary condition, made permanent only when patients are too dispirited or gullible to ask more questions. Places such as the Miami Project to Cure Paralysis are trying to reorient public perceptions and physicians' biases. But medical proselytizing goes very slowly.

"The bottom line is, the minute the neck is broken, they come right in and say, 'Forget it, it's all over,' " Patty von Beltz scoffs. "The doctors' favorite thing is, they don't want to give you false hope. Hey, *any* hope is better than nothing. And then the insurance companies do nothing but hassle you. They didn't want to pay for things. It was expensive. Brad was a trust-fund baby, thank Gahd. All they want is to declare your condition 'permanent and stable' so they can pay off a lump sum and close the case. They're so *stupid!*"

Heidi has tried a lot of things since 1980—hypnosis, acupuncture, biofeedback, electrical stimulation, pain management, aura management, psychics, even a televangelist's cattle-call healing. The only near constant in her rehabilitation, besides physical therapy, has been an aggressive, often painful chiropractic deep-muscle manipulation called the Griner Method, which supposedly drives lactic acid from muscles "in spasm" and "encourages neural transmission" to affected areas. In a normal week, Gayle Olinekova comes to the Old Red House on Mondays and Thursdays; after morning workouts on Tuesdays and Fridays, Heidi is driven to the Santa Monica office of chiropractor Eliot Griner, the estranged son of her *former* chiropractor, who invented the Griner Method.

On weekends, Heidi works out with her staff. When she travels—as she did a lot last year, spending two weeks in Aspen with Melanie Griffith and several stretches in Carmel with her brother's kids—she takes much of her equipment with her and does the same thing. Wednesday is her day off: she often goes to the movies with her mother.

More than 12 years after being told she'd be dead in 5, Heidi has nearly complete feeling from the waist up; she describes the feeling in her legs at its worst as the kind of numb burning she once associated with the onset of frostbite, "when you're touching ice and it begins to feel hot instead of cold." Her breathing and hearing are just about normal, and Lord knows she can talk. When she clicks her tongue now, it's usually because she and her mother, a couple of eye rollers, are gossiping about Hollywood, skewering doctors, or yakking about current events.

Heidi can move—sometimes very slowly, but at least voluntarily—nearly every muscle in her body. Her left arm is, so far, her most useful appendage. She can sit up "like a normal person" and comfortably hold herself in that position for as long as she likes. Because she has been working to counter the effects of her shoulder problem—for which she plans to get surgery this year—the stabbing pain she had between her shoulder blades for 10 years is gone. She sleeps through the night, and while her appetite is still not great, she does eat at least a meal a day, usually healthful stuff, but she occasionally gives in to her craving for French fries by driving with Brad down to the Malibu McDonald's.

"Heidi was like an ad for big perfect American kids," says Buck Henry. "Laid out on her hospital stretcher, she was still a dream date."

Heidi endured years of diapered inconvenience because she refused to be permanently catheterized; during her trial, her lawyer made much of the fact that she was incontinent while acting as maid of honor at Melanie Griffith's 1982 wedding to actor Steven Bauer and during an ill-advised appearance on *Donahue*. But now she can basically control her elimination processes, although she still must be carried to and from the bathroom. Her period, which doctors assured her she would never have again, was actually one of the first things that returned.

And while Heidi doesn't have complete feeling below the waist, she can have, and enjoy, sex. She is a world-class flirt, but she says sex and romance are not big issues in her life. Or perhaps they are the *biggest* issues, because they have been placed in emotional escrow, put on hold in a way very little else in her active life has been. She is never reticent, though, about expounding upon whom she sees in that light at the end of the tunnel. Eleven years after her breakup with Ray Liotta, a framed picture of the couple sits encircled with shells on the grand piano in her parents' living room.

Liotta left his New York soap-opera career in 1981 to pursue film work, swapping apartments with Melanie Griffith, who was dating his college classmate Steven Bauer. "The first night I was in California," Liotta recalls, "I was far away from home, and I just sat there and I looked at the list of phone numbers Melanie had on her cupboard, and I saw the name Heidi." Melanie had told Ray about her best friend, and he recalled a photo of her, taken at a party the von Beltzes threw on a yacht: Heidi, just out of the hospital and unable to sit up, had been lashed in her wheelchair to the boat's mast.

She turned him down on his first call, because she was still living with 46-year-old Bobby Bass, the stunt coordinator on *The Cannonball Run*, to whom she had gotten engaged only weeks before the accident. Finally, she let Liotta come over. "I went up there," he says, "and here's this absolutely beautiful . . . incredible girl who just happened to be paralyzed from the neck down. We talked for about eight or nine hours." Bass soon moved out in a huff, and Liotta joined the family.

"Ray gave me back my life," says Heidi. "He really made me feel female again, and I hold him responsible for it all, because that was the most crucial year. I had no energy at all, I had no endurance, and Ray pushed me. He took me to my first movie down in Malibu. That was my first time out away from my family in almost a year. I was so *scared*. But Ray would never want anyone around us. He always wanted to take care of me himself. . . . It was a mad, passionate love affair. We wanted to get married so bad. And *nobody* is gonna tell me I couldn't feel what we did. We had a wonderful, sexual love life—internally I could feel everything.

"We spent a full year, 24 hours a day, partying. Martinis were my big thing then. Pot helped a lot; it was the only thing that really relaxed my body without getting me doped up. I had stopped taking *any* painkillers or that stuff after the hospital."

During their time together, the story of their romance was optioned for a film by Orion, and they tried to push each other in their careers. But for Heidi a

If your shoes are canvas, does that make you an artist?



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sport shoes

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return to work was far more premature than she could comprehend. And Liotta was barely paying attention to his acting. "We were so consumed with each other we were disregarding our personal goals," she recalls. "He was neglecting his career, and I wasn't working on getting up. So we broke up. Letting him go was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life.

"Shortly after he left, I went to the beach and vowed that I would be walking to get back together with Ray. Being with him has always been my main goal, my main focus. He and I are apart, and we don't even talk that often, but we're together. We have an unspoken communication. . . although every once in a while I'll leave a message on his machine like 'Roses are red, / Violets are blue, / Your ass is mine, / And don't you forget it.' . . . I don't feel I'm missing out on anything. We both have work to do now."

Liotta is more close-lipped about all this. When I profiled him a year and a half ago, Heidi was the first thing he brought up—even before plugging his new film. But he spoke of her in the past tense and said nothing that would justify a recent tabloid headline: HUNK RAY LIOTTA: I LOST MY HEART TO PARALYZED STUNTWOMAN HEIDI.

"Melanie and Don are my role models for people who can have a gap and get back together," says Heidi. "They were apart *for 16 years!* Ray and I still have five years to accumulate. I don't see any problem here."

Since Liotta left, there have been no more romances, but several important men have come into Heidi's life. One was Bruce Willis, who brought his infectious charm to the Heidi party for two years before getting involved with Demi Moore. Another was Steve Reuther, who moved in down the beach from the von Beltzes when he left the William Morris Agency to start a producing career. Unknown to most of his colleagues, Reuther had been a quadriplegic himself because of an auto accident in his early 20s, and had rehabilitated himself after several years of paralysis.

"Heidi and I connected on a very deep level," he recalls. "I tried to be an influence in her life that only dealt with recovery. The incidentals of the boyfriend or the career or the lawsuit, the parties, the notoriety. . . I didn't give a shit about any of that stuff, and I encouraged Heidi not to focus on them. There was such a whirlwind around her, so many people in her life. I was trying to get her to focus on the work she needed to do.

"I was frustrated with her when I felt she wasn't paying enough attention to her recovery. But part of my role was that I represented something to her and the family—I had come back from a similar situation. In 1983, 1984, I saw her every day, and the family really took me in. For me, the most meaningful times were the quietest ones, when I would work with Heidi's hands, which had just begun to curl in."

Jess Stearn, who initially met the von Beltzes because Brad was a fan of his books on metaphysics, has taken Heidi under his tutelage. "I've heard many people say what an inspiration her whole life is, and the way she's approached it," he says. "Her situation obviously makes you consider how infinitesimal your own problems really are, but I have never left her company feeling sorry for her. I think that Heidi, living so much within herself at times, is ideally suited to do a great book."

Ray Liotta recalled a photo of her at a party the von Beltzes threw on a yacht: Heidi, lashed in her wheelchair to the boat's mast.



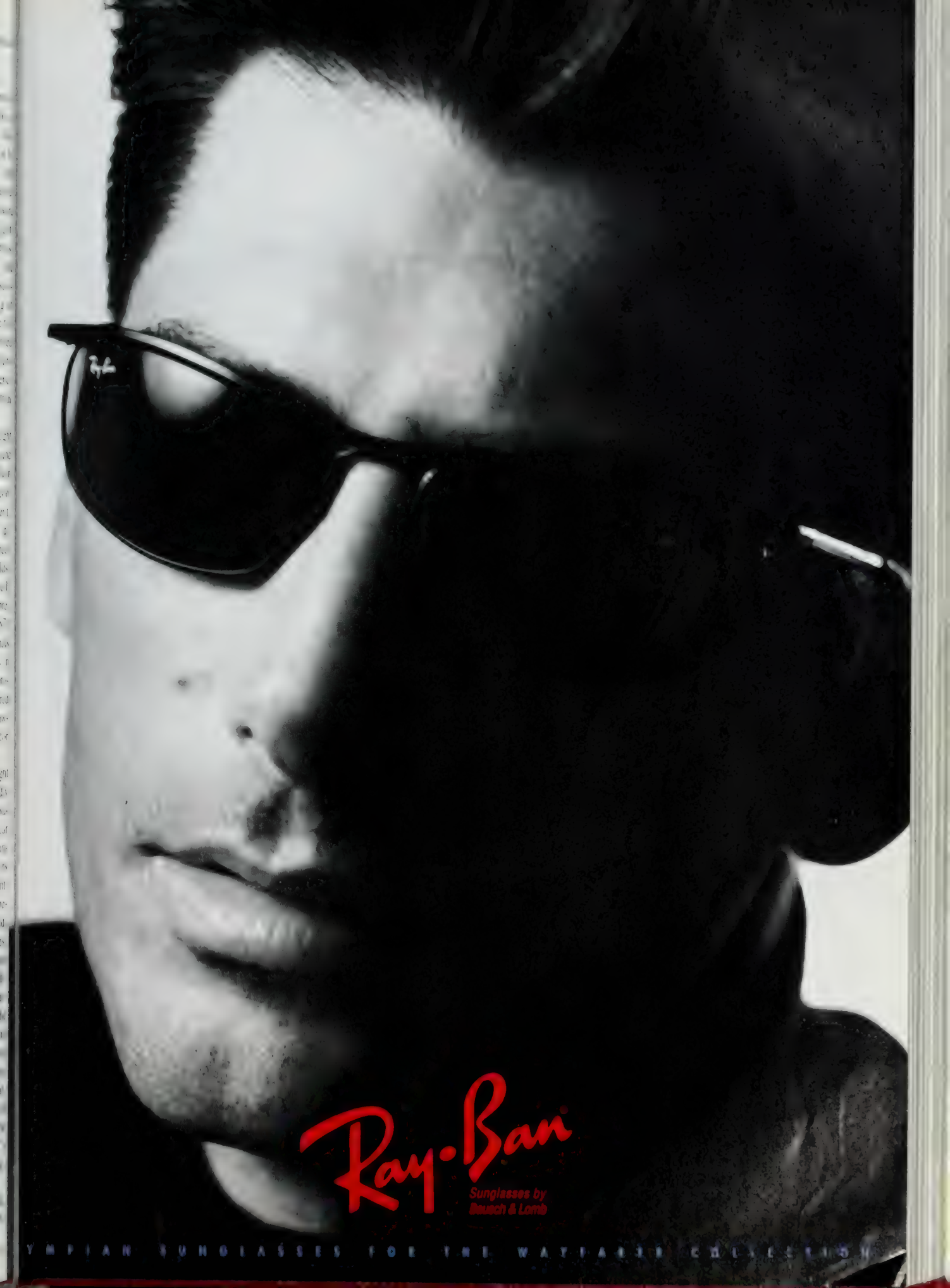
Buck Henry photographed Heidi and Ray Liotta in the early 80s. "We were so consumed with each other we were disregarding our personal goals," she says.

The lawsuits surrounding the *Cannonball Run* crash could be a book on their own, although not a very life-affirming one. "It's a disgrace to the legal profession, what happened to this woman," says the attorney who eventually tried the case. "The lawyers were jockeying to get fees rather than fighting for the client." In 1980, amid massive press coverage of the accident, the von Beltzes retained San Francisco–based Melvin Belli, the aging King of Torts, to represent them. When the filing deadlines neared and little seemed to be happening, the disillusioned family consulted with R. Browne Greene, a prominent L.A. trial lawyer.

Greene's firm thought it had taken the case, and prepared a $10 million suit against everyone connected to the accident, including the film's director and star, Hal Needham and Burt Reynolds. Two weeks later, Belli announced that *he* represented Heidi again, and was filing a $71 million suit on her behalf. Legal journals noted with amusement that paperwork in Belli's suits appeared to have been photocopied from Greene's, and wondered about clients' choosing negligence lawyers according to who could ask for the most.

The von Beltz lawsuits occupy eight massive volumes in the otherworldly subbasement of Los Angeles County Superior Court. They explain how the car in question was supposedly declared undrivable and was sent away for repairs and seat belts a day before the accident; it returned slightly more drivable, albeit with bald tires, bad steering, and, still, no seat belts. In the pleadings, Hal Needham is painted as a director who callously disregarded the condition of the car because he was in a hurry to finish the stunt by the end of the day. In the first turn of the second take, the front end of the car went "to mush"—which is why driver Jimmy Nickerson didn't ditch out to the right, as had been pre-arranged, but veered left into the van. Heidi recalled that the last thing she heard was Needham's voice over the walkie-talkie yelling, "Faster, faster."

As the suits got filed and amended, the competitive *(Continued on page 76)*


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HE WOMAN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

(Continued from page 70) lawyering grew more ludicrous, and the bad blood between Greene and Belli boiled. Belli worked overtime to ensure that Greene lost a 1981 election for the presidency of the California Trial Lawyers Association. He then took on a $7 million malpractice suit against Greene on behalf of former Greene clients who had lost a case against the Ford Motor Company and then claimed they hadn't been told the amount of the settlement offer—$2 million—from the automaker. (Greene subsequently won the suit.) The acrimony was blamed on Belli's anger over Heidi's case—ironic, since Belli was associated with the proceedings in name and fee percentage only. The case had been picked up by David Sabih, an ambitious young lawyer in the Belli firm.

In the summer of 1982, the stunt fatalities on the set of *The Twilight Zone* increased public interest in Hollywood safety and elevated Heidi's case to "harbinger" status. Six months later, Sabih and the von Beltzes' workmen's compensation specialist, Robert Buch, were reaching a $1.13 million settlement with the insurer. Greene filed a lien against the settlement fees for his work in filing the original suit. Sabih then sued Greene for $15 million for intentional infliction of emotional distress on Heidi. (The suit was subsequently dismissed.) Then Buch sued *Belli,* claiming he hadn't received all of *his* promised share of the fees for the workmen's comp settlement. Belli finally announced that he was *waiving* his fee for Heidi's settlement, a magnanimous public gesture that also ensured there would be no fees to put a lien on.

In January 1983, all the defendants but Hal Needham and his insurers were dropped. It was two years before they reportedly offered a settlement of $15,000 a month, tax-free, for the rest of Heidi's life; it was rejected. A year after that, Heidi accepted a $5.8 million out-of-court settlement from Needham's carriers. But she took him to court anyway, seeking the "excess insurance" in his policies and a chance to bring the negligence issues to public attention.

The trials were an interesting test of wills between lawyer and client. Sabih wanted Heidi to appear as pitiable as possible, and encouraged her parents to describe the horrors—even those long past—of her ordeal, especially how upset she became when her friends had children. But Heidi refused to "play cripple," even though she knew it might cost her money. The first trial ended with a deadlocked jury. Eight jurors had sided with Heidi on all counts, but the dissenters were adamant. Two of them actually told Sabih that Heidi "deserved to be in this condition," since at the time of the accident "she was living in sin" with her boyfriend. They began again with another jury. This time, the jury found Needham negligent and awarded Heidi $7 million. But she was also found 35 percent negligent for doing the stunt without a seat belt, so the award was reduced to $4.5 million. Because they were suing for *excess* insurance, they could recover only on an award *higher* than the $5.8 million Needham's insurers had already paid. Heidi ended up with a moral victory, but Needham's insurers didn't have to pay her another dime, saving even the $750,000 they had been dangling during the two trials to settle before the verdict.

One morning in late 1989, as she was being pulled out of bed by her staff, she sat up—by herself.

The von Beltz case did, however, make a lasting impact on Hollywood. It helped cause the film industry's labor-management safety committee to require seat belts on all stunt cars and forced the Directors Guild to change its stunt policies: directors can no longer alter stunts on location, as Needham did. And the arcane legal argument used to convince a jury that Needham was Heidi's boss and not a fellow employee of the producer's (Californians can't sue fellow employees for on-the-job accidents) shook a favorite Hollywood tax dodge, billing personal services through a "loan-out company." Upheld on appeal, the "loan-out" reinterpretation changed California law.

"It would have been nice to have that last million they were offering," says Patty von Beltz with a sigh, "but Heidi wanted to go for broke. After the attorneys' fees and everything, she was left with a little more than $3 million. Even invested at 10 percent, with all the people she has working for her, it's not a lot. We budget, we work it out. We invested in the house—with location fees, it's actually paying for itself right now. It will have to go at some point. And that will be enough money to take care of her until she's up, or dead, or whatever...Did I say that? Oh my *Gahd.*"

The new Nicky Blair's is still old Hollywood. Blair himself—an actor in films from the 50s through the 70s—works the main room relentlessly. Being out in the wheelchair at a restaurant where she's recognized—and where everyone will try too hard—reminds Heidi of all the people who just don't *get* what she's trying to do. "People still walk on eggshells; they don't want to say anything wrong," she says. "They don't know how much to talk about your condition; they're so set in their thinking. That's the most entertaining thing of all. They talk to you, and then they're crying behind you, 'This poor little girl, she's so deluded. She's never gonna get up. How cruel they are to let her think that will happen.'

"I don't mean to be critical. I've actually grown to love people through all of this. I've been really impressed with the quality of kindness. Sometimes Mom and I go somewhere without Brad, and we need someone to help carry me from the car. We just get some guy walking by and say, 'Hey, could you grab her legs for a second?' And they always do it. Yeah, I've really been pleasantly surprised by people."

During dinner, actor Danny Aiello, who knows Heidi only from others' reports, approaches the table to pay his respects. He lowers himself on bent knee to Heidi's wheelchair. "Oh, you're so gorgeous," he starts, an actor without lines. "Burt told me so much about you. And I just want to tell you how amazing I think you are. You're gorgeous." He turns to the other diners, demanding, "Isn't she gorgeous?"

As he rises reverently and takes his leave, the Queen of Malibu grins archly to her tablemates and rolls her blue eyes.

"The one thing I like about this injury," she says when he is well out of earshot, "is that you always know who you are and what you're supposed to be doing. I meet so many people who feel so sorry for me." She shakes her head. "I feel sorry for *them.* They don't know who they are." □

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David McClintick: "He's like a character in a John le Carré novel, more spy than reporter."

MIAMI VICES

Indecent Exposure established David McClintick as a premier investigative reporter; then he all but disappeared. This month, a decade-long obsession bears fruit—his explosive account of a D.E.A. sting gone terribly sour

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

The tall man who opens the door looks more like a Kansas preacher than a legend in the world of investigative journalism. Proper and reserved, he has a bland, oatmeal face and wire-rimmed glasses through which he squints, as if seeing daylight for the first time in years. Behind him in the modest New York apartment he uses as an office lie stacks of wiretap transcripts and court papers—on the floor, on the beat-up sofas, on the tables and chairs, like the oobleck in Dr. Seuss. By his desk is a bulletin board pinned with rows of snapshots from the heart of Colombian drug country: red-tiled roofs and green mountain trails, photographed to ensure they're described just right. A decade ago, David McClintick applied this same passion for detail to a story of check forging at Columbia Pictures, which made *Indecent Exposure* the most eviscerating, unputdownable book ever written about the movie business, as journalistically groundbreaking in its own way as *In Cold Blood*.

Then, to the outside world, he seemed to vanish.

At his alma mater, *The Wall Street Journal*, awe and envy turned to pity as no follow-up book appeared. Success, it was said, had overwhelmed McClintick, miring him in personal problems. The rumors spread because McClintick, after a brief flirtation with the Hamptons, was nowhere to be seen: no bylines, no mentions in the columns, no evenings at Elaine's. In his absence, *Indecent Exposure* became the model for a raft of books by *Journal* reporters about the 80s, from Bryan Burrough and John Helyar's *Barbarians at the Gate* to Jim Stewart's *Den of Thieves*, all made feasible after incoming editor Norman Pearlstine reversed the long-standing policy against *Journal* reporters' writing books, which had provoked McClintick's stormy leave-taking. "It was McClintick more than anything else that prompted me to reverse the policy," Pearlstine says today. "I still regret his departure." Adds Burrough, "McClintick was really the one who died for our sins."

Over one of the few uncluttered surfaces in his Upper West Side office, McClintick munches a deli sandwich and relates, with midwestern deliberateness, how, out of the blue, in 1983 a man named Robert Darias wrote him a letter that changed his life. Darias was a federal informant for a Drug Enforcement Administration investigation called Operation Swordfish. He said he had a story to tell—of how this pioneering effort to infiltrate the dark circles of the Colombian drug Mafia by setting up a bogus money-laundering operation in Miami had gone woefully awry, exposing deep, systemic problems within the D.E.A. Agents had fallen to quarreling with one another; the D.E.A. and F.B.I. had worked at cross-purposes and proved more intent on upstaging each other than on apprehending drug dealers. One D.E.A. agent had even sold details of a drug operation to its criminal targets. This month, Pantheon will at last publish the book that grew out of that story, a book as gripping and

JESSE FROHMAN


WHO IS
GIÒ?

as richly detailed as *Indecent Exposure*, a book *so* detailed that, like its predecessor, it acquires a sense of hyperreality—like a Chuck Close painting, or an Avedon photograph—and then moves with a speed that only the best storytellers, in journalism or fiction, can manage.

But at considerable cost. *Swordfish*, as the book is titled, is not merely the product of 10 grueling, often dangerous, dispiriting years for McClintick. It is the prize of an odyssey as much personal as journalistic, into, and back from, a heart of darkness.

"I don't know how many facts there are in a 600-page book," McClintick says with a sigh, "but they run in front of your eyes like a film crawl, in the middle of the night."

We are on a plane to Miami, and McClintick's six-foot-three-inch frame is scrunched up like an accordion. In the last decade he's made this trip more times than he can count—300,000 frequent-flier miles at the moment—but usually he gets a bulkhead seat with more legroom. This time I've made the reservations, to have McClintick give me a Swordfish tour of the town. No Art Deco–district hot spots on this one, no charter-boat fishing. Instead, we plan to see some choice parking lots, a few fast-food places, banks, and condominiums. And, if we're lucky, the inside of a women's detention center.

McClintick is not an easy man to know. He isn't colorful or dashing or feisty or hard-drinking or any of the other things writers can be that make it simpler to write about them. "He's the ultimate quiet man," says *Journal* reporter Julie Salamon, who has remained close to him, and whose highly praised book, *The Devil's Candy*, about the filming of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, is also one of the literary offspring of *Indecent Exposure*. "He's like a character in a John le Carré novel, more spy than reporter. You'd never dream that all this was boiling inside him." Disc jockey Jonathan Schwartz, perhaps McClintick's closest friend, likes to joke that McClintick was the only infant ever to emerge from the womb in a little gray suit. But, says Schwartz, "the man behind him is richly funny and ironic, with a terrific, realistic overview. . . . We follow the day-to-day chaos of the world together. Some of our exchange has to do with taking a hypothetical situation to its embarrassing limit—inventing a twist in the Clarence Thomas hearings, say. Human behavior bedeviled by idiocy—that's an interest of ours."

Reserve is, of course, a wonderful trait for an investigative reporter. It turns McClintick into anyone his interview subjects want him to be. And so they talk. And talk and talk and talk. McClintick, like a good shrink, simply nods, purses his lips, offers a noncommittal "Hmm," and lets his subjects hang themselves.

Reserve—and obsessiveness. "I've spent the last eight years trying to account for almost every minute of every day of three or four of my characters over the year and a half of Operation Swordfish," McClintick says. "That's my inclination, to want to split every hair that I can."

"It's been my experience," McClintick says quietly, "that most dramatic things happen in undramatic places."

Above all, secrecy. "The thing I was so struck by after reading the book," says journalist and close friend Marie Brenner, "was that none of us in the immediate circle knew anything about it! I knew he had taken an apartment in Miami. I knew nothing but that it had something to do with drugs. Imagine being so self-contained that you're able to keep all this inside and never once call up your friends to say, 'You're not going to believe what I'm going through!' "

So secretive was McClintick that to this day the D.E.A. agents who allowed him unprecedented access to the agency's inner workings and came to share their deepest feelings about the operation and one another do not know the real reason McClintick undertook the book, or that the portrait it paints of Operation Swordfish is as intimate as it is—more intimate, even, than the boardroom dramas of *Indecent Exposure*.

They are, however, about to find out.

Whether for an overnight or a 10-day trip, McClintick always brings the same carry-on luggage: a folded suit bag, a scuffed gray Samsonite case, and a worn leather attaché, the kind a prosecutor might have, a souvenir of McClintick's days in Oklahoma in the 70s, when he reported an oil-swindle story that became his first book, *Stealing from the Rich*. Before *Swordfish*, he wouldn't have known how to find his way around Miami. He knows now.

"Here's Brickell Avenue," he says. "Virtually all these buildings—banks, beachfront condos—were built with drug money." In the bright Miami sunshine, we turn down Collins Avenue and pass a curvilinear condo tower. "That's Oceanside Plaza, where I had my apartment," McClintick says. Here he and Darias, the ex–government informant, spent eight hours a day for months and months listening to the secret tapes, 12 boxes of them, and re-recording them, with Darias's annotations, onto master tapes: 375 hours in all, to be transcribed by research assistants and added to the piles of oobleck.

These were not the tapes Darias had made in the line of duty with drug dealers and money launderers in order to bring down one of Colombia's most powerful and violent cocaine chieftains. These were tapes he had made off-duty, of conversations with the D.E.A. agents for whom he worked—the agents who, to his mind, would and did betray him. Darias never told them he was taping them; he simply stored the tapes away, to prove his side of the story was true, and to parlay them, for money, to an author like McClintick.

"Darias wrote me in the late summer of 1983 to say he'd just read *Indecent Exposure* and wanted to talk to me about his experience," McClintick recalls. Operation Swordfish had been national news when it ended in the fall of 1982, and McClintick believed that Darias probably had a story, but he was almost a year into researching a major book on Chase Manhattan Bank. Undaunted, Darias and his wife, Amelia, flew up to New York for a weekend and asked McClintick to their hotel room for coffee. By Sunday evening, McClintick was hooked.

"It was clear to me that the Dariases had material in their possession which would allow an author to look deeply inside an undercover operation conducted by the U.S. government. It wasn't the fact that it was drugs that attracted me. It was the chance to get all the way inside a group of interesting people by virtue of this extraordinary day-to-day record."

The tapes were especially exciting to McClintick, who had taken some hard knocks for the way he re-created whole

THE NEW PERFUME



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conversations in *Indecent Exposure* from participants' memories. Some of the principals declared he had done a brilliant, almost eerie job of it; others claimed to have been wildly misquoted. Critics, too, were divided—some persuaded, others shocked—about McClintick's lofty explanation in his afterword that his methods were justified because "human beings don't speak in paraphrase." Here now, perhaps uniquely for a nonfiction writer, was audio proof of every conversation McClintick would use, revealing so much of character, and nuance, and relationships as well. The D.E.A. agents, who will learn of the Darias tapes first from the book, or from this article, will have a hard time refuting what McClintick says they said.

Swordfish challenges another rule of the game, however. With an advance of about $500,000, McClintick agreed to pay Darias a modest percentage of net earnings on the book. Checkbook journalism? "Book authors make extraordinary demands on people," McClintick says testily. "For months, Darias would come to my apartment in Miami Beach at 9:30 in the morning and be there until 5 or 6 o'clock. So it's like if I hire you to work for me, you expect to be paid, right?"

In fact, more surprising than his decision to pay Darias was McClintick's willingness to trust him at all. He had heard only a small portion of the tapes when he decided that he must extricate himself from the Chase Manhattan book—returning a six-figure advance to do so—and tie his journalistic career to a felon, tax evader, and ex-informant whose prime motives appeared to be money and revenge.

For dinner, McClintick insists on going alone to pick up Robert and Amelia Darias, then swinging back to a Biscayne Bay hotel for me. "This way, if you're subpoenaed," he says, "you'll be able to say honestly you don't know where they live."

He asks, too, that I not describe the Dariases' physical appearance, for fear of aiding the considerable number of drug dealers who would very much like to see Darias dead. About this instruction, as about so much of McClintick's life, there is what Julie Salamon calls a "heightened drama"—a drama which McClintick clearly seeks out, impelled from his Upper West Side office like some contemporary Walter Mitty, but which is nonetheless *real*. The Dariases, suffice it to say, are Cuban, middle-aged, well educated, warm, dignified, and scared.

"It's very difficult to learn to live this way," Amelia Darias says as we sidle up to the bar of a fashionable North Miami restaurant. "Unless you go through the experience, you don't understand it. People with cancer learn to live with a death sentence; that's how we were."

A wellborn Cuban who participated in the Bay of Pigs invasion, Darias, by his own admission, evaded taxes as a Florida real-estate speculator, enough so that in 1978 he landed in jail for more than two months and, upon his release, owed a sum that with interest and penalties soon ballooned to $200,000. Which was when—unemployed, ashamed, and desperate—he went to the D.E.A. and asked for a job as an informant.

Swordfish is one secret piled on top of another, an ongoing game of who knows what when about whom.

Darias was the rarest and best kind: an informant who wasn't a cop trying to act like a criminal, or a criminal forced to turn on his pals, and yet seasoned by danger and calm about the risks. As a Cuban, he could fit in with Cuban drug dealers; two of his first targets he already knew. Impressed by those stings, the D.E.A. asked him to be its man in the field for a new kind of operation, one in which the agency would set up a "financial services" office, the real business of which would be to launder drug profits for any dealer it enticed into its web. This was Operation Swordfish—so called with the hope of reeling in big fish—in which Darias came to play such a pivotal role.

In the 18 months of the operation, beginning in April 1981, Darias connected with a big fish indeed: Marlene Navarro Sanchez, a petite, sexy Colombian in her mid-30s who had become the Miami aide-de-camp to Colombian drug lord Carlos Jader Alvarez. Coquettish one minute, ice-cold the next, Navarro oversaw a network of dealers, arranging cocaine shipments to them and laundering the suitcases of cash they handed up. Darias became her confidant, visiting her daily, accompanying her on money swaps, and taping as he went.

Darias did fine. The D.E.A. agents, though, began to resemble Keystone Kops. In the long wait for Darias to lure Navarro into their phony financial-services office, they fell to squabbling among themselves. The putative president of "Dean International Investments, Inc.," an agent named Frank Chellino, began to carry on as if his role were real, treating Tom Clifford, the agent actually in charge of the operation, as an employee and balking at the extra paperwork when two drug-dealer clients demanded that their $300,000 be returned to them, laundered, in 12 $25,000 checks. Clifford, a garrulous Irishman, deeply resented Chellino's airs, as well as Chellino's growing concern that Clifford was drinking too much at a local bar and not tending enough to business. When an anonymous telegram informed the officers of Dean International that their cover was blown, tensions rose still higher as a jittery Clifford moved to shut the operation down while others argued fiercely for waiting to see if the threat was just a cautionary bluff from a prospective client. Clifford eventually accused Chellino of keeping a new, Clifford-picked agent out of the loop; Chellino bristled; and the others jumped in. In moments, the team had blown apart. Until their shaky rapprochement four months later, Darias, the outside man, the one paid a modest monthly salary with no job benefits and no guarantees, basically ran the operation himself.

After much venting of grievances with superiors, the Swordfish agents were ordered to resume the sting together. But now there was a new complication. The I.R.S., in conjunction with U.S. Customs, had been conducting its own, similar operation, only to find that one of its targets was a money launderer whom Darias had taped early on for Swordfish. If the wryly titled Operation Greenback wrapped up first, Darias would have to testify at the launderer's trial, and his cover would be blown—along with the whole Swordfish operation. Both operations, as it turned out, ended in a blizzard of indictments and front-page newspaper stories but not much else. Marlene Navarro fled the country; Alvarez remained in Bogotá. Darias, who had been promised a $100,000 bonus and a clean I.R.S. slate, received neither: Carol Cooper, a D.E.A. agent responsible for his welfare, seemed suddenly reluctant, due to an in-


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grained frugality, to part with such a sum until absolutely necessary. With his monthly payments cut off, and no offer of further work as an informant, he and Amelia were actually worse off than before. Now they weren't just broke and unemployed, but in mortal danger as well: even after quietly moving from their Cuban neighborhood of friends and family without a forwarding address, they received very convincing death threats by phone. That was when the Dariases called McClintick.

"It's a relationship that's been going on for almost 10 years," says Amelia over dinner. She laughs. "Like every relationship, it has had its ups and downs."

"I've never fought with one individual so much in my life," Robert says of McClintick. "But we're friends. He's looking after our welfare. We have a business here."

"They needed money," McClintick says. "But you can't say they were motivated by one primary thing. The element of redemption was very strong; Darias wanted people to know about this. Of course, I was wary of him for quite a while. But one of the strongest impressions I leave this project with is that he's absolutely honest. Everything they've told me checks out. In contrast," says McClintick, his face tightening, "some of the other characters in this book who are allegedly honest are less than that. And I'm not talking about garden-variety dishonesty. I'm talking about a more elemental human dishonesty that's more complex and takes the form of misleading and using someone, making someone think he's a friend or associate, when in fact they have no intention of doing anything for them at all once they've outlived their usefulness."

To the agents of Operation Swordfish, McClintick presented himself as a writer whose interest had merely been piqued by the newspaper coverage. His aim, as Frank Chellino recalls it, was to "convey what the D.E.A. was doing in the drug war." "These are the lives and days of the agents," McClintick told Chellino. "This is what I'm trying to convey." He said nothing about having met Robert and Amelia Darias.

"Agents don't usually like bragging to journalists," Chellino explains from his current posting in Washington, D.C. "And we worry, of course, about compromising confidentiality. So we were nervous with David. Over a period of years, though, he really built up our trust and confidence. He's been to our homes, and met our children."

Like a novelist whose characters take on lives of their own, McClintick watched in amazement as Alvarez was extradited and Navarro was brought back a fugitive from Venezuela. These were dividends, but they completely threw off the book's schedule. As Navarro waited in a Miami jail for her trial to start, McClintick visited her almost every day. He said nothing to her about talking to the D.E.A., or to Darias. So now he had three distinct paths—until Navarro's defense team, poring through Darias-family bank accounts in search of evidence to discredit him as a government witness, came across a check made out to Amelia Darias, from one David McClintick.

"In order to do your job as an informant effectively, you must betray other human beings," McClintick muses.

"I knew this was coming," says McClintick. "I knew they had subpoenaed the bank account, so I had my lawyers all ready to go." As his lawyers drafted a motion to foil the defense team's effort to subpoena him, McClintick filled a rented station wagon with every scrap of paper and tape recording in his Collins Avenue apartment and drove to New York. Fortunately, among other reasons, the defense failed to prove McClintick had information that couldn't be obtained elsewhere—it knew nothing of the secret tapes, and Darias was presumably capable of telling the court anything he had told McClintick—so the subpoena was quashed. Unfortunately, McClintick's working relationship with Darias now stood revealed to the shocked D.E.A. agents. McClintick took them aside one by one to explain why he had kept the relationship from them, how as a reporter he had to be true to his story. Some came around; some didn't. Chellino, by then with the D.E.A.'s public-affairs office in Miami, shrugged it off. "Having worked with the media, I said I guess I could understand," he says. Some of the others, he allows, "were much more upset." They felt McClintick had betrayed them, and from that point on they shunned any contact with him.

Darias, in turn, would feel betrayed by the agents—again. To persuade him to testify against Navarro, after cutting him off, they had to do some fast talking. As his secret tapes show, they promised repeatedly that he'd at last receive his bonus, that something would be done about the I.R.S., and that he would have more work from the D.E.A. when the trial was over. How could he believe them? "I was ashamed of what I had done with the I.R.S.," he says simply. "I felt I had to come through in order to prove myself."

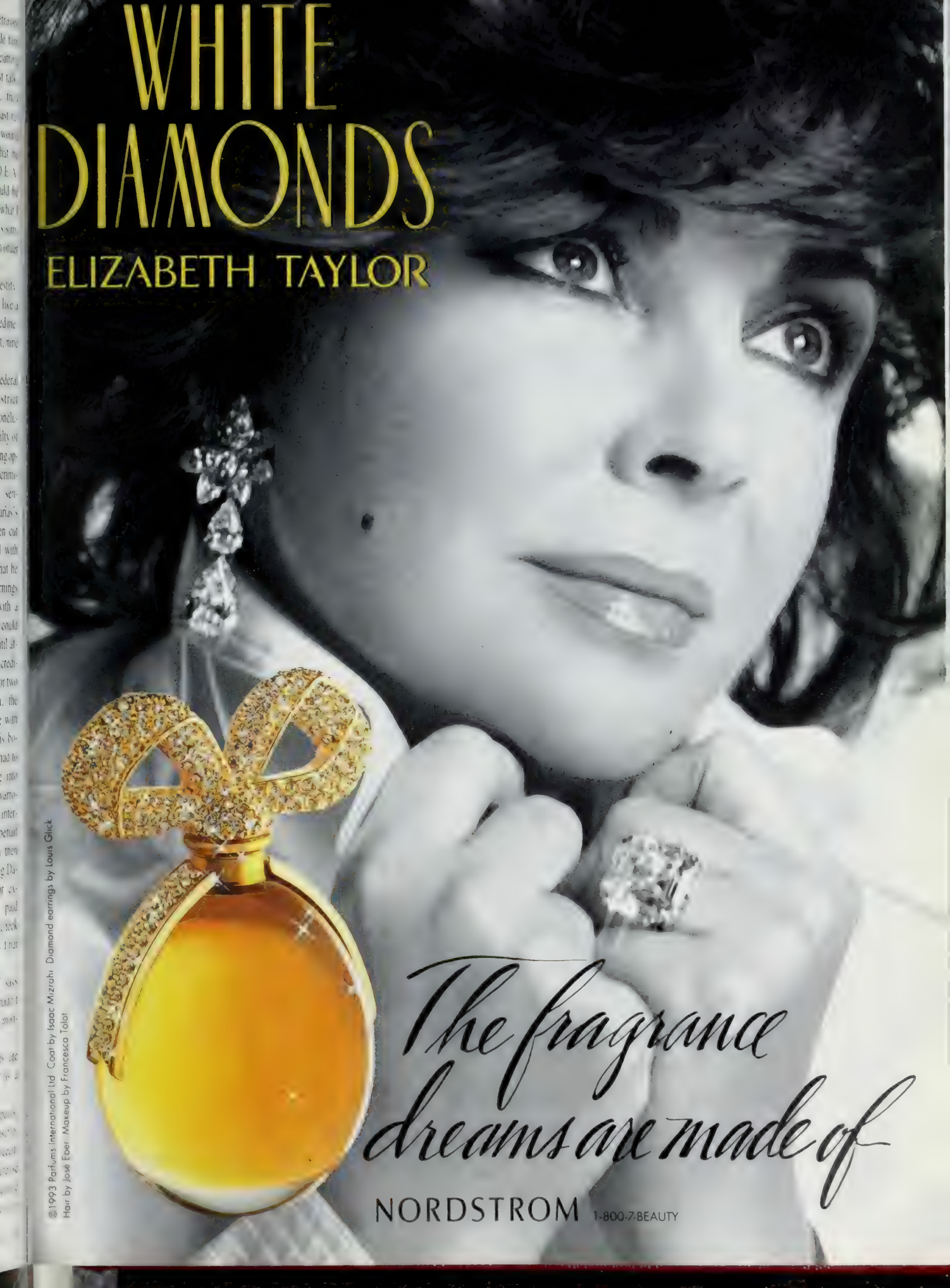
"I was dead set against his testifying," Amelia Darias says. "I was like a tiger. And this thing almost destroyed me. It was an ongoing nightmare—eight, nine months?"

Navarro's trial was the longest federal trial in Southern District Court history. At its conclusion, she was found guilty of several charges, including operating a "continuing criminal enterprise," and sentenced to 32 years. Darias's salary had already been cut off when he complied with the D.E.A.'s request that he file tax returns on Swordfish earnings and the I.R.S. swooped down with a lien. Now the D.E.A. declared he could not be paid his $100,000 bonus until after the trial, for fear of having his credibility tainted by the defense. But for two years after Navarro's conviction, the D.E.A. told Darias he must settle with the I.R.S. before it could pay his bonus—while the I.R.S. declared it had to see the $100,000 before entering into any negotiation. Only because Navarro-trial prosecutor Myles Malman intervened with the I.R.S. in Darias's behalf was the matter settled, and even then outrageously: the D.E.A., declaring Darias owed the agency money for expenses incurred during the trial, paid him a total of about $73,000, in a check passed right over to the I.R.S. as final settlement of its claim.

"The D.E.A. had no choice," says Chellino. "Because the I.R.S. hadn't forgotten about Darias. They were monitoring the situation."

"This is simply the way spies are treated," counters McClintick, "as a lower form of humanity."

Bizarrely, just as *Swordfish* appears, the wheel may turn again. The transcription of some of Navarro's trial proceedings was botched, and Navarro's defense team claimed that without an accurate record the case could not fairly be con-


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sidered for appeal. In February, Judge William M. Hoeveler of the U.S. Southern District Court in Florida—the same judge who presided in the Noriega case—accepted that argument over the government's protestations and ruled that Navarro was entitled to a new trial within 90 days. "In 22 years, I have never seen a conviction opened up because of missing transcript," says Chellino angrily.

A new trial will cost the government money—lots of it. Witnesses will have to be flown in from wherever they now live, among them D.E.A. agents in new postings. Since Navarro claims to be destitute, the government will also have to provide her defense. And then there's the matter of the government's star witness: Robert Darias. Treated as he was, will he testify *again?*

"It's not even a consideration!" says Amelia.

"I would never risk my sanity again like I did that time," her husband concurs. "Amelia was this far from a nervous breakdown. It was too much for her. So I would never put her in the same position." He laughs bitterly. "After all these things that have happened, I feel the Age of Aquarius is dead."

Also, says Darias, he remains more than a little conflicted about Marlene Navarro. "I have to say that as a Latin, and as a man, I felt bad that it was a woman that was going to be responsible for the whole thing, because her boss was making a lot more money than she was making at the time. I am happy they were able to bring her back. But that doesn't mean I don't feel bad. I feel bad she's in jail. My belief is that seven years, eight years, should be enough. What you're not going to teach someone in 7 years, you're not going to teach them in 10 or 15."

Navarro, it turns out, feels much the same way.

Over a period of two days, before trying our luck at the women's annex of the Dade County jail, we take the rest of the Swordfish tour. "There's the Brickell Avenue bank where Marlene made cash transactions in the parking lot," McClintick says. "There's the Steak 'n Egg Kitchen where Darias first met Marlene . . ." We roll into flat, suburban Miami Lakes, where many of the events occurred, past Don Shula's Golf Club—rendezvous for Dean International's officers and their drug-dealer clients—and on into a shopping mall. McClintick drives around to the back and pulls up to a totally unremarkable storefront: the former offices of Dean International. How, I finally ask, was he able to live for years with a story that took place in such mundane circumstances, much less make them come to life on the page? "It's been my experience," he says quietly, "that most dramatic things happen in undramatic places."

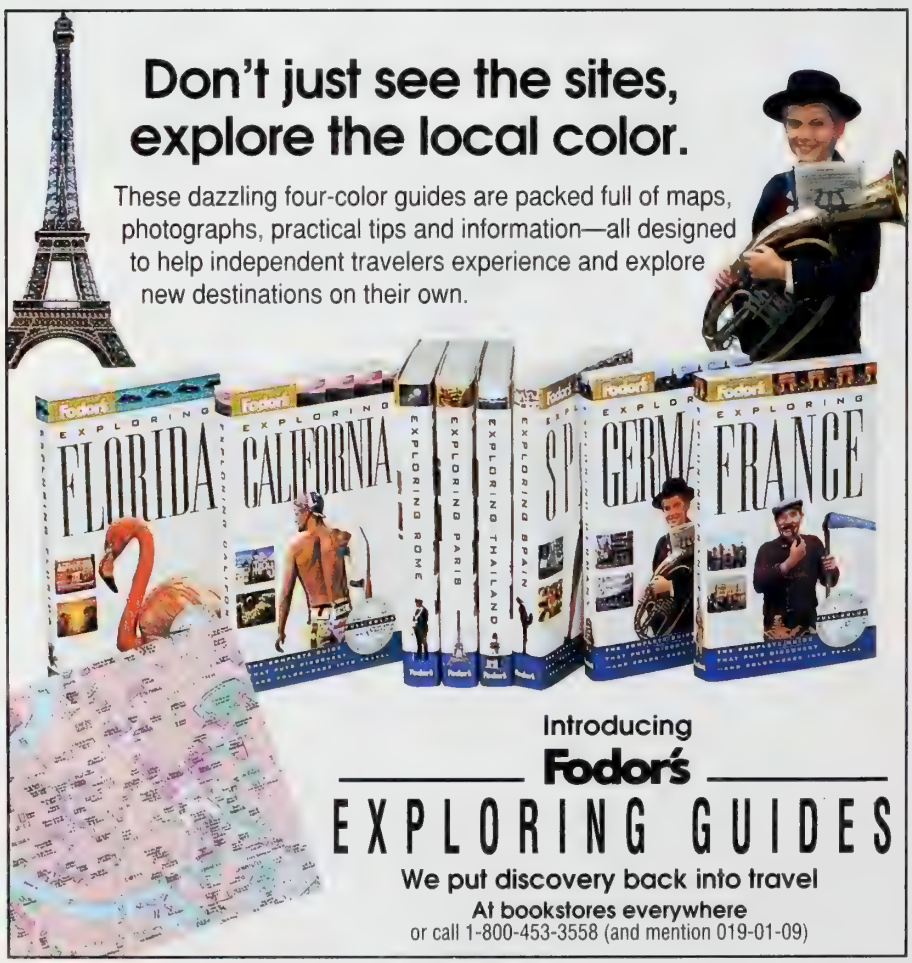
The women's annex of the Dade County jail is surprisingly modest, a four-story sandstone-colored building almost lost under a highway overpass. No guard towers, no searchlights, just a plain waiting room and locked doors beyond. A female guard buzzes us through, first one door, then another, into an open reception area with private rooms, in one of which sits Marlene Navarro, delighted to receive us.

In a flowery shift, her long dark hair neatly coiffed and her makeup in place, Navarro is almost shockingly attractive after nearly seven years in jail. She sits on the edge of her chair, sexy and gamine, and, with hardly a question asked, starts rattling away in heavily accented but very proper English—the "awesome talking machine," as weary D.E.A. wiretappers called her. Since she still denies any involvement with drugs, our talk centers, as conversations with prisoners often do, on why the D.E.A. chose to victimize her.

"One, I was very close to the Colombian president at that time," Navarro tells me. "We weren't part of any drug Mafia. I had been collecting money for [President Belisario Betancur Cuartas's] campaign! And I didn't think it was money laundering; at that time, it *wasn't* money laundering. . . . I carried two or three hundred thousand dollars in my little shoulder bag. Or in my coat. Or in my hat or high heels, so I'd look taller!" Why did she do even that? "The truth? I think I started liking the thrill of the life."

At one point the government offered Navarro a deal. If she pleaded guilty to the charge of running a continuing criminal enterprise, her sentence would be reduced to 15 years. When Navarro tried for better terms the deal was withdrawn, but negotiations have started up again. "I might plead guilty, though it hurts me a lot," she says. "But, remember, I risk losing the trial. I might have a 99 percent chance to win, but I have a 1 percent chance to lose. I still risk 32 years in jail, out of which I'd have to do 19. I've done 7, so I'd have to do about 12 more years."

Neither McClintick nor I make any mention of Darias's adamant refusal to testify. If Navarro knew that, she might turn down any deal, hoping the government would fail to mount a case, so that



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she could get out that much sooner. But *Swordfish* may well appear before that decision is made. Won't the book have an effect? "If Marlene's lawyer can make the case Darias entrapped her, she'll be off in a jiffy," concedes McClintick. "And there's a point in the book, for example, when Darias says to Carol Cooper, 'Keep in mind that with Marlene I can make her say whatever we need her to say.' " But, McClintick explains, "that's not my heavy burden. My highest obligation is to the reader, not sources. I can't let myself be distracted by those things."

At McClintick's request, I have not told Navarro that the book is coming out shortly; her lawyers might try to subpoena it. "Just say you've read parts of it," McClintick advises. I've given the same line to Chellino when asked bluntly if the book is done. And, of course, I've said nothing about the secret tapes. "We just hope the book focuses on the investigation," Chellino says warily, sensing something's up. "You always have personality difficulties, but it was a long case."

In fact, McClintick's publisher has taken the unusual step of issuing only a handful of advance galleys and keeping track of where they go. The fear is that if they fall into the D.E.A.'s hands the government may try to seek an injunction to keep the book from being published. A case could be based on Florida state law, which forbids private citizens' taping conversations—let alone publishing them—without the consent of those being taped.

But McClintick's lawyer Robert Sack professes not to be concerned. "There's a bright constitutional principle: you can't make it illegal for someone to disseminate a truthful statement," he says. "And you can't enjoin publication of such a statement except for matters of national security, such as movements of troopships in time of war."

Swordfish, it turns out, is one secret piled on top of another, an ongoing game of who knows what when about whom. There is what Navarro knew about her business but didn't know about Darias; what Darias knew about her but didn't know about the D.E.A.; what the D.E.A. knew about Navarro and Darias but didn't know about Darias and McClintick; and now what McClintick knows about them all.

It's a spy's delight, and when I follow up on my suspicion, I'm not all that surprised to learn that McClintick, with his love of secrets and empathy with spies, was in fact a spy himself.

"I don't want to sound mysterious," says McClintick, sounding very mysterious, "but I really can't talk about it, because I signed an agreement with the U.S. Army never to discuss it for the rest of my life." McClintick takes these things seriously; he has, for example, never told his *wife*, whom he met at the time, just what he was doing in Vietnam in the mid-60s, and in Japan, and Berlin, and Washington, having been drilled for a year in Russian at the Defense Department's language school in Monterey, California. But he likes to drop hints. "One of the more bizarre nights I ever spent was in a B.O.Q.—bachelor officers' quarters—in Vietnam, near the DMZ. There were N.V. units on three sides, and the South China Sea on the fourth side. The B.O.Q. were air-conditioned, but in the middle of the night you could hear mortars and firing . . ."

"How many gringos have ever been out this way?" McClintick asked. "One," said Marcial, "and you're it."

Though his army work was done under the Intelligence Branch's highest security clearance, McClintick says he almost never felt at risk, the way Darias did every day. Nor, in spying on enemies of the state, did he feel the same moral dilemma that Darias did, befriending a woman who was, on one level at least, charming and affectionate, and who came to trust him implicitly. That dilemma is, McClintick says, one of the things that drew him to Swordfish in the first place. "In order to do your job as an informant effectively, you must betray other human beings," he muses. "They may richly deserve to be betrayed, but particularly if you do it in your own community, with people you know personally on some level, it's very difficult."

Sooner or later, of course, that is what investigative journalists have to do, too.

Military history aside, there is little to explain why McClintick chose the work he did—except, perhaps, out of a Capraesque sense of social justice instilled by the American Midwest. His father, now retired, worked for a company that made and marketed oil-drilling equipment; David, an only child, was raised in Kansas, then in Billings, Montana, in an all-American 50s world of country-club dances and key clubs and cheerleaders. Wenda Morrone, who came to know McClintick in high school and remains a good friend, has trouble describing just who McClintick was, or why he stood out, or *anything* about him, really, save for a "fundamental decency" and a "farmer's humor, almost philosophical. The West has a lot of extremes of weather, sudden storms that leave someone at someone else's house. You just go ahead and do what you have to do, but you tend to be amusing about it."

Yet McClintick, of the 500-odd members of his graduating class, was one of two who went to Harvard. His first job in journalism was at the Harvard radio station; having grown up with CBS News radio, he wanted to be Edward R. Murrow, and had—still has—the voice for it. "But it was in those years," he says, "that I started to notice *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The Washington Post*, and to see that the agenda of the average broadcast operation—even the best—was governed almost entirely by what appeared that morning in those papers." He went on to the Columbia journalism school and then to a news-desk job at the Associated Press. In 1963 it became apparent he would be drafted if he didn't enlist, so he chose the longer service—"to make a contribution," Morrone says, not just be a clerk—and was discharged a first lieutenant nearly five years later. After a friend at the *Journal* helped land him a job there upon his return to civilian life, McClintick stayed more than a decade, happy until he latched onto the story that made his career.

It wasn't the *story* that made him unhappy. Discovering that Columbia studio chief David Begelman had signed Cliff Robertson's name to a check for $10,000 and cashed it for his personal use, McClintick turned in a scoop of the first order, only to see it buried on an inside page because, to the *Journal*'s editors of that time, Hollywood was not nearly as important as steel or oil or automobiles. When the story grew to become a major boardroom drama, McClintick realized he had a book, but his decision to leave the *Journal* in order to write it was made with reluctance, and with sorrow. "If I could have gotten a leave of absence where I stayed on the health plan and kept an office—and if



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Norm [Pearlstine] had been editor—I almost certainly would have stayed."

More than a decade later, *Indecent Exposure* remains a business classic, in part because of McClintick's exhaustive fact gathering, but in greater part because of its narrative power. There are no heroes in *Indecent*—nor, really, are there any in *Swordfish*—yet both books click along with clean, irresistible precision, proof that reporting, in the right hands, can be pressed into literature. Capote, of course, is McClintick's model, but so is Joan Didion. "She has such a strong impact on me that I really can't read her while I'm doing my own writing," he says. J. Anthony Lukas, Neil and Susan Sheehan, Robert Caro, Gay Talese—these are among the select club of other nonfiction greats by whom he tries to measure himself. In the last 10 years, he's also read more fiction than ever before; his favorites, not surprisingly, bring to their art a journalistic passion to capture the times. Don DeLillo, for one; John Updike, for another. "If I could put only four books into a time capsule, I'd put in the four Rabbit books," McClintick says emphatically. "Future historians would do just fine with them."

Yet, for all his success, the life of the freelance investigative journalist has proved a hard one for McClintick, harder even than he likes to let on. "Part of David's story," says one friend, "is the story of money and not having enough of it, or spending too much of it."

Well before *Indecent Exposure* appeared, McClintick signed on to write the book about Chase for Simon & Schuster editor Alice Mayhew—her idea, not his—so *Indecent*'s success, when it came, was double-edged. Now the advance from S&S seemed less grand than before, yet he remained obligated to finish the book, and had already put in long months of research.

Far worse, McClintick let himself be talked into investing royalties from *Indecent* in tax shelters that turned out to be fraudulent. The former business reporter, for whom swindles had been a regular beat, was not only bilked out of his capital but also obliged to pay taxes, plus interest. When McClintick chose to drop the Chase book and take on *Swordfish*, his agent, Kathy Robbins, sold it to Morrow, but S&S had to be paid back in full; lawyers had to get involved; and McClintick had to accept that a year of time—and money—was gone.

A lot more money went awfully fast as McClintick hired researchers and transcribers, photocopied piles of documents, flew back and forth between New York and Miami, took up his Collins Avenue apartment, and drove a rented car. Had the book been finished in the three years allotted, McClintick might have made out all right. But then came the Alvarez trial of 14 weeks, followed by the nine-month Navarro trial. Two or three times, McClintick went back to Morrow to say he had no money left; if the publisher wouldn't renegotiate his contract, the book would simply not get done—"a relatively normal kind of blackmail," as one observer recalls dryly.

The money was needed in part because McClintick saw he had a subplot that needed fleshing out. During the months of Operation Swordfish, a radical Colombian guerrilla group had kidnapped three of drug lord Alvarez's four children. The story had gripped the nation for months as the guerrillas made various ransom demands but refused to produce the children and somehow managed to evade not only the national police and the Colombian army but also Alvarez's more efficient mercenaries. Alvarez went as far as to seize and torture several students he thought might be responsible. Finally, two of them confessed that the children had been taken to a remote site in the Andes. A combined team of soldiers and drug thugs swooped down in helicopters on the village of Gachalá and made a tense pilgrimage into the mountains beyond, where the drama reached its shocking climax (the details of which, at McClintick's request, remain one last pre-publication secret).

"It's no accident there are seven lawyers acknowledged at the end of *Swordfish*," says McClintick.

Beginning in February 1989, McClintick made a series of six trips to Colombia. He spoke no Spanish, and had no idea how to organize a journey into the wilds of one of the world's most violent countries, but fortunately met up with an energetic journalist from *El Tiempo*, Miguel Marcial, who made it all happen. "How many gringos have ever been out this way?" McClintick asked on his first trip to Gachalá. "One," said Marcial, "and you're it." The two started asking about the children, and eventually located a villager on whose land the children had been held. "I was pretty scared myself," Marcial recalls. "I've been living here most of my life. But out there with a tall American, I got prickles." When they got back to Bogotá, says Marcial, "David went to the embassy. They said, 'You're *crazy*.' "

His third time back, McClintick climbed with Marcial up the steep mountain trail by mule. "We went up there in a rainy situation," says Marcial. "It took all day long, and there was a really bad part where we were at the bottom part of the mountain and the trail went 90 degrees up in zigzags, with water just gushing down the rocks."

For the Alvarez children and their captors, McClintick imagined, the journey had been a modern version of *Heart of Darkness*, the Andes as clouded and dark and forbidding as any African river. McClintick, engulfed by his book and years over his deadline, felt chilled by this power as he journeyed ever farther from civilization. Tethering the mules when they could climb no farther, he and his team pitched camp as darkness fell. The next morning they hiked six more hours to reach the third and final guerrilla hideout.

Not long after that, McClintick turned in the first draft of *Swordfish* to Morrow, and to Dell, which by now had acquired the paperback rights. To his shock, and to his horror, neither house much liked it.

"We never rejected the book," said one of the participants. "It was more a matter of having meetings and saying, Could you do this? Or that? They were difficult meetings to have." Soon after, James Landis, McClintick's editor for *Indecent Exposure*, left Morrow. As Howard Kaminsky, president of Morrow's parent company, the Hearst Book Group, remembers it, "McClintick had worked so long on it, and been so involved with it, that he wanted to go, and we were not averse to letting him take it." Once again, the extrication process took time and money. "It's no accident there are seven lawyers acknowledged at the end of *Swordfish*," says McClintick.

Help came at that point from a neighbor. Nearly 10 years before, one of McClintick's journalistic heroes, J. Anthony Lukas, had moved into the McClinticks' Upper West Side building with his new bride, editor Linda Healey. Hearing in the fall of 1991 that the book

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might be available, Healey persuaded her colleagues at Farrar, Straus & Giroux to let her buy it, in a purchase that would include paying Morrow back with interest, as well as supplying McClintick, who was out of cash, with capital to finish.

McClintick was relieved; so was Lukas, who often ran into his neighbor on the elevator and recognized in McClintick's drawn features the same obsessiveness he himself had felt in writing the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Common Ground*. "It was obvious that he was utterly consumed by his material. You have to be, of course, to write a good book. But it takes a toll."

Soon, however, a new problem arose: Healey left Farrar. Recognizing that another publisher would have to be found and the contract renegotiated yet again, McClintick's agent, Kathy Robbins, proposed that he compensate her by paying her an additional half-commission on the original advance. The relationship between Robbins and McClintick had been so close—he had been her first client—and then so troubled that one observer feels sure Robbins was trying to force McClintick to leave. "That was like throwing down the gauntlet; part of her had to know." Robbins agrees emotion had more to do with it than money. "Together we had hung on by our fingernails, so tenaciously and for so long, that it was probably time for a fresh start for each of us." Convinced the request was unfair, McClintick paid a call on agent Amanda Urban, a social friend for years. He could offer Urban no immediate fee, he said, but could she take him on anyway and find the book a final home? According to one secondhand account, Urban said of course.

Upon which McClintick sat in her office and cried.

Not long after the Swordfish tour, the Dariases find reason to fly to New York and come for dinner at the McClinticks' gracious apartment, a short walk from McClintick's office. McClintick's wife, Judy, is a handsome green-eyed woman with a calm, direct gaze, who heads the music department at a private school, and to whom he has been married for 25 years; their 8-year-old daughter, Joanna, appears gleefully on stilts. Rounding out the group is Linda Healey, who added a final twist to the publishing saga of *Swordfish* by moving last year to Pantheon and taking the book with her.

The Dariases are dressed more formally in New York than in Miami, and they seem more uneasy about the book's publication, as if being here makes it more real. They admit to worrying about their safety; they aren't in any witness-protection program, but are merely lying low, and while Darias says that most of his potential enemies are dead or in jail, he doesn't seem so sure. For both, there is also the fear of social ostracization: most of their friends still know nothing of Darias's work for the D.E.A. "We didn't tell them, because most informants come from the world and the crimes they're informing on," says Darias. "So they would assume I had been involved in drugs, too."

While Darias says that most of his potential enemies are dead or in jail, he doesn't seem so sure.

McClintick is doubtless also in some danger, but aside from keeping his phone numbers unlisted, he's not greatly concerned. Yes, he admits, the drug cartels have killed dozens of journalists in Colombia for far less than *Swordfish*. And, yes, authorities now feel certain that former *El Diario* editor Manuel de Dios Unanue, who was killed last year in Queens, died at the hands of Colombian hit men in retaliation for articles critical of the drug trade. "But he was a Spanish-language journalist, writing to a Spanish-speaking audience. . . . If they want you badly enough, they can probably do it. So you have to calculate, and just take prudent precautions. It doesn't keep me up at night."

He spends more time these days planning his next book, one that will seem, to those who don't know him, a wild departure, but is, as his family and friends know, the book he has wanted to write for more than a decade: a biography of Frank Sinatra.

McClintick, whose attachment to music, both modern and classical, rivals his obsession with factual details, has adored Sinatra since high school in Billings. In 1978, while at the *Journal*, he took a break from hard-core reporting to write a fervent appreciation that urged the singer to go back to the studio. Through Jonathan Schwartz, who has served for years as a one-man international clearinghouse for Sinatraphiles, McClintick got word that Sinatra had photocopied the story and handed it out to his cronies, declaring, "This guy really knows me." McClintick went on to write the liner notes for *Trilogy*, the album recorded partly in response to the *Journal* piece, in the process cadging invitations to recording sessions and dinner with the singer. The following year, the liner notes won McClintick a Grammy.

Schwartz blithely takes credit for inspiring McClintick's *Journal* appreciation, and volunteers proudly that McClintick may dedicate the book to him. "Sinatra is a frame of reference for us," Schwartz explains. "We know all of the underground tapes, all of the unreleased materials, all of the not-made albums and nearly-but-not-quite-recorded songs."

The mere mention of Kitty Kelley's name provokes, as expected, a look of some exasperation. "She did Sinatra the celebrity," McClintick protests. "I begin with the music, and the conviction that he's the pivotal figure in popular culture of the 20th century." Though McClintick hopes for some cooperation from his subject, he isn't counting on it, and will go ahead with or without it.

On a cold, clear Saturday, McClintick goes hunting for rare Sinatra albums to give to the Dariases, and I tag along, down to Footlight Records in the Village, where the true aficionados go. Afterward we head over to WQEW-AM, where Schwartz is newly ensconced as a D.J., wrapping up his weekly all-Sinatra program with a medley of listeners' picks. Gray-haired but full of brio and boyish charm, Schwartz slides switches and pushes buttons at his state-of-the-art broadcast console, gets another song started, and grins over at McClintick. "I'm the Sinatra scholar," he tells me, "and he's the follower."

"Oh, come on!" McClintick splutters, but he is smiling too, and in place of the sober, reserved investigative reporter, I realize, a new person has appeared: David McClintick, high-school wonk from Billings, Montana. Thrilled to be in this radio station with the big-city D.J. he once dreamed of being, he is shooting the breeze about his all-time hero—for this is the McClintick who *has* heroes—and feeling, at last, that the hard part is over, and the fun is about to begin. □

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A Bard act to follow

Vanities



Shakespeare played to the stalls. Can Kenneth Branagh sell him to the malls?

"I was met with the blank faces of studio types not interested in a 400-year-old script by a dead writer who was not available for rewrites," KENNETH BRANAGH said before screening his adaptation of *Much Ado About Nothing*. And who told him post-Elizabethan moviemaking would be easy?

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER

Life after Le Cirque; boxing Ella; the incredible shrinking tenor; some ado about...*Much Ado*

More ado about Branagh: The future Sir Ken of the South Bank obviously got his picture made (Goldwyn releases it this month), and it's a treat—the romantic, lighthearted flip side to his *Henry V*. Mixing American and British actors—Himself, Emma Thompson, Denzel Washington, Michael Keaton, Keanu Reeves—in a Shakespeare production can spell disaster. But here it works. "I explained that I did not want artificial 'Shakespeare voices,' " Branagh writes in the book tie-in (!), which W. W. Norton is bringing out. So what if Shakespeare won't do revisions? His first drafts, despite the absence of automatic-weapon fire and gratuitous car chases, are serviceable—nothing a dulcimer-infused hip-hop sound track wouldn't cure.

"He's doing wonderfully well," reports LUCIANO PAVAROTTI's manager, Herbert Breslin. "He's losing some weight, he's taking care of himself." It has been heavy sledding—unfortunate image—for Pavarotti lately. He was hooted in Düsseldorf on New Year's Eve for hitting wrong notes. He was jeered in Milan when his voice cracked. In Modena, he lip-synched, pleading insufficient rehearsal time. (That's plausible: clearly Pavarotti didn't go into his air-aria routine just so he could execute complicated dance steps without sounding winded.) Finally, having canceled two months of performances due to sheer size, he withdrew to Italy to lose weight under a doctor's care.

The Metropolitan Opera pension-fund concert was rescheduled for this month. When Pavarotti comes on, the audience will likely raise its collective lorgnette before starting its calculations: Twenty pounds? Thirty? *More?*



Celebrating Ella: 75 years, three CDs, one voice.

Ordering food, even breakfast, in front of chef DANIEL BOULUD is a little anxiety-producing—like climbing a rope ladder with several Flying Wallendas looking on. (And who among us has never been in that situation?) In any event, a blueberry muffin seems safe. Boulud, the 38-year-old Frenchman who presided over Le Cirque's kitchen for six years, orders coffee (black, two sugars). Then he talks food: everything from who cooks at home (he often does—he is, after all, "twice faster" than his wife) to his plans for Restaurant Daniel, the much-anticipated new place he's opening early this month,

to which of his Le Cirque specialties he may choose to duplicate (good news: the paupiette of sea bass is one). Boulud's preview ends with a tour of the gutted East 76th Street site, "to give a sense of the proportion and destruction we are doing." Here's a small portion of what the chef offered up:

"Le Cirque was an experience. But Le Cirque to me is past, it belongs to Sirio Maccioni. I don't think I'll try to either copy it or steal his customers. I just want Sirio to feel proud that I worked for him and I'm doing something nice. The decision was to find a pleasant space where I could grow and be very happy and make my clientele very happy also.

"Seasonal produce will be the spirit, with the flowers, the artwork on the walls. I want to create a mood where if people eat there in middle of summer they feel like middle of summer. You can always have consistent beef, consistent lamb, over the year, but *vegetable*—if you take vegetable at the peak, you have totally another vegetable than if you take, say, strawberry in December. Fine, they look like strawberry. *But they don't taste like strawberry.*

"I was brought up on a farm, we were living 90 percent on our production. And when we had the first fresh string beans or first pea or first berries, it was a fantastic moment! I think people are completely disconnected with all that. The best *souvenir* you can keep, about food is when you went to *that* particular place in *that* particular time. I remember in Paris, in the middle of summer, I went to Beauvilliers and had the melon prosciutto. And it was the most incredible thing I ever had. It was so *simple*—but it was just perfect timing, for everything."

Just perfect phrasing, for everything: ELLA FITZGERALD's turning 75, but *we* get the gift. *Ella Fitzgerald: First Lady of Song* (Verve) mixes rare and familiar material, including tracks from her "songbooks"—albums no self-respecting restaurant would offer a brunch menu without. Listening to Ella makes you glad she gave up her first dream: becoming a dancer. —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Briefly, John Leguizamo



DAVIES AND STARR

Occupation: Hyperkinetic actor.

Born: Bogotá, Colombia. Moved to Queens, New York, at age four.

Now Lives: "Somewhere in Manhattan."

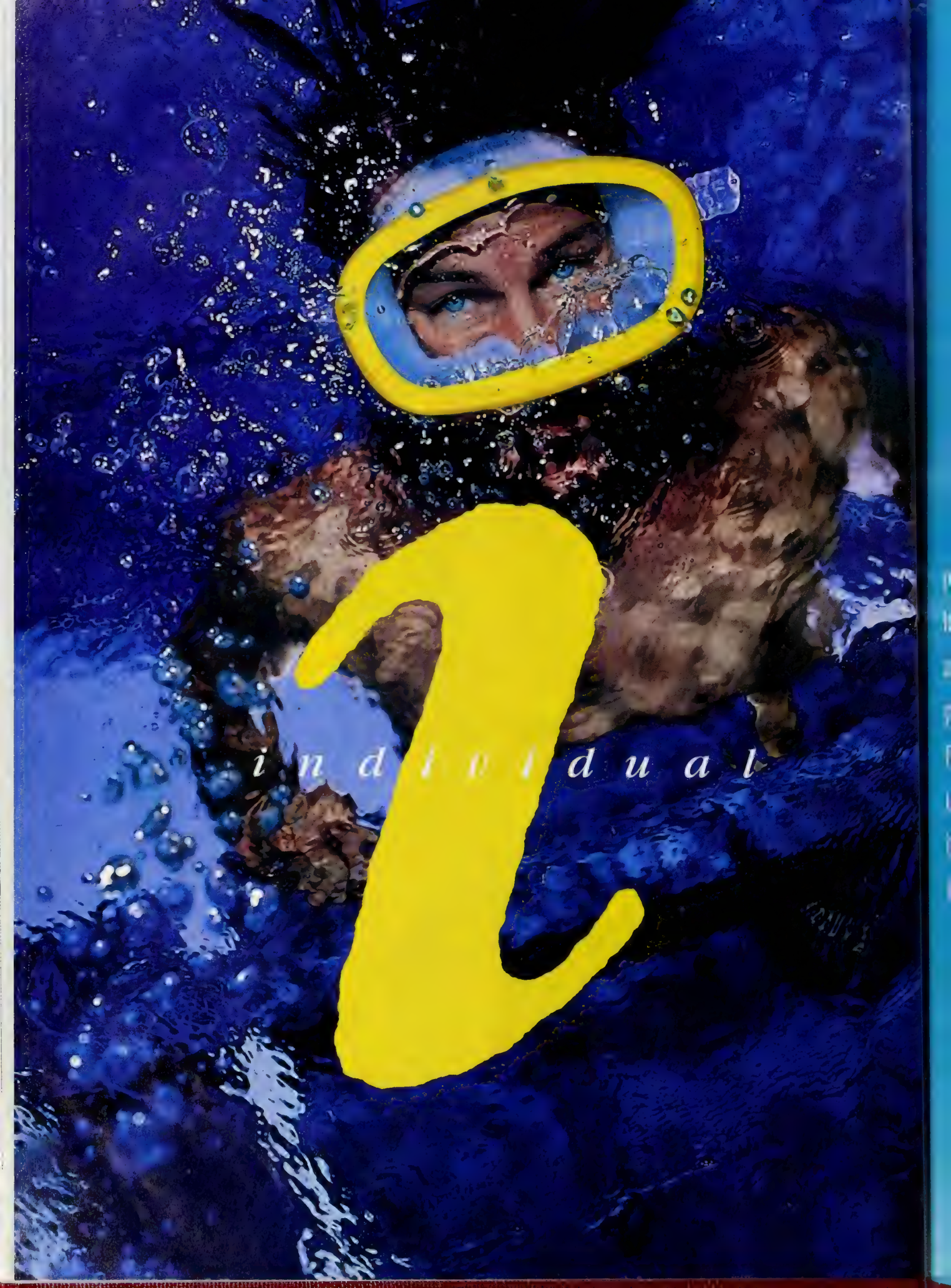
Current Activities: Starring in *Super Mario Bros.* ("It's the prequel—*before* they became the video game"); starring in *Spic-O-Rama*, an HBO special of his most recent one-man show; filming Brian De Palma's *Carlito's Way* (with Al Pacino, Sean Penn, and Penelope Ann Miller); trying to complete *White Chocolate*, a screenplay he's been working on with his frequent director, Peter Askin.

Reason for Career Choice: "I was getting into trouble at school and getting arrested and whatnot, and some teachers suggested I, uh, *rechannel* some of my energy."

***His Parents' Reactions to* Spic-O-Rama:** "A cornucopia of feelings. Conflicting, let's say."

Most Appalling Incident of Prejudice Endured in Entire Professional Career: "During *Die Hard 2*. It wasn't race discrimination, it was height discrimination. I'm five feet eight. I was cast as Terrorist No. 2, but I was the shortest one there and they demoted me to Terrorist No. 7. *And* they had me die earlier than I had to. *And* they made me die with a hood over my head. And *then* they dubbed my voice."

His Dream: "I wanna write five classic American films and die. I want the director to yell 'Cut!' and that minute I'll die. Someone else can do the editing." —*G.K.*


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Daddy Dearest



Their hearts belong to Daddy: Kane among friends.

Big Daddy Kane is up-front about sex: "I may want to lay down with one woman. I may want to lay down with two. I may want to lay down with three," says the rapper, who goes by the name Antonio Hardy when he's off rhyme-busting duty.

Indeed, sex has opened doors for Big Daddy. When Madonna was recruiting bodies for her erotic tome, he made the cut. "It was like one freak to another," he says of his working relationship with the Material Girl, adding, "I use the term 'freak' on a business level."

Posing for naughty photos may make for good press releases, but such stunts have tarnished Kane's image in the rap community. He's seen as soft, despite a sharp talent for rhyming couplets that makes him the Cole Porter of the hip-hop world: "Now, I must admit that I'm a sensitive guy / Cause I cried in *Cooley High* when Cochise died," goes one choice pairing from his *Prince of Darkness* album.

Looks Like a Job for . . ., Big Daddy's latest effort, is an attempt to sharpen his edge. "I lost a lot of my hard-core base, and I want to gain that back," he confesses. Yet he continues to expand his career horizons. This month marks his big-screen debut, in *Posse*, the Western directed by Mario Van Peebles. Kane says he sees the film role as a chance to carry on the legacy of his hero, actor Fred Williamson. "I've always said I wanna be the next Fred Williamson on film . . . and the role I have in *Posse* is just like the role Fred played in *Take a Hard Ride*." —BOB MACK



Model Wardrobe

Once the favorite exotic of every fashion photographer and designer, former model Marie Helvin has turned designer herself. The half-American, half-Japanese beauty, who has lived in London since the mid-70s, is bringing to the U.S. her collection of stretch dresses, bodysuits, and leggings, which is already a best-seller in Europe.

"Don't call me a designer," she pleads. "I'm not trying to change the course of fashion. I just want to make clothes that are sexy and fun, and fit every shape and size." Bodies don't come much more shapely than Helvin's. Photographer David Bailey, to whom she was married for 10 years, once said she had the world's most magnificent body, and at 40 she still turns heads. Her line of sexy clothes may turn some heads, too.

—ROGER TREDRE



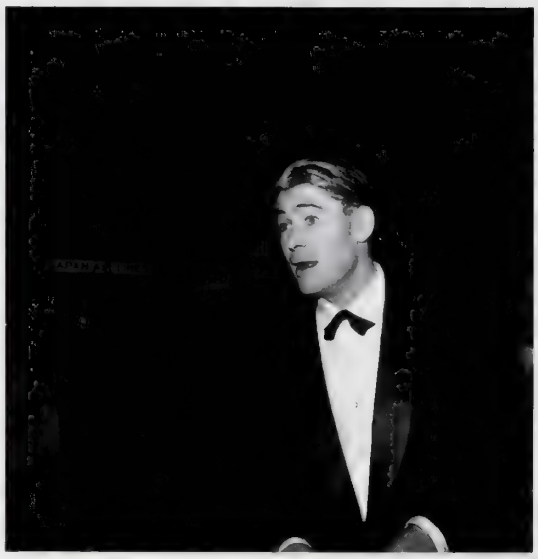
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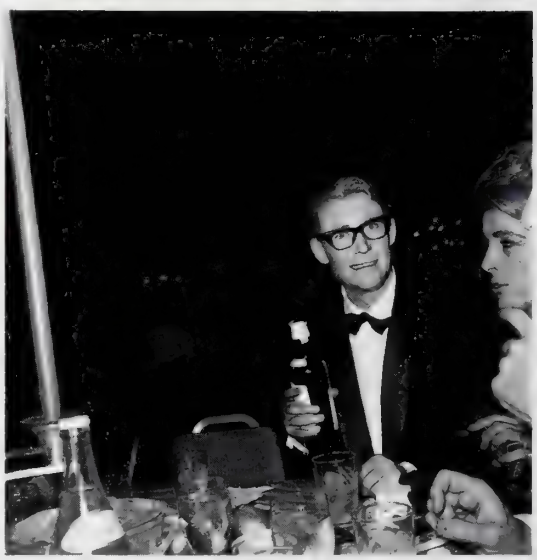
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The Peter Principle



O'Toole of the trade: Peter O'Toole at a premiere dinner for Lawrence of Arabia *in Los Angeles, 1963.*





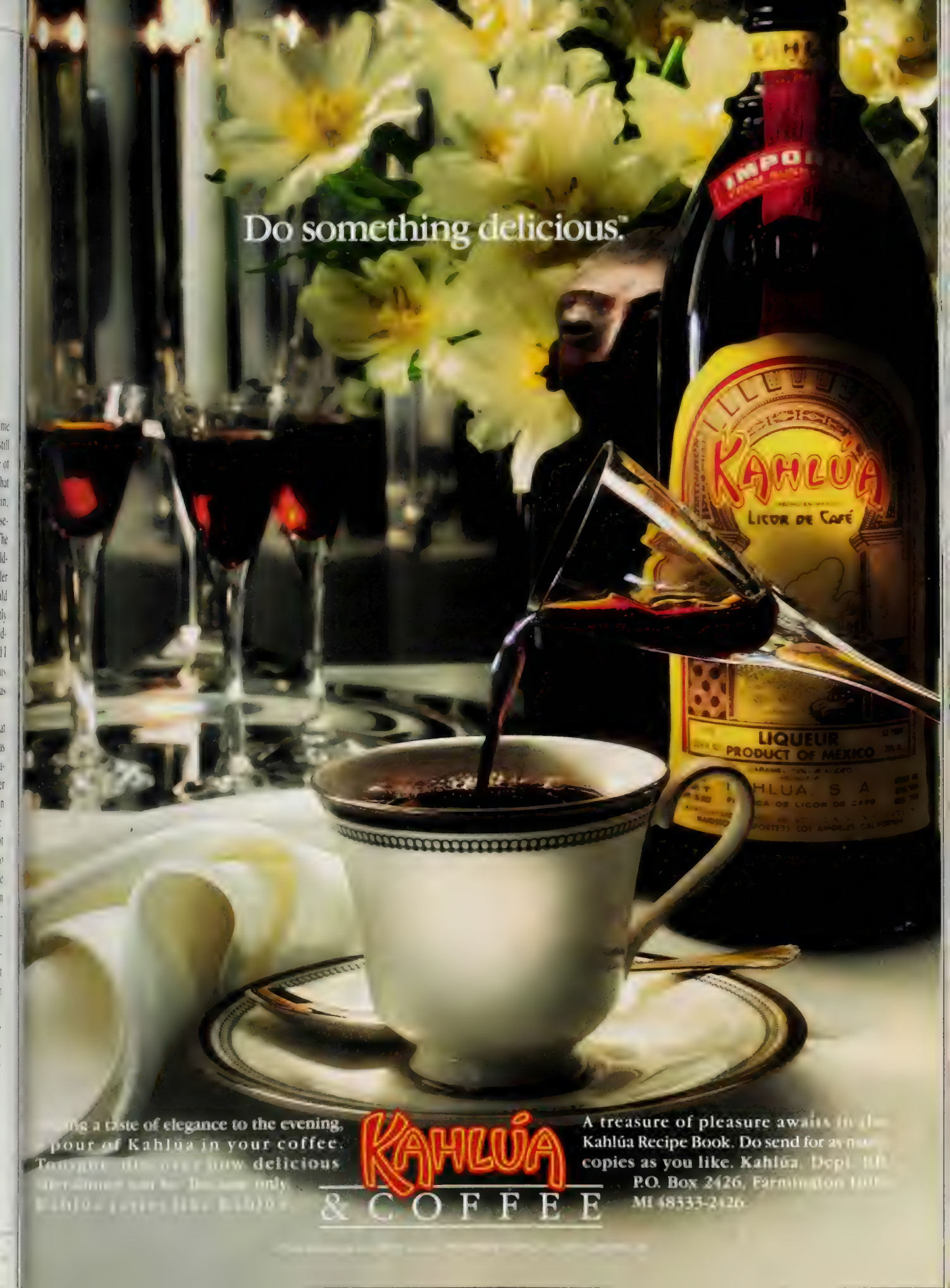
By his own account Peter O'Toole had an extremely happy childhood. It makes a change. Autobiographies tend to wallow in family trauma, awful schools run by sadistic masters, and general deprivation until it becomes time to flee the nest. This volume, *Loitering with Intent: The Child* (Hyperion), though, is almost a celebration of O'Toole's youth. He lurches forward in time for a few pages here and there, but mostly the book takes us up to the time when O'Toole won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Fortunately, there are other autobiographies in the pipeline, and they should take us up to the present time. However idyllic the early years may have been, I wanted him to press on to his film and theater days and the approach of stardom. But to begin at the beginning.

O'Toole chose his parents well. His father, who called himself "Captain Pat," was an itinerant Irish bookmaker and gambler and was obviously a delightful rogue. His mother, Constance, also Irish, exudes kindness from these pages. As a boy O'Toole was frequently taken to the races, and his love for that has never left him. He writes very well about the buzz it gave him. The atmosphere and the characters, mostly scoundrels, he met on the turf then have captivated him for his 60 years.

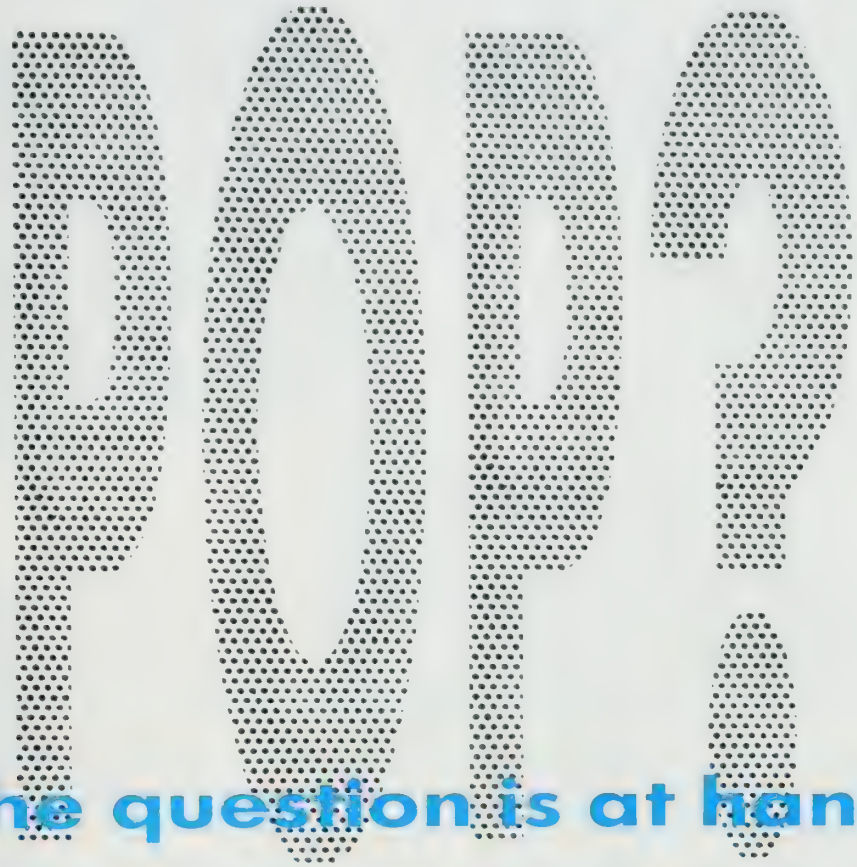
Yet what obsessed the small boy, who was very conscious of the war, was the idea of the horrifying and evil Adolf Hitler. This is a theme he returns to time and again. It is a fixation he still has. How fitting then that one of his favorite film roles was that of Hitler's would-be assassin, scripted from Geoffrey Household's novel *Rogue Male*. The story bore out O'Toole's childhood conviction that had Hitler been killed in 1938 all would have been well. He is slightly over the top wondering repeatedly about the monster Adolf, and I wanted him to get on with his life, but the man can write, as well as act, brilliantly.

There may be no knowing what he can't do. Of course, he was briefly a reporter on his local paper in Yorkshire, but he is better here than he could have been back then as a journalistic drudge. It is odd to see a photograph of him at age five, a cherub, and to know him now. I have to declare an interest here. I first met him in 1960 when he was on the threshold of fame. He was the up-and-coming star, and I was a stagehand. How marvelous then that he should have portrayed me in Keith Waterhouse's play *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell*. I suppose that is why I wanted *Loitering with Intent* to gallop along to the present day. But it is a fascinating study of a childhood. What a very perceptive little boy he must have been, and he seems to have total recall. But then, you wouldn't want to forget such happy days, even with the ogre Adolf Hitler looming on the horizon. I look forward immensely to reading about the nitty-gritty of the years to come.

—JEFFREY BERNARD


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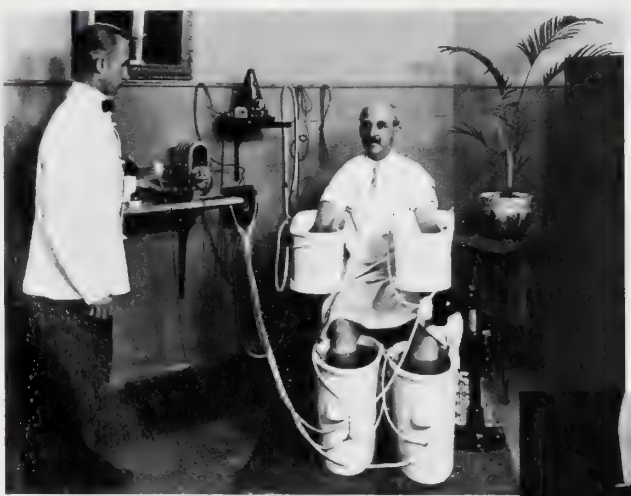
High-Lee confid
Jason Scott
plays Bruce Lee i
new film

Jason Scott Lee, who plays Bruce Lee in the film bio Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story, *has a way with both physical and verbal stunts. "Bruce Lee's philosophy was fluidity," he notes. "His art wasn't self-defense per se, but an aggressive art form. There's no aspect of retreat." Kung phooey? No. Jason Scott (who is no relation to Bruce) is just a very analytical kind of guy. In the film, he kicks up a storm in dance-hall mêlées and restaurant rumbles—and that's just Bruce's* personal *life. So what force drew him to the challenge of this complex role? "There were a lot of lessons people involved in the film had to go through—or certain doors of life they had to walk through before entering into the project." And then there's that last name.* —MICHAEL MUSTO

Hot Type

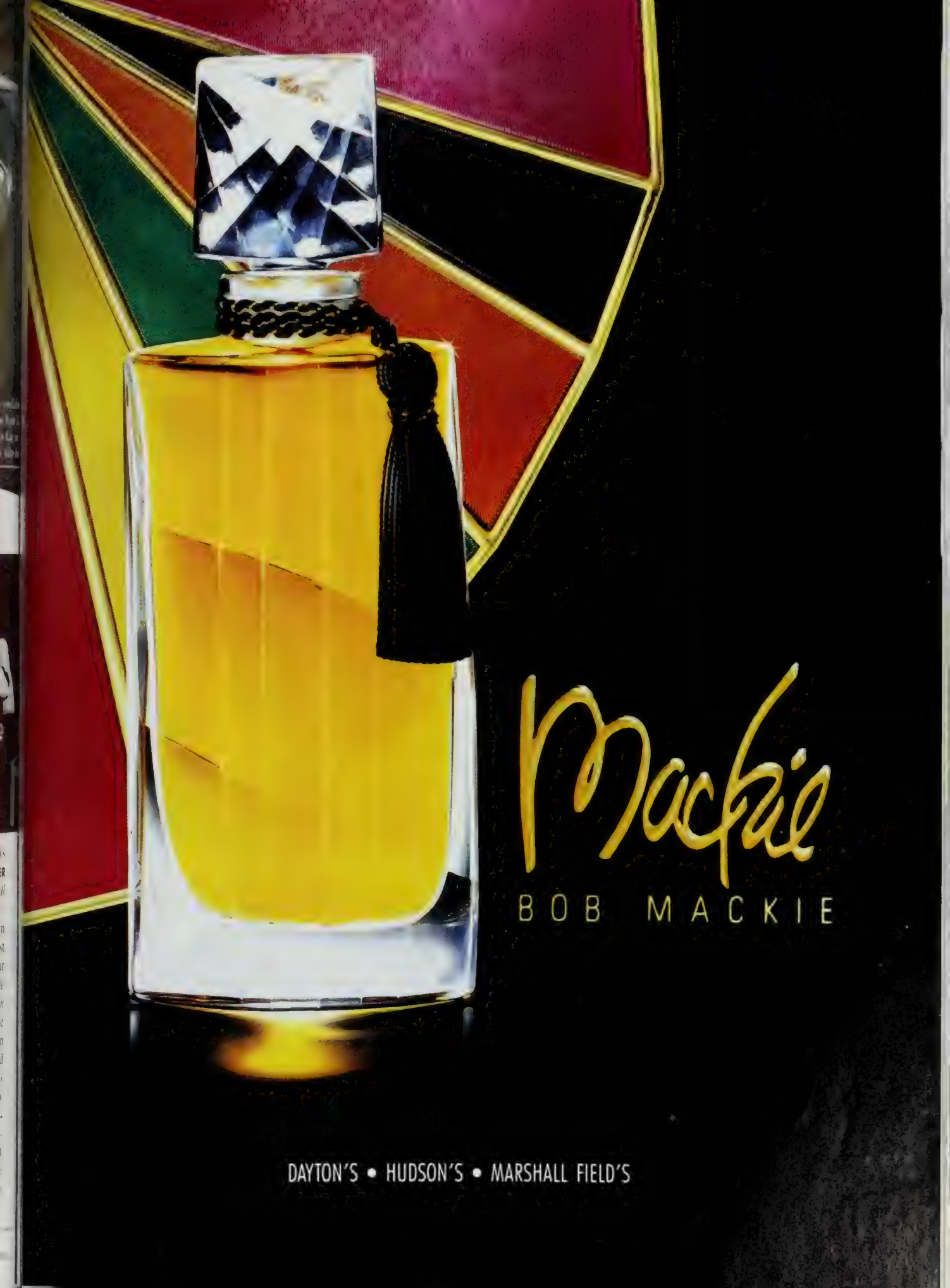
CORAGHESSAN BOYLE'S new satirical novel, *The Road to Wellville* (Viking), tells the story of cornflakes inventor John Harvey Kellogg and the exotic enema craze of 1907. **MURIEL SPARK** discusses her work as a "black propagandist" for British intelligence during World War II, and the original Miss Jean Brodie, in her autobiography, *Curriculum Vitae* (Houghton Mifflin). A biographer unravels the clues left behind by a great Shakespearean actress in **FRANCESCA STANFILL'S** *Wakefield Hall* (Villard). **KAREN STABINER** spent a year at Chiat/Day, the ad agency that unleashed the Energizer Bunny on the world, to write *Inventing Desire* (Simon & Schuster). Set in 1950s India, *A Suitable Boy* (HarperCollins) is **VIKRAM SETH'S** epic novel of manners. Former gang leader **KODY SCOTT'S** *Monster: The Autobiography of an L.A. Gang Member* (Atlantic Monthly Press) was written in prison. **MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE** discusses the institution of closeted homosexuality in *Queer in America: Sex, the Media, and the Closets of Power* (Random House). **RAFAEL YGLESIAS'S** *Fearless* (Warner) follows two survivors of a harrowing plane crash. **JOAN PEYSER** looks at a great American composer in *The Memory of All That: The Life of George Gershwin* (Simon & Schuster). *Possession* author **A. S. BYATT** offers two novellas set in the mid-1800s in *Angels & Insects* (Turtle Bay). Journalist **PICO IYER** travels to countries that "have no seat at our international dinner tables" in *Falling off the Map: Some Lonely Places of the World* (Knopf). In his novel *Women and Men* (Dalkey Archive), **JOSEPH McELROY** charts the intricate connections between two almost strangers in 1970s New York City. **UMBERTO ECO** tries his hand at satire in *Misreadings* (Harcourt Brace). And New Age guru **MARIANNE WILLIAMSON** shares her reflections on womanhood in *A Woman's Worth* (Random House). —HENRY ALFORD







Left to right: *a sinusoidal bath at the Kellogg sanatorium, the setting for* The Road to Wellville; *author Umberto Eco; and New Age doyenne Marianne Williamson with her daughter.*


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The Fisher Thing

True or false? Fisher Stevens is a stud

Fisher Stevens, ubiquitous star of film, TV, and tabloid stories about his benighted liaison with Michelle Pfeiffer, plays a bad guy in the forthcoming *Super Mario Bros.* movie. But GEORGE WAYNE, for one, found him to be a very charming fellow.

George Wayne: *How long were you on location in Florida for your TV show* Key West*?*

Fisher Stevens: Five months. I got a little island fever. I missed New York City, and I really wanted to get back.

G.W. *But you had a little fun while you were in Key West. Weren't you having a fling with one of the young extras on the set, and that's why Michelle Pfeiffer left you?*

F.S. That is all *National Enquirer* stuff.

G.W. *Saying it's* Enquirer *stuff is crap, Fisher.*

F.S. It is. Whatever happened, it was not the reason. We broke up in North Carolina during *Super Mario Bros.* C'mon, man, you know you guys all make this shit up.

G.W. *I don't make anything up.*

F.S. Well, I know *you* don't.

G.W. *I don't remember seeing you in* The Flamingo Kid. *Were you merely an extra?*

F.S. Thanks a lot. Nice guy. I had a nice part in that. I was 19. I bring them to the club. Remember my line, "They're not bimbos, they are bimbettes"? Rent it and you'll see.

G.W. *I like the name of your character in* Super Mario Bros.*—Iggy. Is your character as cool as the name?*

F.S. He's kinda mean. Not too swift. But I have a great sense of fashion. My hair is done like the cover of *Vogue*.

G.W. *I read somewhere that you said you've been to Mount Kilimanjaro. Now, are we talking about* the *Mount Kilimanjaro, or some restaurant named Mount Kilimanjaro?*

F.S. That was in Tanzania. Yeah, I didn't climb it, but I did climb Mount Kenya, which was 17,000 feet. I was insane to do it, because I had no provisions. It was the most stupid, but most beautiful, thing that I've ever done.

G.W. *Who is your best friend in Hollywood?*

F.S. I don't hang out in Hollywood anymore. I never go back—ever since I split. . .

G.W. *Not since the breakup? Was it an emotional trauma?*

F.S. No. I live here, and I work here. . . . Matt Dillon is one of my best friends.

G.W. *How did a nerdy guy like you land a beauty like Michelle Pfeiffer?*

F.S. How did a nerdy guy like you get this job writing for *Vanity Fair*?

G.W. *Oh, come on, Fisher—you're not a stud!*

F.S. How do *you* know?

G.W. *Because that's why you got dropped.*

F.S. You're a jerk! You're a jerk! You're an asshole! Just because you can't get laid, don't take it out on me. . .

G.W. *Well, that's true—I am a frustrated homosexual. . . .*

F.S. Why are you so cruel? I'm not going to let it get to me, George, because you know what? You are a harmless guy.

G.W. *Precisely. This is all in jest.*

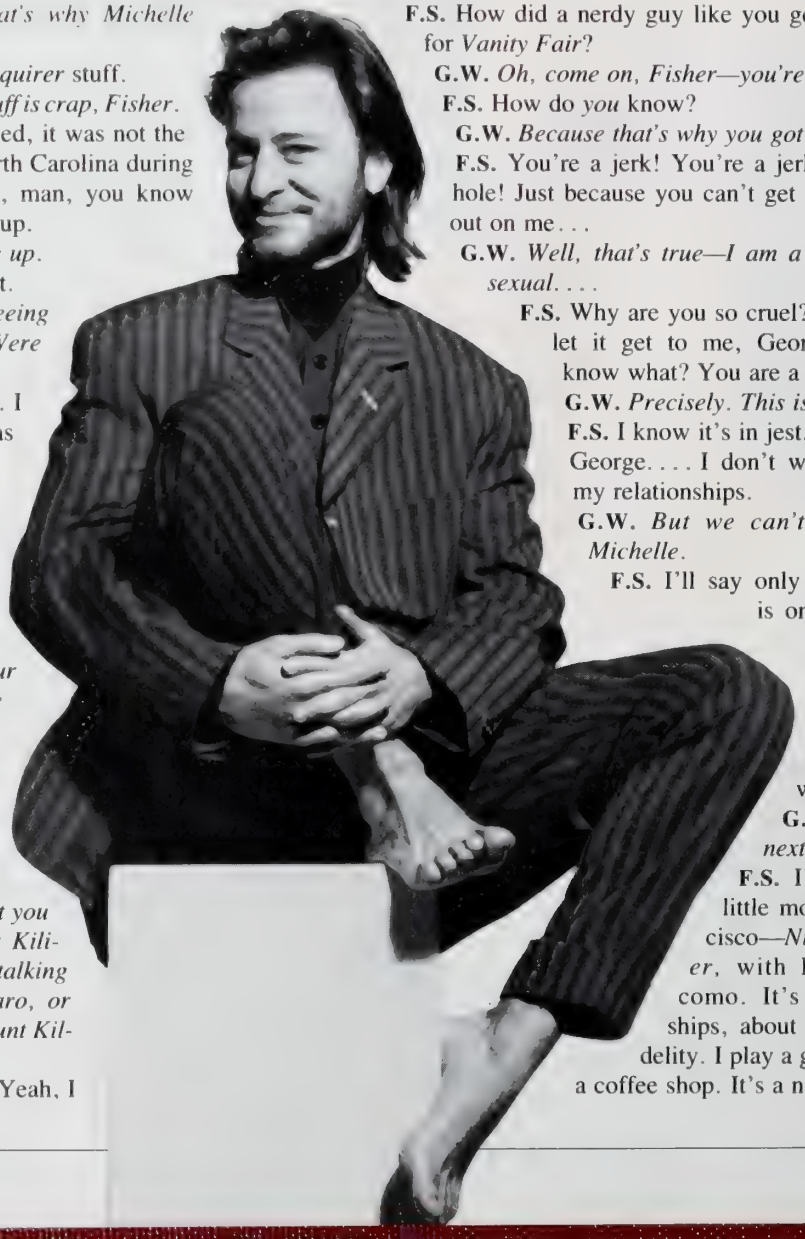
F.S. I know it's in jest, but it's not nice, George. . . . I don't want to talk about my relationships.

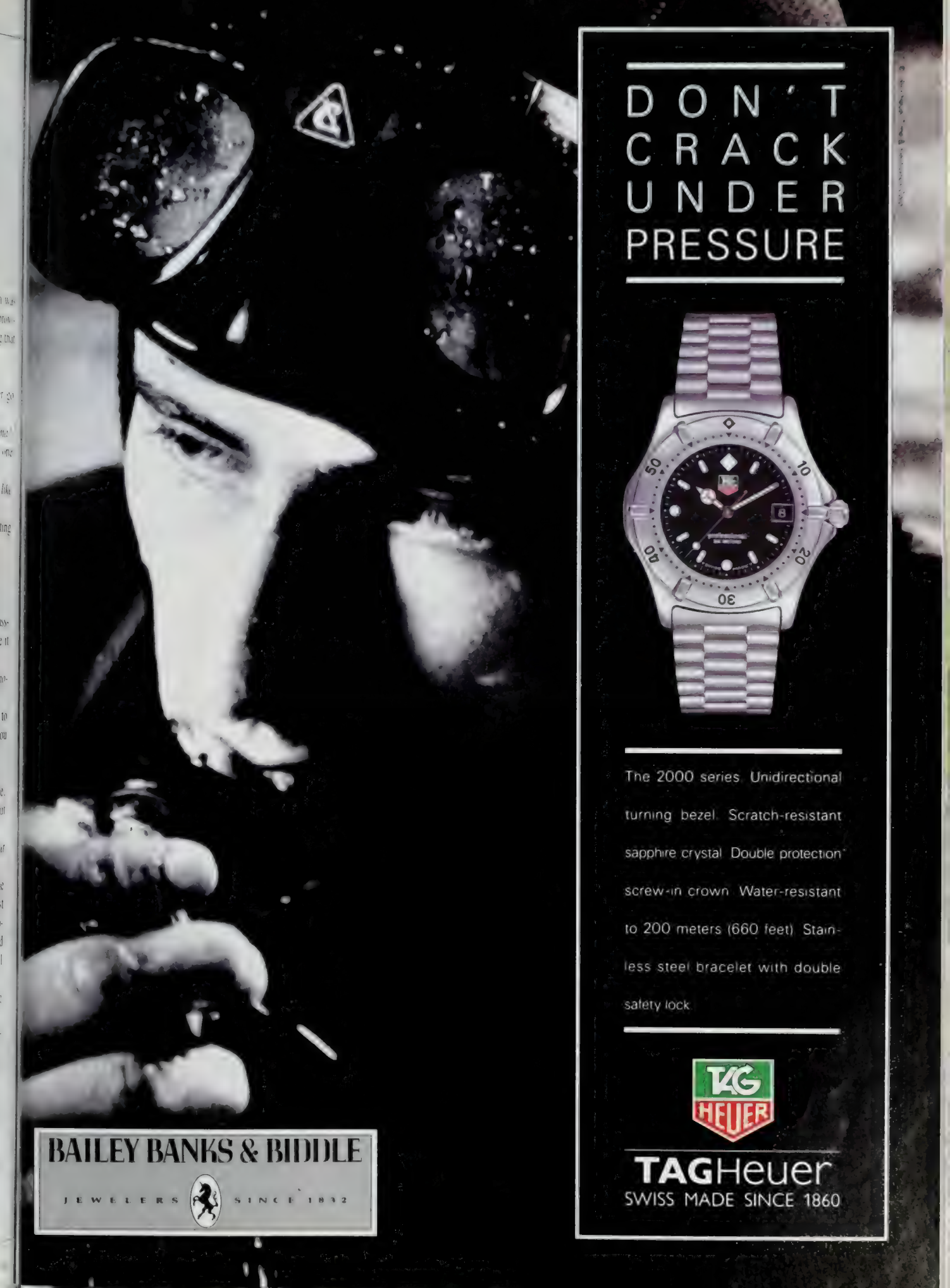
G.W. *But we can't* not *talk about Michelle.*

F.S. I'll say only this: I think she is one of the greatest actresses and people in the world—seriously. I still love her. She's an amazing woman.

G.W. *What's your next role?*

F.S. I'm doing a cool little movie in San Francisco—*Nina Takes a Lover*, with Laura San Giacomo. It's about relationships, about fidelity and infidelity. I play a guy who works in a coffee shop. It's a nice little part.





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Still life with two Shih Tzus: Robert Couturier with Chuck and Lily.

JOSEF ASTOR

Haut Couturier

"French 18th-century furniture is always chic," says decorator and architect Robert Couturier, "but let's face it, it's often too formal, completely over-the-top—and beyond most people's means." And so the impish Parisian, best known for creating Shangri-las in Mexico and France for legendary financier Sir James Goldsmith, has forsaken brocade and gilt for "subdued elegance." His new collection of made-to-order furniture debuts this month at his first public showroom, in midtown Manhattan.

"In the 18th century, French furniture was designed specifically for every room and for every use," explains Couturier. "Today, unless you are very rich, you can't afford to own a chair that doesn't function in many roles: hall, side, and dining," he says, surveying the loft that houses his extensive line of furnishings, including Moorish-inspired chairs, sofas, tables, and lamps of exquisitely carved woods and understated fabrics. Then, flopping his impeccably suited frame onto a silk-upholstered divan piled high with pillows, he muses, "To me this sort of easy comfort is just heaven. Let's just say that I've evolved in my taste." —KHOI NGUYEN

Night-table Reading



Monica Lynch *(president, Tommy Boy Music):* Buppies, B-Boys, Baps, and Bohos, *by Nelson George (HarperCollins). "A boomin' book that gets busy covering the black beat from Brooklyn to the Bay. Ain't nothin' but a 'B' thang, baby."*



Leo Castelli *(gallery owner):* Leviathan, *by Paul Auster (Viking). "One of its main characters is inspired by Sophie Calle, a French artist whose work I had recently exhibited."*



Walter Isaacson *(author of* Kissinger*):* A Bus of My Own, *by Jim Lehrer (Putnam). "A man searches for America and the meaning of life by buying a bus his dad would have liked."*

Crown Julie

Julie Kent, the 23-year-old American Ballet Theatre soloist, is a beauty. Make that raving beauty. While still a member of the corps de ballet, she created a sensation in ABT's 1988 production of Gaîté Parisienne *(with costumes by Christian Lacroix) by doing little more than wearing a dress of such preposterous fantasy that she looked like an ambulatory urn of tropical flowers. Her fans will be pleased to hear that she will make her spring debut during ABT's season at the Metropolitan Opera in one of the grandest of all the ballerina parts—the dual role of Odette/Odile in* Swan Lake. *You can also look for Kent to turn up as the Lilac Fairy in* The Sleeping Beauty, *as well as in other big parts. Is Julie Kent the most beautiful woman on the ballet stage today? You decide.*

—DAVID DANIEL



The fairest of them all? Ballerina Julie Kent.

CAROL GOLDMAN

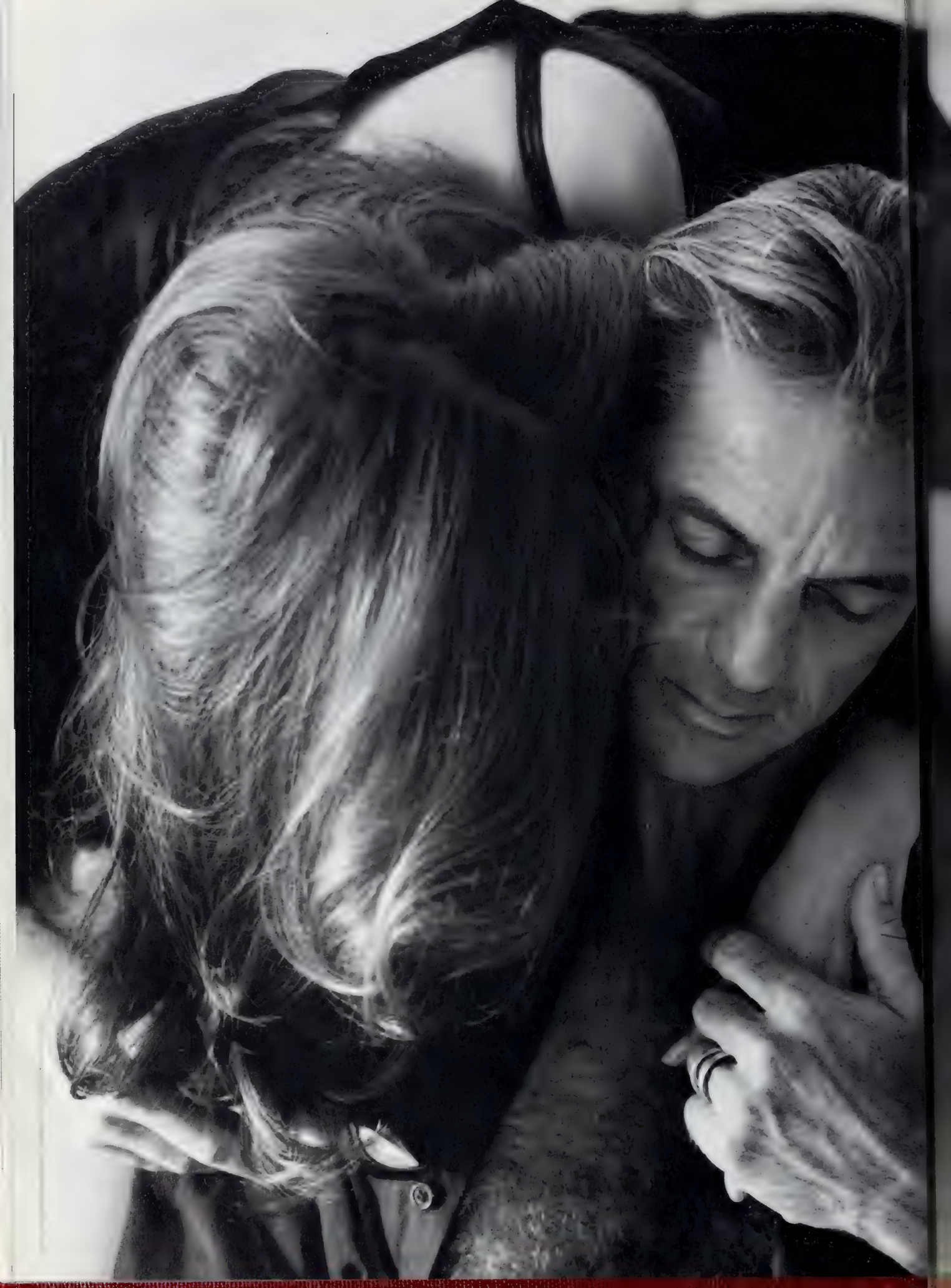
Surfin' U.S.A.

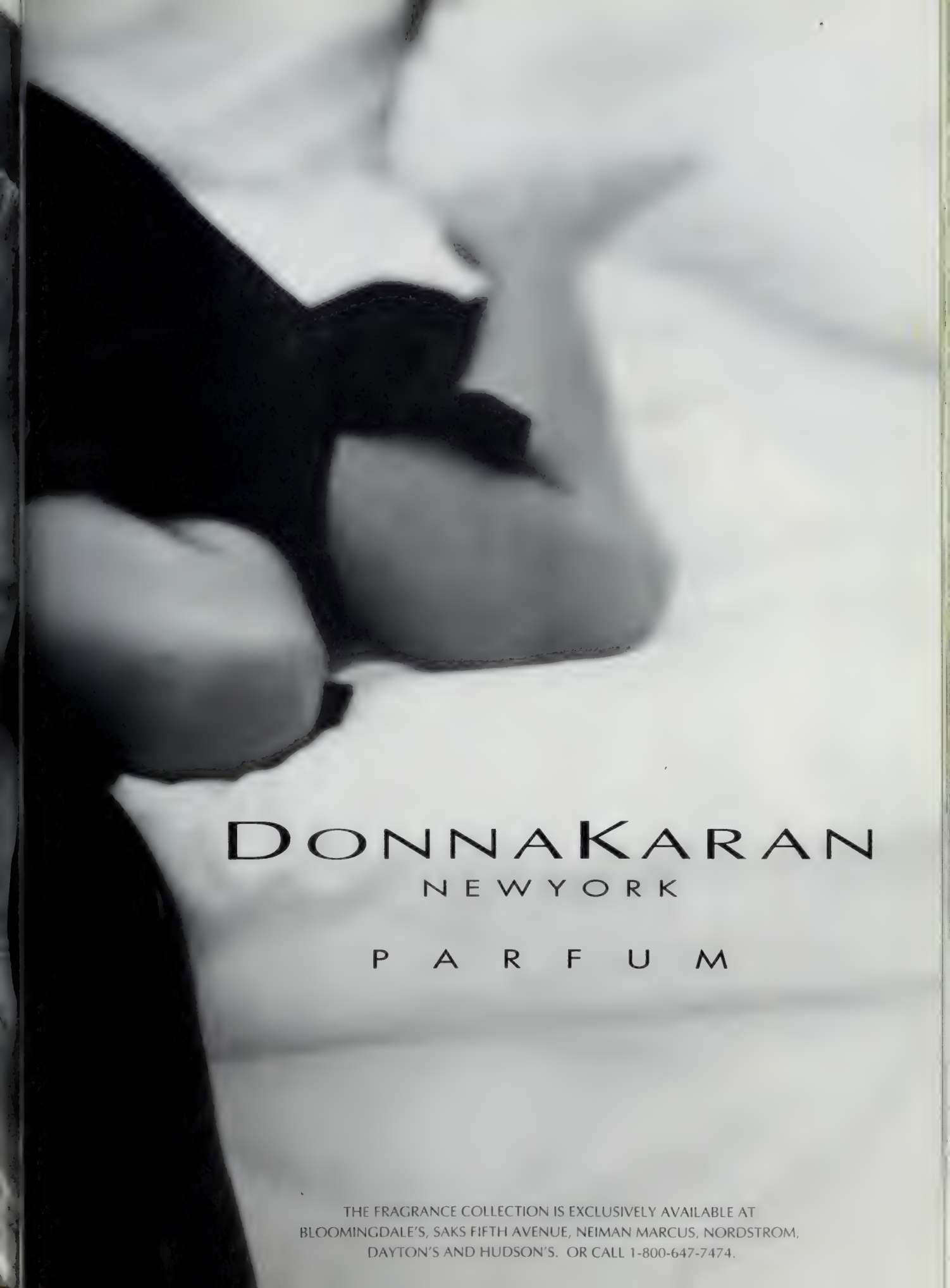


King Coffey, Paul Leary, Jeff Pinkus, and (at rear) Gibby Haynes, of the Butthole Surfers.

For more than a decade, all but the most hardened hipsters have balked at listening to the Butthole Surfers. Unfortunate, considering the Surfers have always been more listener-friendly than their, ah, *discomfiting* name might suggest. This misconception should vanish with the release of the band's latest disc, *Independent Worm Saloon* (Capitol), on which their enigmatic vocals and normally overwrought soloing have been harnessed by producer John Paul Jones (better known for his former career as bassist for Led Zeppelin) and re-formed into a more accessible package. There's even a groundbreaking live-action/animation video planned, which MTV will be hard-pressed to ignore. On previous releases the Austin, Texas, quartet often resorted to parody. For example, their 1988 LP, *Hairway to Steven,* was a tribute to Jones and Led Zeppelin's more renowned *Stairway to Heaven.* But those days of carefree self-indulgence are over, as mainstream acclaim has begun to beat a path to the Buttholes' front door. Even so, the Surfers aren't about to let success spoil them or their beloved home city. Admonishes drummer King Coffey, "Austin's a great town. Don't move there." —B.M.

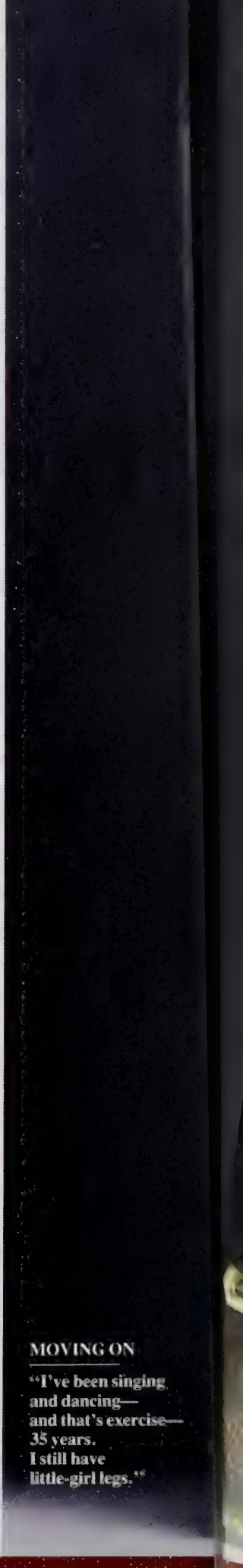
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The LADY Has LEGS!

More than three decades after Tina Turner leapt onto the stage—and into a long and violent relationship with her Svengali husband, Ike—Touchstone Pictures is set to release the movie of her life, and she's about to start a major concert tour. MAUREEN ORTH got the queen mother of rock 'n' roll to level about how bad things once were and how good they are now. She also got an earful from Ike



CORSET BY KARL LAGERFELD FOR CHANEL. SHOES BY OMBELINE

MOVING ON

"I've been singing and dancing—and that's exercise—35 years. I still have little-girl legs."

Photographs by MICHEL COMTE • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

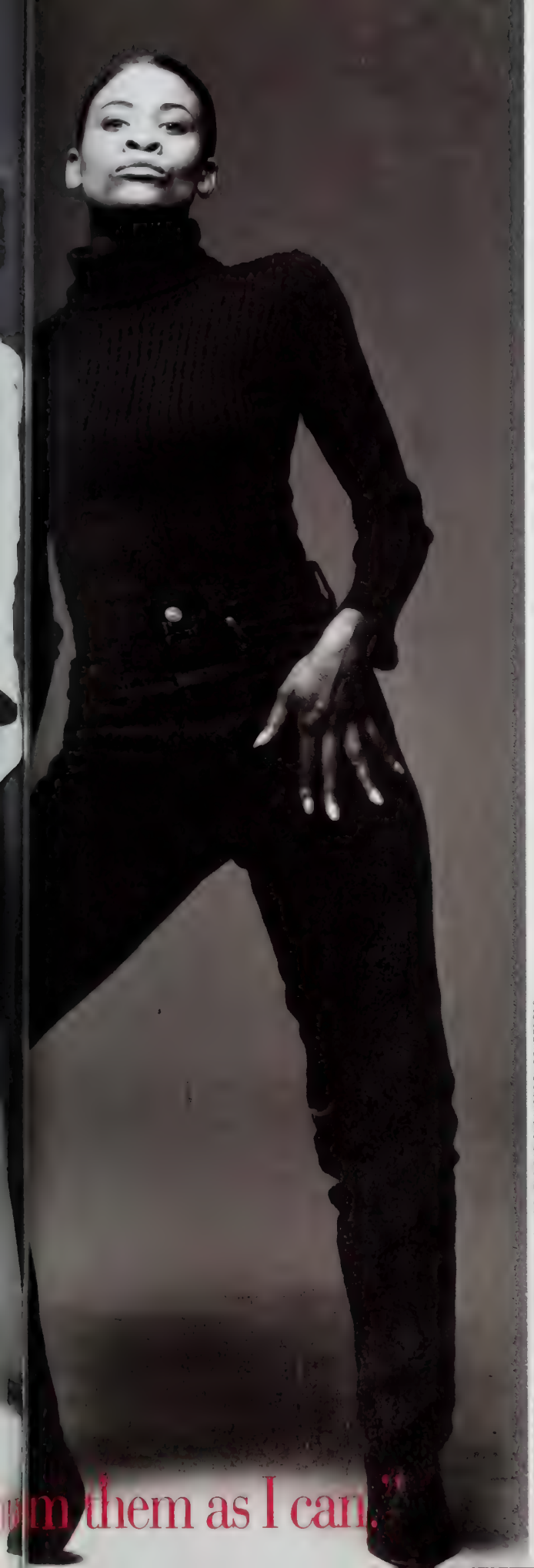

VANITY FAIR
MAY 1993

PRANCING

Back in 1966, Tina says, she taught Mick Jagger the Pony. "I can't stand the idea of just standing there like Barbra Streisand or Ella Fitzgerald or Diana Ross."



"I patterned myself from classy ladies. I take as mu



TUXEDO BY GIORGIO ARMANI. TURTLENECKS AND JEANS BY THE GAP. SNEAKERS BY COURREGES

The Rainforest Foundation benefit at Carnegie Hall on March 2 started out to be one of those preachy-hip, politically correct, dead-in-the-tundra New York evenings. The stage was littered with stars—Dustin Hoffman, James Taylor, Sting, George Michael, Ian McKellen, Herb Alpert, Canadian rocker Bryan Adams—but even though Tom Jones woke up the audience by belting out "It's Not Unusual" Vegas-style, the white boys were mostly in the tepid zone.

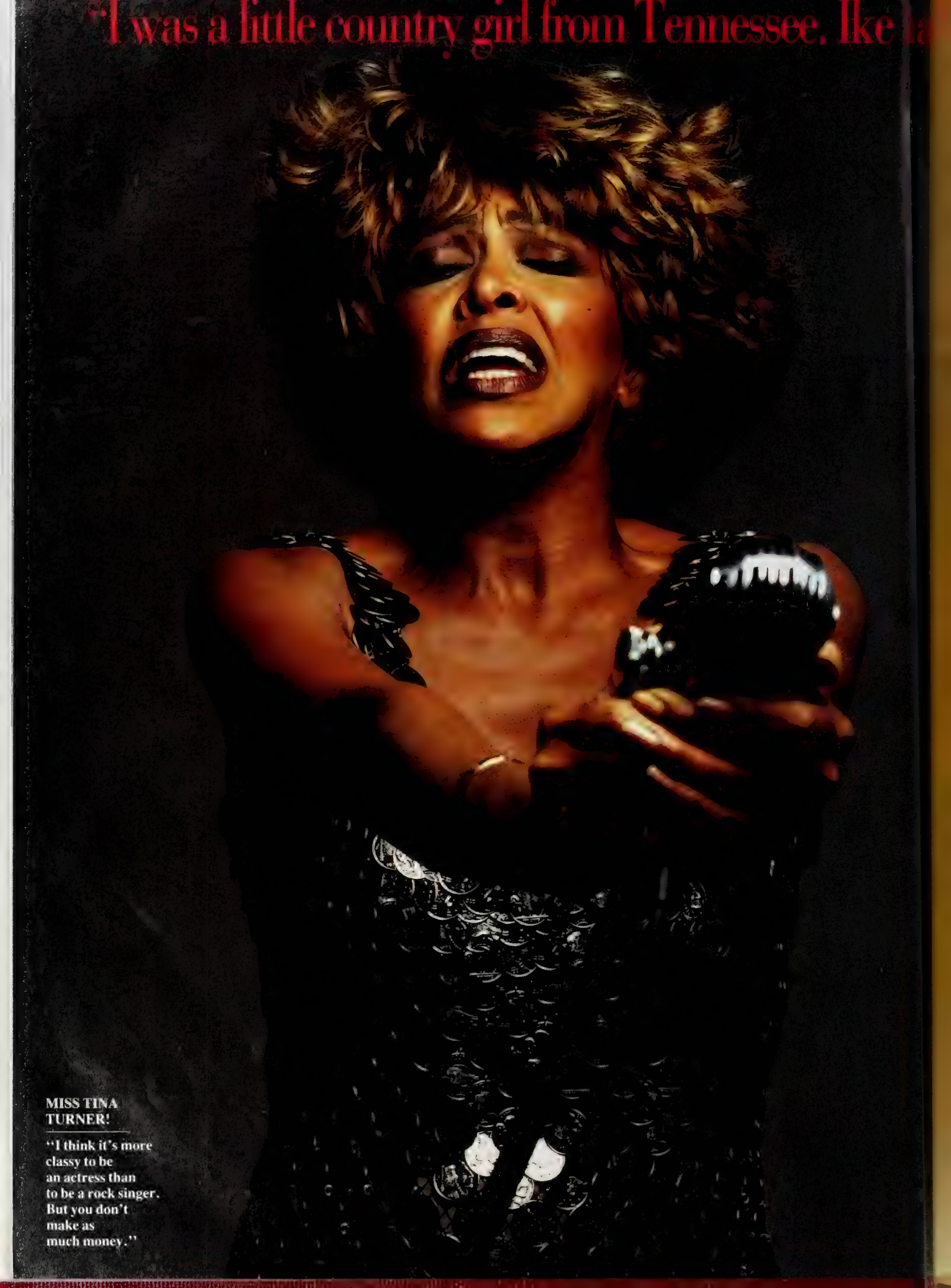
Then came the hurricane. "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Tina Turner." *Yes*. The audience immediately jolted forward in their seats. The queen mother of rock 'n' roll, 53 years old, with the body of a vamp, came running out in a tight black leather cat suit with tails and high platform boots. Her hair (piece) was a flying wedge of layered copper, and her powerful voice pierced the darkness like lightning: "When I was a little girl. . . I had a rag doll." Tina Turner was singing her classic "River Deep, Mountain High," which the legendary Phil Spector had produced for her in 1966. Those trademark legs swathed in leather, the sinuous moves, those little Pony steps that allowed her to coochie-coochie up to the guys—none of her bountiful energy had dissipated in the 27 years since she first sang it. There wasn't the slightest hint of the horror she had lived with for so long as a battered wife, or of the dark memories that still cling to her.

James Taylor leapt to his feet and started shaking a tambourine, singing backup. Dustin Hoffman and Ian McKellen joined him. Pretty soon Tina Turner had relegated all the superstar males to an adoring chorus, like cross-dressed ghosts of the Ikettes, part of the R&B roots of rock 'n' roll in the old Ike and Tina Turner Revue. Talk about stealing the show. Afterward, Dustin Hoffman told her, "You've added 10 years to my life."

"The first time you see Tina is mind-boggling," Keith Richards tells me. Adds Mick Jagger, "She's so gutsy and dynamic." Tina Turner has always been an icon-mascot to the British supergroups, and even today she is revered more in Europe, where she makes her home with her younger German boyfriend, than in the States. The Rolling Stones, particularly, were pivotal in her career. Tina Turner got her first wide exposure to young white audiences in the 60s, when she and her former husband, Ike Turner, toured with the baby Rolling Stones in England. "Tina was great-looking, plus she could move and she had that voice. Usually you can have a voice but you can't move, or you're good-looking but you can't sing. How can anybody have that much?" marvels Richards. "With Tina, there it all is—it's all there."

Richards remembers that watching Ike and Tina, whom the Stones had idolized from records, was "kind of like school for us." At that point, he says, "we were one little blues band," playing bars and tiny clubs with no room to move. "Mick's stage center was a 12-inch square." Suddenly they were surrounded by "all these beautiful black chicks in sequins running around backstage, and these fantastic mu-

"I was a little country girl from Tennessee. Ike



MISS TINA TURNER!

"I think it's more classy to be an actress than to be a rock singer. But you don't make as much money."







DRESS BY FERNANDO SANCHEZ. TAFFETA COAT BY BOB MACKIE. STOCKINGS BY FOGAL.

SOUL WOMAN

"I am a chanter. And everyone who knows anything about chanting knows you correct everything in your life by chanting every day."

"You asked me if I ever stood up for anything. Yeah, I stood up for my life."

stations to learn from." Every night, he says, "we'd do our little bit and then we'd watch Ike and Tina and the Ikettes, and we said, 'Wow, this is show business.' They made us realize you got to do more than just stand there and play the guitar." He adds, "To me it was all just Tina Turner. Ike didn't see it that way. To him he was a Svengali, who wrote the songs; he was the producer and Tina was his ticket. He saw himself as Phil Spector, as the driving force behind the star. I saw him as the driving force behind a lot of things. It was the first time I saw a guy pistol-whip another guy in his own band." Keith Richards concludes, "Ike acted like a goddamned pimp."

To the outside world, however, Tina Turner appeared oblivious. "That was when I was just being led blindly, because I didn't care about anything," she says a few days after the Rainforest Foundation benefit. "I was just getting through this period." She was so under the control of Ike and immersed in his reality that she didn't have any idea who Mick Jagger was. "I saw this very white-faced boy in the corner with big lips, and I had never seen a white person with lips that big anyway, so I didn't know who he was or what race he was."

The one thing she did realize was that "he liked black women, liked to play around with them." Then she found out that he was the songwriter. "Of course, my hero. He says, 'I like how you girls dance. How are you doing that stuff?' We would all get up with Mick, and we would do things, and we would laugh, because his rhythm and his hips and how he was doing it was totally off. It wasn't teaching him; it wasn't dance classes. This is what we did backstage—we played around, because onstage he was just doing the tambourine. He wasn't even dancing. This was 1966. Afterwards Mick came to America doing the Pony. And all of us thought we had done it backstage. Well, I didn't tell people I taught him. I said we would just sit around during intermissions and have a good time."

"Later on, when Tina finally got real big, and she still looked incredible, guys would talk about her image sexually, just as a woman," Keith Richards says. "But the Tina I knew was different. Tina was somebody to take care of you. Out on the road somebody would always be sick, and she would say, 'Take care of yourself, you have a cold, here's the VapoRub, keep your scarf on, do your coat up.' I saw her like a favorite aunt or a fairy godmother. I always had other visions of Tina—of a mother-earth thing."

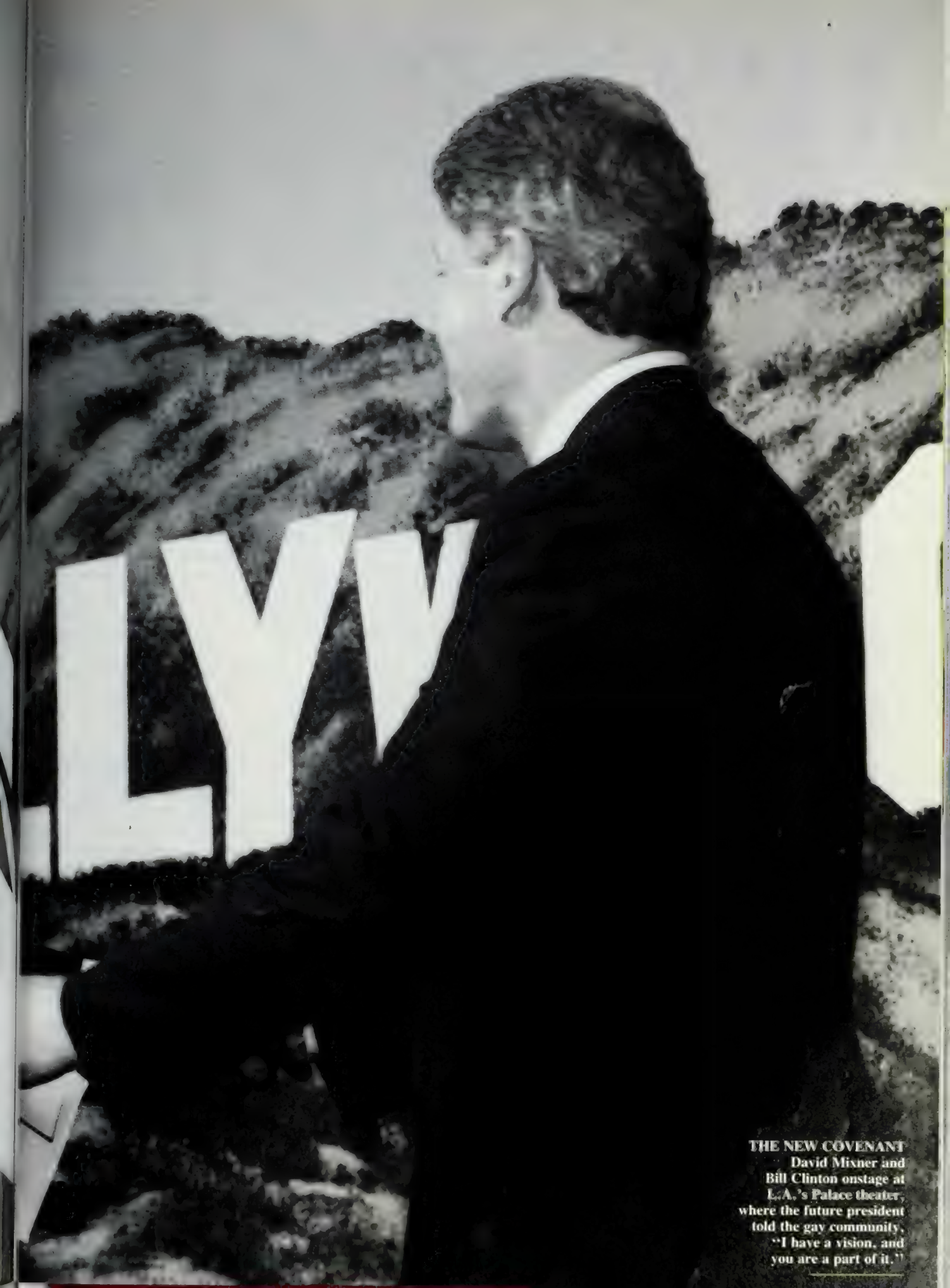
"I am a fun person, and when I'm onstage I act," Turner says. "I like to tease to a point. I'm not teasing men. I am playing with the girls—you know, when all the girls get together and everybody gets up and they get a little cigarette and champagne and they do little things. That's the same thing I do onstage when I'm performing for the girls and then for the guys." She is insulted that people would ever assume otherwise. "I am not a vulgar, sexy person onstage. I think that's how people perceive me, because I have a lot of vulgar videos where they want me to do the garter-belt thing."

It's more than that. Who can ever forget Tina Turner doing dirty things to a microphone when she sang "I've Been Loving You Too Long," a song she now hates, or the immortal words in her version of "Proud *(Continued on page 166)*

THE Gay NINETIES

On April 25, as many as one million people will march on Washington, D.C., in what gay leaders hope will be the defining moment of the emerging civil-rights movement of the 1990s. LUISITA LOPEZ TORREGROSA goes inside the new gay-and-lesbian power structure to chart the behind-the-scenes leadership struggle and gauge the competing strategies for the battle ahead





THE NEW COVENANT
David Mixner and Bill Clinton onstage at L.A.'s Palace theater, where the future president told the gay community, "I have a vision, and you are a part of it."

We are up in the Hollywood Hills, that familiar backdrop of America's adolescent fantasies, of countless reels of lusty teenagers in hot-rod convertibles and drunken lovers hurling bottles into the void of the Los Angeles basin. We have come up here, to this sprawling white bungalow, with its bleached wood floors and pale hues of tans and beiges, for a strategy session of ANGLE (Access Now for Gay and Lesbian Equality), the new avant-garde of the gay-and-lesbian movement, an exclusive group of some 18 high-powered L.A. lawyers, doctors, publicists, and corporate executives joined in a fierce, single-minded crusade to win full equality for gays and lesbians in the 1990s. Squeezed into a corner of a sofa, showered with kisses and bear hugs by his longtime friends, sits ANGLE's most prominent member, David B. Mixner, who has come to power as the gay political strategist who brought together candidate Bill Clinton and America's gay-and-lesbian community.

The group, an upbeat clique of ambitious, affluent high-achievers in designer clothes, are drinking Diet Coke and trading inside jokes. Someone brings in a huge poster of Marky Mark, which causes a round of laughter and wry comments. But once the meeting begins, everyone is serious and focused, all business. There is a tactical discussion about an upcoming fund-raiser for a friendly U.S. Senate incumbent—which big name can they get to host it, and should it be $250 or $1,000 per plate? Next on the agenda: discussing who will mastermind the April 25 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, and Bi Equal Rights, the first major gay demonstration in the capital in almost six years. Someone suggests Sky Johnson, who choreographed events at the Democratic National Convention.

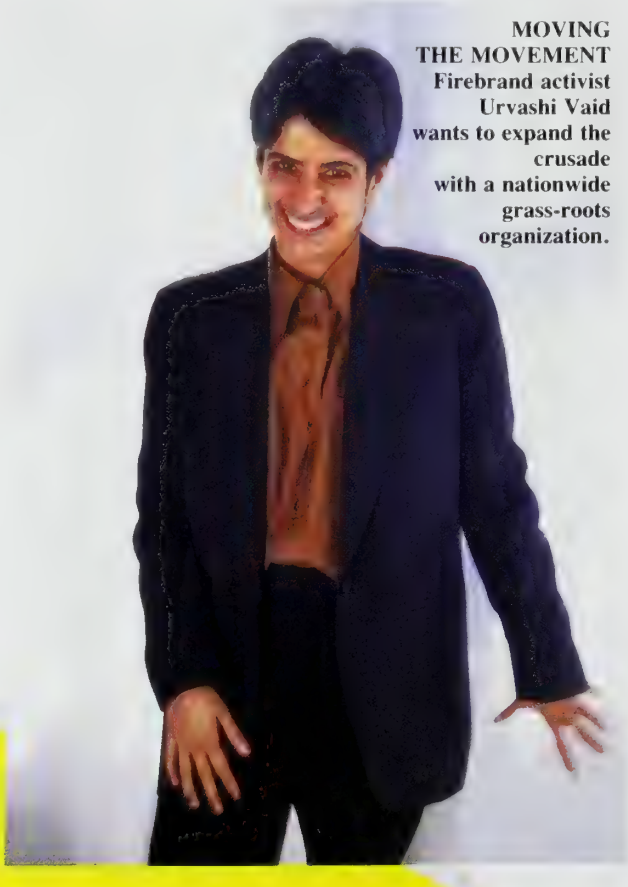
The hottest debate centers on the 1994 elections. ANGLE, which took a risky position by endorsing Bill Clinton in October 1991—more than three months before the New Hampshire primary—is already zeroing in on the California Democratic gubernatorial primary, almost a year and a half away. Although everyone agrees the hands-down winner will be Kathleen Brown, California's treasurer and the younger sister of former governor Jerry Brown, some members feel loyalty to John Garamendi, a dark-horse candidate who has been a longtime friend of the gay community.

Two of the women speak passionately for Brown, who has been paying increasing attention to the powerful gay community (she recently hired a lesbian as a senior aide). A few others feel the group should delay an endorsement, dangling it in front of Brown to gain further commitments. The meeting, which is contentious by ANGLE standards, ends in a vote to endorse Brown now. "It was the smart choice," says Diane Abbitt, a corporate lawyer and a founder of the group.

The decision, which will give ANGLE an inside track in the likely Brown administration, is the sort of hard-nosed, realpolitik move that makes this the vanguard group in the mainstreaming of gay America. "The gay community is no longer a fringe, special-interest group," Mixner often declares. "We are a civil rights movement."

After 12 years in the wilderness—years marked by the AIDS epidemic and the hostility of two Republican administrations—gays are fighting to seize the high ground and forge a movement crusade that will not be turned back. During the 1980s, a growing number of activists, contributors, and sympathizers, moved by AIDS and pushed by direct-action groups such as ACT UP, fought scattered and often losing battles. But when the major Democratic presidential candidates declared their support for gays in the 1992 primaries, the community gathered force, metamorphosing into a politically savvy, image-conscious, mainstream-friendly, multimillion-dollar campaign to win over America.

Beneath the sweeping fervor and newfound success, however, a struggle for the soul of the movement is taking place. Like the freedom fight-



MOVING THE MOVEMENT
Firebrand activist Urvashi Vaid wants to expand the crusade with a nationwide grass-roots organization.

"The movement I work in might be called a gay-and-lesbian movement, but its mission is the liberation of all people."

s of the 60s, the gay and lesbi leaders are reaching out for ne overarching goal: to be able sit in the front of the bus. But ey differ on the question of ow to get there—and who will ad them. "We are a diverse mmunity," gays and lesbians ever tire of saying. "No one or o people can represent us." his laudable attitude has left the mmunity with many local he- es but no predominant national ader, no gay Martin Luther King , to stir up the passions of the owds and reach out to main- ream America. "Gays have the pportunity now," says the writ- r Larry Kramer, the founder of CT UP. "We have the foot in e door but not a body to go ith it. We don't have the mus- le. There's not one gay leader present our point of view." dmitting that the days of ACT P activism have passed, Kra- er says, "We need a power- ouse organization in Washing- n, but they are all wimps and ey don't even get along with ach other. Where is our Jesse ackson? Where is our Gloria Steinem? Where is our Martin Luther King Jr.?"

With his access to the White House nd his sudden appearance in the na- onal spotlight, David Mixner would eem to be the best candidate, the undis- uted leader of the latest wave in the ay movement. A veteran of the anti- ar marches and numerous political ampaigns, the 250-pound activist is lso a strategic planner for some of the argest corporations in the country. Careful to keep his professional lives eparate, he asks that the companies not e identified.) He is so well respected within the gay community and in the Democratic Party establishment that the ay and Lesbian Victory Fund party in is honor during inauguration week was ne of the hottest tickets in town.

At his best, Mixner is a stirring peaker and a solicitous friend, a vise, smiling buddha. But there is lso a certain coldness of eye, a ma- ipulative, chairman-of-the-board atti- ude and ambition that intimidate nd even anger other gay leaders. "David is dangerous," says a lesbian eader who works closely with him. "He's out for himself and he tramples everyone else." Even Mixner admits, "My greatest enemy is my ego. I used to try to do everything from the top down. I tried to set the agenda. I made mistakes."



GAY POWER Hilary Rosen, a top recording-industry executive and Beltway insider, is a connoisseur of strategy and money.

"The gay movement is in vogue. Now that the press is on our side, more people are coming in. This is the thing of the 90s."

His source of power is his access to the White House, a connection that makes him indispensable to colleagues and rivals. But he isn't the only contender for the mantle of leadership of the gay movement. Other activists with major influence include firebrand Urvashi Vaid, the former head of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, who hopes to build a grass-roots movement from coast to coast; Hilary B. Rosen, a recording-industry executive in Washington, who is on the A list of gay power brokers and whose network reaches into the mainstream establishment. And Patricia Ireland, the charismatic president of the National Organization for Women, a tenacious feminist who wants to bridge the women's and lesbian-and-gay movements.

These leaders are now marshaling their resources for the current battle in Congress over the military ban on gays and lesbians, where the mettle of the movement will be tested in a clash against real-life generals and an army of conservatives. The fight will be waged in Senate and House hearing rooms and Capitol Hill offices, in Washington restaurants and statehouse cloakrooms, and on *Good Morning America* and *Nightline*, where many Americans will see and hear some of these gay advocates for the first time.

On the gay side of the line stands the fragile coalition of rights groups stitched together by Mixner and a handful of top-ranking leaders that is organizing the multimillion-dollar lobbying-and-media effort called the Campaign for Military Service. "It's a paradox for me," Mixner says. "All my life I've been a pacifist, a follower of Gandhi and King, and

Photographs by JAMES HAMILTON

"Washington is an insiders' town, and access to power is very seductive. That's happening now with the gay movement."



WHEN DO WE WANT IT? NOW president Patricia Ireland is connecting the women's movement to lesbian-and-gay rights.

now I'm embroiled in this fight to allow my people to go to war. But it is more than that. It is a fight for our own liberation."

The fight, he knows, will be furious. The gay leadership was shocked by the fire storm of anti-gay sentiment that engulfed the White House in January after it was leaked that the president intended to sign an executive order reversing the ban. President Clinton's retreat, a hasty decision to postpone lifting the ban until July 15, may have dismayed some gays, but it did not soften their support for the president. Instead, they all agree, it jolted them from their inaugural euphoria and reminded them that their ally in the White House could not, and would not, fight this battle all alone.

Amid the furor in Washington, the impatient Mixner led the charge at an ANGLE meeting on January 27. The meeting was, as usual, held in private. But participants that evening told me the group was in a rage, lambasting the Washington-based gay organizations for responding to the anti-gay onslaught too timidly and too late. They decided something had to be done quickly to grab the reins of the movement from the old Washington hands.

Days after the ANGLE meeting, about two dozen organizers and financiers gathered at two secretive meetings in Georgetown, at the home of Robert Shrum, a political consultant who, with his wife, Marylouise Oates, is among the most active straight supporters of the gay community. The gatherings, kept under wraps from the press and even from some officials of gay organizations, included Mixner and the directors of gay-establishment groups such as the Human Rights Campaign Fund and the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force. But the most high-profile guests came from outside: the president of a powerful feminist fund-raising group, who does not want to be identified; Barry Diller, the entertainment mogul; and Bob Burkett, a spokesman for music-industry tycoon David Geffen. "I walked in there," one participant confides, "and I was stu[n]ed at the caliber of the people I saw."

With seed money from Gef[f]n, Diller, and financiers from San F[ra]n-cisco, New York, and Omaha, a co[a]-tion was formed to create the C[am]-paign for Military Service, with[its] own headquarters in the capital an[d its] own director, Thomas B. Stoddard, a New York attorney and former hea[d of] the Lambda Legal Defense and Edu[ca]-tion Fund. The mission: to raise so[me] $4 million, and, more important[ly], to reshape and redefine the lesbian-and-gay movement itself.

But the lines of authority w[ere] blurred and control over money uncle[ar]. A rumble of protest soon explod[ed], coming mainly but not solely from [ac]-tivists who felt shut out. They suspe[ct]ed a Hollywood-Washington cabal, led [by] Mixner and Stoddard, who were seen [as] a pair of megalomaniacs out to stag[e a] coup to displace the old workhorses [of] the movement, the unglamorous a[nd] underfinanced organizations whose l[a]-bors have gone largely unappreciated [by] the mainstream media and by the ne[w] high-flying types—"20 rich boys w[ith] checkbooks," as a wary longtime act[iv]-ist put it.

The mini-revolt broke into the op[en] in the sunshine lull of Palm Spring[s], where the Human Rights Campai[gn] Fund's directors and governors ga[th]-ered one weekend in mid-February f[or] their twice-yearly meeting, which I a[t]-tended at their invitation. "Our orga[n]-ization is getting bounced around by [a] maverick bunch," said a promine[nt] member, who lashed out during one [of] the most heated sessions. "If Dav[e] and Tom Stoddard try to come in [as] messiahs," another participant ca[u]-tioned darkly, "we should not bu[y] into it."

Within days of the Palm Spring[s] powwow, half a dozen headstrong po[l]-tentates of the movement met ov[er] breakfast at the Four Seasons Hotel i[n] Washington and papered over the[ir] differences with Mixner and Stoddard. Back in L.A., Mixner fended off sug-gestions that the Campaign for Militar[y] Service was his baby, and dismissed th[e] contretemps as politics-as-usual. "I[f] there's anything that proves we're th[e] same as nongay groups," he says, "it's this sort of pull-and-tug. It's no differ-ent than any *(Continued on page 178)*



THE NEW FREEDOM FIGHTERS David Mirzoyan (left) with assistant Jeff Mattson and Jeremy Bernard. The Greek artist [illegible] the [illegible] flag [illegible]

Garden Party

Bill Murray jokes with Ahmad Rashad. Vanessa Williams saunters by, waves hello. Branford Marsalis bops through "The Star-Spangled Banner." John McEnroe berates the ref after an early whistle. Dustin Hoffman and Danny Aiello discuss the merits of Patrick Ewing's fadeaway jumper. Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver tiptoe in as John Starks rocks the house with a breakneck slam dunk.

It seems like eons for the Knicks—this is the 20th anniversary of their last championship—but they are once again the hottest show in short pants. You can tell by the stars who have discovered they're ardent Knick fans. They fill up the purple seats at courtside, order Budweisers and hot dogs with extra mustard—or "The Garden" Salad and a nice Chablis—and settle in to chant DEE-FENSE!

What brought back the buzz? A hungry team, a franchise center, and former Laker coach Pat Riley, who imported a winning intensity along with his Showtime style. While L.A. basked in Riley's aura, New York feeds on it—the moguls, movie stars, and other assorted V.I.P.'s, as well as the folks in the more, um, elevated seats. Not all of the big names are, as diehards John Turturro and Spike Lee put it, "real sufferers." But it's been a long time since the Knicks had a bandwagon to climb on, so no one's complaining. When Michael Jordan soars in for the season finale on April 25, look for a slammin' Madison Square Garden party. But who's Spike gonna root for?

—KIRK J. RUDELL

Illustrations by RISKO



John Goodman

Bill Cosby

Bill Murray

Tom Brokaw

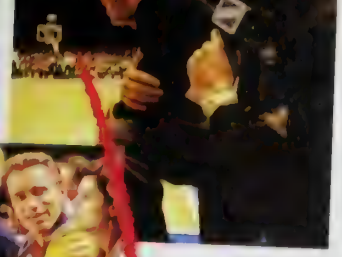
CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE

The Knicks' most famous cheerleaders also include Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon, Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, Kathleen Turner, Bernadette Peters, Matt Dillon, Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith, Richard Lewis, Wynton Marsalis, Hammer, Michael Bolton, Riddick Bowe, Richard Nixon, Gay Talese, Robert Klein, Charles Koppelman (with guests Gloria Estefan and Smokey Robinson), Ed Bradley, Itzhak Perlman, Martin Davis, Stanley Jaffe, Sandy Weill, Calvin and Kelly Klein, and even Woody Allen, back from his recent self-imposed exile.



Danny Aiello

gory Hines



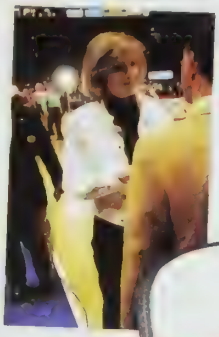


Arnold Schwarzenegger
and Maria Shriver



Branford Marsalis

Willow Bay



V.I.P. Seating



Michael Douglas

Spike Lee and John Turturro

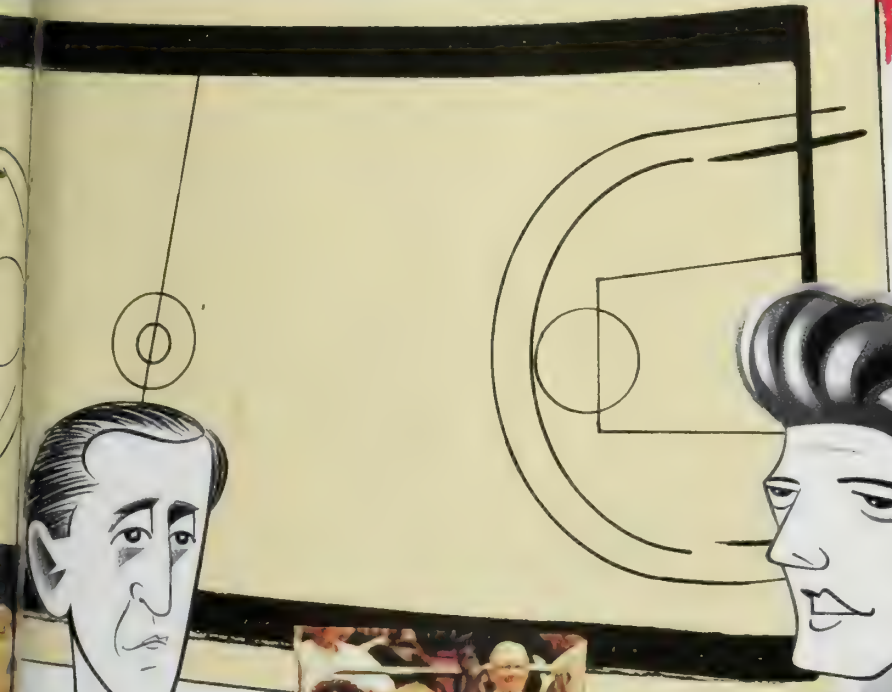




Francis Ford Coppola

John McEnroe







Pat Riley



Woody Allen

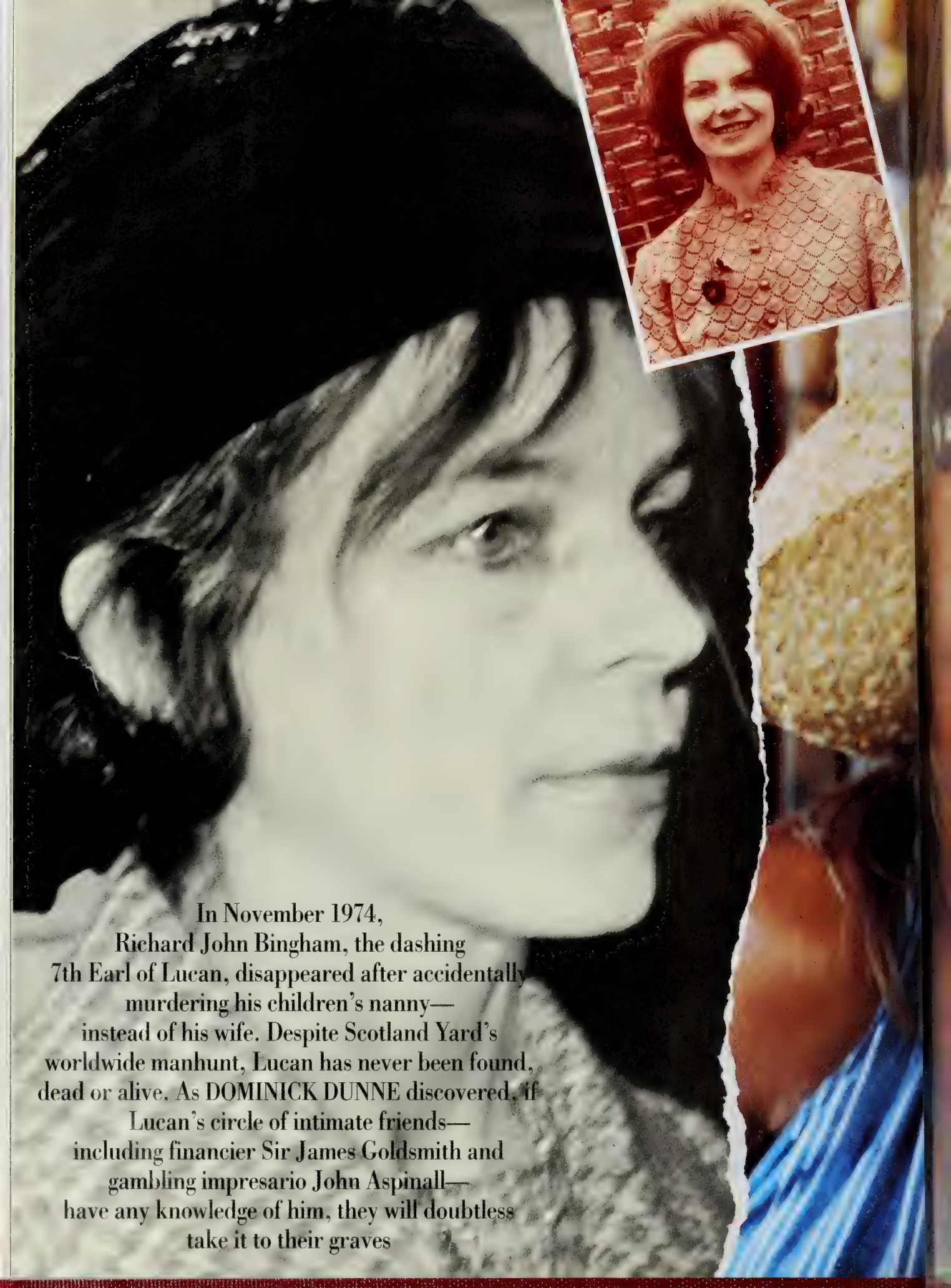
John F. Kennedy Jr.



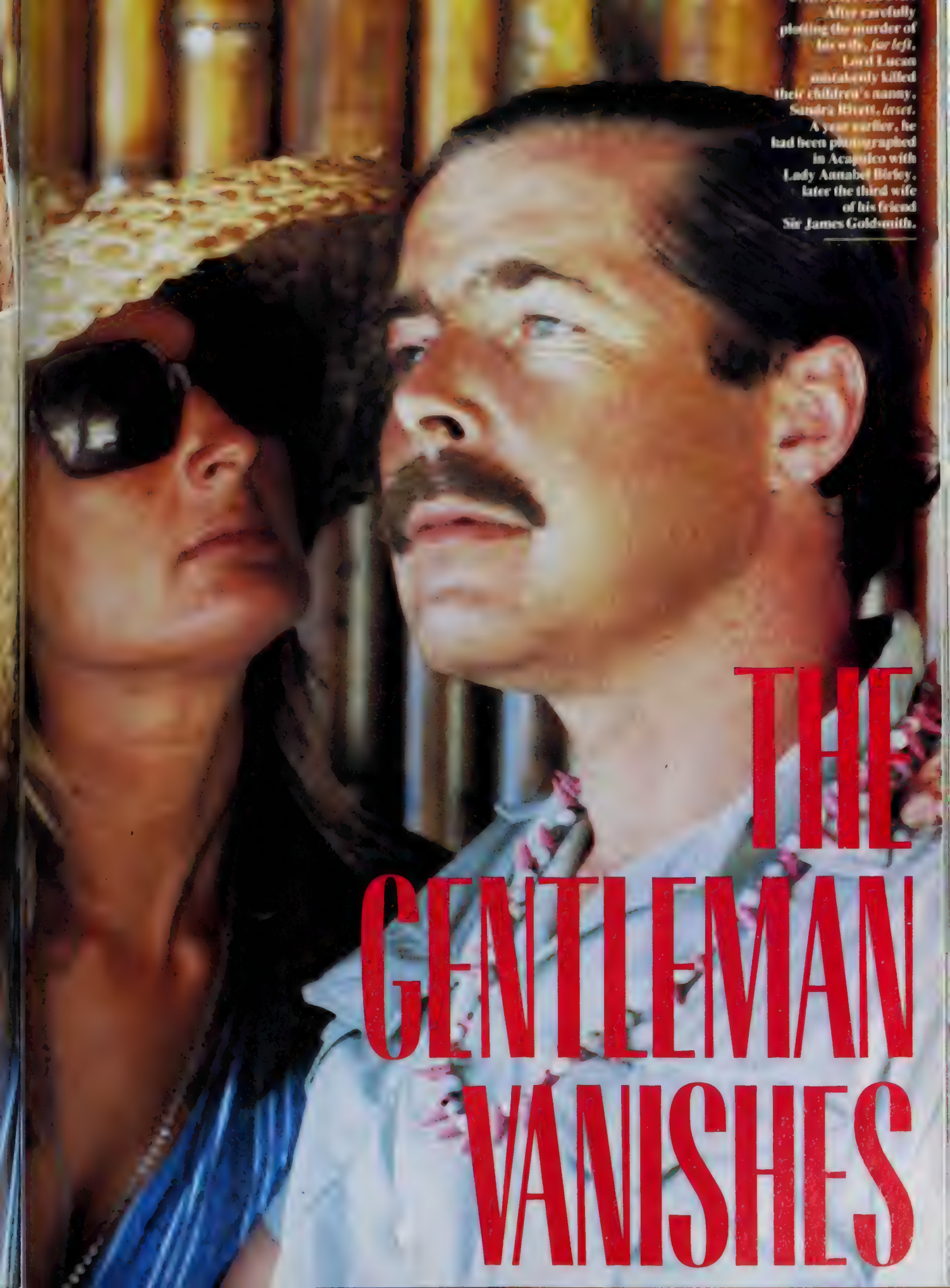
Daryl
Hannah



RISKO



In November 1974,
Richard John Bingham, the dashing
7th Earl of Lucan, disappeared after accidentally
murdering his children's nanny—
instead of his wife. Despite Scotland Yard's
worldwide manhunt, Lucan has never been found,
dead or alive. As DOMINICK DUNNE discovered, if
Lucan's circle of intimate friends—
including financier Sir James Goldsmith and
gambling impresario John Aspinall—
have any knowledge of him, they will doubtless
take it to their graves



After carefully plotting the murder of his wife, *far left*, Lord Lucan mistakenly killed their children's nanny, Sandra Rivett, *inset*. A year earlier, he had been photographed in Acapulco with Lady Annabel Birley, later the third wife of his friend Sir James Goldsmith.

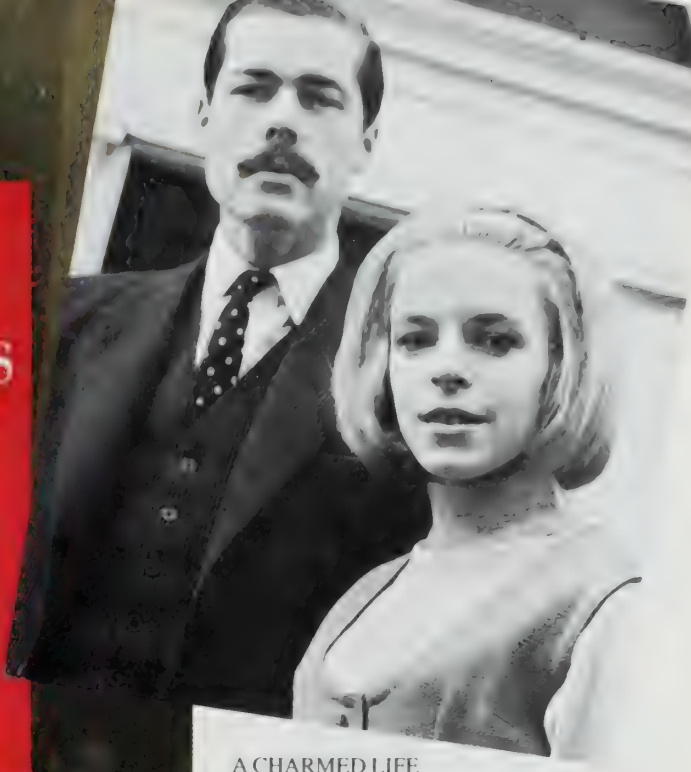
THE GENTLEMAN VANISHES



Lucan made secret recordings of his wife in an effort to show that she was mad.







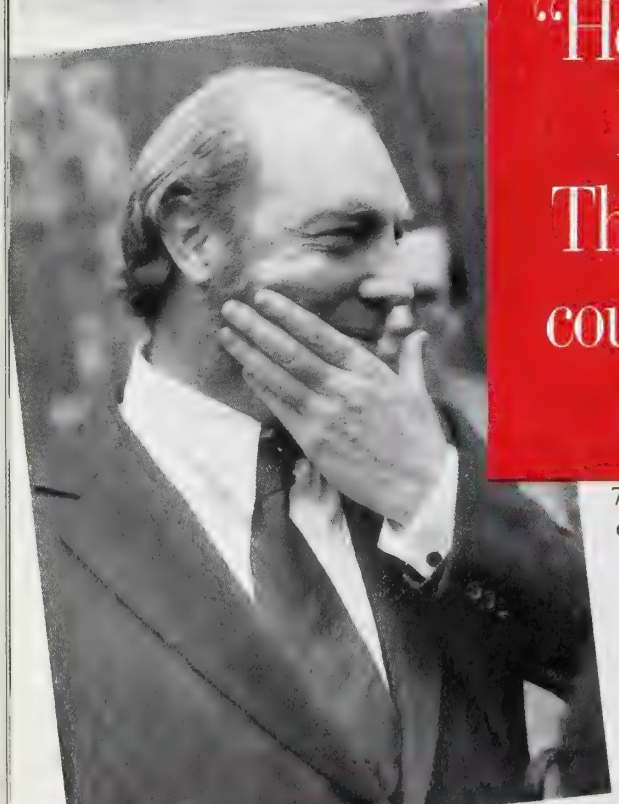
A CHARMED LIFE
Lord Lucan (holding pillow) engaging in high jinks on the turning pole at the Crystal Ball in Saint-Moritz in 1957, *left*, and with Veronica Duncan, his future wife, in 1963.

"Jimmy says that the most addictive substance in the world is luxury. Jimmy says once you've tasted it, nothing else ever tastes so good," said my source of information, who must remain nameless, as a great many people in this story must. Jimmy is Sir James Goldsmith, one of the richest men in the world, as well as one of the most complex and mysterious, and no one who knows him wants to be on his wrong side. "You want to dislike him because of some of the things he does and the way he acts at times, but it's hard to dislike him. He's good to his friends. If you don't disappoint him, or do mean things to him, he is the best friend you could have," continued the same source. One of the people who play an important part in this story, an artist named Dominic Elwes, did disappoint Jimmy. He did the unthinkable. He spoke to a member of the press. He painted a pic-

ture of a select group of privileged men, including Jimmy, known as the Clermont Set. And he was accused of having sold a vacation photograph taken in Acapulco of an English aristocrat, Lady Annabel Birley, who would later become Lady Annabel Goldsmith, Jimmy's third wife, in a chummy, holiday mood with a man who would later be wanted for murder. The word went out on Dominic Elwes. He was banished, blackballed, banned. Disastrous consequences followed.

The man in the photograph with Lady Annabel is the protagonist of this story. He was no ordinary, run-of-the-mill killer. He was Richard John Bingham, the 7th Earl of Lucan. Lord Lucan was tall, dark, and handsome, in a sullen sort of way. He was a yachtsman, a winter sportsman, a golfer, a professional gambler, a dashing figure by all accounts, the perfect example of an English blue blood, albeit one with a flawed background. The 3rd Earl of Lucan, his great-great-grandfather, directed the catastrophic Charge of the Light Brigade, one of the most famous disasters in British military history, which resulted in the massacre of half a division in the Valley of Death at Balaklava during the Crimean War, bringing disgrace to the name of Lucan. But the 7th earl of our story eclipsed the 3rd earl in negative fame when he was tried *in absentia* for murder—the first English peer to be named as a killer in 200 years.





INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS
Lucan's pal Sir James Goldsmith in London in 1975. *Bottom*, John Aspinall rubs his jaw after being punched for the slighting eulogy he delivered at Dominic Elwes's memorial service. His attacker cried, "This is what I think of your bloody speech, Aspinall!"

Aspinall reportedly said, "He must fall on his sword. That's the only course left open to him."

Sir James Goldsmith spends December to April each year at his splendid fiefdom, Cuixmala, on the west coast of Mexico, approxim[ate]ly 10 miles north of Carreas. "Luxu[ry]," the addictive substance, is the key w[ord] at Cuixmala. "He is having the gre[at]est time of any guy I know," said a r[e]cent visitor. "I have never seen such l[u]xury." You can arrive there only by pri[-]vate plane. One guest described [the] 18,000 acres of jungle and wetland as "very wild, very beautiful, very [dan]gerous." There are big cats, zebr[as], monkeys, and 400 crocodiles. Within [the] vast estate, 2,000 acres are enclosed [by] barbed-wire fencing and patrolled [by] Goldsmith's private security staff. G[reat] men of business fly in—Jacob Rothsc[hild] from London, Kerry Packer from Aus[tra]lia, Mick Flick from Germany, J[ohn] Tigrett from Tennessee, and John G[utf]freund from New York, who nea[rly] drowned one year in the rough s[ea]. Richard Nixon has been there, as w[ell] as Henry Kissinger. John Aspinall, [the] English gambling figure, who has a p[ri]vate zoo and is probably Goldsmit[h's] closest friend, visits regularly. Cu[i]mala is no mere place in the count[ry]. There are 100 servants and 100 gard[e]ners. There is a main house of Taj Mah[al]-like splendor, with a golden dome, [as] well as several smaller houses [for] guests, all designed and decorated [by] Robert Couturier of New York. Fi[ve] guests can be taken care of comfo[rt]ably, but in a pinch 100 can be acco[m]modated. Goldsmith attends to [the] guests' needs and entertainment met[i]ulously. There are boats and beach[es] and pools and tennis courts and stabl[es] of horses for riding. Guests play bac[k]gammon and watch sports on satell[ite] television. This year Goldsmith fl[ew] down a jazz band from New Orleans—six black men and a woman singer—who entertained him and his guests e[v]ery day during lunch and dinner.

It is a rarefied world. Several of th[e] year's guests had stopped first in L[os] Angeles to attend the unveiling of [a] five-and-a-half-ton bronze elephant scul[p]ture, known as the *Hoarusib Bull*, [on] the grounds of a multimillionaire's e[s]tate in Bel-Air. I attended that party. The garden was tented in, and jungle noises played on a sound system. John Aspinall, who had flown over from London with his wife, Lady Sarah, was a guest of honor, and he gave a passionate speech on the plight of elephants. It was all quite spectacular. Guests gaspe[d] at the magnificence of the 11½-foot





THE CLERMONT SET
Lucan with Dominic Elwes, *top*, on vacation in Acapulco in 1973. *Above*, Elwes's painting of the Clermont Club scene done after the murder, with, from left, Lucan, Stephen Raphael, Sir James Goldsmith, Charles Benson, the Earl of Suffolk, John Aspinall, Peter West, and (standing) Nicholas Soames

gh sculpture. The morning after the veiling, I returned to New York from alifornia on the private plane of a werful man who greatly dislikes John spinall because of a gambling dispute Aspinall's Clermont Club in London ears ago, when, the man claimed, As- nall had allowed him to exceed his nit while intoxicated. He said to me Be careful" when I mentioned my in- rest in the continuing mystery of Lord ucan, known to his friends as Lucky, ho vanished into what seemed like in air 19 years ago after mistakenly urdering a woman other than the wom- he had meant to murder.

There are two possible conclusions to this story. One is that Lord Lucan is dead. The other is that he's alive. Both theories have their supporters.

"Of course he's dead. Suicide was the proper thing to do, the gentleman's way out."

"It would have been quite beneath him to be hiding out in outh America in a disguise."

Or: "What is a million, or two, or three, to people who would get such pleasure out of defying the law by keeping him alive somewhere?" "At that point of power and wealth, there are no rules." "They say he's been seen with blond hair on a vineyard in South Africa."

In June of last year, Lord Lucan's son, Lord Bingham, aged 24, began legal action to take over the estate of his father. Furthermore, there were rumors that the heir was making moves to claim his father's earldom. For the first time in the worldwide manhunt for the missing peer, Scotland Yard said that there was no evidence to suggest that he was still alive. However, although it is official procedure to declare a person legally dead after seven years, Lucan never has been. According to the House of Lords registrar, he remains alive. A Scotland Yard spokesman said, "The Lucan file remains open. He is still circulated as wanted worldwide."

I have always been fascinated by the Lucan case, fascinated that a man of such distinctive looks, whose picture was on every newspaper and news broad-

cast in England, and most of the world, could literally vanish off the face of the earth. It all happened a long time ago, but this irresistible tale of gambling and violence in the aristocracy continues to intrigue, haunt, anger, and even frighten certain persons close to the missing earl, who know more than they have ever alluded to. At the end of last year, I traveled to England to look into the oft told story one more time. What I found was that even after nearly 20 years there is a reluctance on the part of people who might know something to talk about it, or, if they talk, to be identified. The former wife of one of the men closest to Lucan, who has since married and divorced another man, reacted with something akin to rage when it was suggested to her, by a mutual friend, that she speak with me about the case. "Never!" she said, it was reported to me. "I will not talk about it. No one in London will."

John Aspinall has been, and still is, a very controversial person in England, liked and loathed in unequal proportion. "Aspinall drained money from spoiled rich people to fund his zoo and to preserve wildlife and endangered species. In his mind, human beings take second place to animals," said an English peer. His private zoo, housed at his two English estates, Howletts and Port Lymphne, is considered one of the finest in the world. Friends recalled a party at the Clermont Club where his second wife received her guests in evening dress and jewels with a monkey hanging around her neck. He is remembered for having fearlessly pried apart the jaws of one of his tigers, which had seized the head of the 12-year-old son of Lady Annabel Birley, the woman with Lord Lucan in the Acapulco photograph, and was crushing the bones on one side of the child's face. Once, he shot another of his tigers after it had killed two of his gamekeepers in one month.

"Aspers is a terrifically amusing companion, and frightfully good at making people in the club feel he's their best friend, but he did allow people to lose more money than they could afford," said an acquaintance. Lord Lucan was one of the spoiled rich whose money was drained, albeit willingly, and who ended up playing for the house, as a titled shill at the Clermont Club, right up until the day of the murder. The Clermont, a famous and extremely elegant gambling club, is located in the last William Kent house in London, designed in 1742. The Clermont was long ago sold to the Playboy Club. An interim club has come and gone. When I arrived in England, Aspinall's new club, called simply Aspinall's, had recently opened in what was once the White Elephant, a restaurant favored by showbusiness people for many years. Originally the residence of the distinguished Curzon family, it was the London home of John Aspinall's third and current wife, who was born Lady Sarah Curzon. Unlike the serenely elegant Clermont, Aspinall's is elaborately, expensively, and purposefully overdone with swagging and ruching in velvet, damask, and golden fringe to appeal to the gamblers of today, who are mostly Italians, Japanese, and Arabs. The upper-class English, on whom Aspinall built his gambling fortune, have largely abandoned the pursuit.

On the night I met up with Aspinall, I, along with the internationally known decorator Nina Campbell, who is famed for having furbished the ill-fated marital abode of the Duke and Duchess of York, was being taken through the posh rooms of the new club by Anthony Little, of Osborne and Little, who had decorated the club. Little is married to John Aspinall's half-sister, the former Jennifer Osborne. Their late mother, Lady Osborne, who was known as Lady O., was the closest confidante of Lord Lucan, and is said to have gone to her grave knowing all the secrets of this story. In a small fourth-floor backgammon room, otherwise empty, Aspinall was lying on a sofa in the dark, watching tennis matches in Frankfurt on television. Little introduced us.

"Tell your rich friends to come in," Aspinall said to Nina Campbell.

"I don't have any rich friends," she replied.

"Nonsense. Anyone who can afford you to do up their house must be rich," said Aspinall.

He laughed jovially, as if it were all a great joke, but gamblers were sparse that night, as they were on a subsequent visit. Throughout the club, old memories are evoked. At the top of the stairs leading from the public rooms to the gambling rooms is an oil portrait of John Aspinall, painted by Dominic Elwes before he disappointed his friend by talking to the press and suffered expulsion. Lucan is twice evoked, whether in homage or in defiance I do not know. In one of the two dining rooms there is a stained-glass window of the jack of spades, with two likenesses of Lord Lucan as the jack. In the other dining room is a bust of Lucan in a niche high up on the wall, next to a second niche, containing a bust of the late King Farouk of Egypt, another famous loser on the gambling circuit. Beneath the bust of Lord Lucan is a plaque that reads:

L.K.: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF HE WALKED INTO THE ROOM?

J.A.: I WOULD EMBRACE HIM.

The two lines are an exchange between John Aspinall and Ludovic Kennedy from a television interview in 1975, a short time after the murder, when the manhunt for the missing lord was picking. At that time Aspinall seemed quite forthcoming. With me, he declined to be interviewed about Lord Lucan. A puff piece on his new club he would have consented to. A discussion of Lord Lucan, no. He declined charmingly, winningly, wittily, but declined.

As is often the case in upper-class crime, it is as if the rich crime were to take the crime seriously. Among many of Lucan's friends, there is a curious forgiveness for the heinous act that took place, and a tendency to blame Lucan's unpopular wife, Veronica. His friends were quick—too quick—to tell me that he was dead. I would hardly have the question out of my mouth before an answer was thrust back at me. "He's dead." Or "He walked into the sea and was eaten by crabs." Or "He took Valium and whiskey, lashed himself to the boat, opened the stopcocks, let the water in, and sank with it."

At a dinner party I attended, I sat next to the former wife of another of the principals in the Clermont Set. I said about Lucan, "I think he's still alive." She looked at me for a beat, turned back to her plate, looked at me again, and said, "So do I." When I tried to delve further, she smiled, shook her head, and waved her hand to

ange the subject. I felt she was sorry e had said that much.

What night is Nanny's night off?"

It appeared to be a casual question. Any number of affluent fathers, separated or divorced from their wives, might have asked it during a visit with their child.

"Thursday."

The child herself later told the police t her father had asked her that. Little l she know what the aftermath of her swer would be. She was Lady Frances ngham, then 10 years old, and her fa-er, whom she adored, and who adored r and her brother, Viscount Bingham, n aged 8, and her sister, Lady Camil- then aged 6, was Lord Lucan.

In a story in which there are many fferent opinions on almost everything, ere is no one who does not agree that rd and Lady Lucan were miserably ismatched. He had gambled almost ghtly for 11 years and had lost his inher- d fortune as well as all the money he d won in an early, spectacular winning eak, playing chemin de fer at a casino Deauville, after which he decided to uck his brief and unremarkable career banking, where he is best remembered former colleagues as a good bridge ayer, to take up what Oscar Wilde re- rred to as the great aristocratic art of ing absolutely nothing. Nothing, that , except more gambling, and taking ost of his meals at the Clermont Club. e played and lost, played and lost, ayed and lost. The Lucans fought over erything, even his Doberman pin- her's farts, which struck him funny and sgusted her. Lady Lucan, about whom decent word was, and is, rarely spoken, pecially by her husband's friends, was riously described to me as nervous, gh-strung, brittle, unrelaxed, a joyless eature, a complainer, and a woman ho made scenes in public, specifically the Clermont Club. It was the old .O.C.D. story: Not our class, darling. n innkeeper's stepdaughter, she has ten been quoted describing her mar- age into the aristocracy as her "eleva- n." On her wedding day, she was nt a magnificent diamond tiara be- nging to the Lucan family. "All I can member is how heavy it was," she id at the time. "It gave me a crick in the neck." Her mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess of Lucan, did not offer to lend it to her again. However, in the beginning the bride had high expectations of her elevation. "I was looking for a god, and he was a dream figure."

Lady Lucan was in the unfortunate position of being disliked by almost everyone. From all reports, she was not a lot of laughs. A woman who had invited her to a ladies' lunch party in Saint Moritz after Lucan abandoned her for the backgammon boards told me she sat down at the luncheon table and said, "Someone at this table has cancer, and will soon be dead." Charles Benson, one-time racing correspondent for the *Daily Express*, quotes her as shouting "She's a whore!" about a perfectly innocent woman, and saying about another, "She's jealous of me because I'm the Countess of Lucan and she's not even married." Once, she threw a glass of red wine on the white dress of a woman who was blocking her view of a television set, and yelled, "We don't want the likes of you here!" It is not surprising that she was not much in demand socially.

"He's murdered my nanny!" Lady Lucan screamed at the pub entrance. "Help me!"

Lucan's friendships for the most part were with men with whom he shared a love of sports, a love of nightlife, a love of gambling, and a loathing of the conventional work ethic. Women in his set were for providing sex, for having babies, for running the household efficiently, for giving dinner parties. They were not equal partners. Most of the wives accepted or went along with their lot. Lady Lucan did not. She was a constant and annoying presence in the gambling club. Dominic Elwes once told a friend, "Lucky didn't really like women, or sex. I think he saw women as an inferior race. He was often embarrassed in their company. If anything, I would say that he performed only the occasional boff *de politesse*." At one point Lucan was considered handsome enough to be asked to screen test for parts in films, once by producer Cubby Broccoli for the part of James Bond after Sean Connery left the series. I spoke to Broccoli and his wife at the elephant



HEIRS OF MISFORTUNE
Lady Lucan two months after the murder, *top*, with a portrait of her husband that she painted when they were still in love. *Above*, Lord Bingham, their son, who has taken legal action to claim his father's estate.

unveiling in Bel-Air, and they both remembered his test. "It wasn't very good," said Broccoli, but they both said how much they had liked him. Vittorio De Sica also tested Lucan, to play an English lord opposite Shirley MacLaine in *Woman Times Seven*, but he came off as wooden on-screen.

Charles Benson, who had known Lucan since Eton, said, "He was very right-wing, and never compromised in front of people. He never watered it down in front of liberals. He would talk about hanging and flogging and foreigners and 'niggers'—equally to shock and to get a reaction." Lucan seemed very depressed about England, very anti-immigration. He predicted a revolution and said he knew how he was going to leave the country when it came. When he vanished, people remembered that.

Lady Lucan had recently bested her husband in court over custody of their children. Lucan had described his wife to the judge as unstable and unbalanced. He had employed private detectives to follow her. He had made secret recordings of her with a concealed tape recorder in an effort to show that she was mad. Lady Lucan had described her husband to the court as a gambler. Lucan's compulsive gambling was notorious—it was as necessary for him as heroin is for an addict. It mattered little to him that his performance at the tables and backgammon boards was not highly praised by the great gamblers of his time; he had the bug, and he had it bad.

The judge had decided in favor of Lady Lucan as the more fit parent to bring up the children. He had found Lucan arrogant. Moreover, one of the many nannies who had come and gone in the Lucan household testified that Lucan had on occasion beaten up his wife, pushed her down the stairs, and once tried to strangle her. Lucan was bitter over his loss of the children. He was obsessed. He could talk of nothing else. His ramblings about his wife began to bore his friends, none of whom had ever liked her in the first place, or understood why he had married her. He started drinking great amounts of vodka, chain-smoking, and, according to Charles Benson, sweating profusely, even at the backgammon board.

Dominic Elwes, who was to play a major role in the tragic tale that followed, told James Fox, the author of a brilliant account of the Lucan affair, that he had said to his friend Lucan just before the murder, "You're not the first person to be divorced, nor the first to have a wife who is erratic and strange. You can't go on living this nightmare. You've got to brace up and be a man, and when they're grown up, you'll have the children around. You can't go on bending everyone's ear with this problem." Elwes then added to Fox, "I thought I'd got through to him." But he hadn't.

The court costs of the custody case were £40,000, or approximately $60,000, which Lucan simply did not have. He was already deeply in debt through gambling losses. In addition, there were bounced checks, overdrafts at four banks, school fees unpaid, money borrowed from a moneylender at 48 percent interest per annum for six months. In the weeks before the murder, he also borrowed money from several of his friends. Taki Theodoracopulos, the gossip columnist and international character, told me he lent Lucan £7,000 of his own money and raised £3,000 more from another Greek. A detective who worked on the case told me that it is in the official police report that Selim *(Continued on page 186)*

Wild and Woody

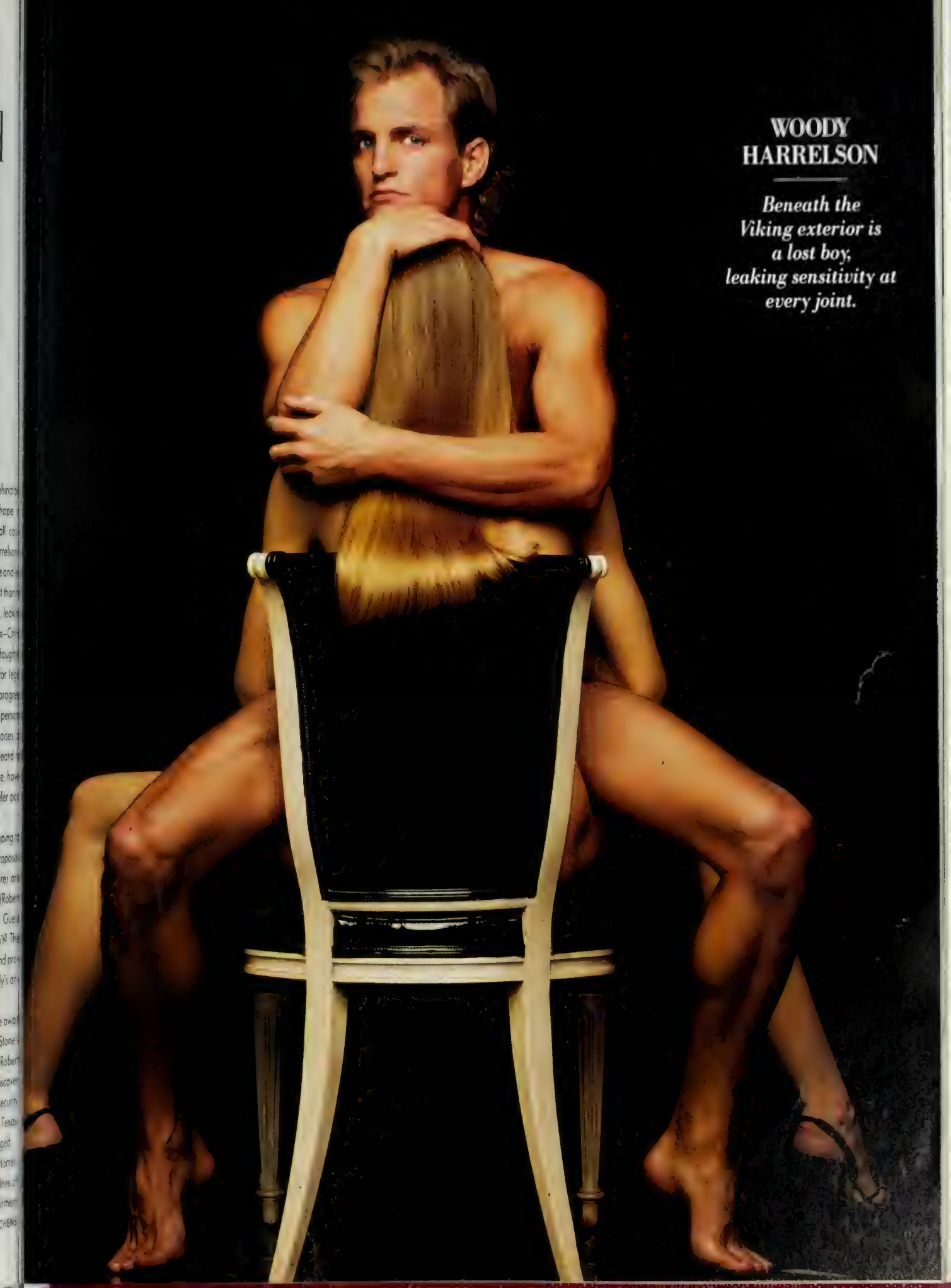
Great blond dope behind b
Great blond hope
the basketball co
Woody Harrelso
more versatile and
readily typecast than
looks. Beneath the Viking exterior is a lost boy, leaki
sensitivity at every joint. Ex-Republican and ex–Ch
tian fundamentalist, Harrelson, whose new daugh
had a ballyhooed home birth, now presses for leg
hemp and underwrites the whole Hollywood progr
sive agenda from soup to nuts. He even has a perso
al tepee, from whose crystal-lit interior the noises
Bly-like chanting and drumming have been heard
proceed. (Contrary to his appearance opposite, ho
ever, he is not auditioning for the Christine Keeler p
in *Scandal*.)

All his reserves of tact and soulfulness are going
be called upon in the forthcoming *Indecent Propos*
in which he and his screen wife (Demi Moore) a
offered big bucks by a rapacious financier (Robe
Redford) for a one-night stand with the lady. Gue
who's in favor of playing along, and who isn't? Th
Fatal Attraction team of director Adrian Lyne and pr
ducer Sherry Lansing is on hand to milk Woody's a
guish to the uttermost.

Further tests of manhood and rites of passage awa
him down the pike. He has signed to do Oliver Stone
Natural Born Killers, with Jack Palance and Robe
Downey Jr.—a hardish row to hoe, when you discove
that Harrelson's old man is still in the big maximum-securit
joint for the contract slaying of a federal judge in Texa
Childhood, one is given to understand, was rugged.

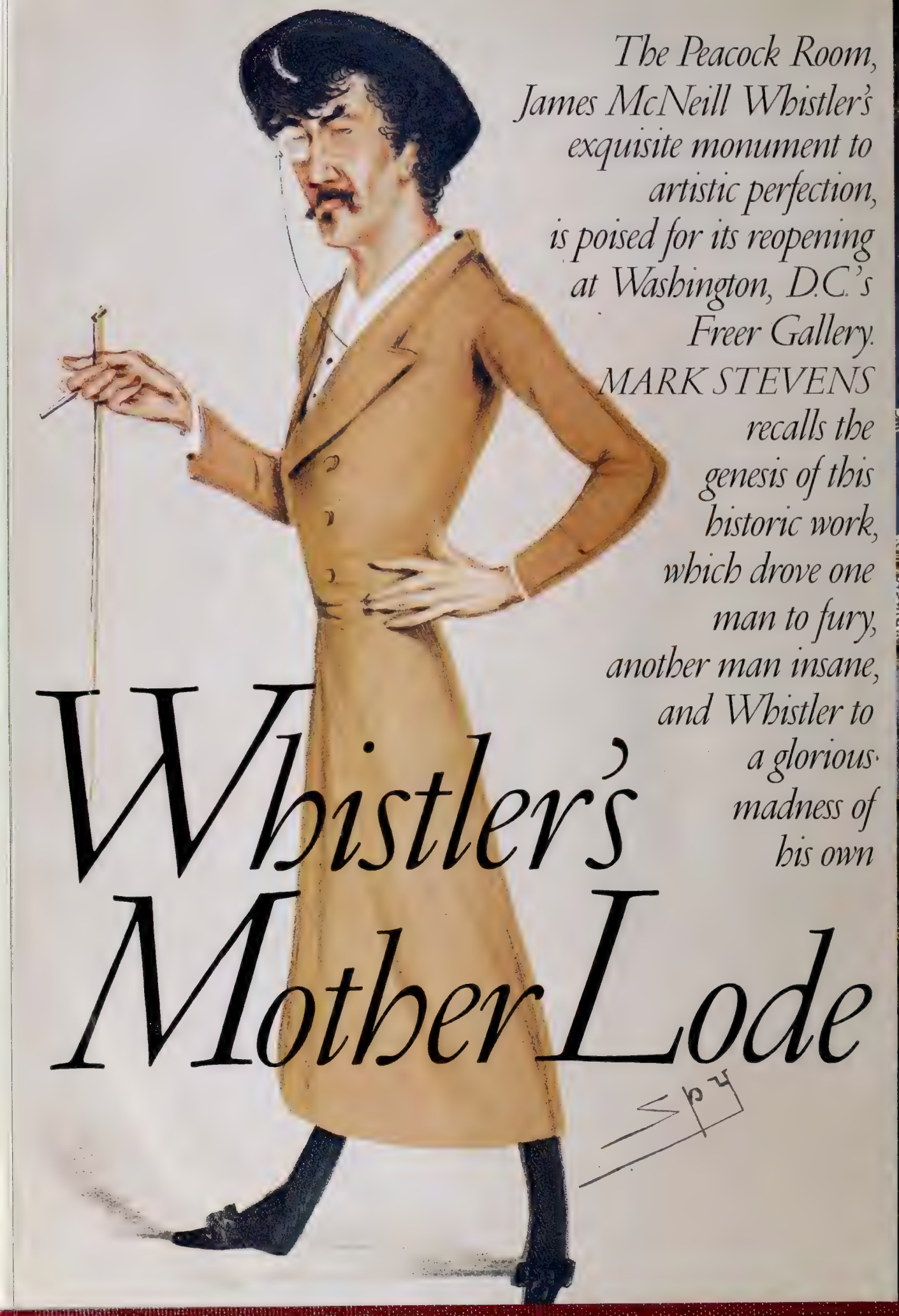
If love, poverty, and war are the big themes, Harrel
son (who made a cameo appearance in *Casualties o*
War) has tried them all on-screen, and had a sniff of them
in real life too. —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Photograph by FIROOZ ZAHEDI



WOODY HARRELSON

Beneath the Viking exterior is a lost boy, leaking sensitivity at every joint.



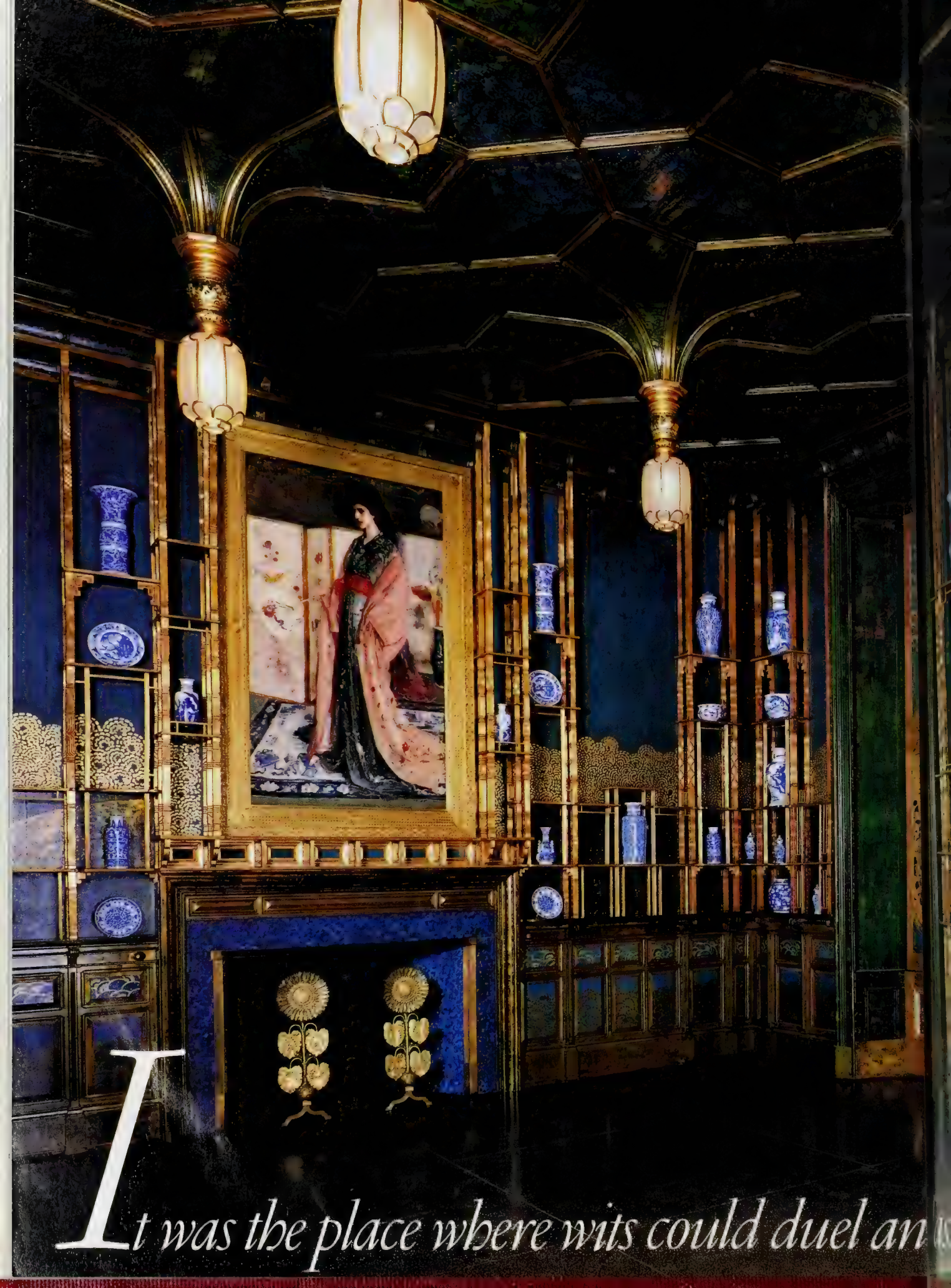
The Peacock Room, James McNeill Whistler's exquisite monument to artistic perfection, is poised for its reopening at Washington, D.C.'s Freer Gallery. MARK STEVENS recalls the genesis of this historic work, which drove one man to fury, another man insane, and Whistler to a glorious madness of his own

Whistler's Mother Lode



The eccentric and independent Whistler—caricatured by the *Vanity Fair* artist "Spy" (Sir Leslie Ward) in 1878—appears immortalized himself and his patron, Frederick Leyland, as competing peacocks, he with a white forelock, Leyland standing on shillings.

Photographs by EVELYN HOFER



It was the place where wits could duel an



The Peacock Room was designed in 1876 to hold Leyland's collection of "blue-and-white," as well as Whistler's painting *The Princess from the Land of Porcelain.*

lash in candlelight.

In *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, the painter and wit James Abbott McNeill Whistler praised "the rare few, who, early in Life, have rid Themselves of the Friendship of the Many." Whistler himself turned most of his friends into foes, he also made brilliant use of his enemies, employing them to confirm his singularity, as straw enhances a diamond. Yet his nastiness (one former friend called him "the damndest ass & squirt") was more than a dandy's indulgence. In his way, Whistler was also a fierce idealist. He created a hostile world of enemies, the better to evoke a higher world—purely, gorgeously governed by Art.

The most important expression of Whistler's world is his legendary *Harmony in Blue and Gold: The Peacock Room*, completed in London in 1877. Now in the Freer Gallery of Art, the least-visited great museum in Washington, D.C., this room brings together everything that makes Whistler so seductive. Exquisitely subtle in its effects, as fluent as a dream and as aristocratic as a slowly preening peacock, the room is one of the classic achievements of the Aesthetic Movement of the later 19th century. It is the figurative home of the great dandies.

The Peacock Room is also a classic in the history of insult. It provoked a furious row between Whistler and his patron, a rich shipping magnate and collector named Frederick R. Leyland, which led Whistler to portray Leyland as a miser on the walls of his own house. Malice being an excellent seasoning for beauty, the argument delighted the London of the 1870s. It should continue to enhance the room's charm today, when the relations between art and money, while less witty than in Whistler's day, are no less intimate and malicious.

Four years ago, the Freer closed to renovate its building and reinstall its collection of Oriental art. A team of conservators, working with Linda Merrill, the museum's curator of American art and a Whistler specialist, began cleaning the Peacock Room. It was a laborious process. One man spent 1,500 hours simply rubbing down the gilded woodwork. (Whistler would have considered this no more than his due.) The change, which can be seen when the Freer reopens *(Continued on page 164)*



JANE BOVINGDON SEMEL

A commercial photographer and wife of Warner Bros. president Terry Semel, Jane Bovingdon Semel has an eye honed in London advertising, and a trio of kids who take more than a few watchful glances. When she's not shooting pictures (she's shown here with the model Vendela), she's on the slopes in Colorado—with Terry and the rest of her family.

Hollywood

Though they are the grande dames of an elite kingdom, these women work hard: with their children, their charities, their own businesses, and their husbands, who are some of the most powerful men in Hollywood. FIROOZ ZAHEDI photographed a gallery of ladies who do more than lunch.



ANNE DOUGLAS

"When I first came to California with Kirk," says Anne Douglas, "I didn't have a face when I went out without him." Now she has a life of her own, accomplishments: she's helped bring up four sons, produced films, supported her husband through his enduring career, and raised millions for charities, including Harry's Haven, the Motion Picture and Television Fund's Alzheimer's care unit (named for Kirk's father).

Wives

Hollywood wives ar

PATRICIA DUFF MEDAVOY

Founder and co-chair of Show Coalition,
a political-education network,
Patricia Duff Medavoy
(wife of TriStar Pictures chairman Mike Medavoy)
is a political pro. Last year, when the
coalition sponsored its American Community Summit
on issues ranging from racism to education,
the attendees included Bill Clinton and Al Gore.
Later in the year, she served on the platform committee of
the Democratic National Convention.
Her vita reads like the Declaration of Independence,
and she's only just begun to fight.



BODYSUIT AND EVENING SKIRT BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA. JEWELRY BY CARTIER

Today's Hollywood wife has about as much in common with the old myths as Hillary Rodham Clinton has with the crinolined hostesses of yesterday's state dinners.

Hollywood wives do what they want—and say what they think. They've earned the right. Mrs. Lew (Edie) Wasserman, whom many designate as Hollywood's First Lady, is a skillful, creative fund-raising force and has amassed millions over the last decade for the Motion Picture and Television Fund. Anne Douglas, Kirk's wife for 39 years, has played a similarly important role and was recently honored with the establishment of the Anne Douglas Center for homeless women at the Los Angeles Mission. "I've never been demeaned or flattered by being called a Hollywood wife, whatever that means," she says. "Does anyone care?"

"I'm not into lunch-bunching," says Candy Spelling, wife of *(Continued on page 150)*

driven as their husbands, and as tough.



"Family above all, then work"



WENDY FINERMAN

"Go get it," Columbia Pictures chairman Mark Canton tells his wife, Wendy, who has formed her own production company. Known for her relentless organizational abilities, Finerman has two young children and a long list of works in progress, including projects for Tom Hanks and Glenn Close, and a film on W.W. II women pilots. Tired of hearing about wives who do it all, she jokes, "I have few hobbies."



CANDY SPELLING

Wife of Aaron Spelling, the producer with the dynasty of TV hits, Candy is also the mother of Randy and Tori, one of the young stars of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. She is shown here in the gift-wrapping room she maintains in the Holmby Hills mansion she shares with her husband and children. Candy, who shops for all holiday and special gifts for her husband's huge staff, finds shopping and wrapping "therapeutic."

"I'm not into lunch-bunching."

(Continued from page 146) veteran TV producer Aaron Spelling. Currently negotiating with a top manufacturer to create a line of Candy Spelling Fantasy Dolls (her Holmby Hills mansion contains a doll museum housing her collection of hundreds of antique dolls), Spelling does her own thing. Who cares what the neighbors think?

Hollywood women's lives are based on combinations: children and careers, activism and production deals, social commitments and private time. Patricia Duff Medavoy, wife of TriStar chairman Mike Medavoy, has very little private time these days. A political veteran, she has worked in Washington, mounted campaigns, served on the platform committee of the Democratic National Convention, and helped found Show Coalition and a new group, the Common Good, an organization designed to recognize television series and other projects that exemplify the spirit of compassion and humanity. The list of issues that draw her attention is endless—and she's currently developing film and TV projects.

Hollywood wives are as driven as their husbands, and just as tough. It takes energy, Hollywood—and a survivor's will. There's drama at every turn. Husbands with heads full of corporate politics and box-office figures. Projects in rapid turnaround. Children in changing worlds with problems the writers of *Beverly Hills, 90210* haven't even begun to think about. Earthquakes coming and mud slides in the hills.

The six wives on these pages bring substance to their world. Grace under pressure. Backbone and enough wit to sit back and laugh when things get crazy.

The sustaining element in their lives is family. In a town where success can be isolating, most Hollywood wives—and husbands—have learned to keep the home fires burning. "Family above all, then work," vows Wendy Finerman, who heads her own production company and shares her life with Mark Canton, chairman of Columbia Pictures. Jane Bovingdon Semel, who has been married to Warner Bros. president and chief operating officer Terry Semel for 15 years, seems to agree. "You don't wave a wand to be a good mother—you're there around the clock." It's a far cry from what the novels have led us to expect. But Jane Semel isn't too interested in old fictions.

"Frankly, they can call me anything they damn well please, Hollywood wife or whatever," Semel continues. "I know who I am."

That pretty much says it. —GEORGE CHRISTY

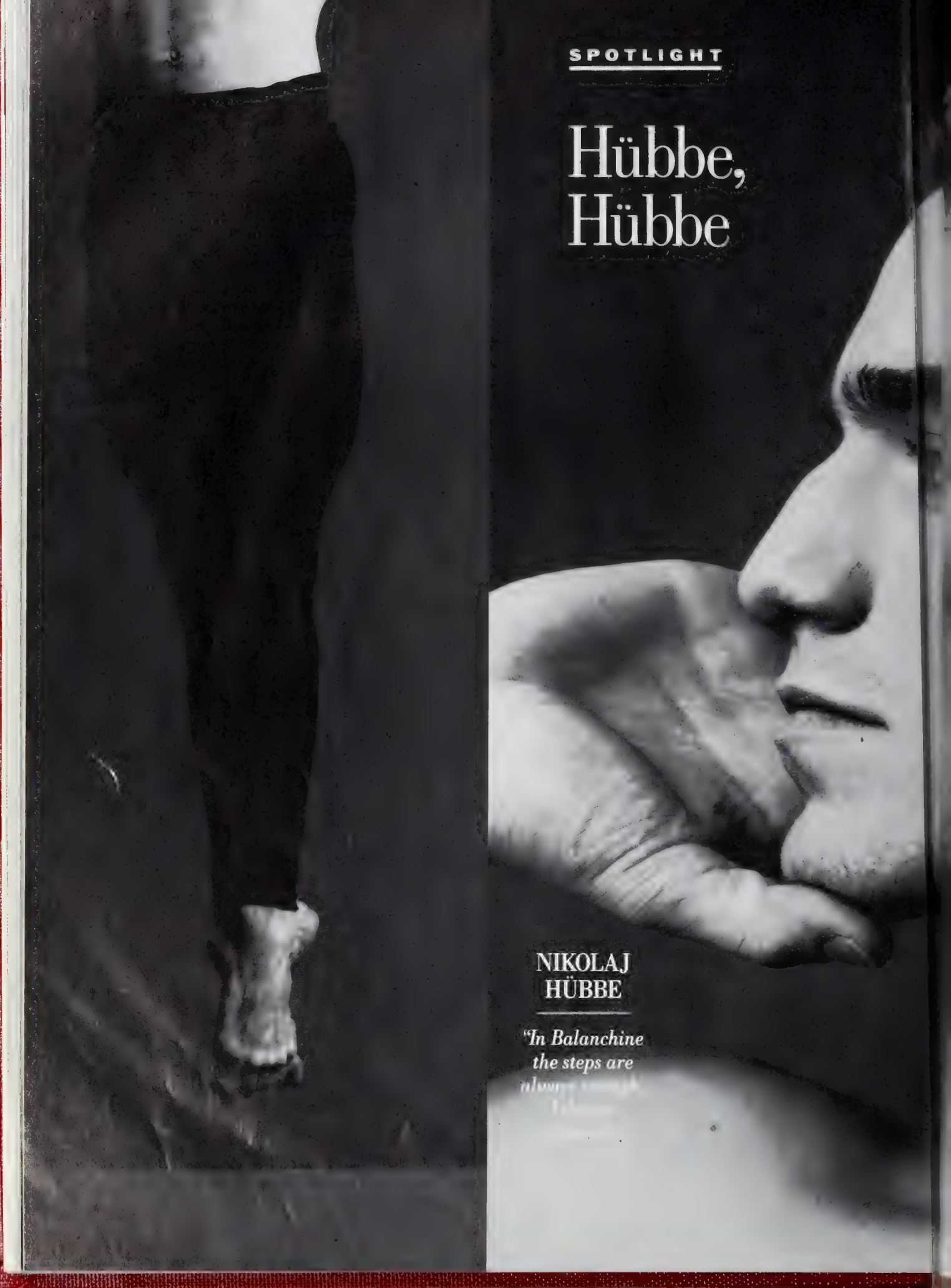
Edie Wasserman, whom many designate as Hollywood's First Lady, has amassed millions for the Motion Picture and Television Fund.

EDIE WASSERMAN

With her husband, Lew, longtime chairman of MCA Inc., Edie Wasserman has helped provide scholarship opportunities at major colleges and has worked with the Research to Prevent Blindness organization and the Jules Stein Eye Institute. Perhaps the best known of her endeavors is a decade-long campaign for the Motion Picture and Television Fund, whose services include a retirement facility and health care and emergency financial aid for industry families. Recently, Mrs. Wasserman played one of the major roles in the $50 million fund-raising drive to finance an outpatient hospital for the fund.

JEWELRY BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS





SPOTLIGHT

Hübbe, Hübbe

NIKOLAJ HÜBBE

"In Balanchine the steps are



Nolan Hübbe is New York City Ballet's current star apparent, and his virtuosity will be on full display this month during a retrospective of 73 George Balanchine ballets. The 25-year-old Hübbe (rhymes with tuba) is City's newest Dane—a position once held by the company director, Peter Martins, who hired him last fall. Hübbe plunged into the repertoire; he was particularly mesmerizing in Jerome Robbins's *Afternoon of a Faun*. As lights came up, he lay alone onstage while a solo flute oozed through the orchestra. When he levitated, less narcissistic faun than sunrise, a stunned gasp rose from the cold crowd. Glamorous Darci Kistler floated on and was engulfed. Hübbe blazed, ice on fire. As the lights went down, 2,000 people exhaled, then screamed.

Hübbe began to study dance at 10 and joined the Royal Danish Ballet at 17. Son of a neurologist, he speaks impeccable English—in paragraphs, yet—and is so collected that you'd never guess he's been compared to the young Baryshnikov. City Ballet dancers can be faceless, but Hübbe projects the secrets of the steps as though impelled by an inner narrative. "In Balanchine the steps are always enough. I dance, that's all. I don't think about the future or the past. Everything is now."

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Rossellini's Requiem





THORNY COURTIER
Franco Rossellini in his Manhattan apartment near Carnegie Hall a few months before his death, *opposite*, and in Rome with the "unpossible" Maria Callas in 1969.

Franco Rossellini made an art of befriending the famous—from Maria Callas and Pier Paolo Pasolini to Imelda Marcos and Doris Duke—and, even more, of talking about them. A year after Rossellini's death from AIDS, BEN BRANTLEY describes the eccentric valor and pyrotechnic storytelling of the film producer's last months

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER



HIGH ALTAR
Among the enshrined in Rossellini's bedroom gallery, from top, Doris Duke, Renzo Rossellini, an unidentified young friend, and Princess Caroline of Monaco with two of her children. *Right*, clockwise from top right, Maria Callas, a drawing of C. Z. Guest, Doris Duke with Rossellini, Franco himself, a man Rossellini identified only as "Gregory," and, at center, Callas with Aristotle Onassis.

On the day I met Franco Rossellini, four months before he died last June, he assured me his life had been glorious. The 56-year-old Italian movie producer, a man who had spent much time playing thorny courtier to the famous, had been diagnosed with AIDS in the spring of 1991, and he seemed at pains to make sense of an existence spent mostly in fragmented transit and on the periphery of more celebrated lives. "Ah, my bi-*o*-grapher," he exclaimed, stretching each syllable, as he entered the living room of his two-bedroom Manhattan apartment near Carnegie Hall. A theatrical six feet five, Rossellini had the head of a balding, regal parrot. He was dressed casually—a T-shirt printed with the name of Cabrini Medical Center, khaki pants, boat shoes. But his eyeglasses—lemon-shaped with wide black arms—immediately evoked the Rome of *La Dolce Vita* (a movie in which he played a bit part), and his manner was pure silk dressing gown. I had seldom met anyone with such a ravenous will to impress. He indicated the gallery of photographs which dominated the room with an expansive sweep of his cigarette holder. "These are my icons, my heroes," he said. "Let's face it, who has the claim to such a life? I've been very spoiled."

Some of the pictures were of artists; others were of people known simply for their money and how they spent it. Nearly all of them were famous. His friendships with them had become, in a strange way, his profession. He was well aware that knowing, and betraying, their secrets—and being able to present his idols stripped, as it were, to their ratty underwear—was what guaranteed him power and access in a milieu in which gossip was treated as an art form. These friends ranged from Imelda Marcos—whom he planned to meet in the Philippines, where she would wage her unsuccessful bid for the presidency—to Rudolf Nureyev; from Doris Duke, the reclusive tobacco heiress, to Pier Paolo Pasolini, the controversial poet-filmmaker, for whom he had produced three films. They would


CROCE ROSSA ITALIANA
100





form the corps of dramatis personae in the stories he would tell me in the succeeding months—tirelessly, even from hospital beds. In one breath, he could both apotheosize and excoriate his subjects and perceive no contradiction. "Monsters," "provocateurs," he would call them with proprietary affection; "impossible people."

Chief among the pantheon was Maria Callas, the opera diva and the most "impossible" of all. He had seen her through numerous crises, he said, diverting her with jokes and fiery arguments. After the blow of her beloved Aristotle Onassis's marriage to Jacqueline Kennedy, he had even created a movie for her: Pasolini's *Medea*, released in 1970. Now it seemed that Callas, who died in 1977, was reciprocating, appearing to Rossellini in nightly visitations. Speaking in the Venetian dialect in which they often conversed, she would offer imperious, but optimistic, counsel on his physical and spiritual condition. She signaled her arrival, he told me, by toppling the framed photograph which showed her on location in Turkey in elaborate queenly headdress, looking adoringly at him.

"Don't make fun of me," he admonished in one of the moments of bald insight which would periodically startle amid the exaggerations and barbed whimsy. "I'm grateful to these characters that are so printed into my soul—they keep me company. They are *printed*. It's not a diplomatic passport like Mrs. Marcos has, that they can come and visit me. But I am lucky that I have an inside that helps me to survive, because I really cannot take it. The other day, after this thing with Callas, I change completely. Completely. I feel superb."

Franco Rossellini grew up in Rome in, as he put it, an "incredible atmosphere of genius" and much-publicized drama. He appears to have fallen in love early with the distorting, glamorizing mirror which fame held up to the lives of those around him. The son of the composer Renzo Rossellini, he called his uncle Roberto Rossellini, the film director responsible for such neo-realist cornerstones as *Open City* and *Paisan*, his true spiritual father. Born in 1935, Franco was 13 when Roberto began his notorious romance with the married film actress Ingrid Bergman, whom he subsequently wed. Their romance drew public censure from the floor of the U.S. Senate, a circumstance which he spoke of in a tone suggesting a French aristocrat's recalling of the Reign of Terror.

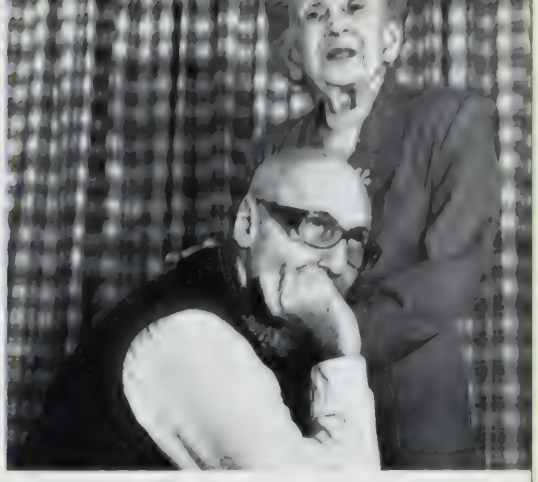
He was a pure example of a disappearing breed: the man who talks for his supper, supremely adept at keeping the easily bored from seeming boring to themselves.

Franco described the Rossellinis as a tribe of "universal artists," but seldom dwelled on the specifics of their artistic accomplishments. The point for him was the family's defiant flouti[ng] o[f] convention and the breadth of t[he] in[ter]national interest it provoked. [I] nev[er] er knew if the stories he told me [ab]ou[t] his family were things he had ac[tu]all[y] seen, or heard from relatives, or [sim]ply read in the books he kept a[r]ou[nd] him. For him, that didn't matt[er]. was his birthright to tell them, ju[st] a[s] it was his birthright to claim atte[n]tio[n] with the willful, extravagant beh[a]vio[r] he so loved describing in other[s]. I[n] his own eyes, he had ach[ie]ve[d] greatness by association.

The sense of self-impor[t]anc[e] engendered by his early [a]rt[i]s[tic] would lead him to court, fo[r] the rest of his life, "exceptional [pe]o[p]le" with similarly tempest[uo]us histories and a disregard for [mi]d[d]le-class morality. He would [h]im[s]elf become the producer of se[ve]ra[l] films which would get a lot o[f] at[te]ntion: those he made with P[a]so[l]ini became art-house clas[si]cs [o]f another, the controversial epic *[Ca]ligula*, a loud *succès de scandale*. But he seldom wanted to talk a[bo]ut filmmaking, only the personal[i]ti[es] of the people involved. He cle[ar]ly liked the commotion, the daily [d]ra[ma]trionics, of a movie set; fi[lm]s themselves bored him. "I hate movie[s]," he said one day. "It was the only thi[ng] could do. To me, they're very tirin[g]. don't discuss them."

A month before he died, his friend[ship] some 40 years, the Italian countess M[a]r[i]na Cicogna, who co-produced two Pa[so]lini/Rossellini films, noted, "The o[n]e thing I've never seen Franco have in [l]ife is a direction." And by the end of [his] life, he was identified largely as [a] "court jester"—or, even worse, "gig[o]lo"—to the very rich. They were lab[els] he despised. "I'm not a clown," [he] said. "I'm a very bright person, and





A STELLAR CAST
Left to right: Franco in the 60s with his uncle Roberto and Roberto's son Renzo; aboard the *Christina* with Onassis and Florinda Bolkan; on location with Pasolini and Ingrid Bergman, 1970; at Doris Duke's New Jersey estate in the 80s with Imelda Marcos and her daughter Irene, Enzo Natale, and one of Doris's pet camels; and with his mother, Lina Rossellini, in 1992.

a lot of people, I'm very intimidating.'' All the same, he came to live off the stories he had accumulated, much as Truman Capote did in the period when his major writing was well behind him. They were his passage to private planes and stellar dinner parties. He was, finally, a highly evolved example of a disappearing breed, one largely peculiar to the idle classes: the man who talks for his supper. He was supremely adept at keeping the easily bored from seeming boring to themselves.

Even after many of his favorite subjects had died or dropped him, as he claimed bitterly, when they learned he had AIDS, he continued to talk about them to anyone who would listen. He would surround himself with biographies, searching the indexes for references to his name. His mood swings were vast, ranging from childlike sentimentality to vitriolic contempt. On some days, he wondered if he was wasting my time. ''What a stupid life I had,'' he once told me, nearly spitting the sentence. ''Day by day, I think it's very interesting, but on the whole it's a terrible stupidity.''

But as soon as he set himself on the path of a story, the gloom would evaporate, and the room itself would seem to spring into animation. In the telling, they were vibrant, fully fleshed tales, but whenever I tried to repeat them to other people, they seemed to shrink into triviality, silliness, even nastiness. I learned early on not to look for coherence or factual accuracy in them. His cousin Isabella Rossellini, the actress and model, whose parents were Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman, warned me, ''Every day he will change the story, because Franco is compelled to lie a little bit all the time. In the family, we lift the shoulders and say, 'Here he goes again . . .' ''

Rossellini himself did not see this as a criticism. ''We are Italians, we live on lies,'' he said. ''Otherwise, you cannot survive. Sometimes I pretend something which is not. Doris, *Doris* [Duke] is unable to lie. But she can be a hell of a bore. Oh, my dear, I tell you that. And Jackie [Onassis] cannot lie. But who wants to hear Jackie, even lying? You understand? I am a fucking liar, and everybody loves me.''

There was a strong current of malice in many of his portraits, and no secret—no matter how compromising in its sexual or financial details—was untellable if it added piquancy to the tale. He once exploded viciously on the subject of the ex-wife of a multimillionaire (she had sued him for money she had once lent him), detailing the sexual practices with which he believed she had earned her fortune. When I asked if he still talked to her, he seemed genuinely surprised. ''Of course,'' he said. ''She's a friend.''

Marina Cicogna admitted she had sometimes been offended by what she saw as ''major treason'' in Rossellini's behavior. But she added, ''I think he brought to these people a zest for life and a humor and a way of seeing things that was so much more precious than the kind of life that these people live. I mean, they're rather solemn and not terribly funny people, you know. Even Maria—who was an extraordinary talent—was not the funniest woman in the world. Actually, she was rather dull.''

Violent quarrels with the people he was closest to, including Callas, were customary in his life. But he was usually forgiven, and people continued to invite him to ride on their jets and stay on their yachts and private islands. Doris Duke even set him up in a cottage on her estate in Somerville, New Jersey, and, along with other of his wealthier friends, helped to pay his medical bills in his last years. He saw nothing shameful in this. ''I am a very poor person,'' he said with ferocious pride. ''I have no money. No money. But I live like a billionaire.''

Inspired by the pictures carefully logged into more than a dozen photo albums, he spoke of traveling with Mrs. Marcos when she returned to her homeland in 1991, for the first time since the overthrow of her husband's government, on a chartered 747 (''She had four statues of the Madonna, each carried by a special man, and they were sitting all in first class, with the seat belt on. Who in the world is like that? Look, look! Aren't they divine?''). He also talked about the memory of seeking out, with Doris Duke, the places in Burma where, he said, the heiress believed she had been a dancer in a previous life. To demonstrate the ''impossibility'' of Callas at the height of her fame, he enacted for me—in his living room—the first, tense meeting of Callas and Pasolini in the singer's Paris apartment, when Rossellini had originally proposed they all make a film together. He was feeble that day, and wheezing, but he stood up in order to mime all of the parts.

''She used to do a production of *everything*. So Pier Paolo and I arrived for lunch, and then the butler comes in, and then *(Continued on page 183)*

A Mehta of Style

In the literary salons of London and New York, writer Gita Mehta and her husband, Knopf editor in chief Sonny Mehta, mingle with wits and intellectuals. But India's myths and songs, the author tells JOAN JULIET BUCK, are the inspiration for her books, including her newest, richest novel, *A River Sutra*

A River Sutra, about to be published by Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, is a lyrical series of interlocking stories that transport the reader to a contemporary India that is also the living present of myth. With precise, transparent language, the author clears away the mystifications of exoticism while telling stories weighted with implacable truth. She conveys a world that is spiritual, foreign, and entirely accessible. The book is being touted as "the Indian *Canterbury Tales*." Already, some are saying that it has healing properties. It is in danger of becoming a spiritual touchstone, a *Siddhartha* for the 90s. This may deeply alarm its author, Gita Mehta.

It was Gita Mehta who wrote a scintillating, energetic attack on the hippie seekers of enlightenment, *Karma Cola*, a cool Indian's diatribe against the co-opting of her culture. "They had promised us Arpège and given us patchouli. . . . As the sitar wiped out the split-reed sax, and mantras began fouling the crystal clarity of rock and roll lyrics, millions of wild-eyed Americans turned their backs on all that amazing equipment and pointed at us, screaming, 'You guys! You've got it!' " *Karma Cola*, published in 1979, immediately established Gita Mehta as a devastating cross-cultural critic who could demolish the *Geist* of any particular *Zeit* with the flick of an epigram. So it has seemed, since then, that Gita Mehta could enlighten one about most things—politics, music, people, the world—but that it might be best not to ask her straight out about enlightenment. The story of the book's inception goes that a man at a party, spotting her sari, said, "Here's someone who can tell you about Karma," and she answered, "It's not all it's cracked up to be."

She's witty, skeptical, curious, provocative, brilliant, a great performer who never loses her dignity. Though she doesn't actually say "Pull your socks up," there's a disinclination to hear too much from her friends about heartbreak, religious aspirations, or self-doubt. She has an aversion to packaged systems of thought, won't hear about therapies, and thinks we Westerners spend far too much on clothes. For years now she has been saying, with a touch of anticipation,

Photograph by SNOWDON



Gita Mehta is a renowned conversationalist. Sunil Sethi, the Indian columnist, says, "People should pay to hear Gita talk."

that after a certain age it is traditional in India to give everything up and go off on a pilgrimage. Early on in her new book, a monk tells one of the characters, "You have traveled the world and think you have seen everything. Perhaps you have. But you have not yet learned the secrets of the human heart." It seems that while she appeared to be living engaged lives in three separate cultures she had also begun her pilgrimage. *A River Sutra* is a book from the heart.

In New York she is known less for *Karma Cola* and her succeeding historical novel, *Raj,* than for being the wife of Sonny Mehta, the magnetic president and editor in chief of Alfred A. Knopf. Where Sonny Mehta is taciturn to the point of alarming those around him with his long silences, Gita is articulate in a way that is granted to few. Richard Eyre, a friend from Cambridge and the artistic director of Britain's Royal National Theatre, confirms that "she's always been wildly opinionated, very assertive, a gifted phrasemaker." Sunil Sethi, the Indian columnist and critic, says, "People should pay to hear Gita talk." Apparently, for the short time that she taught at Sofia College in Bombay, she electrified her students into an understanding of the classics. She thinks aloud, in company. That company includes, apart from the alarming number of writers who are drawn by old allegiance or new contract into Sonny's circle, her own collection of interlocutors, described by the writer Rudy Wurlitzer as "aristocrats, vulgar Hollywood types, thieves, and outlaws"—to say nothing of pale Park Avenue types, archaeologists, deadbeats, society queens, and painters, all of whom sit fascinated, helpless, and in awe of the insights which Gita's conversation has given them. As Martand Singh, a Kapurthala prince and founder of the Indian National Trust, says, "One imbibes a certain clarity."

Oddly, the only bons mots that this crowd can recall all have to do with India: Kenneth Jay Lane cites her "Indian? Dot or feather?" and others come up with puns about Chutney Marys and Chutney Miras or quick jokes about pujas. I looked through my diary for some good Gita lines, but all I came up with was "You Westerners take love too personally." Her vocabulary is full of ripe, dated words, chosen for their quaintness: men are "blokes" or "coves," one looks "fetching," and afternoons in New York are given over to going "on the loaf," which means heading out in search of sustenance or stimulus. The sustenance is nominal; her great friend the actor Peter Eyre describes "Gita's tiny meals—she orders a hamburger and fries, and looks at it"; the stimulus tends more toward examining the polar bears in the Central Park zoo than antiques, which she calls "crockery."

The Mehtas are a glamorous, formidable couple. They met at Cambridge, where, says Richard Eyre, "they were preternaturally well-read, politically, culturally, musically literate in the widest sense; in a perfectly obvious way they were made for each other. They had sort of princely status. They have changed little, except to add substance to their presence." The first among their contemporaries in London to have a child, they lived in a basement flat in Belgravia, and their friends often crashed on the living-room floor. They still have this apartment, and their 26-year-old son, Aditya, who works in the City, now lives there. Sonny became the head of Pan Books, successfully forcing world literature on the broadest British public. They were a magnet of culture and counterculture, and not a writer passed through London without knowing them.

In England she was a popular pundit. In New York, Gita Mehta is seen hosting her husband's parties, or stepping out of cars with him at solemn charity events, in good pearls, a sari of brilliant silk, and bare feet in sandals even in the ice of winter; glimpsed across social gatherings, her high round forehead giving her the look of a child, her eyes fixed on her interlocutor, smoking low-tar English cigarettes, glass bangles in bright stripes up her arm, her sari draped like a wash of color over the small space she occupies, she is the most alive person in any room.

Although Sonny Mehta took over Knopf in 1987, Gita has not moved to New York permanently. Her nourishment, her soul, her home, and her subject remain India. Every winter, for three months and sometimes longer, she vanishes into her subcontinent, where she claims to do nothing but "loaf about." On the phone from India, she announces she has just returned from "a mangrove swamp, going up these rivers in a boat belonging to the forester, and there were 22-foot crocodiles and pythons and cobras. Tomorrow is the Festival of Color; they want me to be chucked into vats of color at the polo club by these crazed army types." Last year she decided her husband needed a holiday, and embarked him on an architectural odyssey that took in palaces, mosques, temples, and bazaars from Turkey to Uzbekistan and ended in Samarkand.

In India she is known as the daughter of Biju Patnaik, a flying ace and leading industrialist who gave up business to devote himself to politics and is the chief minister of Orissa, a huge eastern state of 32 million people. She is known for her documentaries and her coverage of the Bangladesh war, during which she was the only Indian woman to go out with an American film crew (NBC) behind guerrilla lines. "When you see things that are terribly unjust, you realize something has to be done. It's not an act of courage; it's an act of anger. . . . And who are the good guys anyway? The villains, because they're the victims." In 1972, she was about to go off on the Ho Chi Minh Trail to film the Khmer Rouge and the Pathet Lao when she was prevented by Vietnamese officials. "I was relieved, because I realized I had what Robert Graves called adrenalin poisoning. You get speeded up on danger, and addiction to danger becomes obscene, narcissistic. It was time to call a halt to all that."

She claims, with pride, to be totally lazy; her Indian friends talk with admiration about the discipline she acquired in the West. Peter Eyre says, "She kind of gets going, gets sidetracked, stops and starts again." Sonny Mehta says, "She knows more about publishing and books than any writer should ever have to know." She has always been meticulous about separating her own work from any connection with her husband, as Martand Singh says in another context, "She is concerned most of all with honor." She signed with Simon & Schuster to write the historical novel *Raj,* which led to eight years of dogged research. Not a commercial success in America, the book became a best-seller in Germany, as *Die Maharani.* Her spirit was not in it.

Two years ago, she was invited to speak at an environmental conference in Mexico. She decided she would deliver a paper on trees. She borrowed some Jung. In London, Mark Shand, the au-

hor of *Travels on My Elephant*, a book he wrote at her urging, took her to the Royal Geographical Society library, where he found an 1830 volume of Indian egends. In it was a story about the ritu transfer of bad luck by prospective *angalika* brides onto trees, with which he opened her lecture.

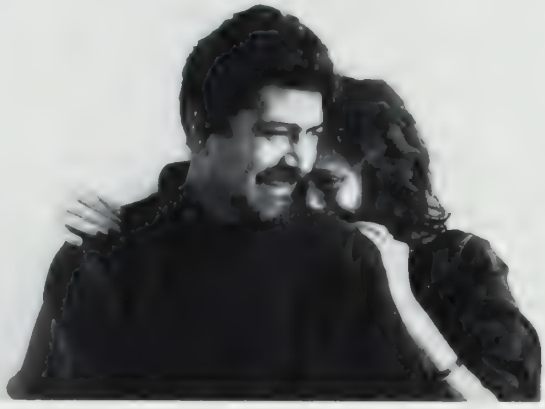
Gita Mehta readily explains that folk re and myth triggered the writ- ng of the stories that make up *A iver Sutra*. Unlike with *Raj*, he took no advance, and did ot notify her agent about the ook. She followed her pleasure nd her interest. "She's a real rtist," says Rudy Wurlitzer, but she's secretive about it. he really doesn't push her own go. It's amazing that anyone ho is living this public life can p into the sources she did for e book."

The research took maybe a ear; she wrote the book at top peed, rewriting endlessly to implify the language. She discussed it at length with a few riends, and it was evident from er enthusiasm that something emarkable was happening.

"As long as I've known er," says the writer Michael lerr, "she's refused to allow e to call her a writer. When I ead *A River Sutra*, I said, 'You've really lost your amateur status on this one.' 'You're kind,' she said. 'Goddamnit, ita, I'm *not kind*. This is a onderful piece of work.' "

"Absolutely wonderful," ys Sunil Sethi about the book. She takes all the myth and reity of India and resolves it in final simplicity."

On the phone from India—oasting, it must be said, that e's on the portable phone in garden full of jasmine under a full oon—she says, "I wrote the book beuse I wanted to find a contemporary orm in which you could use classical gend and song and myth and folk uff, and still be contemporary. With dian storytelling you can do that, beuse our mythology is alive, whilst in e West your mythology has gone mpletely underground; if you make a thological reference it can only be at someone's got an Oedipus com plex. Here in India, our mythology allows us to keep our subconscious at a conscious level. To some degree this reincarnation thing has informed all Indian storytelling—as children we'd hear our mother and aunts discussing some scandalous love affair like unfinished business from another life. The past is present in the present. There's no self-consciousness about that, so you're not always stuck with the prosaic.



Sonny and Gita Mehta have been a formidable couple since their Cambridge days

Asked at a party about Karma, she said, "It's not all it's cracked up to be."

"The insistent realism which you get in contemporary Western writing cheats the reader; what you get is very highly colored journalism, and the imaginative dimension is denied. Neurosis has taken the place of emotion. That's the great tragedy when you are denied mythology. It's not just about gods and goddesses; it's the canvas on which you paint the great emotions. The only time you have access to the big emotions in the West is when it's linked to music."

A River Sutra is the story of a businessman who renounces the world and becomes manager of a rest house by the Narmada River. The people he meets are holy men, civilians betrayed by the gods, and apprentice musicians. The final story is about a Hindu ascetic and a girl singer whose invocation to the river seems to be an exquisite 16th century poem. The stories lead from renunciation back into the world. The Narmada River is described with the specific clarity of one who has lived there for years. The tomb of the great Sufi poet Amir Rumi is right there, and Sufi, Hindu, and Jain beliefs combine into something for which we in the West have no words. Gita Mehta's descriptions of music are enthralling. "Her senses are very acute, and because they are, she has the ability to transcend them," says Martand Singh. "India's name for itself is 'the field of experience,' " says Gita Mehta, "and the whole point of going on a pilgrimage is to pick up a little of other people's experience."

"What's that river like?" I asked over the phone to India.

"Never been there," said Gita Mehta.

"What about the tomb of Amir Rumi?"

"It doesn't exist. That's just a fictional tomb."

"Well, the poem then? At the end, you thank the French scholar in the bookshop—is that where you found the poem?"

"I made it up," she said. "I had to find a way to fit in all the legends about the river."

I include this information in the interest of attempting to prevent Gita Mehta from becoming a holy woman. It would be tedious if she were suddenly mobbed by hordes of enlightenment seekers, if people took to wearing sandals with bare feet in the ice of winter in imitation of her aesthetic asceticism. The imaginative faculties are perhaps our greatest gift, and Gita Mehta, in her third book, has used them sublimely.

Whistler

(Continued from page 143) in early May, is both subtle and astonishing. Instead of a melodramatic transformation—like a window shade snapping up—there has been a recovery of lost enchantments. The room has awakened, as if to moonlight.

For a man like Whistler, who wanted to make the practice of life itself into art, the original purpose of the Peacock Room was inspiring. It was to be both a dining room and a space in which to exhibit Leyland's collection of Chinese porcelain. A dining room was, of course, a sacred precinct. It was the place where wits could duel and flash in candlelight, where wine would delight the senses and flirtations charm the heart. That there should also be Oriental porcelain on the walls—the rhapsodic mewing over "blue-and-white" during the 1860s and 70s amounted to a genuine mania—only deepened its allure.

When Whistler began work, the room already contained one of his paintings, *The Princess from the Land of Porcelain*. The artist added peacocks, a favorite Oriental motif, which he drew in gold across the walls. Elsewhere on the walls and over the ceiling he brushed on muted, iridescent colors and decorative designs inspired by the flowing lines of peacock feathers. More than any particular image, however, it was the room's enveloping harmonies of blue, green, and gold that bewitched the eye. During their work to recover this rich visual aura—lost to the grimy hand of time—the conservators kept a few actual peacock feathers around. If a feather is now raised in the room, it acts as a visual tuning fork—a key to the Whistlerian music.

Like his great friend and enemy, Oscar Wilde, Whistler gave the back of his hand to the cheaper facts. If being born in Lowell, Massachusetts, did not strike him as sufficiently interesting, then he might inform the world that he was born in St. Petersburg. Hadn't his father, a civil engineer working on the building of a Russian railroad, taken the family there when Whistler was still a child?

The stories that Whistler, a brilliant inventor of his own life, told about himself usually describe wit besting authority—the artful correcting the awful. Not surprisingly, he enjoyed telling tales about his time at West Point. He savored the military pomp, but was surely one of the most improbable cadets in history. His best subjects were French and drawing. His major ambition, it could be argued, was to keep his hair long. When chided for not knowing the date of a battle in the Mexican-American War—"Suppose you were to go out to dinner," his instructor asked, "and you, a West Point man, were asked the date of the battle, what would you do?"—Whistler allegedly replied, "Do? Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner!"

He collected numerous demerits, and failed chemistry. After being expelled from the Academy, he never deigned to keep regular hours at the jobs his family found for him. "I was not late," he would explain, "the office opened too early." However, he did learn how to etch while working as a cartographer for the U.S. government in Washington, and eventually became one of the greatest printmakers of the 19th century. Succumbing to his pleading, his family finally sent him, at the age of 21, to Paris. There he joined the atelier of Charles Gleyre and fell naturally into the bohemian life.

Whistler befriended many of the advanced young artists of the time, among them Édouard Manet, and took up with women more interesting than respectable. He had little money, yet managed to live with a certain style. As always, he gave the impression of doing almost no work, the better to imply genius and aristocratic indifference. Still, he was eager to succeed, and London probably offered less competition than Paris, which was crowded with artists. In 1863, he moved across the Channel.

In London, Whistler developed a truly outrageous persona, which, while everyone commented on its calculation, was much too strange to lack the force of authentic necessity. A small man with long fingers, he spoke with a strange accent—somewhat English, somewhat French, somewhat American—and had a high, cackling laugh. He carried a monocle and a thin walking stick three-quarters his height, which observers called a "wand." He wore foppish hats, canary-yellow gloves, and patent-leather shoes. He was immensely vain about a white streak in his hair, combing and fussing with this forelock as if it were the source of his power.

Whistler lived up to his looks. He scattered bons mots like poisonous candy, not much caring who got hurt. (He never let a good friend stand in the way of a good line.) If a visitor chanced to look at an unfinished painting, Whistler might very well pick up an exceedingly long brush and then, as if he were a fencing master, flick one tiny mark on the canvas—declaring the work done. He quarreled constantly, even engaging in fistfights. Thomas Carlyle, his neighbor in Chelsea, called him "the Creature."

As many people know from Art [illegible], Whistler had a mother. She was a formidable Presbyterian, deeply pious and puritanical, who never ceased exhorting her son toward the straight and narrow. When his mother moved to London, Whistler sent his red-haired mistress to other lodgings and permitted her to live with him. He became another instance in short, of the remarkable man-plus-mom pairings of Victorian culture. Still, he often took trips away.

It sometimes seems that Whistler needed to quarrel—erupt from the crowd—in order to breathe. He flouted just about everything a puritan would respect, to the extent that one can't help noting the concealed puritan in the artist. Whistler worked as hard as any Calvinist, tortured by his inability to reach the image of perfection. He constantly rubbed out his pictures. One subject posed 70 times; his models would actually faint from exhaustion. If the dandy in Whistler dressed in outrageous colors, the artist worked a puritan's palette, transforming the grays and blacks into the fine discriminations of aesthetic delight.

As a rule, Whistler allowed nothing practical, moralizing, or sentimental into art. He referred to his portrait of his mother—perhaps the most famous image in American art—as *Arrangement in Gray and Black*, and he once told a friend, who was surprised to find that the artist even had a mother, "Yes, indeed, I have a mother, and a very pretty bit of color she is, I can tell you." He scoffed at the middle-class fetish for facts, criticizing the copycat realism of people who like the moments "when, if you look across the river, you can count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side." He disliked the frank light of day and despised the obvious swoon over the sublime, such as the "unlimited admiration" daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

Instead, he made an art of delicate emanations which emphasized the transitory over the eternal and the surface over the soul. For him the essence *was* the surface. He decided how to paint one woman's portrait after seeing her brown dress pass a darkened doorway. At night he would often go rowing on the Thames and memorize the gradations of tone he saw there. He would then paint his "Nocturnes," atmospheric night scenes that seem breathed onto the canvas. It was when the light was low, he once wrote, that the world was most worth looking at: "when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as

ith a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall himneys become campanili, and the ware ouses are palaces in the night, and the hole city hangs in the heavens, and ary land is before us."

Victorian England mocked Whistler's ork. It looked smudged or unfinished had no story or moral like that of re-Raphaelite art. Whistler, in turn, alled England a "land of important ig orance and Beadledom" and picked wo great fights with Victorian authority hich transcended his usually petty per- onal quarrels—two bruising, damaging ghts that helped transform the way we egard art.

Both were fights for art's indepen- ence. The more famous, in 1878, was ought against John Ruskin, who had alled Whistler a "coxcomb" throwing a pot of paint in the public's face." An disputably great critic, Ruskin had be- ome, in his later life, the mad nanny of nglish culture. Whistler sued him for li- el. The jury awarded Whistler the Pyr- ic victory of a farthing in damages. till, the challenge to Ruskin helped free t from the power of critics and the op- essive moralizing taste of Victorian ngland. The other great duel of Whis- tler's life had been fought the year before with Leyland over the Peacock Room.

Leyland was an ideal patron. A self-made man from Liverpool, he bought pictures for good prices and even advanced money for unfinished work during a period when established taste refused to take Whistler seriously. Obviously an enlightened person of independent judgment, Leyland was a godsend for Whistler, who was chronically short of cash. That the artist chose to destroy this relationship shows just how tough he could be.

The quarrel began innocently enough. Leyland invited Whistler to do some fairly minor decorating, mostly a spit-and-polish job, on his handsome dining room. An architect named Thomas Jeckyll had already remodeled the room. The walnut shelving to hold Leyland's blue-and-white porcelain was in place. Whistler's painting hung over the fireplace. One of Leyland's prize possessions, some valuable antique leather, covered the walls. The room was all but done.

The Oriental rug had a red border, which Whistler thought disturbed the colors in his painting. He snipped it off. One thing led to another; taste, for Whistler, was a matter of eternal adjustment. When Leyland and his wife left London for several months, Whistler kept on working, becoming "quite mad with excitement." Leyland's prized antique leather wouldn't do. Whistler painted over it. The room required a finer light. He began purchasing large amounts of expensive gold leaf.

Whistler gilded the shelving and some walls. He also worked and rubbed the gold, smudging it beautifully so that it wouldn't appear too shiny. He was interested more in creating moonlight (a vast moon, the illusory source of the room's light, glows behind one pair of peacocks) than in the glitter of riches. Under his constant ministrations, the walls became almost weightless. The peacocks parading through the spaces appeared splendidly indifferent to anything but themselves.

Whistler worked from early morning to late at night, retiring to bed with his eyes full of "sleep and peacock feathers." As he worked, the room began gathering a great reputation in London. Friends and the curious regularly stopped by. According to one legend, when Jeckyll arrived and saw that his room had been utterly transformed—and that Whistler was getting all the credit—the architect literally went mad, and later began babbling and gilding the floor of his bedroom. Jeckyll



Whistler

did actually suffer from mental problems, and spent his last four years in an asylum. Whistler reportedly said, "To be sure, that is the effect I have upon people."

Leyland was furious to discover that Whistler, without permission, had painted on his antique leather and lorded it over his London house, running up enormous bills and inviting the press to admire his genius. Whistler refused to offer any apology. Leyland decided to pay the artist £1,000 for his work. Whistler chose to take offense: Leyland's payment was insulting. Among other things, tradesmen were paid in pounds. Professionals were traditionally paid in guineas, worth a shilling more. And so Whistler, bristling, turned the Peacock Room into a kind of parable.

The main image of the room, which faced the master of the house at dinner, showed two peacocks fighting. This symbolized not only his quarrel with Leyland but also the true relation between art and money. The gentlemanly peacock on the left (he has a silver forelock) is Whistler the artist. This peacock is raising one elegant wing to the vain, puffed-up creature on the right—Leyland the rich patron—as if to say, "Stop squawking, my good man." Around the rudely planted feet of the vulgar peacock, Whistler painted a scattering of silver shillings.

Whistler, as always, was merciless. Then, as now, wealthy patrons such as Leyland were surrounding themselves with art and artists in the generally futile effort to convince themselves that they were as interesting as their money. This mild illusion helped support artists. But Whistler, as in his duel with Ruskin, sensed an opportunity to highlight both his own and art's independence. He sacrificed Leyland to define the principle that money should not control art. Art served no one. If respectful enough, the rich might be permitted to serve art. Of the many cruel things Whistler said of Leyland, the most damning was the simplest: "He's only a millionaire."

Whistler's world is now all but lost to us. The awakening of the Peacock Room therefore has particular charm. Whistler proposed a kind of perfection among the peacocks which, while narrow, is nonetheless a great modern reach for paradise. During the 1870s, he was already painting the "Nocturnes." The Peacock Room, itself a nocturne, displays the same effortless poetry.

It also demonstrates how secretly serious the great dandies are—how hard they must play, how they must sweat to convey the sensation of Edenic ease. Whistler's version of the dandy has a sharpness, a ferocity, that come from waging a real fight. Victorian culture was no less artificial than Whistler himself. In the face of its sanctimonious platitudes about what was authentic, his dreamy aestheticism and outrageous behavior represented a wicked stab at authentic feeling. There was no pretense to his pretending.

Whistler once impaled a scorpion with an etching needle and, observing the creature lashing out with its tail, exclaimed "Isn't he fine?" Whistler liked to add a stinger to his signature, which was a butterfly. Whistler the fighter would doubtless have admired Muhammad Ali the dandy, whose ambition was to "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." Of course, the violence that gave his vanity force also isolated him. Whistler seemed always alone, especially with other people. Oscar Wilde said, "Mr. Whistler always spelt art, we believe still spells it, with a capital 'I'." Whistler himself never dined in the Peacock Room. In fact, after the quarrel, he never saw it again. □

The Lady Has Legs!

(Continued from page 121) Mary": "We nevah, evah, do nothin' nice and easy. We always do it nice and rough."

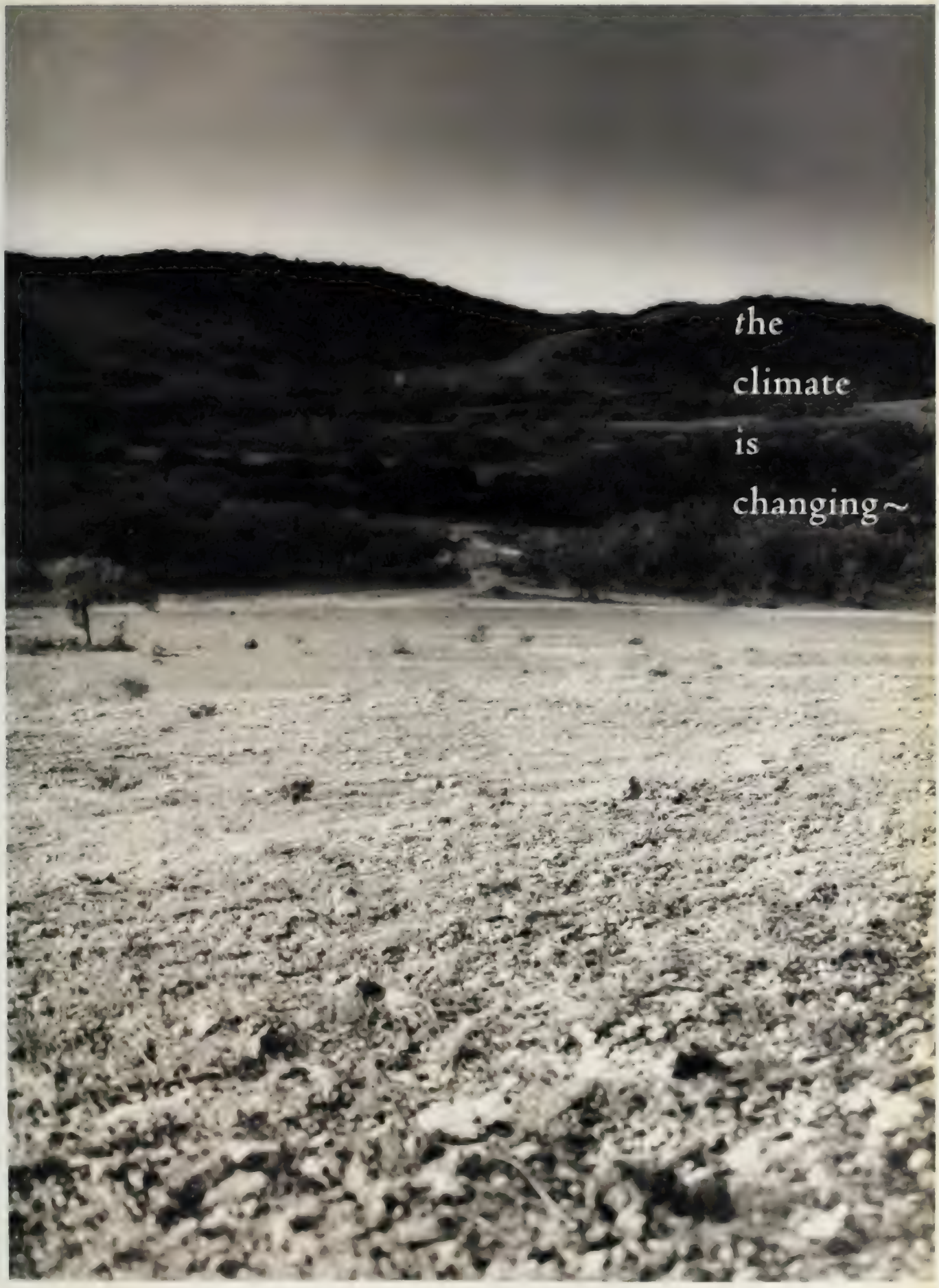
"She has this sensual persona, but her private mores are so old-fashioned, so traditional," says Bob Krasnow, the Elektra Entertainment chairman. "Tina could be your girlfriend, your sister, your best friend—she can fulfill all these emotional niches. Yet when she gets up onstage, she has the power to stimulate you and bring words to life in a way that's uniquely her own." Krasnow has never forgotten the time in the 60s when he first walked into the Turners' house in Baldwin Hills, in Los Angeles, expecting Tina to be a hot number. "She was in the kitchen with a wet rag, down on her hands and knees wiping the floor, wearing a do-rag on her head."

Today, Tina Turner is nervously steeling herself for the Hollywood portrayal of her rise and fall and triumphant comeback. In June, Disney's Touchstone Pictures is releasing the film based on her 1986 best-selling autobiography, *I, Tina*, written with Kurt Loder. The movie, which Tina worries takes too much liberty with actual facts, is titled *What's Love Got to Do with It?* and stars Angela Bassett (the wife of Malcolm in *Malcolm X*) as Tina, and Laurence Fishburne (of *Boyz N the Hood*) as Ike. The film's sound track—Tina's old standards plus three new songs—will come out this month, just in time for her grand concert tour of America and Canada this summer, the first time she's toured the U.S. in six years.

Tina Turner is clearly testing the waters. "I don't believe that I can go and stand and sing for the people," she tells me. "I can't stand the idea of just standing there like Barbra Streisand or Ella Fitzgerald or Diana Ross. I have never been that kind of performer. I have been in rock 'n' roll all my life. You can't be a rock 'n' roll old woman. You can be a rock 'n' roll old man." "If there's anybody around who can grow up and still be a rock 'n' roll woman, it's got to be Tina," says Keith Richards, now 49 himself. "She's in the same position I and the Stones are. It's out there to find out. The area's open."

Tina Turner likes to spend money—oodles of it. She doesn't look at price tags. She often buys duplicates of her designer clothes in case the cleaners wreck something. She collects antique furniture, owns a house in Germany and is renovating another in the South of France, drinks Cristal champagne, drives a Mercedes jeep, and indulges herself with massages, facials, psychic readings, and holistic cures. She's sold 30 million records since 1984, when "What's Love Got to Do with It?" soared to No. 1 on the pop charts and her *Private Dancer* album spawned three additional hit singles and swept the Grammys. Although she hasn't had a hit record in the U.S. in seven years, on her last European tour, in 1990, she filled stadiums and played to 3.5 million people, outdrawing both Madonna and the Rolling Stones. So she's hardly hurting.

But not long ago her accountant called her and told her, "You've been having a good time." If she wanted to keep the perfumed bubble bath filled to overflowing, it was time to turn on the faucet again—go out and strut her stuff for millions of dollars while the movie was playing and the sound track was being released. Not that she feels particularly like singing on stage—doing that every night with her ex


the
climate
is
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The dress: a Halston original. © 1983 Halston Fragrances



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The Lady Has Legs!

ordinary, God given talent is all wrapped
in her mind with hideous memories of
eatings and indentured servitude. She'd
ther act. "I think it's more classy to be
actress than to be a rock singer. But
ou don't make as much money. I ain't no
mmy. I know that."

So this year Tina Turner has moved
om Europe and rented a furnished house
Beverly Hills, in Benedict Canyon, a
editerranean-style house that's all white
ucco, beamed ceilings, and bleached
ooden floors, with hillsides of daisies.
e greets me at the door in a long tan
eveless knit shift and brown suede Cha-
l ballet slippers. We go on a tour of the
use, which is lovely, low-key and taste-
l. The most interesting part is an enor-
ous walk-in closet the size of a bedroom,
led with 10 pieces of Vuitton luggage,
out 60 pairs of shoes, and racks and
cks of designer clothes, mostly in neu-
l colors, which she coordinates and
ds herself. Inside that closet is a small-
, cedar closet, in which a wig identical
the auburn layered short cut she has on
suspended from a wire hanger, like a
der hanging from a thread.

The house is quiet, and filled with fra-
ant white roses and tuberoses. It's a
ace where Tina Turner can be a lady.
efinement is something she has always
pired to. "I patterned myself from
ssy ladies. I take as much from them as
an, but I take it naturally, because I'm
t going to be phony about it. I'm not
ing to walk around in Chanel suits or
cci suits—that's a little bit too much,
cause that's not my nature. But watch-
my manners, caring about not being
erdressed at the wrong time—it matters
w I carry myself—that's what I'm con-
med about as far as being a lady. No-
dy would ever think that Tina Turner is
ady. I am."

Even in her bleakest years, when life
s defined by driving up to 600 or 700
les a day 365 days a year—when she
ght be up singing with black eyes and
od "whooshing into my mouth"—she
amed of her idol, Jackie O. "The first
e I met her, I was nearly in tears,"
a recalls. "In those days I wasn't
nking about anybody in my circle or the
bs where I was. I was thinking that no-
dy was at the level of what I wanted in
life—you understand?" Even star-
m, when it came, did not make much
ference. "It was not my priority." Not at
"Music life was not attractive," she
s. "It was dirty. It was a chitlin cir
cuit—eating on your lap. And that's why I say I was always above it. Why I don't know, but I knew I didn't want it. I'd rather go and clean a white person's house, where it is nice, than sing in dirty old places and deal with Ike and his low life."

Today, of course, it's different. Tina Turner speaks of "classy ladies" acknowledging *her*. "I see a lot of ladies these days in places like Armani, and even those ladies come over and say, 'You look so good.'" Does that make her feel good? "To be accepted by another class of people? I am going to say yes, absolutely."

But love also does have something to do with it. Erwin Bach, the "very private, conservative" 37-year-old managing director of the giant E.M.I. recording company in Germany, with whom she shares a house in Cologne, has been Tina's boyfriend for 6 years. "He doesn't like to be discussed, because he's a businessman," she says. "It took three years for us to get together—it wasn't one of those run-and-jump-in-bed situations." They met when he was sent by the record company to give her a jeep to drive around Germany in. She didn't even know his name, and for two and a half years he had no idea, when their paths crossed occasionally, that she was smitten. "Oh yeah, first sight. It's an electrical charge, really, in the body. The body responds to something," Tina explains. "Heart *boom-bama-boom*. Hands are wet. But I said no." Then again, she thought, why not?

"Something happens to you when you're secure as a woman. I began to feel, Well, I'm fine. If I don't really find anybody, I'm O.K. It's just those times when you start running the streets, and seeing couples and loving, and watching those movies where there's a lot of love, you miss being cuddled." It wasn't until Bach went to Los Angeles for a visit while Tina was at her house in Sherman Oaks that she included him in a friend's birthday party at Spago. "Afterwards everyone came to my house, and something magic started to happen. Of course, I was attracted. By then I'm sure he knew that I was.... I made sure I sat next to him. Because I was also analyzing him, too." She wanted to know that he wasn't into drugs, or heavy drinking. "After everyone left, I think we exchanged a few kisses. We started to talk, and I asked him about what his record company is like." Then he pulled away, saying, " 'Private life is private life.' So I didn't really push.

"What I did do, to actually get him, was I stayed in Switzerland. I rented a house in Gstaad." She had a house party at Christmastime in 1987 and invited Bach and some mutual friends. That did it, although since then, because of their work, they tend to be apart more than they are together. "It's the first time I've ever had a real comfortable relationship. I'm not threatened. He's not jealous." There are no marriage plans, but she is friendly with Bach's parents, who have retired to the country and don't speak English. (She has struggled to learn German, to no avail.) "I believe they would prefer if Erwin had a German girl or a white woman. But when they met me, well, it's the usual. Everybody likes Tina."

For good reason. There's a warmth and utter guilelessness to Tina Turner, plus an awesomely strong constitution—though her independence and sense of security have been won at a very high price. Physically, at 53, she is in superb condition. And just because "in California everyone goes under the knife," that doesn't mean Tina does. She was terribly hurt when the director of the movie implied that she must have had work done on her face. "I pulled my hair back. I showed them there were no scars. I pulled my ears. I said, 'Look, this is me.'...

"I almost wish I wasn't wearing a wig, because then you can see there are no scars," she tells me. "They don't take into consideration that I've been singing and dancing—and that's exercise—35 years. It's got to do something. I have muscle. From control." To prove her point, Tina Turner leaps off the sofa where we've been chatting and begins to pull her knit shift up, up, up those fabulous tawny legs, up past the knees, the thighs—"I still have little-girl legs"—up past her old-fashioned white panties to the just slightly thicker waist, up, up over the taut breasts. She's wearing no bra. With her shift now around her shoulders, she turns to the side to show off the profile of her high, rounded bottom. At that moment Roger Davies, her Australian manager, strides into the room. "Oh, Roger!" she gasps, and quickly lets the dress fall.

What's *really* remarkable about Tina Turner's face is how few scars it bears from the years of beatings she took. The one operation she did have to have was for a deviated septum in her nose, to open one nostril because it had been punched in so much. Ike Turner struck her on a regular basis for 16 years with everything from shoes to coat hangers to walking canes, plus he once put a burning cigarette to her lips and also threw boiling-hot coffee on her face. He cracked her ribs. He made her perform with jaundice, with tuberculosis, nine months pregnant, and three

The Lady Has Legs!

days after having a baby. Following her one suicide attempt, in 1968, when she thought she had timed her overdose of Valium to take effect *after* a performance so that Ike wouldn't lose the night's receipts, he tried to revive her, saying, "You wanna die, motherfucker, die!"

"She was scared to death of him—everybody around him was, in his own little cult," says Ike and Tina's longtime road manager, Rhonda Graam, who is today Tina's assistant. "It was almost like a hold he had on people."

"This was always just bruised," Tina Turner tells me, pointing to her jaw. "This was always just torn apart, because it hits the teeth," she says, showing me the inside of her lower lip. "So the mouth was always distorted, and the eyes were always black. If you look at some of the earlier pictures, my eyes were always dark. I couldn't get them clear. I thought it was the smoke or whatever. But Ike always banged me against the head." She is kneeling on the sofa now, clutching a pillow, leaning her face in close to mine. When she pushes up the bangs of her wig, you can see a tiny part of her fuzzy white hairline. "I said the same thing—how could I have survived? Only once I got knocked out. Only once. And that was when I got this," she says, and runs her finger along the outer tip of her right eye, where there is a scar about a half-inch long. "Yeah, black eyes, busted lips—somehow I just ignored it, but people knew. I thought that they thought it was a car accident. I made something up in my head in terms of the public."

Tina rarely went to the doctor after her beatings—"just those major things." The medical people who treated her were of no help. "In those days, believe me, a doctor asked you what happened and you say, 'I had a fight with my husband,' that was it. Black people fight. They didn't care about black people."

Along the way there were many people who witnessed Ike's mistreatment of Tina, but no one ever intervened. "I felt great responsibility for Tina, and I'd be there while it was going on," admits Bob Krasnow. "I was young, and I hero-worshiped Ike in a perverted way. Had I been more liberated or more experienced, I would have spoken up. I didn't." Krasnow says the horror really began after Ike discovered cocaine, in the late 60s. "The whole thing took this huge turn for ugliness. Tina was the focus for a lot of this horror, but the whole world suffered. In those days there was no Oprah Winfrey, no publicity dealing with abuse, no abuse hot lines. She was out there by herself in a man's world—she was on the road with B.B. King and Chubby Checker. She was the only woman in this world. . . a demeaning man's world."

Tina Turner hates talking about being beaten, and she can't stand the idea that people consider her a victim. In an era in which victimization is venerated and loudly proclaimed, she rejects the label and wants nobody's sympathy. She says she wrote the book to stop talking about it. "It's like going back into time, when you are trying to understand how prehistoric people lived. I am saying it one last time, and I hope people don't even think about talking to me about it anymore. If they don't understand, fine."

The problem is, Tina Turner herself is still struggling to come to grips with why exactly she stayed around a man who brought her so much misery. We spend hours discussing why she tolerated not only the physical and psychological torture but also the scores of other women Ike flaunted under her nose—Ikettes, groupies, employees, nannies for the four children in their house: his two and her two, one by a musician in Ike's band before she became involved with Ike, and one they reluctantly had together.

One minute she's defiant on the subject: "I tried to explain it to Disney [for the movie]." Lost cause. She says they see "a deep need—a woman who was a victim to a con man. How weak! How shallow! How dare you think that was what I was? I was in control every minute there. I was there because I wanted to be, because I had promised." The next minute she says, "O.K., so if I was a victim, fine. Maybe I was a victim for a short while. But give me credit for *thinking* the whole time I was there. See, I do have pride." In fact, she's stymied. "I've got to get somebody else to say, 'Yes, Tina, I do understand, and there are no buts.' " Finally, there is a moment when Tina begins to pace, and her eyes fill with tears. "What's reality sometimes is not exactly real. Because you keep saying, 'What did I do?' You get on your knees every night and you say the Lord's Prayer, and you say, 'Somebody must send some help to me, because I've never done a thing in my life to deserve this.' And that's when I started to chant."

Anna Mae Bullock never knew anything but domestic strife. She was the result of an angry, unwanted pregnancy, and by the time she arrived on November 26, 1939, her mother and father, a ma jordomo of a cotton plantation in N bush Tennessee, were fighting constantl On day her mother just took off, and fo year never even bothered to contact h tw little girls.

"My mother was not a woma wh wanted children," Tina says. "She asn a mother mother. She was a woma wh bore children." Her father tried to op for a while, but then he too split. "I wa always shifted. I was always going fro one relative to another. So I didn't hav any stability."

"Ann" considered herself too gaw t be desirable. "I was very skinny w n was growing up. Long, long leg an nothing like what black people reall ik I must say that black people in the las where I was at the time liked ho vie women." She was living part-time wh white family, doing cleaning for her ar and going to high school—just sit in along to the radio—when her mothe ap peared to take her to St. Louis, whe sh was working as a maid. Ann first laid ye on Ike Turner when she was a juni high school and went out to a club on night with her sister. She was 17, he wa 25 and a badass star in East St. Louis Ik Turner and the Kings of Rhythm wer th biggest deal around, but, Tina says, 'h had a bad reputation. He was know as and T 'pistol-whipping Ike Turner.' " She k e da he had "an uncontrollable temper," ung he was also very exciting. After month s she begging him to let her sing, she fin ends a grabbed the mike one night during a b n ro and blew his mind with her voice. he wanted to get up there with those guy That Tina remembers. "They had people nat te their feet. That place was rocking. I ne e with ed to get up there with that energy, as hir when I got there, Ike was shocked, and lost never let go."

Ike Turner, a preacher's son whose ther was shot by whites who accused h of playing around with a white wom had already walked from Mississippi ng n Tennessee and been recorded by S ed Phillips of Sun Records—the first com ny to record Elvis Presley—when he n end Ann Bullock. Today, Ike Turner is cre n't ed with recording one of the first rock e roll songs, "Rocket '88," in 1951, but never got anything for it. He was a gre rhythm-and-blues musician who play he the piano in the boogie-woogie style th ing Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis la t and adopted, as well as the guitar. dental

At first Ike and Tina were just friend ve m and he confided to her that he felt sma and unattractive, that in school girls wou ldn't sneak out to cars with him but not be see ar

ith him, that he was constantly being left
d being ripped off of his songwriting and
blishing rights. "My problem, little
nn, is people always took my songs."
ide-eyed, Tina—who was well aware
at he had women, both black and white,
every neighborhood in St. Louis, that he
at those he was closest to, and that he
pt guns and bragged about having robbed
bank—promised that *she* would never
ave him like that; she would help him
ake it to the top. "I was his vehicle to
t him to being a star. That's why I had
say," she declares. "He was being a
ar through me. I even saw it then." She
ould deeply regret her promise to stay,
it she kept it for nearly two decades.

"Ike had some kind of innate quality
out him that you really loved him,"
ina says. "And if he liked you, he would
ke the clothes from his back, so to
eak." Tina makes it clear that "I was
ere because I wanted to be. Ike Turner
as allowing me the chance to sing. I was a
tle country girl from Tennessee. This
an had a big house in St. Louis, and he
d a Cadillac, money, diamonds, shoes—
l of the stuff that a different class of
acks would look up to."

Tina got pregnant by one of Ike's musi-
ans and had a baby boy, Craig, in 1958.
e musician left before the baby was
rn, and Tina worked in a hospital dur-
g the day to earn more money, while
ntinuing to sing at night. After club
tes, she would sometimes spend the
eekends at Ike's house, where she had
r own room. "Then he offered me more
oney, because one of his singers had
ft. That's when the relationship started.
cannot tell you how wrong it felt."

Sex with Ike and shame, it seems, were
ways linked in Tina's mind. She says
e first time he touched her felt like
child abuse." The second time, she was
eking refuge in his room because two
usicians had threatened to rape her.
Something was going on—maybe the
eling he could protect me." Ann was
ooked. "That's the kind of girl I am. If I
to bed with you, then you're my boy-
end." She hastens to add, however, "It
asn't love in the beginning; it was some-
e else who I found to give love to." Ike
d a common-law wife named Lorraine
aylor, who was pregnant at the time,
t he took care of Ann too. "He was
ving me money for singing. He went
t and bought me clothes. I was having
dental problem, and my mother didn't
ve money at that point for dental work
e corrected all that. And then I was a
tle star around him. I was loyal to this
an. He was good to me." But she was
never very attracted to him physically.

"I really didn't like Ike's body. I don't give a damn how big his member was," Tina says blithely. "I think that must have been very attractive to a lot of white women. I swear, the first time I saw Ike's body, I thought he had the body of a horse. It hung without an erection, it hung with an erection. He really was blessed, I must say, in that area. . . . Was he a good lover? What can you do except go up and down, or sideways, or whatever it is that you do with sex?"

Well, you can get pregnant, and a year later Tina was pregnant by Ike. Lorraine—who had previously threatened Tina with a gun, then shot herself instead—was still around. By then Ike and Tina's first hit, "A Fool in Love," was climbing the R&B charts. Along the way "Ike did pull a few strings that would make it difficult for me to leave." He changed Ann's name to Tina—she says it reminded him of Sheena the jungle queen from the TV series—without consulting her, and she hated it. Worse, out on the road everyone thought the two were married. From the beginning, she never really felt good about him or herself, and looking back today, she can enumerate six or seven reasons why she eventually knew in her heart that one day she would have to leave him.

> "I'd rather clean a white person's house than deal with Ike and his low life."

One night she was crushed to hear him on the radio with an Ikette he was passing off as Tina. Then she realized he wasn't going to give her her own money. At the same time, she began to realize her importance: "I was the singer." Her sullen unhappiness inevitably brought a beating. She was stung once again when their baby, Ronnie, was born in 1960 and Ike didn't take her to the hospital—he slept through it. That was just the beginning. When Ronnie was about two, Ike and Tina moved to California. Lorraine had left Ike by then, and without warning she sent the two sons she had had by Ike to live with their father. Tina was suddenly mother to four boys under the age of six. (Until Lorraine's boys were in their teens, they didn't know Tina was not their real mother.)

Tina was not around very much, either. Ike was obsessive about work and had Tina and the band and various Ikettes out on the road year-round. It was a rough, cash business; Ike didn't believe in banks. He had a safe in the house, a safe in the car, and lots of guns to protect him. When Tina was allowed to go shopping, he would peel bills off a big wad.

They put out dozens of records, and some of their songs became hits, but they never made the top 10, only the rhythm-and-blues or soul charts. Nevertheless, Ike and Tina were becoming hip, cult favorites, regularly booked into the Fillmore West. Within five years Ike himself was able to book them where few black acts like theirs had been before, including Vegas. At the International Hotel, they were in the lounge, and Elvis Presley was the headliner.

They had gotten married in 1962, in Tijuana, primarily, Tina says, because another woman who had been married to Ike before Lorraine was after him for alimony. "As far as I'm concerned, I've never been married," Tina says. "This woman was asking for money, so Ike felt he'd better marry me so she couldn't get property." According to Tina, Ike paid the woman $15,000 to go away. For about five years, Tina says, "I was caught in his web." But about 1965, when she came home from touring alone to find that Ike had moved another woman into the house with the children, she felt defeated once again, and began to entertain thoughts of getting away.

"I had gotten to the stage where I started to think that I didn't want to be Ike's wife, and I didn't care about the money," Tina says. "I was thinking the whole time, how could I fulfill my promise and get out of it all right?" In 1966, Phil Spector paid Ike $20,000 to let Tina record—but mostly to stay away so that he could work with Tina alone on "River Deep, Mountain High." Tina was thrilled to be able to really sing. "Nobody wanted me to sing in those days. They wanted me to do that screaming and yelling." Although the song is considered a rock 'n' roll milestone, and became a huge hit in

The Lady Has Legs!

England, it bombed here. Yet, however much Tina may have wanted to go off on her own, she didn't, for fear that "Ike would kill" anyone who tried to wrest her away.

She was trapped. "I had to get out of there because whatever I was doing didn't matter anymore. I had my house, I had my children, I had my own car. I had stuff. I shopped. But I had this horrible relationship I was hiding behind."

Then she got to the stage of not caring. "I wanted him to find a woman." She told him she wanted a business relationship. "He would really fight harder then, because he thought he was losing control." "He was afraid she'd leave him," says Rhonda Graam. "He would keep the fear going. He didn't want her to talk to anyone else—to put thoughts in her mind." Nevertheless, he kept acting like a husband, Tina says, and right up until the day she left him he expected her to massage him, give him manicures and pedicures, and have food ready for him at all times. Sometimes, after beating her, he'd force her to have sex with him. "Sex had become rape as far as I was concerned. I didn't want Ike near me. It was more than not being turned on and having to do it without being turned on. It was the fact he was sleeping around. That was not my style."

Nor were drugs. "I could not visualize putting something up my nose." But Ike was becoming a heavy cocaine user, spending thousands of dollars a week on the drug. He also began to drink. The drugs only made Ike more flagrant with women, even in front of the children. "There was all kinds of sex going on at the house, and I had caught him on the sofas, and women on their knees. I said to him, 'You can't do this in this house.' I really felt this house was mine. Ike was at a stage of showing off. He built a recording studio not far from the house. He wanted to let people know he had an apartment in the back of the recording studio, that he had recording-studio living quarters and the building next door as an agency, and he wanted to come up and show off the house, which was decorated like a bordello, with a coffee table in the shape of a guitar."

Tina attempted to leave once, but Ike caught up with her at a terminal where her bus stopped. Her suicide attempt had also failed. But the following year, 1969, Ike and Tina had toured in the U.S. once again with the now humongous Rolling Stones. What really kept Tina going, she says, was her escape into believing what psychics told her: "One day you will be among the biggest of stars and you will live across the water." In the interim, she chanted more and more every day: *Nam-myo-ho-renge-kyo*.

In California in the late 60s and early 70s, this particular Buddhist chant, the mantra of a controversial Buddhist sect, Soka Gakkai, was touted as a way to achieve your goals as well as inner harmony. A woman Ike brought to the house one night shortly after Tina's suicide attempt turned her on to the chant. (Tina actually made friends with a number of Ike's women. "All of them weren't bitches or sluts.") She remembers, "I never let go of the Lord's Prayer until I was sure of those words."

Gradually Tina became convinced that chanting was her path to salvation. She was thrilled in 1974 to accept her first movie role, the Acid Queen in Ken Russell's *Tommy* (she did not know at the time that acid was a reference to LSD), and desperately hoped for more roles in films, but they did not come. She played Aunty Entity in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, with Mel Gibson, but turned down a leading role in *The Color Purple*, saying it was too much like real life to her. Today she still says, "I feel there is a calling inside me to act."

She also appeared on a television special with Ann-Margret and saw a different way of working. "I didn't want to sing anymore. I had been tired of this singing and this whole image of how I looked. I hated how I looked," Tina says of her raunchy "Proud Mary" days onstage, when she leaned back and led with her crotch and legs, and her wigs went flying. "The hair and the makeup and the sweat—I hated all of it."

In 1976 the day finally came when Tina Turner felt strong enough to get away. She realized Ike was never going to give her their house, which she had always wanted and felt she deserved. The children were graduating or getting ready to graduate from high school. Ike, meanwhile, was involved with "the nonsinging Ikette," Ann Thomas, who had had his baby and was traveling everywhere with Ike and Tina. By then Ike was doing so much coke that he would stay up for three or four days at a time, and his preferred mode of travel was to sleep on airplanes with his head on Ann's lap and his feet on Tina's.

In early July they flew to Fort Worth to perform a date at the Dallas Hilton. Tina was wearing a white Yves Saint Laurent suit on the plane, so she refused some chocolate Ike handed her. He kicked her, and later battered her again and again with his hand and shoe in the back of the limo. This time something clicked. She understood. "I knew I would never be given my freedom. I would have to take it."

She astounded Ike by fighting back. "When someone is really trying to kill you, it hurts. But this time it didn't hurt. I was angry too." Tina remembers big-time ging, or just hitting and kicking. By the time we got to the hotel, I had a big swollen eye. My mouth was bleeding." She refused, however, to cover the blood as he directed her to. Ike was in sad shape himself. He had been up for days, strung out on coke, and when they got to the room she massaged his head, as she often did, until he passed out. Tina waited for his breathing to tell her he was asleep. "My heart was in my ears."

She remembers thinking, Now is the time. You are headed toward dealing with what you're going to have to deal with with this man. "I ran down the hall, and I was afraid I was going to run into his people—his band and his bodyguards. So I went through an exit and down the steps. I was so afraid...because everybody was aware that Ike and Tina were supposed to be on in half an hour. Then I turned and went through a kitchen, just running. I just dashed through and went through the back door, and I remember throwing myself up onto trash cans just to rest, just to feel I had gotten away. Then I composed myself and thought, Now what? I started to run fast, just run."

She had 36 cents and a Mobil credit card.

"I needed to call somebody with money. My family didn't have the money for a ticket. That's the whole thing always. I didn't know anybody with money. They were all Ike's people."

Tina's life away from Ike began with the manager of the Ramada Inn across the freeway from the Hilton giving her a suite for the night. Ike did not take her leaving passively. For two years, people who helped her were threatened, and their houses and cars were set afire or shot into. Tina was unwavering, however; she ever lived on food stamps for a while. In 1978 their divorce was final. Tina took nothing because she didn't want to be tied to Ike in any way. What she did come away with was an astounding debt, since she had walked out on a performance. In addition, Ike always booked them solidly for months in advance, so Tina was held liable for the missed dates.

Michael Stewart, the former head of nited Artists, one of the many record mpanies they had been under contract lent Tina money to get an act together, d began booking her in cabarets and ho s, where she performed in feathers and ffon in a disco-inferno-type act. She o did guest shots on *Hollywood Squares* pay the rent. "Tina never complained," ewart said, adding that he knew she uld be O.K., because at the height of r in-the-depths period he took her to a vie premiere "and you would have ught I was with Madonna today. The parazzi swarmed. She was a celebrity."

"Tina was probably half a million in bt when I took her on," says Roger Da-s, her current manager. She worked it by appearing in such places as Poland, goslavia, Bahrain, and Singapore. Da-s tried hard to get her a record contract, t Ike's reputation cast a pall. "He told , 'I can't get you a record now, Tina. henever I say Tina, they say Ike.' " In 81 the Rolling Stones came to her res-e, and she opened a few dates of their nerican tour. After a magic night at the tz club in New York in 1983, with ith Richards, David Bowie, and Rod ewart in the audience, her record com-ny, Capitol, finally agreed to proceed th plans to have her cut an album. At end of that year, she hit it big in En-nd with the single "Let's Stay Togeth-" Then she made *Private Dancer*. The y future the psychics had predicted was ming true. Meanwhile, after 11 arrests, Turner finally ended up in jail in 90, and served 18 months for cocaine ssession and transportation, among oth-charges.

I never had no bad thoughts about women. I think about women just e I think about my mother. And I uldn't do no more to no woman than I uld want them to do to my mother." Turner is giving a bravura perfor-nce on the phone from his new home se, Carlsbad, California, outside San ego, where he is putting together an all-w Ike Turner Revue with Ikettes he has outed in local karaoke bars. He's 61 w, "overwhelmed about how creative e been lately," and Tina is a sore sub-t. "Did I hit her all the time? That's the gest lie ever been told by her or by ybody that say that. I didn't hit her any re than you been hit by your guy. . . . n not going to sit here and lie and say cause I was doing dope I slapped Tina. cause it's not the reason I slapped her. the same thing occurred again, I'd do same thing. It's nothing that I'm proud of, because I just didn't stop and think."

Ike has been out of jail—"It was the best thing that ever happened to me"—since September 1991. According to one friend, he tried unsuccessfully to marry four different women in jail so that he could have contact visits. Today he's off drugs, lives with a 30-year-old blonde singer named Jeanette Bazzell, and says he's getting his own TV movie together to tell *his* story. "Whatever happened with Ike and Tina—if we fought every day—it's just as much her fault as it was mine. Because she stayed there and took it for whatever reason she was taking it," he asserts. "Why would she stay there for 18 years? You know, I feel like I've been used. . . . Didn't nobody else grab her and put her where I put her at." Ike also denies that he hurt Tina as much as she and others say. "You know, if somebody throw coffee on your face and your skin rolls down your face, it should be some burns there, shouldn't it? Well, you look at her face real good. When you talk to her, say, 'What kind of surgery did you have on your face?' . . . I know damn well she didn't," Ike maintains. "She ain't did shit to her skin."

> "You know, it all came from me," says Ike. "The movie's not about her. It's about me."

All those other women, he says, were not entirely his fault, either. Ever since he was "a little nappy-headed boy" in Mississippi working in a hotel, "I would see white guys pull up with their little white girls in their father's car with the mink stole, and I'd say, 'Oh, boy, one of these days I'm going to be like that.' " That he succeeded with women beyond his wildest imaginings is Tina's fault too, he says. "I blame Tina as much for that as I blame myself. Because she always acted like it didn't bother her for me being with women, unless she seen me with *this* woman every night or something like this. And this is what be wrong with her. She'd be pissed off about some girl or something, and she would lie and say she wasn't. We had fights, but we was together 24 hours a day, and so, other words, she feels more like an employee than a wife, because I would tell her what words to say, what dress to wear, how to act onstage, what songs to sing. You know, it all came from me. . . . There is no Tina in reality. It's just like the story that she's written. The movie's not about her. The movie's about me!"

Ike, in fact, showed up on the movie set one day in a chauffeured white Lincoln and passed out autographed pictures of himself. He didn't get out of the car except to show Laurence Fishburne, who plays him, how he walks. Such is his fearsome reputation that the producers would not allow Angela Bassett, who plays Tina, near him. They had security guards escort her to her trailer. "By the time I figured out how to sneak out, he'd gone," Bassett says. Fishburne did ask Ike what he called Tina. He said, "I called her Ann."

Ike tells me, "Tina was my buddy. I never touched her as a woman. She was just my buddy. I would send her to go get this girl for me, go get that girl for me. And if I bought my old lady a mink coat, I would buy her one. And that's the way we were—just hope-to-die buddies. And that's why it was never no contract between us. Because I felt we had a bond, you understand, and I never did think that nobody, white or black, could come up and brainwash her. Like, right now I feel she's totally brainwashed."

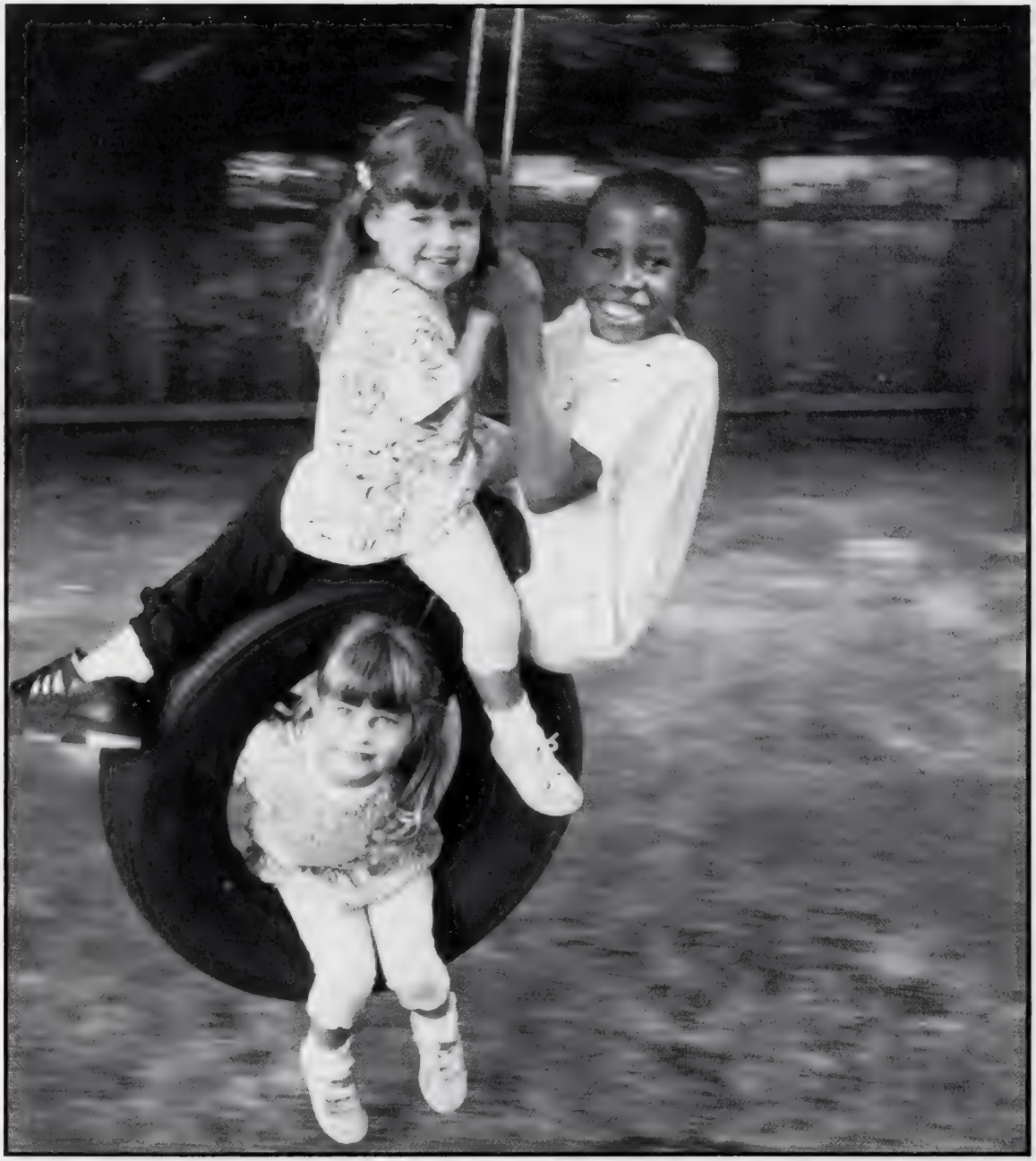
"Why do you say that?" I ask him.

"Because she don't want to be black. She don't think she's black. She don't even talk black. She don't act black. Money don't make you. You make money. Do you understand what I'm saying? And I hate stars."

Ike Turner, who has a white manager and a white publicist, and who is accused by *his* old cronies, such as record producer Richard Griffin, of thinking "black people don't have any brains," has big plans for himself, including guest shots on Jay Leno and Arsenio Hall. The last time he talked to Tina, sometime in the 80s, he suggested doing a TV special. "Ike and Tina, Sonny and Cher—the broken pieces put together with Krazy Glue." Now he's thinking Vegas and beyond. "When I was with Tina, we would open up for Bill Cosby, like, in Vegas. I'm going to start by doing stuff like that. Going on tour with Elton John. Going on tour with the Stones. Going on tour with

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Photo by F. N. Kinney II



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The Lady Has Legs!

people like that." No matter that he hasn't talked to any of those people yet Ike likes Ike. "I got a lot of friends out here," he says. "I have no shame, it took it all to make me what I am today, and I love me today."

Tina's two sons and Ike's two by Lorraine Taylor, whom Tina reared, are now all in their 30s. The chaos they grew up in has taken its toll. They are estranged from their father, and two, Michael and Ronnie, have seriously battled drugs. Ike's eldest son, Ike junior, is a musician in St. Louis. According to Tina, because of Ike Junior's legal problems, "he can't come back to California." Ike's son Michael was recently living in a downtown Los Angeles shelter. Craig is learning club management. He wants his mother to open a jazz club for him. Ronnie, her son with Ike, is a bass player. One night after he was picked up for unpaid traffic tickets, he was stunned to land in the same Los Angeles jail cell as his father. "That made an impression," says Tina. "He never went to jail again." Ronnie auditioned for the role of Ike in the movie and also played bass in the movie's band. Tina has bought houses for both her sons. "I used to tell them I wasn't the Valley Bank. Now I tell them I'm not the European Bank," she says. "They call me Mother. I know they're trying."

It's a glorious L.A. Sunday afternoon in late March. Tina Turner is bouncing in and out of a chair in an upstairs den flooded with light, giving away her beauty secrets. "I do something about my life besides eating and exercising and whatever. Contact my soul. I must stay in touch with my soul. That's my connection to the Universe."

"What are you?" I ask.

"I'm a Buddhist-Baptist. My training is Baptist. And I can still relate to the Ten Commandments and to the Ten Worlds. It's all very close, as long as you contact your subconscious mind. That's where the Kingdom of the Almighty is." Every morning and evening, Tina Turner, who keeps a Buddhist shrine in her house, prays and chants. "I don't care what they feel about my legs and my tight pants onstage, and my wigs and my hair. I am a chanter. And everyone who knows anything about chanting knows you correct everything in your life by chanting every day," she says. "People look at me and wonder, 'You look so great—what is it you do?' What can I tell them except I changed my life?"

Just when stardom finally hit big with "Let's Stay Together," in 1984, Tina Turner was suddenly subject to frequent colds and coughing fits, even onstage. A friend in London recommended an Indian doctor who practiced holistic medicine. His diagnosis: she still had TB. Tina was sent to a special empty hospital in the country for three or four days of intravenous body-toxin purification every time she finished a stretch on the road. It was a "scary place," she says. "I watch horror movies. Imagine that Frankenstein or somebody—a mummy—is coming through the door." The doctor prescribed a special low-fat diet and made his own medicines "from gold-dust powder. It is all basically from the earth." The results were dramatic. "After my second visit to the hospital, my eyes became clear. The whites of my eyes were never clear. They were always just not white. And I started to feel healthy. I had a glow, a light, about me." Most important, she says, "I started to get energy, to feel strong, to enjoy my work more."

People constantly ask Tina Turner if she will ever do any preaching or teaching. Yes, she says, but not yet. After the tour she is planning to put together a "life-style" cassette detailing her dance steps and holistic cures. Basically, it comes down to this: "I was a victim; I don't dwell on it. I was hurt. I'm not proud of being hurt; I don't need sympathy for it. Really, I'm very forgiving. I'm very analytical. I'm very patient. My endurance is very good. I learned a lot being there with that very sick man." Like Ike, she wouldn't change the past. "I am happy that I'm not like anybody else. Because I really do believe that if I was different I might not be where I am today," Tina says. "You asked me if I ever stood up for anything. Yeah, I stood up for my life."

She'd still rather act than sing. "I stepped into singing. It was hell. It's still hell *without* Ike," Tina says. "I'd like to make money some other kind of way than singing. Especially as an old woman. You can act as an old woman if you're good enough. I'll be damned if I'm going to go onstage as a gray old woman."

But right now, singing is fine enough. "What excites me is not the lights; it's that screaming thing, like when I walk onstage and they go crazy. That's what happens with Bowie and Jagger, the times I've worked with them: they've walked on my stage, the whole place went crazy, and I thought, If I'm going to be here, I want that." □

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 6: Photographs, top, by Ernesto Zedeck; bottom, from Express Newspapers/Editorial Enterprises. **Page 10:** Photographs, bottom, by Michael Clarke. Makeup (Lancôme) done by special order from Untitled, N.Y.C., and Maxfield, L.A. Shoes by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Shauna Stein, L.A. **Page 18:** Photograph, bottom, © by BBC Enterprises Ltd. **Page 42:** Photographs, left, from DPA/Photoreporters; right, courtesy of Eastman Kodak Company. **Page 48:** Photograph from Ullstein Bilderdienst. **Page 60:** Photograph, bottom, from Shooting Star. **Page 70:** Photograph courtesy of the Heidi von Beltz Collection. **Page 78:** Grooming by Kat James for Indorato Artists. **Page 97:** Jacket by Istante; necklace by Kar 5; styled by Santiago; grooming by Janine McMahon. **Page 100:** Photographs: Top, jacket by Giorgio Armani; styled by Kim Bowen, hair by Kevin Ryan, makeup by Terrence Finnigan, all for Visages Style. Bottom, clothing from the Marie Helvin Collection; jewelry by Butler & Wilson; hair by Peter Sweeney for John Frieda. **Page 102:** Photographs from Archive Photos. **Page 106:** Photographs: Top, shirt by Calvin Klein; trousers by Paul Smith; styled by Alayne Patrick for Oz; grooming by Linda Daniele for the Louis Licari Color Group. Bottom center, by Patrick Robert/Sygma. Bottom right, by Alice Springs/Sygma. **Page 108:** Suit by Romeo Gigli; styled by Donna Geneva McCoy; grooming by Gary Stevens for Sarah Laird. **Page 110:** Photographs, left, grooming by Nancy Sprague for Ivy Bernhard; top right, by Roxanne Lowit; bottom right, by Ted Thai/*Time* magazine. **Page 111:** Photograph, top, gold bow dress by Romeo Gigli; styled by Ellen Silverstein; hair and makeup by Rob van Dorssen. **Pages 114–15:** Corset from the Chanel Boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; shoes by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Shauna Stein, L.A. **Pages 116–17:** Jeans and turtlenecks from all Gap stores; sneakers from Courrèges, Paris; dancers' hair and makeup by Sharon Gault for Cloutier. **Page 118:** Dress by special order from Untitled, N.Y.C., and Maxfield, L.A. **Page 119:** Dress by special order from Paco Rabanne, Paris; shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. **Page 120:** Dress by special order from Fernando Sanchez, Ltd., (212) 929-5060; coat by special order from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., Neiman Marcus, Dallas, and I. Magnin, San Francisco; stockings from Fogal, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Houston. **Page 130:** Photographs, left, from the Hulton Deutsch Collection; inset, from Express Newspapers/Editorial Enterprises. **Pages 132–33:** Large photograph from Express Newspapers/Editorial Enterprises; inset from Topham/The Image Works. **Page 134:** Photographs, top, from the Hulton Deutsch Collection; bottom, from Press Association. **Page 135:** Painting courtesy of Michael Rand. **Page 137:** Photograph, top, from Express Newspapers/Editorial Enterprises. **Page 139:** Shoes from Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. **Page 140:** Drawing from the Granger Collection, N.Y.C. **Page 144:** Dress from Neiman Marcus, Dallas; hair by Enzo Angileri for Cloutier; Jane Bovingdon Semel's makeup by Thierry Pourtoy at the Christophe Salon, Beverly Hills; Vendela's makeup by Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier. **Page 145:** Suit by special order from Saks Fifth Avenue; hair by Enzo Angileri, makeup by Lucienne Zammit, both for Cloutier. **Page 147:** Hair by Kareen Boursier for HMS Bookings; makeup by Karen Kawahara for Cloutier. **Pages 148–49:** Suit from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; jacket from Bagutta, N.Y.C., and Shauna Stein, L.A.; pants from the Chanel Boutiques, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Beverly Hills; hair by Kareen Boursier for HMS Bookings; makeup by Karen Kawahara for Cloutier. **Pages 152–53:** Stylist from Ivy Bernhard; grooming by Leanne Hirsh for Pierre Michel. **Page 155:** Inset photograph from U.P.I./Bettmann. **Pages 158–59:** Photographs, first, second, and fourth from left, from the personal collection of Franco Rossellini; third from left, from A.P./Wide World Photos. **Page 194:** Photograph reprinted with the permission of Joanna T. Steichen.

The Gay Nineties

(Continued from page 126) other campaign I've been involved in, gay or nongay. When you put together a diverse coalition, it takes a while to hammer it out, shake it out."

It's ironic, though perhaps inevitable, that the power plays and sometimes vicious infighting are coming at the time of the movement's greatest influence. Gay and lesbian leaders claim that the gay community provided seven million votes for Bill Clinton, although other estimates are lower. Now, with a supportive president in the White House and an influx of openly gay people in the corridors of power in Washington, prosperous gays are climbing on board and contributions are pouring in.

The march on Washington on April 25 is envisioned as "the defining moment of the movement," as significant as the 1963 civil-rights march led by Martin Luther King Jr. "We have no room for mistakes," Mixner says. "The march is critical to the community and crucial to the vote on the ban." A million lesbians, gays, bisexuals, and their friends, families, and supporters are expected to turn out in what organizers hope will be the largest civil-rights march ever in Washington. Already, every hotel and motel room in the area has been booked; the overflow will stay in churches, community centers, and private homes.

In the ebullient spirit of President Clinton's inauguration week, gay leaders have called on Hollywood producers to give sizzle to the show. Chartered planes will bring in Hollywood and Broadway stars such as Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford, Dustin Hoffman, Susan Sarandon and Tim Robbins, and Cybill Shepherd. Celebrants will be caught up in a whirl of more than 230 events, from a Texas two-step party to an exclusive $1,000-a-plate dinner for the Victory Fund and the Robert Mapplethorpe Laboratory for AIDS Research. Just about every major liberal organization and subgroup wants a role to play, from gay and lesbian veterans' groups to the N.A.A.C.P., which for the first time ever has endorsed a gay march.

"The gay movement is in vogue," activist Hilary Rosen says. "There have been a hell of a lot of people who have not used their own situations on behalf of the gay communities. Others have taken the shit. Now that the press is on our side, more people are coming in. This is the thing of the 90s."

I meet David Mixner on a freezing early morning in Washington, at the Four Seasons Hotel, where he usually stays. I am struck by his size—six feet one but taller in two-inch-high black boots, big-boned, beefy. The 46-year-old activist is wearing a dark-blue suit and is bundled up in a scarf and a heavy navy-blue wool overcoat. Briefcase in hand, he looks every bit the businessman strolling down the Four Seasons lobby.

We take a cab to Café Luna, a hangout in the Dupont Circle area, for a private meeting with three organizers of the April 25 march, earnest grass-roots types in T-shirts and punky haircuts. Over coffee and bagels, Mixner and William Waybourn, the 45-year-old executive director of the Victory Fund, are painstakingly solicitous of the "kids," who seem to be, frankly, in over their heads. Mixner tries on a fatherly manner and steps lightly. "Any way my name is useful, use it," he tells them. "If harmful, don't." Though everyone is eager to see the march succeed, there's no obvious meeting of minds.

"I give suggestions. I give help," Mixner observes later. "But if I had injected myself, that whole meeting would have been about me positioning myself, and no one would have listened to me."

A week later, I watch Mixner use the same paternal diplomacy on the phone in his office in West Hollywood, on the second floor of his $1,700-a-month apartment, where he lives alone with his three cats. "These activists don't want to feel out of the loop," he counsels a ruffled gay leader in Washington, who, like many in the top layers of the gay establishment, calls Mixner almost every day. "So you have to make these people feel important. Bring them in."

On the office walls around him hangs the story of his life, framed photographs and newspaper clippings, mementos and peace posters—Bill Clinton and David, Hillary and David, Ted Kennedy and David, Jimmy Carter and David. There's a telegram from Bill Clinton, dated May 20, 1992, that says, "Let's wrap things up soon." There's a copy of Clinton's address to gays and lesbians at the Palace theater in L.A., the "I have a vision, and you are a part of it" speech, which is now inscribed on plaques in dozens of offices from Hollywood to Washington.

At home, Mixner drops the corporate mien he wears along with pin-striped suits and suspenders when he visits Washington. He sorts through the stack of mail, and pays immediate attention to a white envelope, a letter from the White House. Although he does not like to boast about it, Mixner, who was a senior adviser in Bill Clinton's national campaign, is in regular contact with the staffs of the President and Hillary Rodham Clinton. He often goes to the White House, and letters, phone calls, and faxes flow back and forth.

Mixner's recent access to power is not the most important distinction between his position today and his activist roots. "I think a major difference in my life between now and the 60s and 70s, when I was in the anti-war movement and the civil-rights movement," he says, "is that then I was always fighting for someone else's rights, and at the same time in great personal pain about being in the closet. But now I'm fighting for my own freedom. It is giving me a dignity and a self-esteem that I've never known in my life. I don't feel that anyone can kick me around anymore and that they can lie about me anymore."

But it is not only a personal crusade. "I am doing this for our young," he says, "so they won't have to go through what we've been through. They robbed us of our dreams. There were so many who wanted to be a congressman, or a corporate leader, but they knew they couldn't because they were gay. It was a crime."

That is why today, he says in his raspy voice, "I am a militant believer in people coming out of the closet. I think it's the ultimate weapon. It is imperative that we not only come out but that we not turn ourselves away from any normal daily activity that is accepted behavior in the heterosexual community. The moment we do that, we become less."

David Benjamin Mixner, the youngest of three children in a working-class family from Elmer, New Jersey, a dropout from Arizona State University, a lifetime activist, and now a recovering alcoholic, was 30 years old when he came out of the closet. But he had lived with his pain since he was a boy, he tells me over lunch he barely touches at the Aux Beaux Champs restaurant at the Four Seasons back in Washington. "I've known I was gay since I was six or seven. The remarkable thing to me is not only that I knew but how we have this wisdom. I knew I couldn't tell anybody. I knew it was something I couldn't mention to another soul. And it made me feel different and apart from my family and my friends. I think each of our journeys through this is in many ways different. I felt extraordinarily lonely, isolated, and that something was wrong with me."

He was 17, at Arizona State, when he

rst fell in love, with a player on the foot all team. Soon, they became roommates. It was for me," he says with tears in his yes, "a very powerful love story. But ne months after we met he died in an tomobile accident. I was convinced the ason he died was because of what we d done. That this was a punishment."

For years afterward, Mixner did not al- w intimacy, indulging only in casual en- unters where he lied about his name and mbed himself with alcohol and drugs, l along terrified that his activist career ould be destroyed if he were found out. was during that long period that he ould tell friends and colleagues that he d once been engaged to a girl who died an accident—the story he told Bill Clin- n when they first met, at a Eugene Mc- arthy campaign reunion on Martha's ineyard in 1969. Mixner finally decided come out after he met a California busi- ssman and gay organizer named Peter cott, who would become his best friend d business partner in a relationship that sted 12 years, until Scott's death from DS in 1989.

"The other reason I came out was nita Bryant," Mixner recalls with a bit- r smile. "She was launching a campaign hate in South Florida in 1977, and I uld no longer justify to myself that I as working for everyone else's freedom it not my own. That's when I came out my family and friends. And it was a *orrible* experience. The first thing that ppened was that most of my friends im- diately forgot that I had any other ills—all I was was gay. It was difficult r my mother and father, but I had made my mind that it took me 30 years to be mfortable with myself and I couldn't pect them to do it in 30 seconds." He nt letters to all of his friends in politics, ore than 300 letters, revealing he was y and asking for money to fight Anita ryant. "I lost many friends," he laments. They disappeared from my life, or treated e differently. There were nights when I ied, I was so scared and alone."

Among those who did not turn away ere Bill and Hillary Clinton, whom Mix- r had met separately, before they mar- ed. "For almost 10 years Bill and I had en pretty close. We had similar back- ounds; we grew up in small villages. e both had marvelous dreams of what is nation could be."

It was natural, then, when Mixner de- ded to come out that he would phone the linton in Arkansas. The conversation as not long, but he remembers their armth. Then, in 1981, the governor lled him and asked him to arrange a re- ception in Los Angeles. "In a gesture that I will never forget," Mixner says, his voice shaking, "he asked Peter Scott and me to host the reception at Peter's house. There was *no* question in my mind that not only was this his way of telling me that he viewed me as the same person he once knew but that he was making a state ment to everybody else. It's something I'll never forget."

Then came the phone call, on Septem ber 19, 1991, that sealed their friendship. "The governor asked me if I would help with his presidential campaign," says Mixner. "We talked about the potential emerging power of the gay-and-lesbian community as a political force, and he asked me to set up a meeting with my friends at ANGLE." A quiet gathering, on the evening of October 14, 1991, was arranged at the house of a 34-year-old ANGLE founder, Dr. Scott Hitt, the same place I had visited in the Hollywood Hills. In that living room, with its expensive pearl-white leather couches and panoramic view of Los Angeles, an emotional pact was forged between the governor and the major players of the gay community in Southern California.

> "Except for the little fact of homosexuality, gay men would be just like straight men."

But it was Hillary Clinton who broke the ice, warming up the wary listeners with words of understanding. The Clintons, Mixner tells me, had other gay friends, and Mrs. Clinton knew firsthand the pain of losing one to AIDS—Dan Bradley, former president of the Legal Services Corporation, who died in 1988. "Most of the people going into that October meeting were for Paul Tsongas or Jerry Brown," Mixner recalls. "I had to really convince people to come. There were about 20 of us. But Bill Clinton was incredible. I've not seen anything like that since Bobby Kennedy used to go into minority communities and immediately identified emotionally. It was a spiritual bond. This man, we felt, knew about our journey.

"That day he told the *Los Angeles Times* that if he were governor of California he would have signed the gay-rights bill that Pete Wilson had just vetoed. That was it! Suddenly 20 people became fanatic Clinton supporters, and that was the nucleus for the whole nation."

It is just this kind of talk that riles Urvashi Vaid, a 34-year-old iconoclast whose style has more in common with the militant 70s than with the boomer 90s. A purist ideologue, she's a perfect candidate for burnout after a decade of infighting and fund-raising and grass-roots organizing. But when she stepped down as head of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force late last year, she was not running away but simply shifting her battleground.

She moved to Provincetown, Massachusetts, a gay haven, to clear her head of the Beltway babble, to put her Gandhian vision of social justice into a book, and to recharge her spirit for her next great mission, building a nationwide movement for freedom and equality. And, she'll tell you proudly, she also moved to Provincetown to keep house with her lover of five years, the comedian Kate Clinton, from whom she had always lived apart because their jobs kept them both on the road.

She is stopping over in Washington on her way back from giving a speech at Duke University when I catch up with her. She wears her battle scars on her face, tiny lines around her eyes and down her mouth, and a deep frown. We are meeting at the Jefferson Hotel, four blocks from the White House. She grabs my hand and her clasp is strong, but she is small, a dark-haired sprite, and a bit shy in these plush surroundings. Heads turn as we walk into the restaurant, and waiters and hotel staffers come by to shake her hand—"She's done so much for the movement," one tells me. A vegetarian, she is finicky about traces of shellfish in her soup, which she does not finish in any case because she is too busy talking.

"The movement I work in might be called a gay-and-lesbian movement, but its mission is the liberation of all people," she declares. "To me my mission is about ending sexism, about ending racism, and about ending homophobia." She doesn't seem to see anything grandiose about any of it and speaks in torrents, in perfectly

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crafted sentences sprayed with Washingtonese, two-ton words like "infrastructure" and "strategizing," and I have to wonder how she can throw those words at a crowd and inflame their hearts. But I have been told that she does, that she's the single visionary and global thinker of the movement, its Pasionaria.

For hours afterward she remains focused, attentive, and invariably affable, whether driving from the Jefferson to the spare offices of the Campaign for Military Service on Embassy Row or sitting in the noisy bar where she is meeting Fred Hochberg, a wealthy 41-year-old Manhattan mail-order-business heir. Sitting across from each other, Hochberg and Vaid are a picture of contrasts, representing the two major and rival strands of the movement: the grass-roots organizer in baggy black pants and black sweater, and the businessman in a navy blazer and tailored charcoal-gray pants.

"I am not an inside-the-Beltway person," she tells me later. "My idea of power is very democratic and ground-up. It's not about a bunch of people running around, making high-level decisions in the back room. I'm not saying this to put anybody down. My colleagues are brilliant men, and I mean *men*. Ninety percent of the movement at this level are men, and practically all of the people at this level are white. . . . Feminist issues are off the point to them. They are the dominant culture. Except for the little fact of homosexuality, gay men would be just like straight men."

Ironically, it is the gay men in the top ranks of the movement who are most effusive about Vaid. "Urvashi is a tremendous symbol, a moving force," says Timothy McFeeley, director of the Human Rights Campaign Fund, a workhorse who has neither the ambition nor the passion he sees in Vaid. "Urvashi is astonishing," Tom Stoddard says, "principled, smart, deeply virtuous. She has a vision of the world." Mixner himself, who is no sentimentalist about his colleagues, says Vaid is extremely talented. Told about her star billing, she laughs and suggests that perhaps "the boys" were saying these things because they were talking to a female reporter. She is not easily fooled and knows she cannot possibly belong to the club. "Boys tend to play either-or politics—'You do it my way or you are an asshole.' That's on the record," she assures me.

It's a measure of her self-confidence—in her lingo, her "centeredness"—that she rarely goes off the record, even on the touchiest issues. She is one of the few major gay leaders who still defend the in-your-face defiance of groups such as ACT UP and Queer Nation. "Though ACT UP has splintered in the big cities, it is still very effective in places like Kansas City and Atlanta. It is inaccurate to say ACT UP has seen its heyday. They still have a role to play, as a channel for gay emotions. You can't just have dispassionate organizations."

Vaid's personal passions were formed early on. She was eight when her parents emigrated from New Delhi to the United States. Even in Potsdam, New York, a small middle-class town where her father taught English literature at the State University of New York, her mother wore saris and cooked only Indian food. "I was a very awkward young girl," Vaid recalls. "I spoke with an Indian accent. I had these very thick glasses. I had long hair, very thick, straight hair, Indian hair, down to my waist. I was such an intellectual. I read voraciously, and by the time I was 12 I was going through my parents' library—Henry James, Thomas Hardy. I lived a lot in my head."

Vaid was also politically precocious: at 11 she joined the town's anti-war marches; at 12 she gave a pro–George McGovern speech. Bored with high school, she graduated in three years, won a scholarship to Vassar, and changed her whole life. "I was 16 when I walked in the door. I was quite innocent and quite earnest and I got immediately involved in campus politics." These were the feminist and anti-war 70s, the time of sit-down strikes and teach-ins. "There was a women's group on campus, and the women were fabulous, dressed in black from head to toe, just as I am today. Very attractive, and all rumored to be lesbians. To me they were my first role models of what a lesbian looked like, and they were so glamorous."

From her early teens, Vaid knew she was drawn to women, but she dated boys until she was a senior at Vassar, when she fell in love with a French classmate. Their relationship ended when her friend returned to Europe, leaving Vaid crushed and lonely. She moved to Boston, where her life began to revolve entirely around the gay community. She attended Northeastern University School of Law, lived in a lesbian group house, and took a secretarial job at a law firm before working at an alternative weekly. "I was an out lesbian, but I was terrified because of the stigma. I didn't know it would be possible to live my life as a lesbian."

When she finally told her parents, her father was not surprised, saying only, "I thought so." But it was awful for her mother, who to this day has not met Vaid's lover. "I think I would have been a lesbian whether I grew up in India or America," she says. "Eventually I would have found it. This is how I feel about my sexuality. It's very, very deep in me, and it was formed early, and once I could name it and accept it, it became fixed."

It is her sexuality and ethnic identity that inform her approach as a leader. "As a lesbian of color, I can't help but bring more than one identity and more than one issue to the table, and try to lead our movement not just on this narrow issue called homosexuality but on this larger thing called oppression."

We've talked all afternoon by now and she's worn out at last. But the next day she comes charging in to join me for an early breakfast. "Power comes from the grass roots up," she starts off, fully awake even before the first sip of coffee. "But what's happening today is a very top-down power strategy," she says with obvious disdain. "It's a very pragmatic approach: get people with money, get people with access to political power to be the brokers for the community. . . . That's the way the world works. Rise up the corporate ladder, play the sleazy games, talk about making deals and talk about access to power and feel very powerful. And then what?"

She laughs heartily. "I sound like a hippie, don't I?" But she rolls on. "We have money. We have something of a philosophy. But we have no overall design, no infrastructure. We have no strategy for the long term. We go from crisis to crisis. . . . Why is it so hard for us to build? Because of the closet. Because so many of our people are hidden from us. Many women leaders still feel the need to be closeted to protect their access or their status. They feel if they come out of the closet as lesbians in the women's movement they will somehow lose their leadership." Her hand clutches my arm to make sure I get the point. "It's the system, and it affects every part of the history and progress of the gay-and-lesbian civil-rights movement. The closet has shaped us."

I can see now why her admirers believe she can part the waters. Her speech over, she leans back into the banquette, picks up a bran muffin, and slathers it with butter. A waiter comes over to greet her, and she becomes little Urvashi, sweet, gentle, infinitely patient. Then it's over and she rises to go, the

reakfast on the house, the restaurant taff virtually applauding

In a red knit dress and black pumps, her curled hair fluffed, her face made p, moisturized, lipsticked, and mascar ed, Hilary Rosen is the polar opposite f Urvashi Vaid. Calm, reserved, self bsorbed, Rosen, her friends say affec ionately, is the model Jewish American rincess. She is leading me into her vast, olor-coordinated office in the high rise ff K Street that houses the Recording ndustry Association of America. It's ight o'clock in the morning and the lace is dead quiet, the street noise muf led by wall-to-wall carpeting and thick indows.

Rosen offers coffee, closes the door, its on a sofa with her hands clasped in er lap, and studies me. She is wary, she dmits, calibrating her words. She's an xpert at spin and damage control, a vet ran lobbyist, smart, swift-tongued. Her ole is not to stand before crowds and stir p trouble, but rather to calm the waters, ull the strings, get things done. At 34 he's on everyone's shortlist of lesbian Vashington power brokers, a political in ider and fund-raiser who is also a top xecutive in the recording business. She njoys a six-figure salary and a new, alf-million-dollar house she bought with er girlfriend in an exclusive Washington eighborhood.

"There are many stars in the move ent," she says, deflecting the spotlight om herself. She mentions her friend oberta Achtenberg, the San Francisco ity supervisor nominated as an assistant ecretary at the Department of Housing nd Urban Development, who has turned own requests for an interview pending er confirmation hearings. But Achten erg has a problem, several gay leaders onfide. She may sink into obscurity in e bureaucracy, eclipsed by the more igh-profile Mixners and Vaids. "There's avid of course," Rosen continues. "He's ding a wave. That's not to take away om his abilities to get things done. Da id understands how it all connects." As r Vaid, "She has a message and a place the movement, but she's not a power layer in Washington."

A connoisseur of power, Rosen appre iates its uses and is suspicious of outsid rs—people who have not been in the enches doing the grunt work, newcom rs who are arriving late bearing checks nd demanding influence. For six years e's been a board member of the Human ights Campaign Fund, which, with 70,000 embers, is the largest gay political or ganization. Loyal to the core, she can get testy when people suggest that the Cam paign Fund and its director, Tim McFeeley, a Harvard Law graduate whom she helped recruit for the $85,000-a-year job, have fallen by the wayside, left behind by the Mixner-led Hollywood blitz. Yet she her self fits comfortably into the new mode. She talks of alignments with African-American and women's groups, of using marketing tools to change the negative image of gays and lesbians, of targeting the media and sitting down with editorial boards. Working in the music industry gives her access to and know-how of the show biz of politics and the politics of show biz. "Hilary has a great power net work," a gay leader who has had run-ins with her tells me. "She understands strat egy, the mainstream, and money, and she's loyal and personable. She's one of the great leaders of the future."

> Mixner says Clinton "talked about the emerging power of the gay-and-lesbian community, and he asked me to set up a meeting with ANGLE."

Rosen grew up in West Orange, New Jersey, in a liberal, middle-class family. Coming out to her family, she says, was not difficult. "The first time I came in contact with the politics of homophobia," she says, "I was overwhelmed. I had re alized at George Washington University that I was gay, but I fought it very hard. I was 22 when I finally accepted it. For a long time I felt no discrimination, but when I started lobbying in Congress I was personally affected at a level I never expected to be. Some members of Con gress didn't want to talk to me, and peo ple who assumed I was straight made snide comments about gays and lesbians in my presence. It was a turning point for me. I couldn't have lobbied with the passion I have if I hadn't decided to come out with it. It's amazing. I'd sit with a senator or a congressman who's known me for years and I'd say to him, 'I am a lesbian and the same per son you've always known.' Then things seemed fine."

Despite her prominence in gay circles, in the salons and boardrooms, Rosen is more comfortable raising money and wheel ing and dealing with producers to get a new anti-bigotry ad campaign on MTV than she is making speeches and head lines. "Hilary is afraid to stick her neck out," one intimate tells me. "She's afraid it will be cut off, as happens to everyone in our movement who rises up."

But Rosen claims, "I have enormous respect for the people who want to lead the parade, but I am just as happy to help them map out the route. I am not con cerned about finding leaders. I am more concerned about finding foot soldiers."

On a freezing night, Patricia Ireland wraps herself up in her dark-blue trench coat and joins a couple of hun dred shivering souls at a rally in Wash ington's Freedom Plaza to support gays and lesbians in the military. "We are going to win this fight!" she shouts into the microphone. "We've been up on the Hill...and we are going to win!" A photo would have shown her in a pose she happens to abhor, her mouth open and her fist clenched in the air. But it's a common image for the 47-year-old pres ident of NOW, whose life is a road show of sidewalk protests and mock arrests, pitched battles with radical-right extrem ists, speeches in far-flung backwaters, and weekends in no-CNN motels. So to come out in the cold a couple of blocks from her 16th Street office to advance a cause she absolutely believes in is, in fact, a relief.

On the morning of our first interview, a taxi screeches to the curb in front of her office and she jumps out, her scarf slipping off and falling into the gutter. Though she is often late, she prides herself on punctual ity, and she has made it here just in the nick of time. With a harried look and a battered suitcase strapped onto a flight attendant's trolley, she strides into the building.

In NOW's half-floor of offices, the phones are ringing, the staff is working at computers. She's got exactly one hour be fore she has to leave for a flight to Mem phis. "There is an inextricable link be-

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tween oppression of women and the gay-rights movement," she explains quickly, putting on her wristwatch, gold stud earrings, and Chap Stick. "We've been talking about that since the early 70s and so it's particularly exciting to see it now beginning to click. The strategy now is to continue to reach out to other constituencies and to portray the fight as a struggle against discrimination and oppression, but of interest to a lot of people outside the movement itself."

Suddenly still, her hands on her lap and her face frozen in a stiff smile, she has the look of a student at orals. She is seated in an armchair by me, not in the presidential leather swivel chair. The office looks lived in—worn industrial gray carpet, worn upholstery, banged-up cabinets—but it has large windows and a close-up view of the White House.

The National Organization for Women, the largest feminist group, with 280,000 members (twice the membership of all gay political organizations combined) and an $8.5 million annual budget, has long considered rights for gays one of its principal projects. "NOW is an *active* part of the lesbian-and-gay-rights movement," she wants to make clear, not just an endorser and back-row supporter. The point is important because she has heard about the new coalition, the Campaign for Military Service, and it would trouble her if NOW, which fought the battle for years when it was not Topic A, were somehow overlooked—if NOW were assigned a secondary role. "There is jockeying for position," she agrees. "Some of it is brutal, reflecting our society in that the guys with the money have the power. Washington is an insiders' town, and access to power is very seductive. That's happening now with the gay movement."

When her assistant comes on the intercom to tell her that the car is here to take her to the airport, she packs her files with the deliberate manner of the lawyer that she is and the cold-blooded poise of the flight attendant that she was, a veteran of unexpected bumps and sudden turbulence. Nothing seems to ruffle her. She can fix a falling hem (with the Scotch tape she carries in her bag) and disarm a hostile audience with a practiced smile and self-deprecating jokes. But she takes things to heart, and her midwestern reserve mellows as she talks about her cause and herself.

"I don't think a leader has yet emerged as a symbol and a galvanizer of the lesbian-and-gay-rights movement, and in this television age if you want a mass movement, you have to be able to reach the masses," she says. "If you are a lesbian or a gay or a bisexual and you are out there in Lafayette, Indiana, or Stillwater, Oklahoma, and somebody comes on television and says what has been in your heart, wraps words around something you can't even articulate, it makes a difference. It keeps people from feeling so isolated and alienated, like they are the only one in the world who feels that.

"Now, this fight over gays and lesbians in the military has at least a six-month shelf life," she continues, "and the civil-rights bill will spin out of that and have a shelf life of its own. I am a feminist leader and have a broader agenda that's very inclusive, but it could be," she says carefully, "that in the next six months or nine months I will be one of those people who emerge as a speaker and media person on lesbian-and-gay rights."

The truth is that for Patricia Ireland the issue is no abstraction or fad. It is hard-core and personal. Just over a year ago, as she was taking the helm of NOW, she disclosed in an interview in the gay magazine *The Advocate* that she has a companion in Washington. In a cover article titled "America's Most Powerful Woman Comes Out," Ireland confirmed rumors that, in addition to a husband, she had a female companion, but she refused—and refuses to this day—to label herself anything. "My aversion to labels is nevertheless tempered by the reality of the world," she tells me the next time we meet, "and the world likes labels." A year after the controversy that shook her personal and professional lives, she seems almost impervious to the criticism from all sides, including the gay community, that washed over her.

But she recalls the pain vividly, and with surprising humor. The *Advocate* interview was in the works for months. It is not true, she says, that the magazine threatened to out her. She had already made up her mind to talk about her personal life because she knew that as a public figure she could not keep it secret. "You know, my greatest defense mechanism is denial," she says. "So I thought about it like this: When I become president of NOW, I'll buy a new wardrobe, I'll get my hair cut, and I'll come out."

She planned to alert the NOW board and the NOW chapters beforehand to brace them for the media assault that would surely break out after the article. But *The Advocate* promoted the issue in advance of newsstand sales and caught Ireland off-guard. "I ended up with the feeling of personal discombobulation, but also this terrible feeling that I had blown it as far as organizational leadership. It was not fair to the activists in the field not to have known what was going on and to have been caught behind the news. For them to get a call from a reporter saying 'How do you like having a queer for a president?' was not my idea of how his media strategy would play out."

For her personally it was agony. "It was no easier than coming to terms with having had abortions. The first time I spoke out about having an abortion it made me physically ill. It made my knees shake. It made my stomach hurt. It made my voice quiver. It made me flush. Because I am a *very* private person."

Ireland grew up in a quiet household in Valparaiso, Indiana, a white, middle-class Republican pocket. "You know, emotions were very low-class," she recalls bitterly. She was the younger daughter and then, suddenly, an only child when her sister died in a horseback-riding accident, a trauma Ireland rushes over except to note that it was the first time she saw her parents cry. Later, her parents adopted two younger girls. "When I look back on my childhood, I think I figured early on that the guys had a better deal. It's why I was a tomboy. It's why I always played with the guys. They had more fun. They got to wear jeans to school instead of little skirts. They could swing from the monkey bars without worrying about their panties showing."

She went to DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, and transferred to the University of Tennessee. She found after graduating that she was not cut out to be a teacher, one of the few professions she thought were open to women. Aimless and restless after college, she babysat tended and waitressed in Valparaiso until she got a job with Pan Am, back when flight attendants were called stewardesses. She got married almost immediately afterward, to a friend from college, James Humble. While her husband worked as a mason, she flew for Pan Am and attended the University of Miami School of Law.

As she climbed the ladder in a Miami law firm, she became involved in NOW and finally, in 1987, moved to Washington to join the NOW staff. For the past six years, she and Humble, who is now a businessman and artist, have lived mostly apart, he in their farmhouse south of Miami and she in Washington.

When the *Advocate* article came out

he found support in places where she dn't expect any—but in the people and laces where she had thought she would nd it, there was startling silence. "There as the perception by some people that I as somehow afraid or ashamed." In ct, many in the gay movement still re- nt her refusal to come entirely out by roclaiming herself a lesbian.

But she has her champions. "Patricia eland brought many people into the ovement because of her revelations," ys Robert Bray, an official of the Na- onal Gay & Lesbian Task Force. "She erfectly articulated the feminist creed at the personal is the political, and she xplained it in a way that bridged the fem- ist and gay movements. That's what as so inspiring. She just said, 'This is hat is happening in my life.' As a gay an, I thought this was amazing."

One evening in Manhattan, Patricia eland is the toast of a private dinner on ifth Avenue, a high-minded affair ar- nged to honor her as this year's Gold- erg Lecturer for a speech she will eliver after dinner at the 92nd Street Y. Such integrity, such bearing," exults e man. "She should be mayor of New ork."

As befits a V.I.P., she is booked at an pper East Side hotel, chauffeured around wn, and asked for her autograph. But she alone backstage during the introduction, ribbling notes. Then she steps out onto e stage, exuding that self-confident cor- porate lawyer air. There's not even a hint of stage fright as she plunges into her speech, which she has jotted down on a yellow legal pad. She runs through all the tested feminist issues—abortion, harassment, unequal pay, child care—then segues deftly into a plea for lesbian and gay rights.

In the question-and-answer session that follows, an elderly man stands up to tell her he agrees with everything she said but one thing. "Why are you promoting homosexual rights?" he shouts. She waits until he's through, her eyes steeled, her hands firmly on the lectern. But when she speaks, it is with a gentle tone that defuses the situation. "This reminds me of my father, who is now retired in Florida," she says with a fond smile. "He used to be dead set against my beliefs on gays. But the other day we were talking, and he said, 'You know, you were right.'

"I hope you," she says to her elderly critic, "will have the heart to come to believe that, too."

There are moments when David Mixner wishes it would all go away. "Fame, I know, is fleeting. And now, with all this, I feel more isolated than ever, more alone. AIDS robbed me of joy, the spirit of fun. I've lost 189 friends to AIDS and I feel a rage because it didn't have to happen."

When the phone rings in his room at the Four Seasons, he goes into belly laughs, he jiggles, he taps his foot, he sucks on Life Savers, he sips Diet Coke. "We're going to get those sons of bitches," he says, blasting away at the person on the other end of the line. "We're going to win this." In the next phone call he's saccharin sweet. "Honey, we get such little good news. We might as well roll in it."

By now it is past four in the afternoon. All day long Mixner has been plotting the plan of attack for the military-ban hearings and the April 25 march. One minute he's lining up telegenic witnesses. Midshipman Joseph Steffan, Lieutenant Tracy Thorne of the Navy, Colonel Margarethe Cammermeyer of the National Guard—all dismissed from the armed forces despite impeccable records because they are gay. The next minute he's trying to figure out how many Porta-Johns will be needed along the march route.

He has appointments that will keep him up past midnight, and though he is getting a little cranky, he is still thinking out loud. "This is a community that has found its voice," he declares, "and we will sit down at the table of the American family at last." It's not just about politics, he stresses, but also about personal lives. "I want to fight for gays and lesbians to have love, happiness, and fun. And I don't want to deny that to myself. I am a leader but not a martyr. Five years from now, I want to still be doing this, maybe as a teacher or a writer. . . and I also want to have a lover." □

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ontinued from page 159) another man. . This is a huge living room on the Av- ue Montaigne. . . and then the personal aid. [Speaking in the moment, as Fran- :] 'Bruna, you know this is Mr. Paso- it.' 'Madame is almost ready. Please ve a drink.' 'Thank you.' 'I send Fer- ccio' [Callas's butler]. . . . Then another e comes, three, four, five people come. d then one little dog. Just walks in. ien Ferruccio comes, saying, 'Madame going to be here in five minutes.' No ty. We sat down. Then. . . "

Here he was interrupted, to his extrava- nt annoyance, by the phone. "And so. . . sed to be on the Avenue Montaigne. . . No, was the Rue Georges Mandel. . . Then, ally, three-quarters of an hour of dogs ming in and butlers and waiters. . . and ally a maid with two dogs arrives. And e looks around. 'Madame is going to sit re.' And then she puts the dogs there. d then 'No, the light is not good, the light is not good.' She gets very nervous. She looks around again. . . . And she takes the dogs and 'There! There!' And after five minutes, you hear the voice—only the voice—[calling the names of her dogs] 'Djedda! Pixie!' And all the staff goes [whispered], 'She's coming. . . she's arriving. . . ' " Rossellini left the room and returned blinking myopically, with his hands clasped shyly and his face creased into an expression of exaggerated coquetry—the diva incarnate. "Now," he asked grandly, "what do you think of Callas?" He broke into a fit of coughing and was forced to sit down. When he recovered, he looked up at me and said in a grave rasp of a voice, "Do you think I'm going to die?"

The question was one he was reluctant to address. He was, as a rule, cheerfully ambiguous about his medical status, saying he wasn't even sure he was suffering from full-blown AIDS. Friends of his told me it had taken him months to admit publicly he had it, although when he did, it became as essential a part of his persona as the trailing capes he wore in the evening. He embraced the fact in the only manner his native armor of frivolity would allow, heralding the news at dinner parties where AIDS was not a common subject, and always insisting that he was on the verge of being miraculously cured. "Darling, I'm fine. I have a little touch of AIDS, but I'm fine," he would tell people on the phone, as though the disease were a sunburn acquired in Sardinia. At other times, Isabella Rossellini remembered, he would go through periods of "complete exuberance, where he would go jumping in the streets, telling every doorman he passed, 'I have AIDS! I have AIDS!' " He would discuss, with pained empathy, friends with the same affliction; describing one of them, Rudolf Nureyev, he

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paused to draw for me what he believed was an essential distinction: "He is dying. I am not."

Franco Rossellini would often tell me that his getting AIDS seemed a logical climax to a life lived *in extremis* and according to impulse. "I wake up in the morning and I jump out of the window, hoping somebody catches me. Like that. That's my life." In that, he said, "I behave exactly like my uncle Roberto." And when he spoke of the watersheds in his uncle's life, it was in a collective voice, as if Franco, too, had somehow contributed to these things. "He sees ourselves very much as a dynasty lately," said Isabella a month before he died. "He always saw that a little bit—it's part of his grand thing. Lately, a lot. He seems to find a sign of supernatural consolation."

His father, Renzo Rossellini, was a composer of film scores—many of them for his brother's movies—operas, and symphonies. He died in 1982 in Monte Carlo, where he maintained close ties to the royal family and was honorary president of the orchestra. Franco's mother, born Lina Pugni, was a Swiss-Italian concert pianist who worked in the New York offices of the Gucci fashion house from 1971 until 1991 and lived a few blocks away from her only child.

Franco grew up in the Rome of Mussolini and World War II, subjects he seldom seemed to perceive as relevant in discussing his past. He described himself as a shy boy, who would blush whenever he entered an inhabited room, and claimed he was mostly autodidactic, although he attended secondary school in Switzerland. ("My dear, you don't know what kind of a school is that: billionaires sitting down, and we ski.") His parents divorced when he was 14, and he largely kept a distance from his father, a reserved, decorous man, who wanted his son to have a university education and enter the Italian diplomatic corps. "If I see him pass by, I don't know who he is," said Franco of his father. "I never saw him."

His uncle Roberto was another breed—"the lion, the roarer," as Isabella described her father. "He was the one that everybody bowed to." Franco always insisted that *his* ties to his uncle were singular, and no one today disputes the closeness of the uncle and nephew, or how much they came to resemble each other temperamentally, in their volatility, their impulsiveness, their generosity, and their financial heedlessness. Isabella Rossellini recently speculated that her father's influence may, in some ways, have been dangerous: "I think there was a tremendous pressure on the boys, especially, to match the figure that my father was. . . by taking risks and all that. But I think sometimes Franco paid for them very dearly."

Franco instinctively followed Roberto and his aunt Ingrid into film, working as an assistant on many of his uncle's productions, in both Europe and India. Roberto also got him a job on François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* (1959) in Paris. Bergman—a woman he described as "somebody you need a long time to understand, because she was scared of everything"—was doing *Tea and Sympathy* onstage there, and he developed a closeness with her which would endure as a paradigm for his other relationships with formidable women.

Rossellini would also assist Jean-Luc Godard on 1963's *Contempt*. But he was dismissive of his work with the pioneers of the *nouvelle vague*, offering only that he was in charge of shepherding the actors in *The 400 Blows* by subway to the location and that he was always losing the film's star, 15-year-old Jean-Pierre Léaud. He assumed the movie would be a disaster. "Actually, I thought Truffaut had no talent at all because, you know, I have no sense of values, in a way."

Many people wondered why Rossellini didn't become an actor. I saw him in the one film appearance he admitted to, in Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (1959). He was on-screen, in one of the movie's centerpiece party scenes, for less than a minute, but he cut an incisive image: dressed in riding clothes, he was startlingly handsome, in a lean, patrician way, and he exuded a haughty, self-contained languor. The director Paul Morrissey recalled Ettore Scola's telling him, "Myself and every other Italian film director have been wishing Franco would be in their films for the last 30 years. He doesn't want to do it." Morrissey continued, "Franco, who basically was very frivolous, had this other kind of perverse, serious side that said, I'm not going to be a performer or I'll never be taken seriously as a producer."

So by the mid-60s, Franco was helming films himself. At 27, with money put up by a wealthy socialite friend, he directed his first movie, *The Lady of the Lake*, with Virna Lisi, and began producing a year later with *Django*, a spaghetti Western which starred Rossellini's chauffeur, who was renamed Franco Nero and became a star. In 1966, he began his collaboration with Pasolini. Two of their films—the sexually polymorphous fable *Teorema* (1968) and a bawdy adaptation of Boccaccio's *The Decameron* (1971)—drew the censure of both the Catholic Church and the Italian government, which tried Pasolini and Rossellini on charges of obscenity. (The charges were later dismissed.) Rossellini achieved enhanced notoriety and stature as a producer, a role he relished. "He had a period of tremendous glory," said Isabella Rossellini. "And Franco was very grand about it, playing the Hollywood producer with big villas and bodyguards and big cars."

His role in films seemed largely to resemble the one he assumed in his social life: arbitrating, with his own pyrotechnic version of diplomacy, with the "monsters." Working with Pasolini was particularly tense and complicated. "He gave me more problems," Rossellini said happily, adding that they were usually generated by the director's fondness for working-class boys. He counted Pasolini's sexual encounters on a one-week trip the two men took through North Africa: 89. But Pasolini's day-to-day, improvisational style seemed to match Rossellini's own. When Pasolini was bludgeoned to death by a 17-year-old boy in 1975, Rossellini said, it resoundingly marked the end of a chapter in his life. "After the assassination of Pier Paolo, I had like a mental block. I didn't know what to do anymore." He moved to New York—into a modest apartment he would keep until he died—and began to fear for his own safety. He kept at least one bodyguard with him until the end of his life.

The most enduring of these was Enzo Natale, whom Rossellini met on location for *The Decameron* in Southern Italy, where the 19-year-old Natale was working as a policeman in an anti-Mafia force. Though he had a young son, he left the force to join Rossellini. "Wherever we—Franco was Enzo," he told me in his stilted, fractured English. (His employment was interrupted, Natale said, when, in 1971, he shot a man in the foot who had attacked Rossellini and he was sent to jail for three years.) A cocky, handsome man with a bantam's walk and a bull's shoulders, Natale became, said Rossellini, "not like a butler—more like a son." At the time of his death, Rossellini wanted to adopt the younger man. Natale—who accompanied the producer around the world, sharing the same hotel rooms and dining with Rossellini's ex-

"Darling, I'm fine," Franco would say. "I have a little touch of AIDS, but I'm fine."

ted friends—said the association was like a God gift. Really, without wanting it; it was not the plan of my life. It st came like this. From Franco. Only om Franco."

Although many of his friends assumed atale was Rossellini's lover, Rossellini med this emphatically. He admitted, wever, to a copious and diverse sexual reer and, one afternoon, showed me, like this old queen," photographs of d letters from some of his more celeated lovers. A few of them were wom—a French film star, an Italian and a ench countess ("only women of quali"). But although he said at one point did not consider himself a homosexl ("I prefer the company of men; I ve *sympathies*"), the pictures were rgely of men, ranging from hustlers to o fabled orchestra conductors, both w dead.

After the death of Pasolini, Rossellini's reer in films was sporadic. He produced seldom seen movie with Elizabeth Tay, *The Driver's Seat*, in 1973, and in 76 began work on a project which ould kill his love for the business—*Caula*, a lengthy, star-studded pornoaphic film set in ancient Rome. Starring alcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole, and John Gielgud, the film received scath- reviews but made—according to Rosllini—a lot of money, particularly in its ease as a video. Of its earnings, he d, he saw only a few million, and he ed its financial backer, Bob Guccione, publisher of *Penthouse* magazine. The urt battle—subsidized in part by Doris ike, whom he had met in the early s—was long and particularly ugly. He ver won the case, but it became his obssion. He was still talking about it the t time I saw him, 10 days before he d.

After *Caligula*, Rossellini began spend more and more of his time idly, hang out at clubs like Studio 54 and squir lonely rich women around the world. also, according to friends, became inasingly fond of cocaine, though he inted he was never addicted. Marina cogna sensed a new aimlessness in his e. "He was much better off when he n't know where the money was coming from," she said. "Franco was somebody who had to create and re-create and reinvent life from day to day. When he met Doris, and he had done *Caligula*, he suddenly thought he was going to have a lot of money and that money never came through.... And I think that was the worst thing that ever could have happened to him."

He indeed seemed to be struggling to find a new raison d'être. He helped organize social functions—such as the Museum of Modern Art's Vittorio De Sica retrospective in 1991—and the idea of good works assumed a heightened appeal: in 1985, he toured the drought-stricken countries of Africa with a goodwill ship sponsored by the United Nations. And he found himself developing personal relationships with the homeless people in his neighborhood. "He was incredibly generous with his money," said one friend. "He was also very generous with other people's money."

It seemed, curiously, a point of honor to him to say he did not get AIDS through sexual contact. The stories of how he believed he did contract it were numerous and contradictory. The most common involved his becoming infected during either a United Nations visit to an African leper colony or a Moroccan pedicure. Equally confusing were his accounts of discovering that he actually had AIDS—I remain unsure as to whether he learned this in a hospital in Florence, Paris, or New York—but it was precipitated by a severe infection which consumed his left foot following an accident (he either fell off a horse in Argentina, which is what he told me, or stepped on a mine in Beirut, which is what he said to Isabella). But when he checked into Cabrini in June 1991, he was desperately ill.

Isabella Rossellini remembered visiting him in the hospital at that time. "It was a very touching experience of holding somebody's hands and going, slowly, at his pace, to recognizing that he had AIDS. And he was incredible. He would say one moment that he had it, and then I could see the desperation overwhelming him, and he would go back to his fantasy of glory, talking about my mother, and then say, 'I don't know what I have in my foot,' and completely deny what we'd got to five minutes before. And I stayed hours and hours and hours and hours. And little by little by little by little, he faced it. And he started to cry.... And I perceived a kind of a relief in him once he was admitting it. And we talked about death. And he was surprised that he wasn't afraid of it. And he talked about dead friends—Maria Callas and others—and he talked about his life; he said, 'I have had such a beautiful life, I have such wonderful friends.' And I thought, This is Franco at his best—to see someone so compassionate and accepting and all that."

Around that time, Isabella said, Rossellini was also visited by a priest, who mentioned the name of a bishop who had been treated at the same hospital. "And Franco said, 'Oh, really, but you know, he has been my lover. He's a nice man.' I mean, to the *priest*. He turned white, I almost passed out, and I thought, Well, enjoy the ride, Father. Here is a soul to be saved. It's a challenge for you. What can I say?"

In the last year of his life, Rossellini was in and out of the hospital, but he still managed to fly to the Philippines and to Europe—where he said he was attending to his suit against Guccione—and he would occasionally even rise from his hospital bed to attend a party, if it seemed important enough. He never divorced himself spiritually from the glittering world he had once moved in. The aggrandizing charm was always on tap. And he never stopped dropping names; they were, after all, what he thought defined him. One day when I visited him at Cabrini, he told me he had just received a telephone call from Jonas Salk, who had been a friend of his father's and who reported he was making progress on a cure for AIDS. "It is not everyone who has a Nobel Prize winner to call him," he said. (Although, in fact, Salk never won the prize.) I told him I had been reading Enzo Siciliano's biography of Pasolini. "I know it," he said sadly. "I am not in it."

He kept a running tally of who had called him, who had visited, who had sent flowers. Those who had paid him attention were described adoringly; the others were skewered mercilessly in his anecdotes. Enzo Natale was usually at the

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hospital, as was Rossellini's mother, a straight-backed octogenarian who arrived every day in a crisp suit or dress and tiers of pearls. He delighted in baiting his mother, dropping salacious bits about his and other people's sexual histories or discussing his use of cocaine. She would stiffen in her seat and shrug. "I did not know about these things before now," she once responded. "There were many things I did not know." His dramatic timing remained impeccable, and when I left the hospital one day, he raised one hand in the air and whispered, "Don't forget me."

The last time I saw him, on May 23, he had briefly returned to his apartment. I had gone there to talk to Natale and Lina Rossellini, and I hadn't expected to see him. But he made an unforgettable entrance—steeled, he said, by two Percodans—from his bedroom, on the broad arm of a nurse he had hired, wearing a monogrammed white terry-cloth robe and dark glasses. As Natale talked about his years with Franco, Rossellini would interrupt chirpily to discuss a project which he seemed to feel would ensure his lasting fame, a biography of the Rossellinis: "You see how many Rossellini books there are. But nobody has our story." He wanted to know if I had read the new book on Doris Duke, by Stephanie Mansfield. "I'm dying to read the book of Stephanie," he said. "I wonder what they say about me. They decided I'm a hustler? Because a hustler I'm not." It was my last conversation with him. He died, in Cabrini, early in the morning on June 3.

I wasn't a witness to the event which inspired my favorite story about Franco Rossellini. It occurred in early April 1992, at a party at the Museum of Modern Art, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the film *Casablanca*, in which his aunt Ingrid had starred. Rossellini had helped organize the guest list for it, and even though he was in the hospital then, he was determined to attend. Isabella Rossellini suggested he use a wheelchair, although his doctor said he didn't require one. "I could see his eyes flashing," she said, "not because it was a good idea, but out of vanity, like 'Ah what a wonderful entrance... He arrived. My [half-] sister Pia [Lindstrom], also a daughter of Ingrid Bergman, talked [to the audience] about *Casablanca* and talked about the people who were there, and mentioned Franco. Franco got a huge applause; we don't know why, because he had no connection with *Casablanca*. But he made that evening—he made that entrance, and with the theatricality of it, people felt he was a survivor of *Casablanca*. In the confusion of its 50th year, he got the standing ovation." □

Lord Lucan

(Continued from page 138) Zilkha, another close friend, lent Lucan £3,000 the same week. Stephen Raphael, a gambler who was a father figure to Lucan, also lent him money that week. A month before the murder, Lucan turned up at James Goldsmith's house in Paris and asked to borrow money, saying he needed it to buy his children from his wife. Goldsmith does not lend money. In the biography *Billionaire*, Ivan Fallon reports that Goldsmith said, "I'll give you the money." But Lucan would not accept money as a gift. Instead, Goldsmith agreed to guarantee a loan for him with the Midland Bank. In addition, Lucan put the family silver up for auction at Christie's. The 13 lots of family plate were billed merely as "the property of a nobleman." The auction came up two weeks after the murder. By then, the proceeds were of no benefit to him.

On the day before the murder, Lucan did three notable things. He took a piano lesson. He was a good piano player, but slightly ashamed of it, as it seemed at odds with his macho image. His piano teacher later reported that his hands had not been the hands of a man under duress. He went to the bookseller Heywood Hill, the smart bookshop on Curzon Street where the royal family buy their books and where Nancy Mitford worked as a salesgirl during World War II. There he purchased *Millionaires' Islands*, about the luxurious hideaways of Greek tycoons. On the cover was the front of a Rolls-Royce. "I remember it extremely well," said John Saumarez Smith, the proprietor, who waited on the peer that afternoon. "He was not someone on whom we relied for our livelihood." That night Lucan attended a party at the home of Selim Zilkha, who 19 years later gave the party in Bel-Air at which the bronze elephant was unveiled.

"We had a big dinner the night before the murder—a men's dinner with bridge and backgammon, at Selim's apartment in London," said Mary Hayley, who has been the acknowledged girlfriend of Selim Zilkha for 25 years. "I was the only woman there. Lucky arrived early that night. Guests were asked for 8, but he came at 7:15. He had had a lot to drink. He always drank a lot of vodka. I remember he also stayed very late. There was a parcel that Selim wanted delivered, and Lucky said that he would do it on Friday or Saturday. You see, the murder was on Thursday. He made an arrangement to do something on the day after, or two days after.

"We had a film that night, *Black Orpheus*, for anyone who didn't want to play, but everyone drifted away to the tables. He was his complete normal self. We loved him. He was a great friend. We saw him several nights a week. He was very charming and very intelligent. He loved his kids, and was panicked by his wife's behavior. He had been drinking so much. Otherwise, you wouldn't make such a mistake as he made. There's more, but I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"We were talking about this downer in Mexico at Jimmy's. They said I could say only about the dinner the night before."

It was November 7, 1974, the night after Selim Zilkha's dinner, a Thursday, Nanny's night off. Lucan was then living in an apartment on Elizabeth Street, a short distance from the house he no longer shared with his wife and children, at 46 Lower Belgrave Street, in the fashionable SW1 section of London. He dressed in a turtleneck sweater and a brown sleeveless pullover and slacks. He wore gloves. He carried a canvas U.S. mail sack. Somewhere on his person, or possibly in the sack, were a 10-inch length of pipe wrapped in adhesive tape, and a mask. He left behind in his apartment *Millionaires' Islands*, open at the page where he had stopped reading. He also left behind his wallet, his credit cards, his watch, and all his identification. His plan was to return to the apartment after the deed was done, bathe, change, and then meet four friends who were attending the theater, for a late supper at the Clermont Club. Earlier, he had driven by the Clermont Club in his Mercedes and asked the doorman, who

ord Lucan

ew him well, if his friends had arrived t, although it was only 8:30 and he ew they were not expected until 11. e trip to the club and the discussion ith the doorman were obviously the undations of an alibi, as had been his ter the previous evening to Selim Zilkha d Mary Hayley to deliver a parcel in o days' time. If everything went acrding to plan, by the end of the evening e house on Lower Belgrave Street would ce again be his, as would the mews use behind it, and he would be able to ve up his apartment on Elizabeth Street d move back in with his children. Over e past year, he had sought to establish s wife's madness with everyone who ould listen to him. It would appear that e had vanished, run away, as she had ce run away from a private psychiatric rsing home in which he had placed her. is last girlfriend, who was seeing him in e months prior to the murder, said to e, "He told me horrifying stories about s wife. He told me that he gave his ughter Frances a kitten, and that Lady ucan strangled the cat and sent it back." eard this bizarre allegation from several ople; in another version, Lady Lucan headed the cat and sent it back. I did t, however, meet anyone who had actuly seen the strangled or decapitated cat. e people with whom I spoke were ocked more by the story of a dead cat an by the bludgeoned body that would found at the end of the night.

Silently, he entered the five-story house, ening the door with his latchkey. His ife and children were upstairs, watching *e Six Million Dollar Man* on television. e knew the family routine. He knew that ter the program the children would be nt upstairs to bed and his wife would en come down to the kitchen, which as in the basement of the house, to make rself a cup of tea before bedtime. It was r habit. On the stairway to the baseent, he took the light bulb out of the cket. Then he went down the stairs to e darkness of the kitchen. And waited.

Shortly after nine o'clock, the television ogram over, she descended the stairs, ving tried the light switch and found it operative. At the bottom of the stairs, he t her on the head with the pipe. She sank her knees. He bludgeoned her again and ain. A knife or gun would have been sier, quicker, and certainly cleaner. hen you hit someone on the head with a pe, the first hit only opens the skin up. It is ter the second blow, and the subsequent blows—if the heart is still pumping—that blood spurts. And blood spurted everywhere, in every direction. It was as if he wanted not only to kill her but also to inflict pain. Then, mercifully, she was dead, and he began the task of putting her body into the canvas mail sack. He folded the body in two. Later, if all had gone according to plan, after he had established himself, cleaned-up and fastidious, at the Clermont Club with his friends for supper, he would have loaded the mail sack with his wife's body in it into the trunk of the car he had borrowed from his unsuspecting friend Michael Stoop—an inconspicuous Ford to replace his easily identifiable Mercedes—and driven it to the coast, where he would have carried it onto a boat, taken it out into the English Channel, tied weights to it, and dumped it overboard. By the time anybody reported Lady Lucan missing, she would have been buried at sea. Seven-Mile-Bottom, in the English Channel, is the preferred spot for burials at sea. There are no currents, so a properly weighted body will go straight to the bottom and stay there. Taki Theodoracopulos told me over lunch at '21' in New York that Lucan had made two test runs, driving a weighted bag from London to a coastal town, transferring the bag from the car to a boat, taking the boat out into the channel, and dumping the bag. This was confirmed to me by a detective in England. Everything was timed. Everything was planned. Everything was perfect.

> The Lucans fought over everything, even his Doberman pinscher's farts, which struck him funny and disgusted her.

But never underestimate fate. From the top of the stairs, he heard a voice calling, "Sandra? Sandra? What's keeping you?" Sandra was the name of the nanny, whose night off it was supposed to have been. Sandra Rivett. The voice calling for Sandra from the top of the stairs was the voice of his wife, Lady Lucan, the object of his hatred, alive and well, impatient for her tea. In one of the most classic examples of mistaken identity ever, Lord Lucan, whose friends called him Lucky, had killed the wrong woman. They were both small, the nanny and the countess, both five feet two inches tall. Nanny had changed her night off to accommodate a boyfriend. Nanny had come down to the kitchen to make tea for her Ladyship. Nanny had received the blows intended for Lady Lucan.

Try to imagine the state of mind of a man who discovers that he has just murdered the wrong person, by finding himself face-to-face with the person he thought he had murdered, whose body he thought he had just stuffed into a bag, whose wet, sticky blood he thought was all over him. Think of him gloved, sweatered, sweating, smelling, panicky, and probably drunk. It is easy to believe that he had reached a degree of madness and, certainly, desperation. He ascended the stairs, masked. His wife, seeing him but not knowing it was he, screamed. "Shut up!" he cried out. With that, she recognized his voice and understood everything. Then he attacked her, grabbing her, thrusting three gloved fingers down her throat, strangling her, gouging her eyes, and striking her with the same blunt instrument he had used to kill Nanny Rivett, hitting her on the head, causing her too to spurt blood, some of it on him. But this lady had a rage to live. Against all odds, she saved herself by fighting him, by reaching between his legs and squeezing his balls as hard as she could until he desisted. At the inquest, his balls were referred to as his private parts.

The woman, whom her husband had tried to establish as mad, acted with perfect sanity. She cajoled him. She calmed him down. She may even have told him, as has been reported, that she would help him. Their oldest child, Lady Frances, who had not yet gone up to bed, heard noises. The statement she later gave to a policewoman was the most graphic account we have of the violent incident:

> After a while Mummy said she wondered why Sandra was so long. I said I would go downstairs to see what was keeping her, but Mummy said no, she would go down. Mummy left the room and left the door open. There was no light in the hall, because the bulb didn't work. Just after Mummy left the room, I heard a scream. It sounded as if it came from a long way away. I thought that maybe the cat had scratched Mummy.
>
> I wasn't frightened by the scream, and I

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stayed watching TV. At about 9.05 I ran to the door and called, "Mummy," but there was no answer.

At 9.05 the news was on TV, and Mummy and Daddy both walked into the room. Mummy was bleeding from her face and crying. Mummy told me to go upstairs. Daddy didn't say anything to me, and I said nothing to either of them. I only caught a glimpse of her. I don't know how much blood was on her face.

As far as I can remember, Daddy was wearing a pair of dark trousers and an overcoat. I did not hear any conversation between Mummy and Daddy. I was on the bed when they came through the door.

I didn't see any blood on Daddy's clothes. I wondered what had happened, but I did not ask. I went upstairs and got into bed and read my book.

Lord Lucan became sufficiently quieted by the unexpected appearance of his daughter to go to the bathroom for a sponge to wipe the blood off his wife's head and face. Lady Lucan used his moment in the bathroom to bolt from the house and run down Lower Belgrave Street to the corner, 110 steps away, to a pub called the Plumber's Arms. Once again, she had bested her husband.

Lady Frances's testimony continued:

I didn't hear anything from downstairs. After a little while—I don't know how long—I heard Daddy calling for Mummy. He was calling, "Veronica, where are you?" I got up and looked down and saw Daddy coming out of the nursery. He went into the bathroom, came straight out, and went downstairs.

That was the last I saw of him. He never came up to the top of the house, either to look for Mummy or to say good night to me. I was surprised to see Daddy there that night.

Veronica Lucan knew the Plumber's Arms. She often bought her cigarettes there. It was 9:50 P.M. when she burst into the pub, looking to the 10 customers at the bar like an apparition, wearing a nightdress on a November evening, with blood pouring from the wounds on her head. "He's murdered my nanny!" Lady Lucan screamed at the entrance. "Help me, help me! I've just escaped from being murdered!" With that, she became hysterical.

Derrick Whitehouse, the assistant manager of the Plumber's Arms, was on duty that night. He helped the distraught woman to a bench and tried to stop the bleeding. He called the police, and he called an ambulance. He described Lady Lucan as "covered with blood from head to toe." There were seven wounds between the top of her head and her hairline on the right side of her forehead. The inside of her mouth was badly cut.

By the time the police arrived at 46 Lower Belgrave Street, at more or less the same time that Lord Lucan's guests were arriving at the Clermont Club from the theater to meet him for supper, they found a pool of blood on the kitchen floor, bloodstains on the wallpaper of the staircase, three shocked children on an upper floor, and a dead woman stuffed in a canvas bag in the basement. There was no sign of Lord Lucan. He did not return to his apartment on Elizabeth Street. His money, wallet, watch, and credit cards were found there. He had rung the doorbell of a woman named Madeleine Floorman in nearby Eaton Square, but Mrs. Floorman, not knowing who it was, was afraid to open her door at night. Later, blood was found on her doorstep; it was washed off the next day by Dominic Elwes.

Lucan is known to have made two telephone calls in London that night, the first to Mrs. Floorman, shortly after knocking on her door. He did not identify himself, but she recognized his voice. She said his remarks were incoherent. The second call was to his mother, the Dowager Lady Lucan, to tell her there had been a "terrible accident" in the house and to ask her to go there and get the children. Neither call was made from a telephone booth or through an operator, and the person who allowed him to use his telephone has never come forward. To this day, nearly 20 years later, only one person has admitted seeing him that night, and her story was then, and remains today, sketchy.

Her name was Susan Maxwell-Scott, and she was the wife of Ian Maxwell-Scott, a friend of Lucan's, another gambler, the manager of the Clermont Club, and a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk. Susan Maxwell-Scott was the daughter of a prominent lawyer, Sir Andrew Clark, Q.C., and a lawyer herself, although she never practiced her profession. The Maxwell-Scotts lived in Uckfield, in Sussex, 44 miles from London. The town of Uckfield is 15 miles from Newhaven, a point of departure for the ferry to Dieppe, in France.

Lucan arrived at Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's door in the borrowed Ford, still wearing his bloodstained clothes, at about 11 o'clock. He rang the bell. She called out from upstairs and asked who it was. He identified himself, and she let him in. She said he was in an upset state. He told her that he had happened to walk by his house on Lower Belgrave Street that evening on his way to his apartment to dress for dinner. He said he glanced in the basement window and saw a man attacking his wife. He said he entered the house with his latchkey and slipped in a pool of blood. Then the man, whom he described only as large, ran off. He said his wife accused him of having hired the man to kill her. Susan Maxwell-Scott later said she believed this story.

Lucan had several drinks at the Maxwell-Scott house, and wrote two letters to his friend Bill Shand Kydd, who was married to Lady Lucan's sister, Christina.

The most ghastly circumstance arose tonight, which I have described briefly to my mother when I interrupted the fight at Lower Belgrave Street and the man left. Veronica accused me of having hired him. I took her upstairs and sent Frances up to bed and tried to clean her up. She lay doggo for a bit and when I was in the bathroom left the house. The circumstantial evidence is strong in that V will say it was all my doing. I will also lie doggo for a bit but I am only concerned for the children. If you can manage it I want them to live with you—Coutts (trustees St Martin's Lane (Mr Wall) will handle school fees. V has demonstrated her hatred for me in the past and would do anything to see me accused. For George and Frances to go through life knowing their father has stood in the dock for attempted murder would be too much for them. When they are old enough to understand, explain to them the dream of paranoia, and look after them.

To "lie doggo" is an English expression meaning to drop out of sight, lie low, remain unseen. From the beginning, Lucan's version of what had happened at 46 Lower Belgrave Street had a bogus ring to it; it sounded like a story he had made up on the drive down to Uckfield and tried out on Susan Maxwell-Scott before wording it to Bill Shand Kydd. In order to support what he claimed to have seen as he walked by the house—his wife being attacked by an intruder—he would have had to lie down on the sidewalk, and even then the view into the kitchen would not have been a clear one. Also, Lady Lucan was not in the kitchen at any time during the murder. Only Sandra Rivett was. Not a drop of Lady Lucan's blood was found in the kitchen.

Lucan also made at least one telephone call from the Maxwell-Scott house, to his mother, the dowager countess, to inquire about his children. After his earlier call the dowager had gone to the Lucan house by taxi. The police were already there. She told them that her daughter-in-law was manic-depressive and had been described in court as dangerous to the children. She called her daughter-in-law's sister, Christina Shand Kydd, to tell her her sister was in the hospital, and reported

at Mrs. Shand Kydd had replied, "Has e attempted to kill herself again?" By e time of Lucan's second call to his other, from Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's house, e had returned home with the Lucan ildren and a policeman. She said that e officer was in the house with her, and sked her son if he wanted to talk to him. e told her to tell the police that he would ill them in the morning, a message she assed on.

Lucan sealed the letters with the back f his hand, leaving blood on both, and sked Mrs. Maxwell-Scott if she would ail them for him. He also asked her for eeping pills. She found four Valiums nd gave them to him. He declined her nvitation to spend the night. "I must get ack and sort things out," she said he aid. "I must find out what that bitch has one to me." He left her house at 1:15 .M. "Good-bye, Susie. Thank you," he aid. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott never saw him gain. In the morning she sent one of her ildren to the end of her drive to post the tters Lucan had written. She did not find e late-night visit significant enough to arrant reporting it to the police for 48 ours, although the story of the murder nd the missing earl was immediately naonal news. "I saw no reason to," she aid at the time.

The closing of the ranks around the Earl f Lucan began immediately. Sometime etween four and eight A.M., the borowed Ford was parked on a street in ewhaven. According to Detective Chief spector David Gerring, it was not there four. It was certainly there at eight. he short distance between Uckfield and ewhaven is at most a half-hour drive. Where was Lord Lucan between 1:15, hen he left Susan Maxwell-Scott's, nd 4? Or 1:15 and 8? Michael Stoop's oodstained car, abandoned in Newaven, gave the clear impression that ucan had left the country for France aat morning. But there is no proof that e did, or, if he did, that he left on the rry. Detective Gerring thinks that the ar may have been parked there as a ise. As one of the many people I talked ith said, "Of course, someone knows omething. They must. If, indeed, there a secret, John Aspinall would know it. anyone knows, he knows. But their ouths are zipped, and they're not goig to get unzipped. You can count on at." Another said, "It is one of the dark crets that binds that group together."

An interesting factor is that several peole knew of Lucan's plan. Brian Masters rote in his biography of John Aspinall, [Aspinall] was certainly not surprised that Lucan might have killed his wife. The missing earl had confessed to him some weeks earlier that he would like to, and had even gone so far as to tell Aspinall's mother, Lady O. (whom he regarded as a substitute mother), that he intended to. She had replied to the effect that he must do whatever he thought was right." The wife of another member of the Clermont Set told me, "Lady O. was Lucky's greatest confidante. He was so charming—devastating-looking. Lady O. knew there was a boat waiting for him on the south coast." His close friend Greville Howard, a banker at the time, also knew. Howard was one of the group who were supposed to meet Lucan after the theater and have supper at the Clermont Club on the night of the murder. At the time, Howard was living in the mews house behind the Lucan house on Lower Belgrave Street. Detective Gerring told me, "One night Lucan, in his cups, said to Greville Howard, 'What am I going to do? I can't get custody of the children. I've got no more money. I'm in a terrible state.' Greville Howard said, 'When people go broke, the easy way out is to go bankrupt. When you recover, you start again.' Lucan said, 'I don't want my children to see me in the bankruptcy court.' Howard said, 'What do you propose to do?' Lucan replied, 'Murder my wife.' Howard said, 'Isn't it better for your children to see you in the dock for bankruptcy than murder?' Lucan said, 'They'll never see me in the dock for murder, because I'll never get caught.' Howard said, 'You can't kill your wife.' He told this to the police at the time of the murder, but when it came to giving evidence at the inquest, he was in the hospital at Nuffield and therefore unavailable.

> He ascended the stairs, masked. His wife, seeing him but not knowing it was he, screamed.

The police searched everywhere for Lucan, including country houses and stately homes, on the slightest rumor. They searched Warwick Castle, the ancestral home of the Earl of Warwick, Lucan's second cousin once removed, and Holkham Hall, home of the Earl of Leicester. They also searched, not once but three times, the cellar of banker Algy Cluff, a wartime bunker that had been converted into a wine cellar, because it was near the coast where Lucan was thought to have vanished. A police alert went out: "Any of Lord Lucan's friends who harbor or aid him will be arrested." All these efforts came to naught.

The most fanciful theory, obviously untrue but the most often repeated at the time, was that Lucan had repaired in haste to Howletts, John Aspinall's estate with the private zoo, where he shot himself and, by pre-arrangement, was fed by Aspinall to the tigers, which consumed him, bones and all. Although the tigers at Howletts were no strangers to human flesh, stories of their devouring Lucan were clearly preposterous. When the police reached Howletts to search for Lucan, they were tired and frustrated by the runaround they had been given by Lucan's friends. Aspinall jokingly asked them if they wanted to raise the floorboards to search for him. Unamused, the police asked him if he was proud to be the friend of a man who had murdered one woman and then tried to kill his own wife by bashing her to death with a pipe. Aspinall replied, "If she'd been my wife, I'd have bashed her to death five years before and so would you."

It was all such fun. A good time was had by nearly all. The police, attempting to learn the ways of the mighty, began infiltrating clubs such as Annabel's, much to the amusement of the swells, who played their parts to upper-class perfection, either teasing and taunting the police or giving them a chilly, haughty reception. Most of the players spoke of the police in mocking terms. John Aspinall's late mother, Lady Osborne, a well-known character and wit, is said to have ended a telephone conversation, "Got to go and give Lucky his food. He's down under the tiger cage." According to another story, when the police arrived at Aspinall's house in the country at eight o'clock in the evening, they were told by the butler, "I'm sorry, Mr. Aspinall is having dinner."

"But we're the police."

"I'm terribly sorry. I've been told not

to disturb Mr. Aspinall,'' said the butler.

''We have to see him now,'' replied the police.

Finally, they were led into the dining room. Seated at the table were John Aspinall, his wife, his mother, and a gorilla.

Claus von Bülow wrote to Aspinall that the police had called on him in New York to see if he was hiding Lucan. James Goldsmith's second wife said that Interpol had come to her house in Paris. Several gamblers in the United States and Paris suspected that their telephones were being tapped. An American living in Los Angeles who had known Lucan and been part of the London gambling scene was kidded every time he returned to England for harboring Lucan in his West Coast home. It was known that the day before the murder Lucan had sent this man a check to pay a backgammon debt. When I expressed surprise that he would have taken care of such a detail, I was told, ''Those gamblers. Their sense of integrity is devoted more to each other than even to their families, particularly the ones who are addicted.''

One line was repeated to me over and over: ''Of all those gamblers, the one who probably knows is Aspinall, but he won't ever talk.'' At the time, though, Aspinall had quite a bit to say. According to Patrick Marnham in *Trail of Havoc*, an account of the Lucan case, Aspinall said, speaking for himself and his friends, ''If a close friend of yours came in covered with blood, having done some frightful deed, the last thing that would have occurred to you is to turn him in. It goes against every instinct of human loyalties, and to hell with the law or the common norms of civic behavior or something. If he had begged asylum, he would have had it. I would have helped him.''

Lord Lucan's girlfriend at the time of the murder told me recently, ''I remember thinking he was rather exotic. He was different from the people I knew. It was soon after I came out. I was only 19, and he was much older. I've always liked older men. My husband now is 22 years older than I am.

''The night it happened, there was confusion about whether we were going to have dinner with Greville Howard. I had to be at dinner in Kent, so I went there. I expected him to come down. It was a shooting weekend. In the morning we heard there had been some problem the night before, but we didn't know what it was. I thought it was probably an I.R.A. bomb. At lunch, after the shooting, people said to me to call this number. There had been a lot of calls for me. Then a friend called. He said, 'You have to get back to London as quickly as possible.' He said, 'What was your arrangement with Lucan? Is there any likelihood he will turn up there? If the police call, don't say anything until we establish where he is. The police said this could be a crime of passion. He killed his wife to marry you.' I said, 'No, no, no. We didn't have that kind of relationship at all.' ''

On the day following the murder of Sandra Rivett and the attempted murder of Lady Lucan, a number of Lucky Lucan's friends gathered at a hastily arranged lunch at the home of John Aspinall. Absent from the group was James Goldsmith, who was out of the country. The purpose of the lunch was to decide what to do if Lucky showed up on any of their doorsteps. Their telephones were off the hook; they were not available to anyone until they had a plan of some kind. One newspaper reported that the privileged group had lunched and wined sumptuously, but that was vociferously denied by all present—even in print by Charles Benson, who spelled out the measly fare served them by Aspinall. ''We sat around drinking rather ordinary white wine and eating cold meat and cheese from the refrigerator, plus some small portions of smoked salmon. I can't remember who had what, but it was a frugal meal.'' At the lunch, Benson reported, Aspinall said of Lucan, ''He must fall on his sword. That's the only course left open to him.'' Dominic Elwes came up with an elaborate scheme for smuggling Lucky out of England on a cargo ship to South America.

No tragedy is without its subplot, and the subplot of the Lucan tragedy belongs to Dominic Elwes. A painter, Elwes was the son of the late Sir Simon Elwes, a latter-day John Sargent who painted portraits of the rich and socially prominent. Dominic was less skilled by far than his father, and certainly less successful, but his friends were supportive and posed for him. He painted Lucan in court dress, with robes and a coronet. The Earl of Suffolk posed for him in full hunting regalia. John Aspinall looked pensive in his Elwes portrait, which hangs today in his new gambling club. Elwes had achieved a certain amount of fame in 1957 by eloping with the heiress Tessa Kennedy on a colorful odyssey that took the young lovers from Scotland to Havana to Florida to New York and back to England. From then on, his name was a fixture in society columns. After eight years and three sons, they divorced. Funny and charismatic, Dominic Elwes was a great mimic, a celebrated raconteur, a deft observer of the scene. His friends liked to have him around. He amused them. But his financial circumstances in no way paralleled theirs, which placed him in the position of being the poorest person in a very rich set. Lucan was probably equally poor, but he could still fall back on the family silver, a house in Belgravia, lands in Ireland, and, of course, the earldom, which, tarnished though the title was, would always open all doors for him. Elwes had to *sing for his supper*, as the saying goes. *Amusez-moi. Make me laugh. Tell me a funny story.* He had to be ''on'' all the time.

Melissa Wyndham, a fashionable London decorator, who was Elwes's girlfriend at the time, said to me, ''I remember that day so well. I was working in a shop when Dominic came lurching in. He said, 'The most terrible thing has happened.' Then he told me about the murder. Of course, I thought Lucan was the most depressing person ever. He was fantastically gloomy. He may have had a good point, but I certainly didn't spot it. I remember saying to Dominic, 'Oh, God, not dinner with Lucky Lucan again tonight.' ''

Dispatched by his rich friends in the role of sleuth, Elwes went to see the battered Countess of Lucan in the hospital. His assignment was to find out what she had told the police. A kindly man by nature, he was shocked by her appearance and the seriousness of her condition. She told him that Lucan had tried to kill her and convinced him of Lucan's guilt. During that visit, she said to him, ''Which is the mad one now?''

Not long after that, Elwes was approached by an old Etonian friend, the writer James Fox, who had been assigned to do an article on the Lucan case for the London *Sunday Times*. He asked Elwes to paint a picture of the Clermont Set to accompany the article he was writing, and Elwes, broke, as always, accepted the commission. The picture, when completed, depicted Lord Lucan, John Aspinall, James Goldsmith, Charles Benson, Stephen Raphael, the Earl of Suffolk, Goldsmith's sidekick Peter West, and Nicholas Soames, the grandson of Winston Churchill. Fox's article, which caused a sensation, was sympathetic to the much maligned Lady Lucan, and depicted the Clermont Set in a less than favorable light. Accompanying the article were photographs taken on a vacation in Acapulco, among them the aforementioned picture of Lady Annabel Birley with Lord Lucan.

he conventional wisdom was that Elwes ad sold the photographs to *The Sunday imes*. Outrage followed. Vicious letters rrived at Elwes's home, reviling him for is treachery. He was ostracized from the lubs and the group of people he cared ost about. This was yet another terrible nsunderstanding in the story. Many in e group were "convinced that Dominic ad sold the photographs to *The Sunday imes*," said Melissa Wyndham. "He vas fantastically short of money, so ev ryone just assumed he sold the pictures. I now for a fact he absolutely didn't. It ame out after his death that the photoraphs were sold to *The Sunday Times* by ady Lucan."

Dominic Elwes went into a serious decline. He could not believe what had happened to him. Friends such as Nigel Dempster, the gossip columnist, interceded for him, saying he had not sold the photographs, but to no avail. His drinking, already serious, increased. He became clumsy, fell and broke his hand. In a newspaper interview, he said, "I am sure Lucan] is still alive somewhere and hiding in the most desperate circumstances. Why, oh why, doesn't he get in touch with any of us?" One weekend in August, Melissa Wyndham was away on vacation, and friends took Elwes to the country. He spent most of the time in bed. On the way back to London, he said to the girl who was driving him, "I haven't slept a wink all weekend. I need my Tuinal. I have a standing prescription at a pharmacy in Knightsbridge. I'll call them and tell them you're coming." He was then living in a tiny mews house. He said to her, "Don't ring the bell. Just pop them through the letter box." She did, and Elwes, who valued his life too little and the worth of his friends too much, took the whole bottle. When Melissa Wyndham returned to London, she telephoned him. There was no answer. She let herself in and found him dead.

The late Kenneth Tynan, the great theater critic, liked and admired Dominic Elwes, but bemoaned his pathetic yearning to be accepted by a group Tynan considered worthless. In his eulogy at Elwes's memorial service at the Jesuit Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in Mayfair, he said:

As a raconteur and mimic, he had the most brilliant and imaginative flair I have ever encountered. Nobody has ever made me rejoice more. Even Peter Ustinov, a superlative talker, is reputed to have said that Dominic was the only person to whom he would defer in conversation. He loved the world of wealth and ceremony far more than it deserved, and his politics were those of a romantic monarchist. For him, England's king over the water was the Duke of Windsor. Certain rich people elected him their court jester, and he happily embraced the role, but they never really accepted him, because in the final analysis he did not have quite enough money. It may be that he set too much store by the favorable opinions of people many of whom were manifestly his inferiors.

John Aspinall's eulogy for Elwes was less successful. He said of the suicide who had been banned from his club:

He resented the fact that many lesser men had found fame through the media and through the newspapers. He knew many people who had achieved much, but he never managed it. His business affairs had never been the success they might have been. He was happiest entertaining a dozen or more close friends with his amusing stories or his wit. But, unfortunately, modern society does not repay someone like him. It is the man who can entertain television audiences with his banalities who gets its rewards.

"For George and Frances to go through life knowing their father has stood in the dock for attempted murder would be too much."

As Aspinall came out of the church, he was approached by Tremayne Rodd, a relation of Dominic Elwes's, who punched him in the jaw, saying, "This is what I think of your bloody speech, Aspinall!" Collecting himself and holding his hurt jaw, Aspinall said only, "I'm used to dealing with animals." The *Daily Mail* carried the headline RIGHT HOOK ENDS MEMORIAL SERVICE TO MAN FROM LUCAN SET.

In court at the inquest, no one spoke to Lady Lucan. Like a pariah, she sat alone. Her mother in law, the Dowager Countess of Lucan, sat in the row in front of her, but they did not exchange a word. Her relationship with her sister, Christina Shand Kydd, had been rocky for some time, even before the murder. Mrs. Shand Kydd had appeared on Lucan's side in the custody case, and was chastised in the press during the inquest for not speaking to her sister and for skipping court on the second day of the trial to attend the races at Ascot in the Royal Enclosure, where she was reported as wearing a large picture hat with a blue ostrich feather. A friend of Christina Shand Kydd's, speaking cautiously, said to me, "Lady Lucan's children stayed with her for some time after Lucan's disappearance, but when her health deteriorated, they were made wards of the court and legally put in the care of her sister. Christina took on the Lucan children with her husband, Bill, with whom she no longer lives." The Shand Kydds have a daughter one year older than Lady Frances and a son the same age as Lord Bingham.

"Did raising the Lucan children cause a problem with her sister?" I asked.

"It was a problem. Lady Lucan was very unstable at the time."

"Did the children continue to see their mother after they went to live with their aunt?"

"She was not tremendously welcoming, but the children have always tried as hard as they can to keep in touch with her."

"Did the children suffer at school?"

"They didn't suffer any problems at all. They are extremely cheery children. However, the press has always hounded them. Every anniversary they were chased and photographed."

"In the Shand Kydd household growing up, was what happened ever discussed? Or was it a thing not mentioned?"

"It was, is, very much mentioned. It always has been. The family thought it was important to talk about it."

"Does Mrs. Shand Kydd see her sister?"

There was a pause. "Lady Lucan has become a great recluse."

Lady Lucan lives today in very reduced circumstances in the mews house inhabited by Greville Howard at the time of the murder, at the end of the garden behind the Lucan house on Lower Belgrave Street. It is the one run-down house in the otherwise smart mews. She rarely answers her telephone or her door. Neighbors say that she occasionally peers out from behind drawn curtains. At a London dinner party where the case was being discussed during

Lord Lucan

my recent visit, a lady said to me, "I was doing something—voting or something—and someone said to me, 'Look, there's Lady Lucan.' She was wearing a coat like a bag lady's. Those eyes, just staring blankly. This wisp of gray hair, pulled back. My dear, she was so strange."

Considering the traumatic event that befell them, the Lucan children have turned out tremendously well. Lady Frances, who is now 28, is a solicitor, specializing in corporate law. Lord Bingham, who graduated from Cambridge, is a merchant banker. Lady Camilla is in her final year at Oxford, reading classics. "Friends of Lord Lucan's chipped in to pay for the education of his children," said the wife of a member of the Clermont Set. "Oh, God, I'm not supposed to say that."

Another family friend sat with me at tea in Claridge's. "I always thought Lucky was the best father I ever knew. Of the children, I knew Frances best. Frances was brilliant. She went to Bristol University. She used to go out to South Africa every year to visit her uncle. Once, I said to her, 'Did you see your father there?' And she said, 'I don't remember.' "

Alas, poor dead Nanny. People barely remember the name of Sandra Rivett. No member or representative of the Lucan family attended her funeral. Flowers were sent, pink chrysanthemums and white carnations. The card read, "To Sandra, with love, from Veronica, Frances, George, and Pamela." The youngest child's name is Camilla, not Pamela. A florist's error, no doubt. Sandra Rivett's father, when he went to retrieve his daughter's belongings at the Lucan house, was made to wait outside the front door. After a few minutes, a bag containing her clothing and personal effects was handed out to him. At the inquest, he was heard to say, "My daughter's name was scarcely mentioned."

Nineteen years have passed since that fateful November night. But the story lingers, and people continue to talk about Lucky Lucan. There are still secrets, deep, dark secrets. At the unveiling of the bronze elephant in Bel-Air, several of his friends turned up, as well as the man who had screen-tested him for James Bond, and the man who received the check from him for a backgammon debt, mailed the day before the murder. In Mexico this year, one of Jimmy Goldsmith's guests told me, "We talked about Lucky." Ask any cabdriver in London and he will have an opinion about the case. An American who frequently gambled with Lucan said to me recently, "I always suspected that some big Greek squirreled him off somewhere." He could be in South Africa, where his brother, Hugh Bingham, lives, and where John Aspinall maintains an estate in Cape Town. "Lucan lives in the Stellenbosch area of Cape Town, the wine area, on a vineyard," a South African told me. A Londoner who has tracked the case obsessively over the years feels strongly that Lucan is living on the Orkney Islands, off the northeast tip of Scotland. He could be somewhere in South America or Mexico. Or Australia. He could even be in the charming village of Old Lyme, Connecticut, where a dignified, titled woman has lived in Early American anonymity for many years, unknown even to her friends and neighbors as the sister of the notorious Earl of Lucan.

In the town of Tunbridge Wells in Kent, where William Makepeace Thackeray, the author of *Vanity Fair,* once lived, I met up with Detective Chief Inspector David Gerring, now retired, who was one of the two detectives in charge of the search for the missing earl. We sat for hours in a local pub. "You have to accept that it was Lucan who committed the murder. Of that there is no doubt," he told me. "Why wear gloves in your own home? There was blood at the scene in the house and in the car. There was also the matted hair of his wife on him and in the car.

"There were gale winds and stormy weather that night. No ferries ran from Newhaven to Dieppe until the next day. One of the theories was that he walked into the sea. Anything that goes into the sea comes back. If it goes out beyond the bay, the sea washes it up further along the coast. When the ferries finally sailed again on Saturday, there was no record of hi on board. The number of people we so small he would have been bound t be seen, especially as the story was i the headlines and on TV. Where are yo going to find weights to tie to your bod and jump overboard? He didn't have acce to a speedboat, nor did he own one o his own at the time, and no boat was stolen from Newhaven or the area. If he was going to commit suicide, where was he between 1:15 and 4? The waves were 20 feet high that night. He couldn't have walked into the sea.

"I started to be of the opinion that someone was telling lies. Do you understand our aristocracy? They are a strange breed. They have this ability—they like to think they're different. I call them the Eton Mafia. A lot has been said that they closed ranks. I went back to see Susan Maxwell-Scott, who was quite rude to me that I was actually calling her a liar. The policeman who questioned her said, 'Why didn't you report this matter to the police?' She said, 'I thought he would tell the police himself.' The policeman said, 'Why didn't you tell your husband?' And she said, 'I didn't think he'd be interested.' The policeman said, 'Didn't you read about it in the paper?' And she said, 'I only read the sports page.'

"I formulated my own theory. Yes, he committed the murder. In a panic after the murder, he ran. He planned it so that it would be a perfect murder, but it didn't work out that way. He panicked. He suddenly found himself going to Uckfield, where he had friends. I don't think he ever went to Newhaven. Only the car did. It was picked up and went another way. It's not difficult to leave the country. You can leave on a private plane or a yacht without a record. Some of Lucan's friends are fearless. They don't know the meaning of fear. Anything that can upset laws, they seem to enjoy. I believe that Lucan is living somewhere in South America, where there are still enclaves of people who are escaping from justice."

As he raised a pint of Guinness to his lips, Gerring said, "I still live and breathe this case. If he walked in here today, I would not say, 'Did you commit the murder?' I would say, 'I am arresting you.' "

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Planetarium

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

Not that you'd want to regain control, but the new moon in Taurus on April 21 gives you an edge over the merciless forces that have been squeezing you silly for months. With Saturn over your head, try to remember that very soon now the male-dominated-society thing will probably all come crashing down. Venus direct in your 12th house means that the scandalous affair or sudden separation you've been avoiding is likely to take place when that planet squares the Uranus–Neptune conjunction late in May. The full moon on May 5 falls on Kierkegaard's birthday, so do something meaningful

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

Here are a few fast predictions for you to chew on. Short-term: with Mercury and Venus in Aries in mid-April, you should be making new friends and associations, zooming around, and actually feeling social. Middle-term: you're not all washed-up after all; when Jupiter moves forward the last week of May, there could be a big love in the works. Long-term: Uranus and Neptune remain retrograde for the whole summer, making you wonder if your ship is ever going to come in and how much longer you can hold on waiting for it. Bottom line? Live with uncertainty. Be as mortal as the rest of us.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

With Venus overhead now, your professional life looks good. Do you dare to be optimistic? It was probably a Cancer who said, "Around every corner a sand-filled sock awaits us all." You certainly do view life from the perspective of a circus clown pinned against a wall with flaming knives whooshing toward him. That takes an awful lot of faith in "the other guy." The Uranus-Neptune conjunction has so marred your faith in recent years that when it comes to other people the only thing you can rely on is their unreliability. It hasn't made you cynical, though. You'd still go off with the first person who offered you a lollipop.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

In this crazy world, whose job is really secure? At one time even Richard Nixon thought *his* was. Not that you should start worrying about getting investigated by the Senate, but the retrogrades of Uranus and Neptune on April 22 will cause a major tremor in your employment area. No sweat, though. At the same time, Venus is going direct in your 9th house, so you'll be able to wangle your way out of anything. Once Mars enters Leo on April 27, no more bending over backward to appease the opposition. It may not be all-out war, but you've got to gain back a shred of the power you've lost. The honeymoon is over.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

It has often seemed that no matter how much you dream of life in the fast lane you usually end up pulling the rickshaw. After April 21, though, you may be getting the support and financial backing you need. It's tough to call, because as Venus goes forward, Uranus and Neptune go retrograde and Mars enters your 12th house. Money isn't the problem here; your totally wacky current emotional state is. Expect to be the psychiatrist one minute and desperately in need of one the next. You'll span the whole spectrum, from public accolades to clandestine escapades, so beware of undercover tabloid reporters.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

Venus's going forward in your 7th house on April 22 will bring harmony to your relationships and deepen all commitments. It will also reduce your resentment when people have you running around doing errands you've sworn you would never get stuck doing. Venus puts you in a healthier frame of mind and helps free you from messy triangular situations that can wreck the best relationships. *But* you will still have to experience the square of Uranus and Neptune to Venus for many weeks, which could make you feel like Cinderella at that moment when she had to introduce the prince to her stepmother

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

No way can you go back to bed, where you're safe and no one can hurt you and you can sleep for the next 100 years. Insecure or not, crawl out of the sack with your hair standing straight up and dance! When Mars transits Leo for six weeks beginning April 27, get motivated! Even if Daddy has abandoned you, pretend you're in the finale of a 40s movie, where the camera pulls back on the star, who sings her heart out in spite of a ridiculous personal life. With planets retrograde in your 3rd house, if a touch of your schizzy side peeks out at the crowd, make it part of your act

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

The retrogrades of Uranus and Neptune in your 2nd house are still driving you mad financially. One minute everybody loves you; they shower you with money and give you the impression that the sky's the limit. Then they scream "Recession!" and slash budgets. By now you know that when it comes to money one person's prediction is as good as anybody else's. With Mars in Leo and Venus in Aries, however, open your heart and have a little adventure. Seize the moment and boldly go where you haven't gone before—*providing* the credit card is honored when you are ready to pay for your little adventure.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

So where's the transformation, already? you must be asking. Nosy, do-good astrologers everywhere have been hounding Capricorns about all the wonderful, liberating changes of Uranus and Neptune, when in reality all you're getting out of it is disorientation and hormone trouble. Try to remember that it's not the results you should be focusing on, but the process. With Venus now direct in Aries, Mars entering Leo on April 27, and a new moon in your 5th house, there will be love, passion, parties, maybe even sex, and Daddy to take care of everything, even if you do have to experience it all through nausea and dizziness.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Your communication with the outside world could improve vastly when Mercury enters Aries on April 15 and Venus goes direct the following week. You've been holed up inside yourself for too long. To very few people do you ever let down your presidential guard long enough to reveal your vulnerability and show that you are actually cracking up on the inside. The current retrogrades of Uranus and Neptune in your 12th house increase your inner wobble. This could turn you into a divinely inspired, spiritually motivated truth teller. Or you could just fall back on empty gossip and start telling bad, vulgar jokes.

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

It may be time to pull back from saving the world now, and come out of your retreat and make some bread. You might even pick up a few cute little items for your big, fat self. (Understand that the term "big, fat self" is not meant as a slur. It's a cosmic description of Venus in Aries in your 2nd house.) The retrograde motion of Neptune, your ruling planet, in the 11th house coincides with the direct motion of Venus. That means you need to 86 the Mother Teresa bit for a while and restore the balance of nature by indulging in one of the seven deadlies—greed—tempered, of course, with the proper amount of guilt.

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

If it weren't for Capricorn, all Arians could now do exactly as they damn well pleased. But with the Uranus-Neptune conjunction in Capricorn squaring Venus in Aries, better watch your step. Just because you want something doesn't mean you get it. Since Venus went retrograde in March, you've been either completely asleep or surrounded by a bunch of dwarfs. You've been able to avoid a confrontation that could impact negatively on your public life, but when Venus goes forward on April 22, followed by Mars in Leo on April 27, showdowns are coming. Snow White is about to wake up and, boy, is she pissed!

By Michael Lutin

Vanity Fair
July 1932



Lillian Gish

She was as old as the cinema itself. And the last of its first great stars. The Lillian Gish Persona, the wilting orchid with a stem of steel—her inevitable role in classics such as *The Birth of a Nation, Broken Blossoms, Orphans of the Storm,* and several other epic masterworks by her mentor, D. W. Griffith—is engraved in the celluloid psyches of a nation that has been crazed about the movies all of her life. Soft focus was literally invented for Gish, but only to accentuate her naturally dreamy aura. As Griffith's favorite heroine, she was often the first to embark on screen adventures that became lasting standards. Since she clung to an ice floe and faced death-by-waterfall in *Way Down East* (1920), how many other ingenues have found themselves flailing in the drink? And mind you, there were no glass mattes or stunt doubles for Lillian, who cozied up to her very own floe in a very real frozen river. "Snow and ice and little spikes formed on my eyelashes," she recalled. *Anything* for Mr. Griffith.

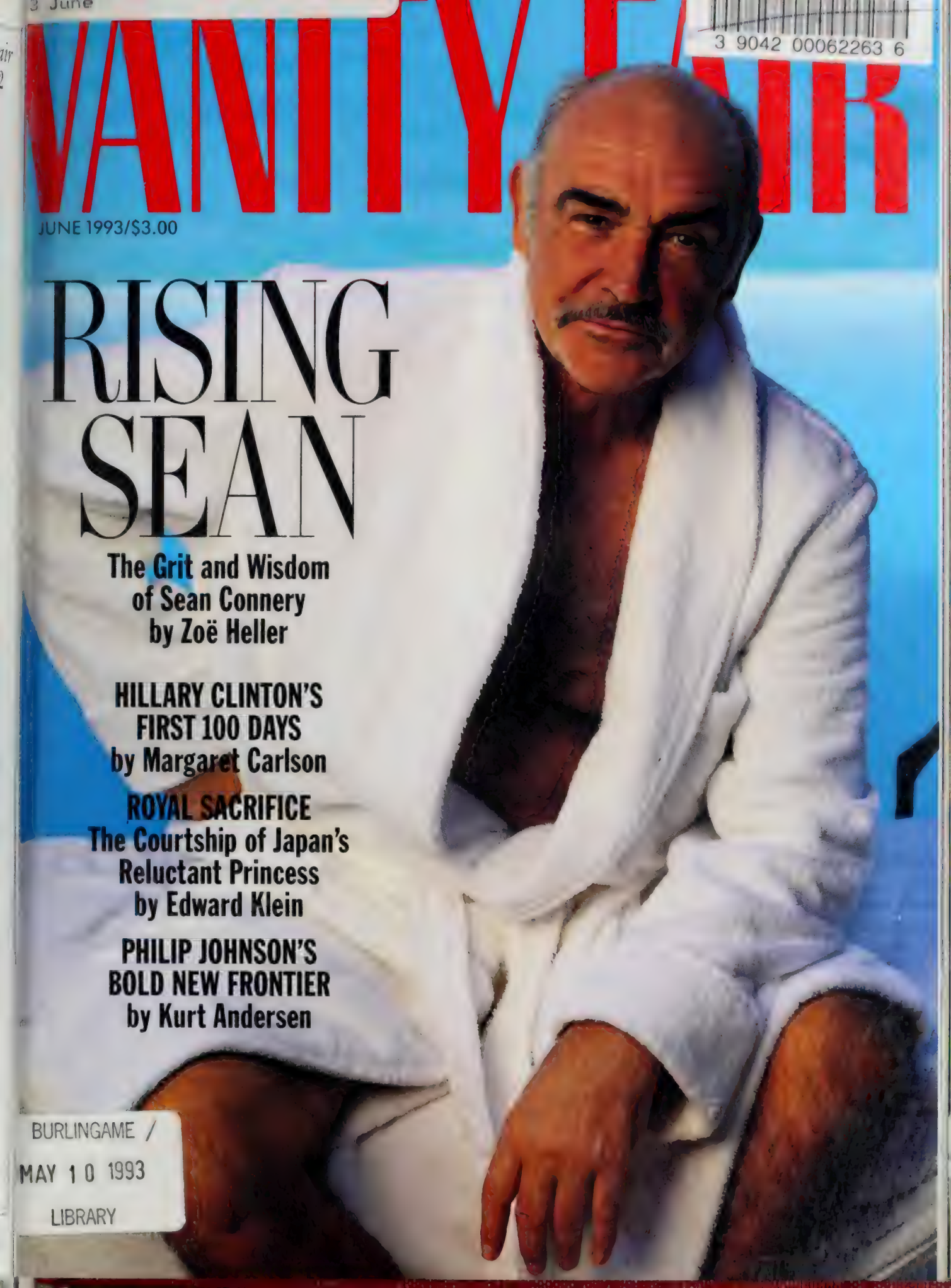
Photograph by STEICHEN

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VANITY FAIR

JUNE 1993/$3.00



RISING SEAN

The Grit and Wisdom of Sean Connery by Zoë Heller

HILLARY CLINTON'S FIRST 100 DAYS by Margaret Carlson

ROYAL SACRIFICE The Courtship of Japan's Reluctant Princess by Edward Klein

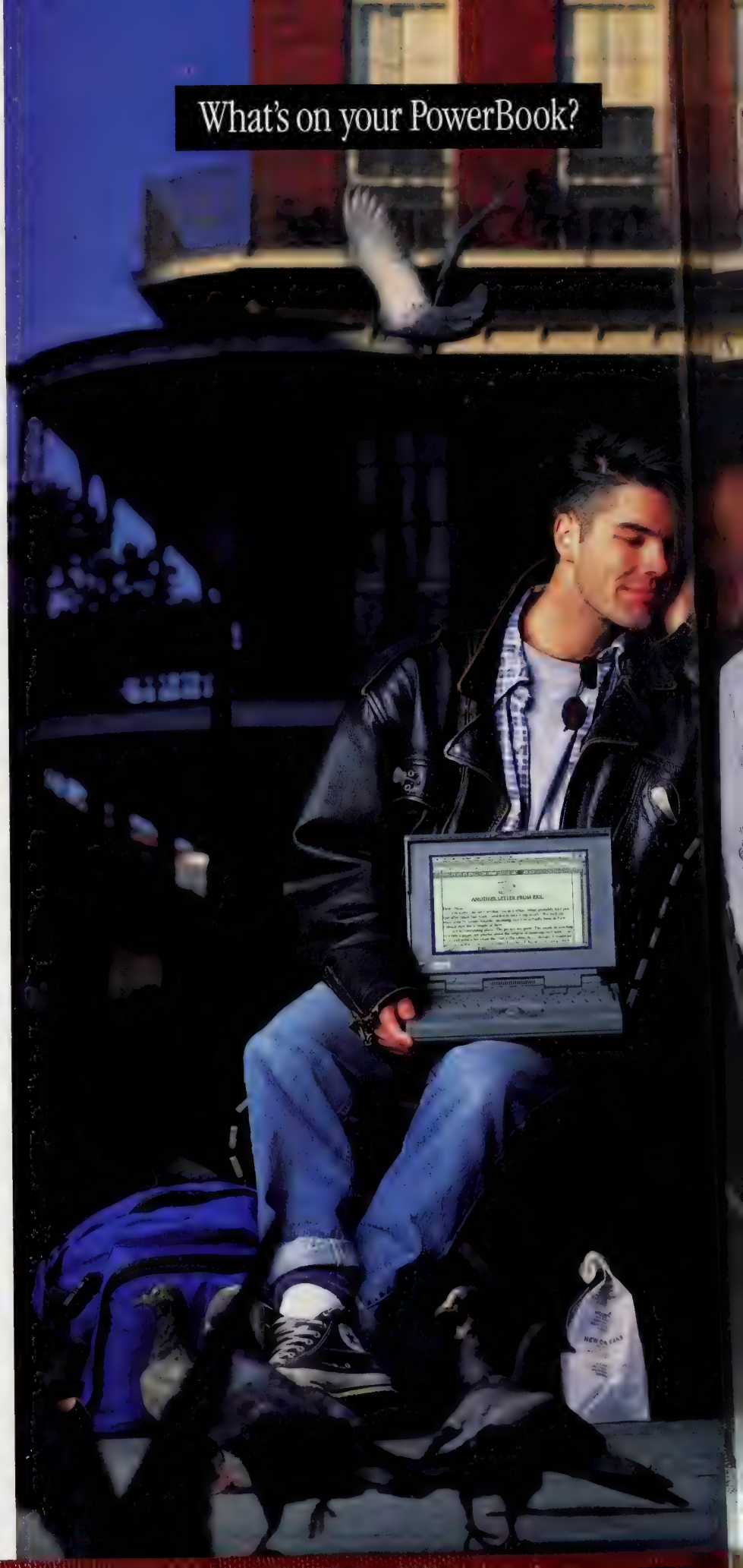
PHILIP JOHNSON'S BOLD NEW FRONTIER by Kurt Andersen

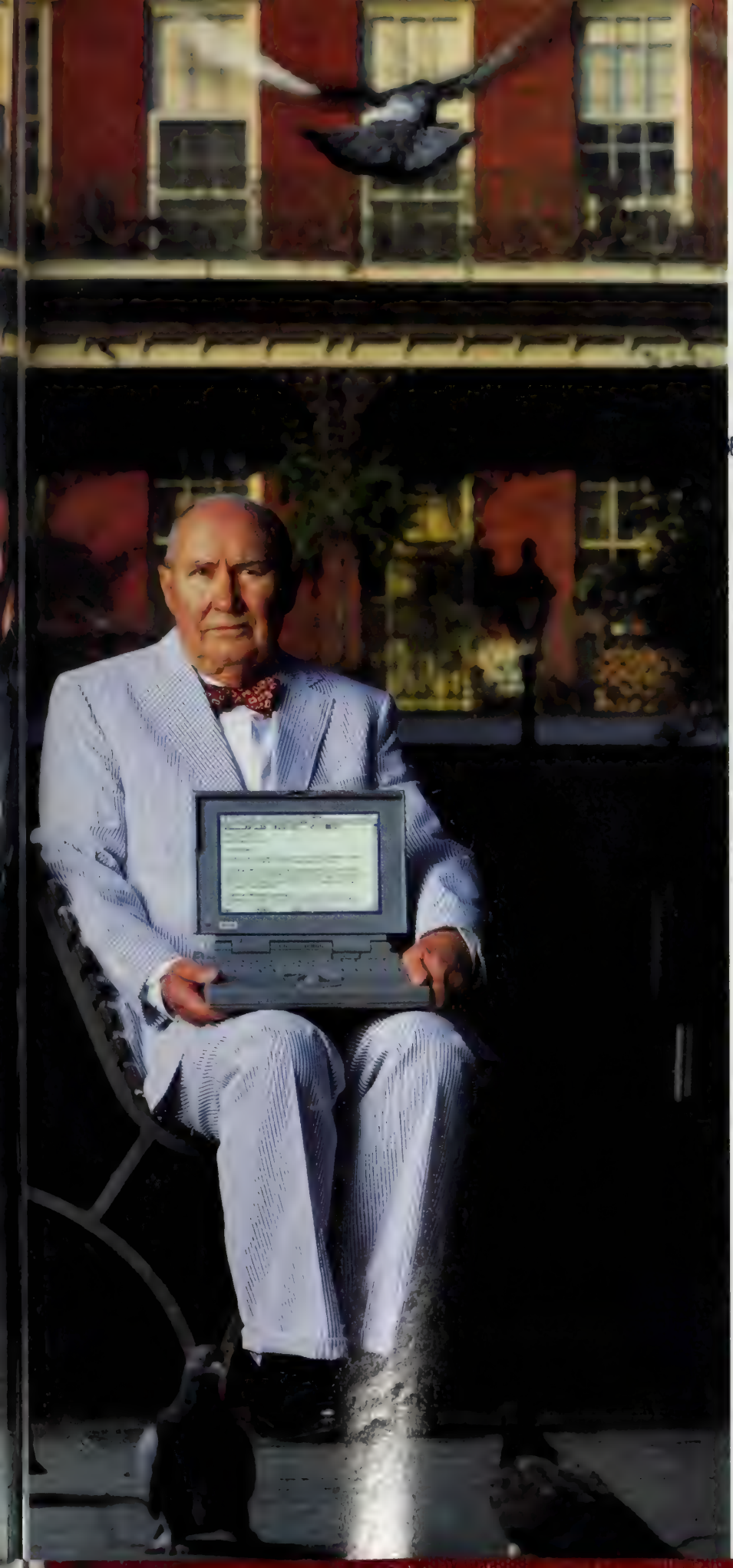
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What's on your PowerBook?

Eric Koivisto
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Notes from psychology
2 political science papers
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Assignments and due dates
A letter to President Clinton
My address book
My class schedule
My finances/budget
A campus map
Jurassic Park
ClarisWorks
America Online
A grammar checker
A dictionary and thesaurus
Spectre
5 other games
Ideas I wrote down for no particular reason
A fax/modem
Campus Internet mail instructions
Funny sounds
Song lyrics I've written
An address book (potential dates)
Love letters to Maggie
Love letters to Kelly
My résumé
My journal





Ned Laxton Wall
Attorney-at-law

Briefs
Depositions
Case notes
Opinions
Schulman v. *Powers*
Parks v. *Miyahara*
Dullaghan v. *City of Eunice*
Letters
My calendar
My checkbook
Annual report of the firm
Notes from partners' meetings
Agendas of various meetings
A fax machine
A keynote speech
An after-dinner speech
A letter to President Clinton
Assorted aphorisms and jokes
Files from my PC
Macintosh PC Exchange
Lotus 1-2-3
Aldus Persuasion
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Several articles from CompuServe
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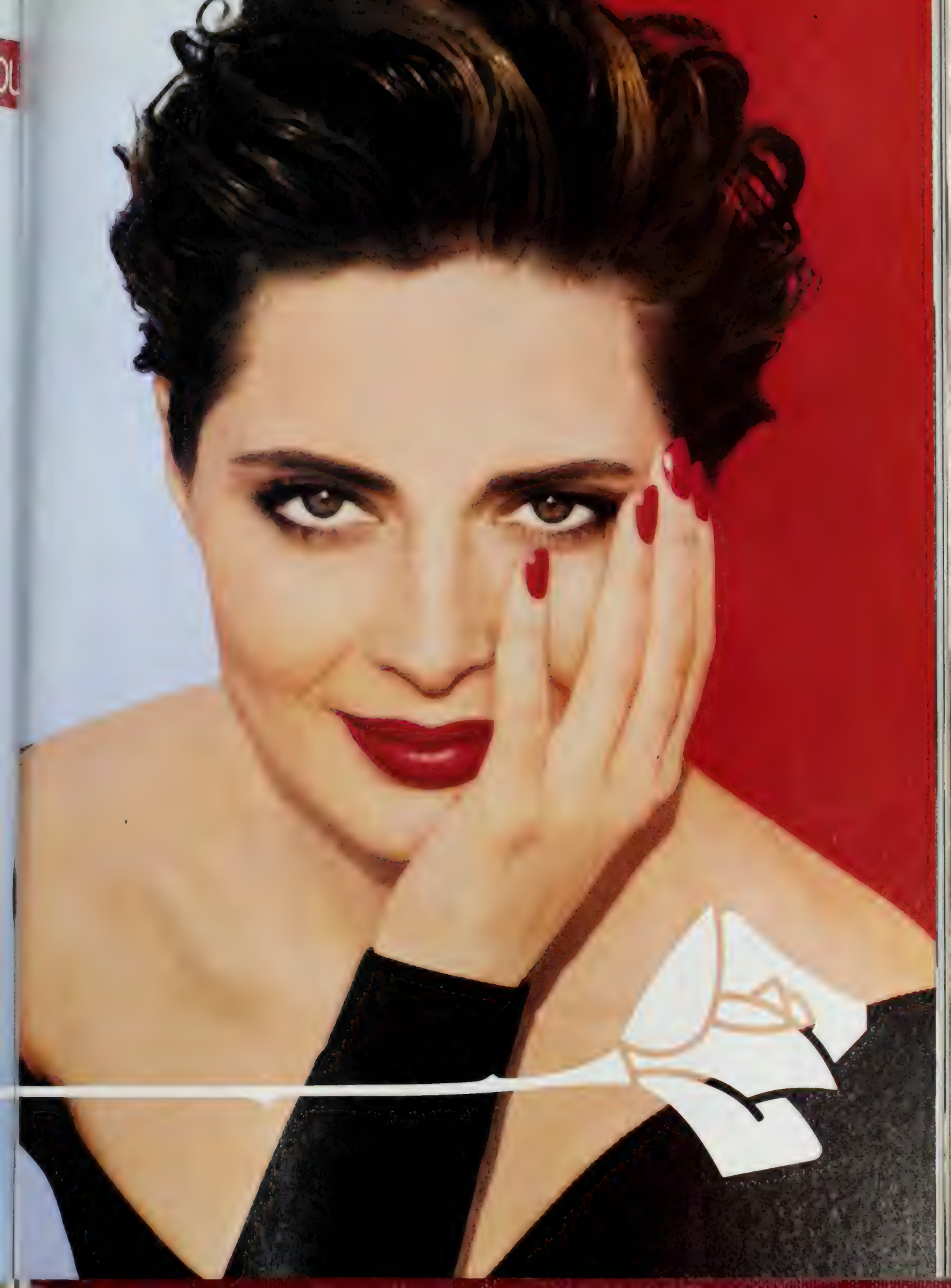
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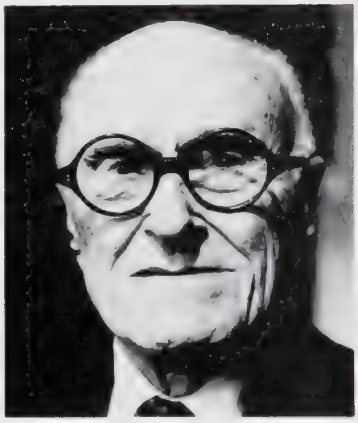


LANCÔME
PARIS



VANITY FAIR

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Great Scot: With *Rising Sun* about to further burnish Sean Connery's fabled career, Zoë Heller shares the Bahamian sun with Hollywood's sexy sage. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **102**

A Hundred Days of Hillary: The first working mother in the White House has been dodging the public eye as she races from Capitol Hill to her daughter's soccer games. Even so, as Margaret Carlson reports, Hillary Rodham Clinton has revealed more than she knows **108**

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Trouble in the House of Mackie: Since the 1970s, when he designed clothes for Cher and Carol Burnett, Bob Mackie has been fashion's flashiest star. But Nikki Finke found the grit beneath the glitter—financial chaos, tarot cards, and the refrain "Don't tell Bob" **118**

Self Examination: England's hottest young writer since Martin Amis may well take America with his new novel, *My Idea of Fun*. He is Will Self, and he tells Zoë Heller about how he emerged from a haze of drugs to reach his rather heady status. Portrait by Nigel Parry **124**

***Que* Sarah, Sarah:** Firooz Zahedi spotlights Sarah Jessica Parker, who is bouncing her way to serious stardom **128**

Philip the Great: Over lunch at the Four Seasons, a restaurant he designed, Philip Johnson talks with Kurt Andersen about his youthful infatuation with Nazi Germany, his bitter split with former partner John Burgee, and six decades at the top of American architecture **130**

The Tweed Jungle: A succession struggle at *The Economist* revealed bitter rivalries simmering below the mannered surface of the venerable financial weekly. Jacob Weisberg kept score in what became a battle royal **140**

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Dispatches: An apparent epidemic of ritual abuse by satanic cults is sweeping the country; Leslie Bennetts investigates **42**

Letter from Tokyo: Edward Klein describes the not-so-fairy-tale courtship of Japan's reluctant June princess bride **64**

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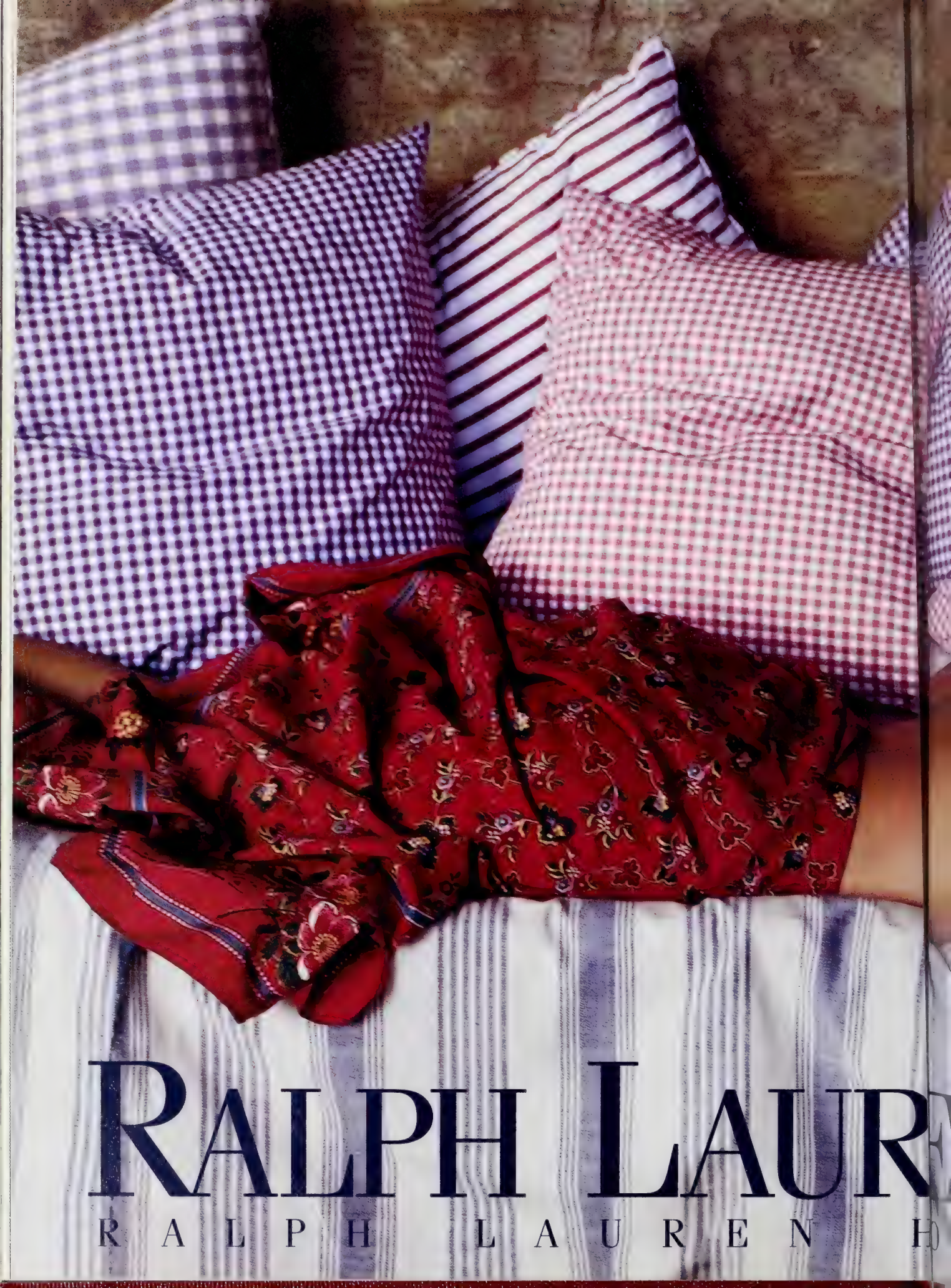
Flashback: Cole Porter, *Vanity Fair*, 1934 ..... **174**

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Editor's Letter

Tale of Two Cities



In two of the world's most powerful capitals, there is endless fascination with—and speculation about—two women who are new occupants of very public but hermetic institutions.

In Washington, the spotlight has shone brightly on the president's wife. What is Hillary Rodham Clinton up to? Is she the wife of the president, or is he the husband of the First Lady? Margaret Carlson has been keeping a close eye on Mrs. Clinton since the inauguration, but from a better vantage point than most.

"It's a lot easier to find out what the president is doing than what Mrs. Clinton is doing," says Carlson, who has been in Washington since the 1970s and is the White House correspondent for *Time*. Her report ("A Hundred Days of Hillary," page 108) is a marvelously detailed account of the achievements, absurdities, and tragedy packed into the first hundred days of a historic First Lady's tenure. For better or for worse, Mrs. Clinton is changing the balance of power between East and West Wings. The very fact that coverage of the First Lady by major news organizations is now not only acceptable but essential suggests that things will never be the same.

From Tokyo, contributing editor Edward Klein also reports on an accomplished, liberated woman only recently thrust onto the international stage. But despite h Harvard education and fast-track diplomatic c reer, Masako Owada is not likely to be runni health-care-reform task forces. The new life s faces as Japan's crown princess will, instea be devoted to ancient rituals and gods. A Klein's account of her wooing by Crown Prin Naruhito ("Masako's Sacrifice," page 6 makes clear, it's precisely the role she struggled long ar hard to avoid.

"The fact that it took the crown prince a decade to find woman who would marry him brought the imperial family the verge of crisis," Klein says.

Like Hillary Rodham Clinton, Masako Owada has pushe the boundaries of her gender and become a model for h peers. But the weight of 15 centuries will make the Imperi Palace a hard place to change. On those days when Mrs Clinton feels encumbered by White House precedent and fishbowl existence, she might do worse than contemplate th lot of Masako Owada.

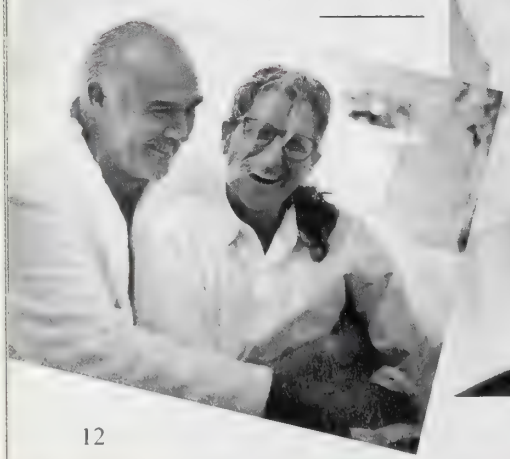
Graydon Carter

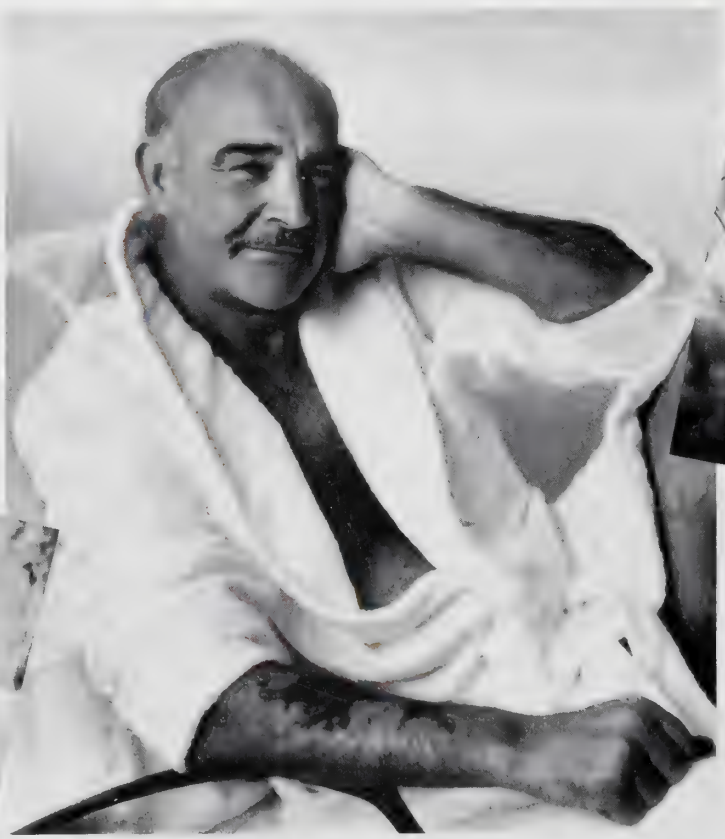
Editor in chief

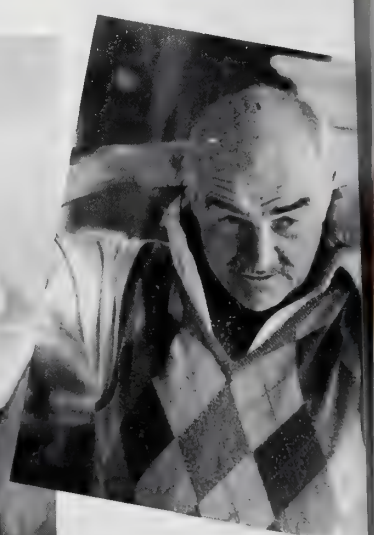
Cover

From Sean with Love

Sean Connery disrobes at home in Nassau, Bahamas, for the *V.F.* cover shoot. *Below*, he bonds with photographer Annie Leibovitz, and, *far right*, the sexiest man alive climbs back into his mufti.

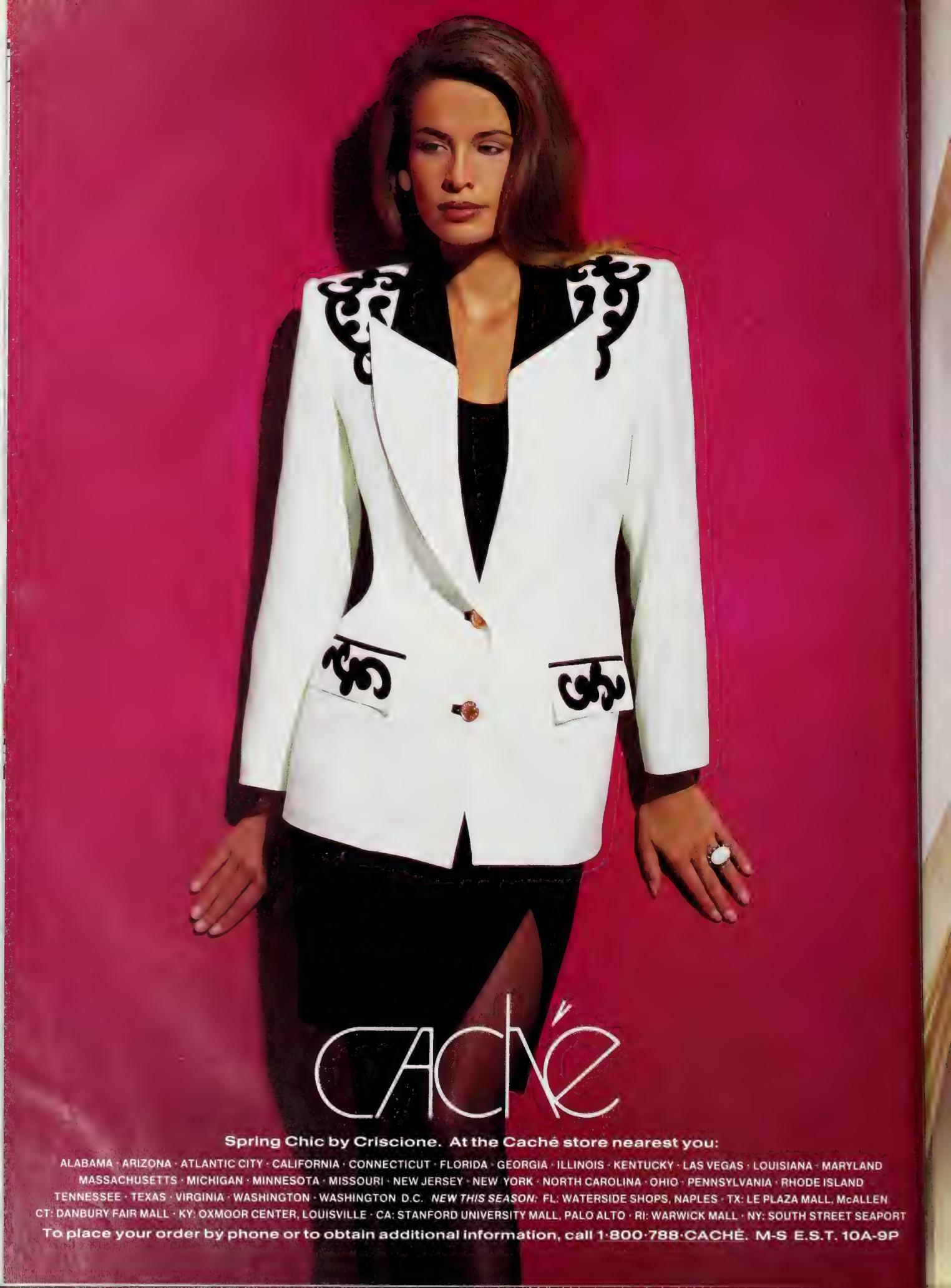






ON THE COVER
Sean Connery wears a robe by Ralph Lauren. Grooming by Richard Keo for Bumble & Bumble. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.


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MARINA SCHIANO

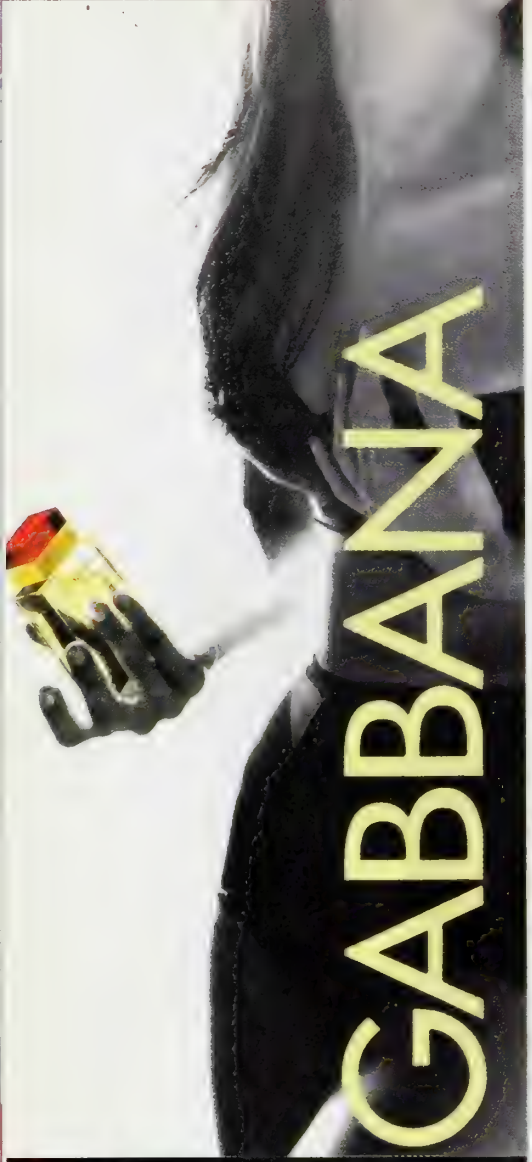
Helmut Newton photographs Bob Mackie, page 118. Newton's work will be shown at Rome's Centre Culturel Français and the Villa Medici this month.

Kurt Andersen, like Philip Johnson, the subject of his profile, grew up in the Midwest and graduated from Harvard. Andersen started his career as a writer for the *Today* show, and was later a co-founder and co-editor of *Spy*. Over the years he has been a writer and critic at *Time*, where he recently returned as editor-at-large to write a weekly column on culture, entertainment, and the media. Johnson, he says, was "a major power broker in his field at 26 in 1932 and has basically maintained that influence, with some ups and downs, for 60 years. At 86, he's so alive, quick, funny, and engaged. It's exciting to see him charging full speed ahead."

Leslie Bennetts, a *V.F.* contributing editor, has written about social, medical, and political issues involving women for more than 20 years. "Researching ritual abuse is like investigating an unsolved mystery: definitive answers remain maddeningly elusive," she says of her article in this issue. "This is without question the most bizarre and fascinating story I've ever worked on."

Margaret Carlson was named *Time*'s White House correspondent in November. She joined the magazine to cover the '88 presidential campaign. Of the new White House, she says, "In the Bush White House you rarely saw people outside of their offices. Now it's like high school, where everyone has hall passes. The only time the Bush White House worked as late was during the Persian Gulf War—you'd see stacks of Domino's Pizza cartons going in the Southwest Gate. Now these guys work late every night and order in whole-wheat, high-fiber, vegetarian pizza from Listrani's." *(Continued on page 20)*


CLINIQUE
cheek
base



Contributors

(Continued from page 18)

Nikki Finke, who lives in Los Angeles, is the author of *Pay or Play: The Rise and Rise of the Hollywood Agent,* which will be published by Crown. Of her profile this month of Bob Mackie she says, "Writing about fashion people is like writing about agents: they don't want you to know the truth."

Anthony Haden-Guest is completing a history of the contemporary art world for Grove/Atlantic. "I live on the Upper East Side and, consequently, am an expert on SoHo," he says of his story on the New York restaurant Mezzogiorno.

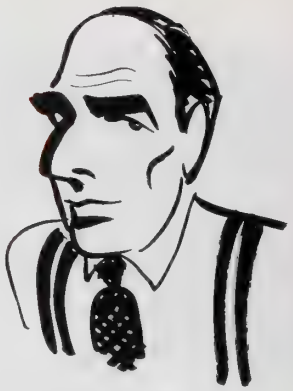


Nikki Finke on psychics, the Gambino family, and other goings-on at the Bob Mackie fashion empire, page 118.

Zoë Heller, who joins *V.F.* this month as a contributing editor, lives in London and is a feature writer for *The Independent on Sunday.*

Christopher Hitchens's latest book, *For the Sake of Argument,* will be out this month from Verso.

Walter Kirn is the author of *She Needed Me,* a novel, out in paperback this fall, and *My Hard Bargain,* a collection of short stories, both from Washington Square Press.



Edward Klein reports on Masako Owada, the bride-to-be of Japan's crown prince, page 64.

Edward Klein says of his article this month, "A former member of the Japanese nobility found fault with my showing an interest in the sexual experience and morals of the crown prince and Masako Owada. Then he leaned forward and asked, 'Tell me, is it true that both Bill and Hillary Clinton are carrying out affairs in the White House?' The Japanese apply completely different standards when it comes to the imperial family, who are off-limits to even the most rudimentary reporting."

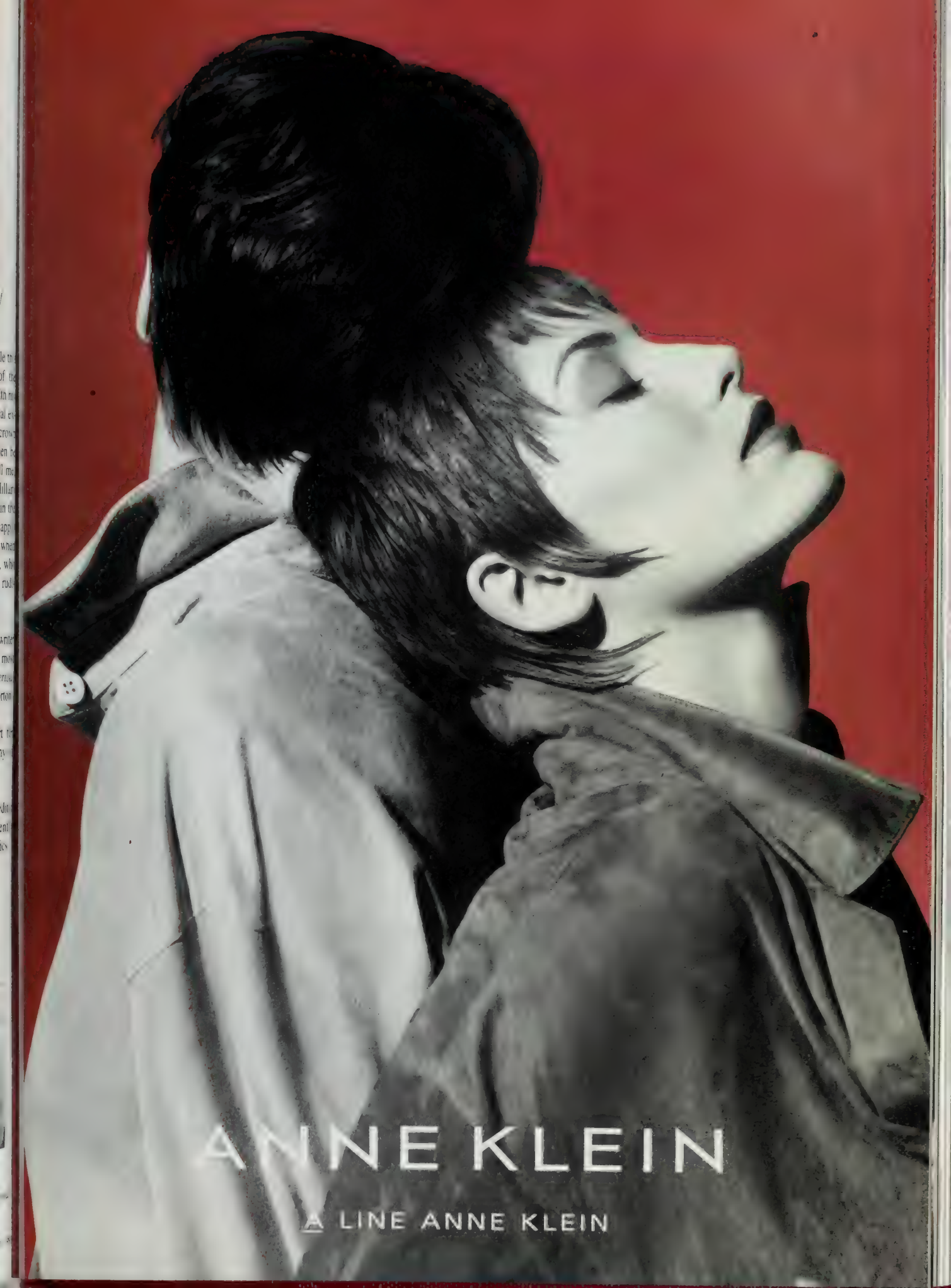
Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the writer and historian, is the author of, most recently, *The Disuniting of America,* out in paperback from W. W. Norton.

Mark Stevens, who covers art for *V.F.,* is at work on a biography of Willem de Kooning.

Jacob Weisberg, the deputy editor of *The New Republic,* frequently writes about the media and politics.



Zoë Heller explores Sean Connery's enduring appeal, page 102. On page 124, she discusses drugs, writing, and newfound acclaim with Will Self.


ANNE KLEIN
A LINE ANNE KLEIN



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Letters

POSTAL FLOODING

Mail Aggression

Gail Sheehy, dangerous because of her considerable skill as a writer and polemist, seems to be the latest in a line of middle-aged women seeking to persuade older men to stagger away into useless retirement ["The Unspeakable Passage—Is There a Male Menopause?" April]. Underlying this advice is the clear assumption that, as they age, men must eventually lose their status and power long before they reach the end of their lives. "Proof" that this is inevitable lies in the fact that, with age, men do lose various physical abilities, including, in some cases, the youthful phenomenon of instant, repeated, and invariable erections.

But Sheehy's assumption is wrong. Of course, as we get older we cannot run a hundred yards as fast as we used to, regain an erection as rapidly, or fight as well with swords. But we can control the fastest runners, delight women of all ages in ways young men have yet to imagine, and win battles far more significant than any fought by hand. Patience, you counsel? Was the 65-year-old Winston Churchill patient when he thundered, "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender"? Were Konrad Adenauer and Charles de Gaulle, when in their 70s and 80s, less determined and effective at resuscitating their nations than some youngster would have been? Who created the phenomenal technological advances of the past 50 years, may one ask? Who created the miracles of a global economy? Who fostered the educational, social, and medical conditions that made it possible for women to emerge from the tyranny of kids and kitchen and start to take their rightful place among the power elite? Who, for the first time in the world's history, put a stop, perhaps forever, to wars between nations? Men. Men who are today aging but who remain strong, virile, knowledgeable, and wise. Men who have no intention of developing patience or subservience, weakness or a wimpy acquiescence. So what if we cannot always get an erection?

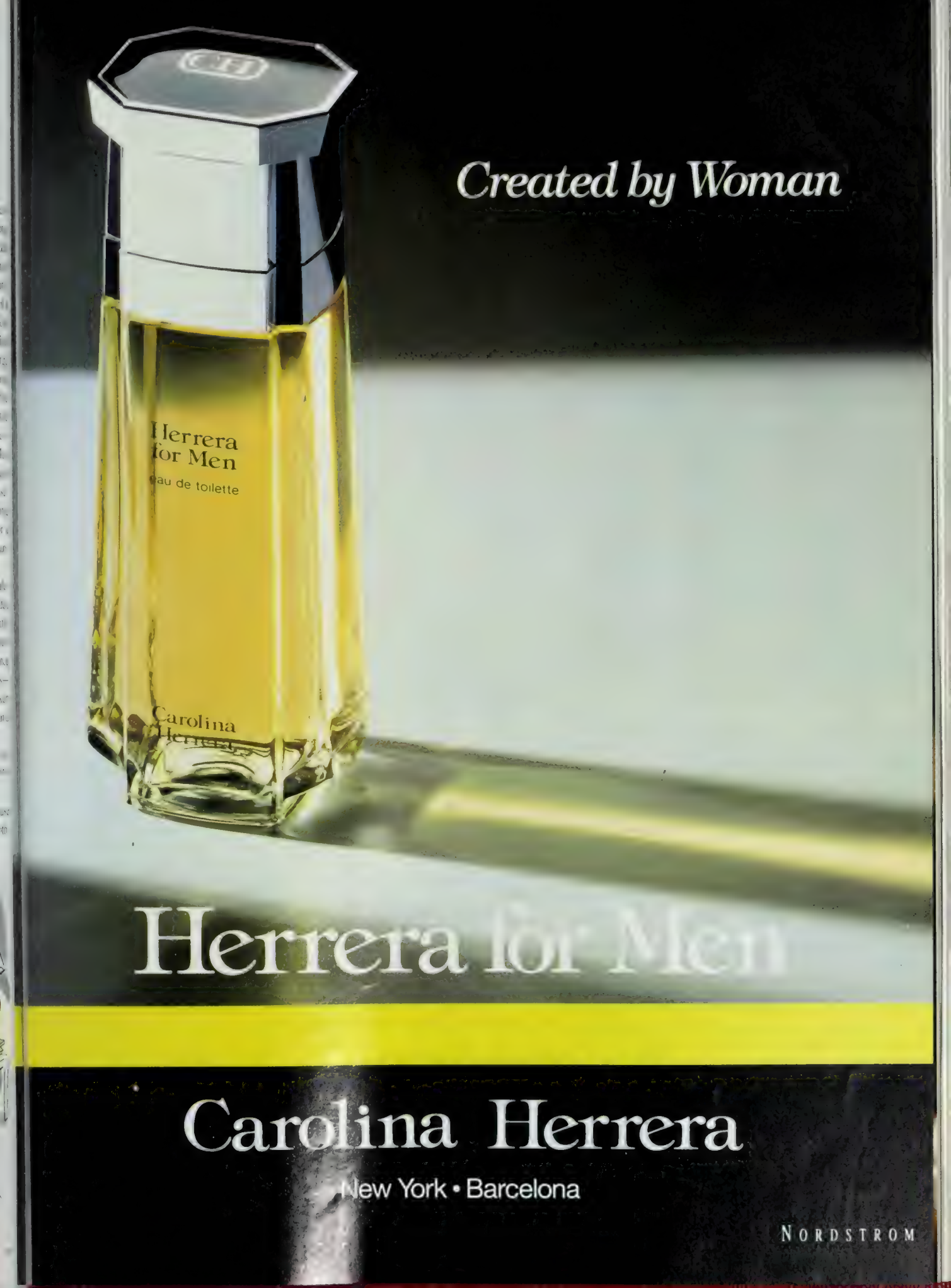
"Male menopause" is a new, female-generated myth in the making. The idea that older men should disappear gently into the twilight because they cannot copulate as vigorously as they once could is wrongheaded and pernicious—designed only to emasculate and weaken our gender. It should be promptly and utterly debunked.

PETER H. ENGEL
Los Angeles, California

In Gail Sheehy's fine piece on viropause I find no reference to the fact that Moth-



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Letters

er Nature, that great actuary of us all, says, in effect, "Hey, man! At your present age, your life-expectancy numbers and the years it will take to raise and care for progeny don't compute. Ergo, I'm cutting you off!"

This unwelcome point on the continuum of the male's passage through life should be understood, wistfully deplored, but accepted as the way things are. The end is still far off.

As for me, in my 30s it was like an iron bar. Today, in my 70s, I can bend it easily, so I'm getting stronger! Onward.

BILL MOSS
Miami, Florida

EDITOR'S NOTE: In "The Unspeakable Passage," Robert L. Sind was misquoted. His reference to "10 million . . . unemployed," "three million" of whom were in middle management, referred to both men and women, not men alone.

Shudderbug

I work in the medical field and find your photo of the cadaver head—complete with flowers sticking out of it—the most revolting thing I have ever seen ["An Eye for the Forbidden," by Richard B. Woodward, April]. I have not been able to read the rest of this issue for fear of viewing, once again, this dreadful page.

Your description of this as art of "sublime beauty" is absurd. Do you think that the person who donated (one hopes) his body to medical science would have done so if he had envisioned this grisly display of his remains?

Please, in the future, spare us this macabre "art."

STEPHANIE BARDEN
Newport Beach, California

You do a disservice to Joel-Peter Witkin and lessen our understanding of this brilliant, gentle artist and his wit by not quoting from his most recent "wish list" of subjects to photograph, which includes two key items: "Anyone claiming to be God. God."

JOHN JOSS
Los Altos, California

Unfinished Business

T. D. Allman has incisively captured the essence of the crisis in the former Yugoslavia ["Serbia's Blood War," March]. In the absence of courage and determination from international leaders to stop Serbia in its tracks, Slobodan Milošević has indeed proceeded with impunity in his campaign of ethnic genocide aimed at creating a "Greater Serbia." Ironically, what he has created is a pariah state condemned by all world organizations and leaders. Still, he continues. We in Kosovo find ourselves next on the Serbian hit list. President Clinton, like his predecessor, has pledged U.S. military intervention if Milošević follows through on his threats. Regrettably, once Milošević moves against defenseless Albanians in Kosovo, a bloodbath will ensue in which perhaps two million will be slaughtered in record time—before the U.S. can even get its planes into the air. To prevent that fate, we need many more human-rights monitors and U.N. or NATO peacekeeping troops dispatched to Kosovo now, before it's too late.

DR. BUJAR BUKOSHI, Prime Minister
Republic of Kosovo

I have known Katharine Graham for many years, and knew her parents, Eugene and Agnes Meyer; I also knew Phil Graham. The account as published ["Portrait of a Marriage," by Carol Felsenthal, February] is filled with gossip, and fails to take into consideration various factors. It was common knowledge in Washington at the time that Eugene Meyer was deeply happy to have his brilliant son-in-law take over the burden of running *The Washington Post*, because none of his children showed any interest in doing so. Your story depicts Phil Graham's aberrant behavior as his true nature when in fact it was dictated by manic-depression—he could neither realize nor help how he behaved.

Why is it so odd that Kay Graham and her children were so devoted to Phil? They had many wonderful years together. Kay played a supportive role typical of women at the time—that she understood the full force of her husband's illness and behaved accordingly shows her strength and her love for her family. Lastly, it is absurd to describe her as having been some kind of mouse both in appearance and character. This was, and is, a tall, slim, attractive woman, extraordinarily well-spoken and intelligent. Her capabilities were always there; all she needed was an opening to show them.

INA GINSBURG
Washington, D.C.

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, Vanity Fair, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

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THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



India ink: "I need sunlight," says Vikram Seth, meditating after his literary marathon.

A SUITABLE SENSATION

Critics are exhausting their adjectives in praise of *A Suitable Boy*, the 4-pound, 1,349-page new novel by Vikram Seth. If the hype is to be believed, Seth has earned a place beside Tolstoy, Proust, and Dickens

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I once took a slow train—I think it even advertised itself as such—from Calcutta to New Delhi. The engine and carriages seemed to meander across the scenery, as if to insist that the journey was as important and interesting as the destination. There were frequent stops, scheduled and unscheduled, and intersections with numerous branch lines. Time and conversation merged, aided by landscape and light and an anthology of scents and colors. There was a class and caste system on the train (V. S. Naipaul says that India is an unsubtle country in this respect—poor people are very thin and rich people are very fat), and the worn and rusted tracks along which the locomotive drew us had been laid down by the Raj. On such a train the hard-to-get Lata, heroine of *A Suitable Boy*, finds time to read Jane Austen's *Emma*.

Vikram Seth smilingly says that his new novel, which is about 200 pages longer than *War and Peace*, "will strain your purse and sprain your wrist." The sheer heft and price of the book may discourage some readers from hoisting themselves aboard for a voyage to such a distant horizon. Seth believes that his agent, Giles Gordon, might never have read the original if it hadn't arrived just as Gordon was starting two weeks in the hospital. Yet when publishers first set eyes on it, they started such an auction as has seldom been seen in the world of the novel.

Penguin put six editors onto the reading of the book and bid $360,000. The firm of John Murray offered more than its previous year's net profit. Finally, Anthony Cheetham, the recently resigned chief executive of Random Century and founder of the new firm Orion, clinched matters with nearly half a million dollars. Seth says that he stood under a fig tree in his agent's garden while the bidding rose, and thought, "Good heavens. My life is changing before my eyes."

His editor, Nicholas Pearson, didn't eat or sleep for two days after becoming "obsessed by the manuscript." Within the space of a relatively few chapters, I realized that I too had purchased a ticket for the destination. I desired to find out if Mrs. Rupa Mehra, one of the great mamas of modern fiction, would get a satisfactory swain for her daughter. And I was developing a brotherly interest in a minor character—Malati, the green-eyed radical minx.

Most of all, though, I was borne along by the prose, which has a deceptive lightness and transparency to it. Toward the end, the character Amit Chatterji (who most resembles Seth himself) is giving a poetry reading in the fictional town of Brahmpur to a sweltering literary club—which at another point gathers to hear a talk entitled "Eliot: Whither?":

"Do you believe in the virtue of compression?" asked a determined academic lady.

"Well, yes," said Amit warily. The lady was rather fat.

"Why, then, is it rumoured that your forthcoming novel—to be set, I understand, in Bengal—is to be so long? More than a thousand pages!" she exclaimed reproachfully, as if he were personally responsible for the nervous exhaustion of some future dissertationist.

Amit's response was perhaps crafted to forestall the question Seth has nonetheless been asked by scores of interviewers from Bombay to Manhattan:

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too hate long books: the better, the worse. If they're bad, they merely make me pant with the effort of holding them up for a few minutes. But if they're good, I turn into a social moron for days, refusing to go out of my room, scowling and growling at interruptions, ignoring weddings and funerals, and making enemies out of friends. I still bear the scars of *Middlemarch*."

"How about Proust?" asked a distracted-looking lady, who had begun knitting the moment the poems stopped.

How about Proust, indeed? How about Stendhal, Balzac, George Eliot, Tolstoy, Dickens, and all the other literal and figurative milestone authors to whom Seth is being freely compared? The *roman-fleuve* may be the standard for which critics reach, but it's important to remember that the terrain in this case is India and that the *fleuve* in question is the Ganges—storied like the Mississippi, holy like the Nile, dirty like the Hudson, busy like the Thames, romantic and curvaceous like the Seine.

Seth's editor, Nicholas Pearson, didn't eat or sleep for two days after becoming "obsessed by the manuscript."

Questions of bulk apart, it's comparatively easy to state what the novel is "about." The Hindu family depends on properly arranged marriages in a society calibrated with agonizing care by shade, caste, income, and "background." (Seth notes the marriage ads in the towns of the Ganges basin like Brahmpur, where boys with "fair to wheatish" complexions are especially sought-after.) The mother of all widows, Mrs. Rupa Mehra, has been left to manage this selection process unaided in a man's world, and has a spirited daughter, Lata, of whom the universally acknowledged truth, to paraphrase the opening of *Pride and Prejudice*, is that she must be in want of a husband.

The action takes place in the early 1950s, very shortly after India has been simultaneously maimed by partition and thrust into independence. Lata's "choice" of suitor may be made from a more modern and heterogeneous shelf, but must be governed still by immemorial tradition. Looming over the nuptial contest are the grand questions of Hindu-Muslim fratricide, rural misery and superstition, and national identity in the postcolonial epoch.

Some at least of the breathless comment on the size of the book and the whopper of an advance—topped up generously in New York by $600,000 from HarperCollins, which has gotten a lot of hype for its money—derives from the journalistically convenient fact that Vikram Seth is so amazingly small. He's been estimated to stand no taller than about two dozen copies of his (for once one can say it) magnum opus. Just a suspicion over five feet, I'd say, with bones and limbs in proportion. Lunching with him in a restaurant in Covent Garden was like feasting with a very diminutive panther.

He actually did begin his writing career as a miniaturist. The poem "Guest," for instance, which startled New Delhi society with its candor about gay sex, is two stanzas of seven lines apiece. His translations of Chinese verse (*Three Chinese Poets*) are exquisite, orderly, and restrained. One could well conceive of him, in another, neighboring culture, quite at home among the bonsai and the haiku and the attempt to paint on grains of rice.

His first novel, *The Golden Gate*, was written in verse and lyricized the accumulation of small effects that go to make up the Bay Area mosaic. Gore Vidal, who gave the book a lift to fame by blurbing it as "the great Californian novel," told me, "It was such a relief that he hadn't tried the great American one. I think of Seth as an Augustan—as an Alexander Pope rather than as one of the Romantics, though perhaps with a suggestion of Byron."

Here might be the point to mention that "Seth" doesn't rhyme with "breath," but with "bate." You *should* be hearing "*The Golden Gate*, by Vikram Sate," when you see the book on a shelf—the first rhyme between title and author that I can call to mind since *Appointment in Samarra*, by John O'Hara. And Vidal has guessed right. The rhyme scheme of *Golden Gate* is an homage to Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, which was itself inspired, Seth told me, by a bad translation of Byron's *Don Juan*. "I was working too hard at Stanford [where he was employed by the university press] and went into a bookstore to browse. There were various *Onegin* editions, and after I found the Charles Johnston one I stopped comparing and started reading." And, not long after that, writing.

Seth becomes delicately animated when he talks about poetry, form, and literary ancestry. He was educated in Anglophile Indian schools before going to England and graduating from Oxford, but he has spent more time in America than in England, and much time in China, and now lives in New Delhi. He worked there for eight years on *A Suitable Boy*, the last three of these in some penury when the *Golden Gate* royalties ran out. And he seems impressively confident that he is onto a new synthesis. "Just remember that in 20 years or so the largest group of English-speakers will be Indians." It's a conversational feat merely to trace the layers of reference and cross-reference which he employs and deploys. I asked him about his hero and model Pushkin being black; his reply:

"Actually, one-eighth black—what people used to call octoroon. I think he had an Ethiopian great-grandparent. He wrote a little work called *The Negro of Peter the Great*, and there's a stanza of *Eugene Onegin* about 'my Africa.' But, you see, you can't get his stanzaic form, which uses masculine and feminine endings, from the English tradition at all. It comes to us another way. Pushkin wrote a short play—10 pages or so—about Mozart and Salieri, and, of course, that's the basis of Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus*."

He dipped his tiny beak into a hot toddy after this series of knight's moves. I came back as sturdily as I could,, asking him whether anyone who puts down 12,000 words a day, as Seth claims to have done until his wrist succumbed to a repetitive-stress injury, could really be choosing all those words with Flaubertian angst and discrimination. He pondered for an instant. "Well, Flaubert's famous search for the *mot juste* was once described as the cork which, once pulled, opens the bottle. If I can get at the cork, I can get all the drops too."

But if he's a sort of medium, or a possessed writer of poetry and prose and poetry in prose, how could he bear to cut a thousand pages out? "Only five or six hundred pages really. And they weren't very good. Or even if they were good, they weren't useful." A cucumber-cool reply, you have to allow.

Those who aren't so keen on Seth's blockbuster say that it's more like Galsworthy than Tolstoy, a jolly giant of a saga with lots of characters and speaking parts but no darkness or depth

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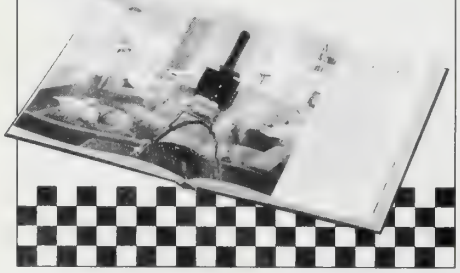
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and no real consciousness of evil and suffering. And some of those who *are* keen on it are also keen to use it as a good old-fashioned plain-English cosh with which to whack Salman Rushdie. There's a persistent rumor, circulated most recently by the London *Times*, which has it that Rushdie told Seth, "I hear you've written a soap opera." Third World magic realist sneers at honest-to-goodness classical prose. Seth wrote an indignant denial that Rushdie had said any such thing, which is in the slow process of catching up with the gossip.

"It's a novel of *characters*, not theses," says Seth, disavowing any grand stratagem or message. Yet the book does feature India as "more than a setting." And behind the rainbow cast of nutty professors, Brahmans, intriguing clans, Calcutta sahibs, and sinuous musicians, there is a knowledge of pain and fear. Never mind the scars of *Middlemarch*, there are the fresh gashes inflicted by partition, and a series of hurts and threats exchanged between Muslim and Hindu.

How does Vikram Seth feel about the latest ghastliness to roil his country—the leveling of the mosque in Ayodhya and the anti-Muslim pogrom in Bombay? "In a way it has made me feel more Hindu rather than less, by way of repudiating this pseudo-Hindu perversion. I don't normally involve myself, but on 30 January—that's the anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's murder—I helped take out a front-page advertisement in *The Times of India*. It opened by saying, 'If you are a Hindu, read on,' and then said, 'Do you believe that the demolition of [the mosque in Ayodhya] restored Hindu pride . . . ?' Those who signed affirming it was a disgrace—a *shame* on us—included many impeccable Hindu types and some senior military people."

Seth may not be a magic realist, but he is inescapably one of midnight's children. Perhaps partly for this reason, he's also often resented in his country of birth, where *bien pensant* rationalism can be written off as inauthentic, Westernized, and insipid. Early notices of *A Suitable Boy* in the Indian prints were distinctly condescending. "His pot-boiler of gold," meowed the reviewer in *Sunday*, leaving little doubt that some of the resentment had to do with Seth's stupendous advance. Tarun Tejpal, writing in *India Today*, abandoned all talk of formalism to indict the prose treatment as "straightforward, bland, the writing mundane."

Seth looked a touch hurt when I mentioned this, but riposted by saying, "Well, it's typical. The Irish authors always got their worst notices in Ireland because of hatred of success. And, of course, now I'm getting radiant profiles in the Indian press just because the book is such a hit in London."

At this point, I noticed something that had been too obvious to realize before. Though Seth was at Tonbridge School—the alma mater of E. M. Forster himself—and Corpus Christi, Oxford, and speaks and writes the most meticulous English, he intones it with a definite subcontinental inflection that is absent in Rushdie and Naipaul. In many ways, he remains true to his roots, living with his parents and largely eschewing material goods such as a car and a mortgage. He even disparages the vast artifact of his own book, which he patriotically insisted be typeset in New Delhi, but which he says is designed so that any one of its 19 self-contained sections can be cut out with a razor and carried for greater convenience in a side pocket.

An appeal to Indian customs and traditions and peculiarities will always weigh with him—thus, though he roundly condemns the *fatwa* against Rushdie, when the talk turns to the ban on Rushdie's book in India, he starts talking about how complicated everything is. "One can't reduce these things to free-speech captions," he observes slightly pleadingly, asking one to be mindful of the communal tinderbox which nevertheless ignited in spite of the censorship.

Seth has a sense of responsibility to his Indian homeland, all right, but he clearly needs more than just his roots. "That's why, when I left England, I went to California. In a word: sunlight. I needed the sunlight. I need sunlight and water," says this elfin boy gravely. "I like swimming with dolphins. Soon I'm going to Ireland, to County Kerry, where there's a dolphin I can swim with. It visits this little port, and if it's in the mood it—"

"Cruises the waterfront?" I say facetiously, at once apologizing for my flippancy. "No," he says, declining my apology. " 'Cruising' is exactly the right word." I feel overawed at having assisted at the birth of a *mot juste*. ▯

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Tiffany Spencer says she is a ritual-abuse survivor. Her body's unexplained scars and burn marks corroborate her memories.

"I had an identical twin sister who was sacrificed," she says in a soft voice.

NIGHTMARES ON MAIN STREET

As a startling number of women come forward claiming childhood memories of satanic cults and horrifying ritual abuse, mental-health and law-enforcement professionals are left stunned and divided. What sort of epidemic are they facing?

BY LESLIE BENNETTS

Flat as a washboard under the vast, empty sky, the cornfields stretch to the horizon in every direction, studded with barns and silos and the usual prosaic detritus of farm life. The road is straight as a ruler until it runs into a quiet Illinois town where small wooden homes line the streets in evenly spaced rows, neat as toy houses in a game of Monopoly.

Inside Aubrey's living room, sunlight streams through immaculate white lace curtains, and the walls are hung with sentimental Jessie Willcox Smith pictures of children at the seashore. Smiling angelically, the children's faces present a surreal contrast to the stories Aubrey, a 34-year-old businesswoman, is telling me about her childhood in a big red brick farmhouse not far away.

Some of her memories involve the routine rhythms of plowing, sowing, and harvesting the land where her family has lived since the 1860s. Other memories, however, are different—memories of the secret satanic rituals practiced by Aubrey's family on the long dark nights when her parents, grandparents, and neighbors wore robes and carried torches. These are the memories of being raped by her father and grandfather and the boy she was "married" to in a cult ceremony when she was two years old, memories of being deliberately impregnated over and over again, of premature labors artificially induced after only four or five or six months of pregnancy, and of being forced to deliver her babies in the barnyard. These are the memories of seeing her babies sacrificed by her own family after the celebrants had drunk their blood and eaten their flesh.

Twenty years later, Aubrey still calls her babies by name: her first was Victoria Ann, born on June 19, 1972, when Aubrey was only 13. Then there were the twins, Stephen Daniel and Jessica Marie, followed by Nicholas Steven and finally Elizabeth May. Aubrey still recalls the blue baby-doll pajamas she was wearing when her parents woke her in the middle of the night and took her down to the barn to induce labor with the twins. "They had to tie me down with ropes," she says grimly, "because I knew what they were going to do."

Aubrey says she has always remembered some things that happened in the cult, but the more horrific recollections of infanticide and ritual torture emerged only in the last couple of years, seemingly spontaneously. "I remember a ritual that took place in our barn; I was five, and it was summer," she says. "I was wearing this little fluffy white-and-blue dress. My grandfather beckoned me to come in. He said he wanted me to lay down and he was going to make it so the babies wouldn't come out. I think I must have been given a shot or some kind of drug; something was wrong, and I couldn't move my legs. I couldn't resist. It was dark, and all of a sudden all these people stood up with torches. They were chanting something, and my grandfather was leading what appeared to be a ceremony. He took out this ornate knife from the cabinet on the wall. He held the knife up in the air. He was saying something to do with consecrating me to Satan. There was all this

MARK TUCKER



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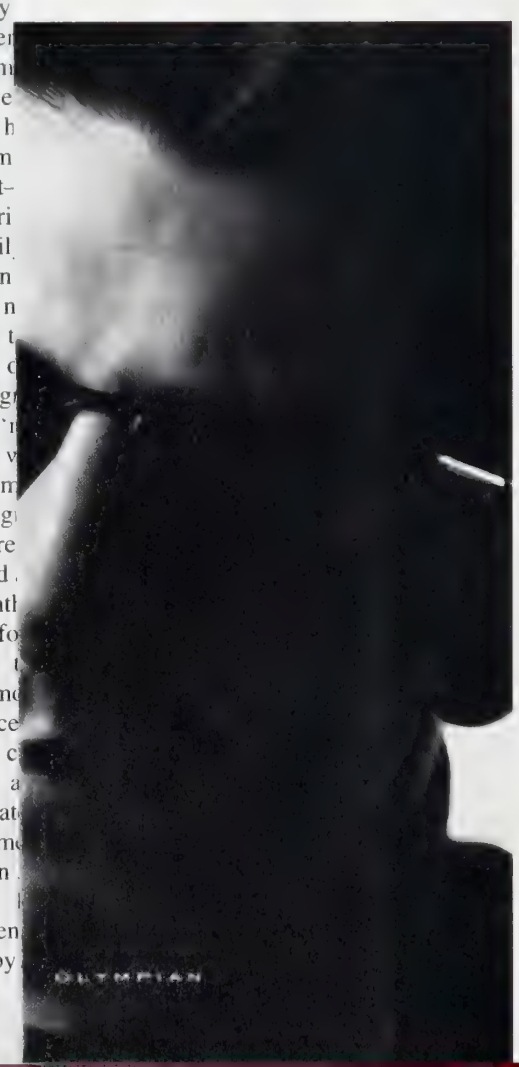


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noise from the chanting. He held the knife up and brought it down and put it right in my vagina, like you would thrust something in. Then he pulled it out. Blood was spattering all over my stomach. This woman came over and they started putting gauze inside me. They had to carry me out of there."

As an adult, Aubrey felt an urgent need to know whether she could still have children. After performing some tests, her gynecologist told her she probably could. Aubrey says the doctor also confirmed physical evidence that she had delivered in the past. Still, although she and her husband have been married for nine years, they remain childless. "Pregnancy is connected for me with such terrible things that I can't imagine going through that again," she says.

I have already spent hours on the telephone with Aubrey; she was unfailingly logical and rational, but the stories she told me were so horrendous I have come halfway across the country to meet her, almost hoping she will betray some sign of psychosis or delusion I failed to detect on the phone. Instead, she answers my questions patiently and consistently, hour after hour. With her tasteful makeup and sensible shoes, her prim, matronly outfit given extra voltage by a bright purple blazer, she seems every bit the modern executive, lucid and well-organized. Even when I repeat questions I asked days or weeks earlier, her recollections never contradict each other, despite the immense volume of material we have discussed.

And yet the stories are so awful they virtually defy belief. At one point, Aubrey tells me about the time a young couple happened onto her family's farm when their car broke down and they were invited in for lemonade. Her mother spiked their drinks, the young man and his pregnant wife were drugged and hog-tied, and that night there was a ritual. It was May Day, and according to the satanic calendar, someone had to die.

Ordinarily articulate and extroverted, Aubrey speaks of these times with difficulty, her voice low and halting, as if she has to wrest the words out one by one. "The man was tied in the manger and stabbed many times, in the chest and other parts of the body," she says reluctantly. "The May Day ritual has a fertility dimension, and one of the things they did before he died was to cut off his penis. They did the woman the next day. We were in the shed; people were gathered around wearing white robes. My dad was in charge of the ritual. They called her Holy Mary and peered at her as if she were the Virgin Mary. I remember her being brutally kicked in the face. They cut her open and removed the fetus; she was only about three months along. They cut off her breasts, and they cut little slits in the corners of her eyes, by her nose, and said, 'See—she's really crying blood!' At the end my dad shot her in the head with a rifle."

Because of memories like these, Aubrey asks me not to use her real name. Aubrey is a pseudonym. Her parents are divorced, but both are still alive, and Aubrey remains terrified of her father and other cult members. "After all, they do kill people," she says. She tells me the names of the young couple who were murdered, but asks me not to print those either; it's an unusual surname. She tells me the date they were killed, 20 years ago, and adds that her sister remembers the same events. Within the last couple of years, Aubrey has also tried telling law-enforcement authorities, but to no avail. "I went to the state police; they wanted me to take a psychological test and pay for it myself," she says bitterly. "They said it was too long ago and they had too much else to do to look into it."

"I am willing to admit that a few clever, cunning people might be getting away with this," he says.

It also proves surprisingly difficult for a civilian to check. Back in the early 1970s, when these people were allegedly killed, there was no centralized national listing of missing persons, according to Kenneth Lanning, the F.B.I.'s leading expert on ritual abuse. Since the mid-70s the F.B.I. has maintained a list of missing persons in a computerized file called the National Crime Information Center. However, it can be accessed only by law-enforcement personnel working on an officially sanctioned case, not by journalists or other private citizens. Lanning also points out that adults have the right to disappear if they want to, so law-enforcement agencies need to suspect foul play or some other cause for concern before a missing person is put on the N.C.I.C. list. The young couple Aubrey remembers may never have made the list. Moreover, since Aubrey doesn't know where they were from, one can't simply call their hometown police department to see if anyone by that name disappeared back then.

Given the context for this particular tale of murder, it is hardly surprising that police were skeptical. Indeed, if Aubrey's stories were an isolated event, one might dismiss them despite her apparent credibility. But Aubrey is not the only one with such memories. All over the country, what seems to be an astonishing number of women are coming forward with similar stories of satanic cults and ritual abuse. The reports are being made by all kinds of women—different socioeconomic backgrounds, different ethnicities, different religions, even different races. I personally have interviewed dozens of alleged ritual-abuse survivors—in Maine, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Colorado, Wyoming, California—none of whom know each other and all of whom related similarly harrowing accounts. Over and over again, women told me about being forced to kill and eat babies at satanic ceremonies, about seeing children dismembered and boiled and burned, about being drugged, tortured with electric cattle prods, branded with branding irons, raped with crucifixes and animal carcasses. They told me about being buried in coffins with live snakes and dead bodies, about being tied to crosses and hung upside down for days, about being photographed for child pornography and caged by satanic child-prostitution rings that farmed out their tiny victims for further abuse.

By most accounts, tales like these began to emerge in therapists' offices in considerable numbers during the mid-1980s. Since then the phenomenon has become so prevalent it has stunned social-service workers of every kind. I learned of it nearly two years ago from Dr. Anne Bauer, a New Hampshire psychiatrist who had never heard of ritual abuse when her clients began talking about it during the late 80s. So far, eight of them have claimed they were ritually abused. "You get one patient who starts to tell you about human sacrifices and having been raised as a 'breeder' and seeing her babies killed in these horrendous ceremonies and you think, This patient is psychotic," Dr. Bauer told me. "Then you get another patient from a different community who doesn't know the first patient, and she starts telling

you the same kind of stories, and you think, This is a weird coincidence. And then you get a third patient, and a fourth one, and a fifth one—and finally you have to say to yourself, I'd better find out what's going on here."

Would that it were so easy. As a subject for serious scientific inquiry, ritual abuse is a field in its infancy. No one even agrees on its definition; obviously there are many forms of sadistic abuse, or even ritualistic abuse (including some kinds of sadomasochistic sex performed in a ritualistic fashion), that do not constitute what has come to be called ritual abuse, the term most often used to describe the alleged practices of satanic cults. The dimensions of the phenomenon are also impossible to assess; no one is keeping a nationwide tally. But the anecdotal evidence beginning to accumulate is staggering.

Monarch Resources, a California referral service for survivors of sexual abuse, currently receives 20 to 30 calls a day. More than half these callers describe themselves as ritual-abuse survivors; this amounts to more than 5,000 per year. In Maine, Gayle Woodsum founded Looking Up, a support program for incest survivors, in 1983. By the time she left the organization eight years later, it was serving 15,000 people a year, 40 percent of whom reported they were dealing with ritualistic or cult-related abuse. Last year alone, Child Help U.S.A., a national hot line, received 1,741 calls it categorized as ritual-abuse cases (although that figure doesn't include people with other problems like multiple-personality disorder that would be classified differently even if ritual abuse was involved). Dr. Bennett Braun, medical director of the Dissociative Disorders Program and In-Patient Unit at the Rush North Shore Medical Center in Skokie, Illinois, estimates that he has seen close to 200 alleged ritual-abuse survivors since the mid-1980s. Dr. Walter Young, medical director of the National Treatment Center for Multiple Personality and Dissociation in Torrance, California, has treated or consulted on more than 100 ritual-abuse cases.

During the course of an 18-month investigation, I talked to scores of mental-health professionals all over the country. It seems that virtually anywhere you go you will hear about ritual abuse, even from those who argue that there is no such thing. "Kansas City is up to its neck in it; I've seen three cases in the last week," says Jan Larson, a psychiatric social worker at the Menorah Medical Center in Kansas City who doesn't believe any of the reports. "It's an epidemic." Nor is the phenomenon limited to the United States. In Denver, Justus Unlimited, a nonprofit referral and resource service, receives an average of 20 calls a day, virtually all involving some form of alleged ritual abuse—more than 7,000 calls a year. "But we also get mail from ritual-abuse survivors all over the world," reports Teri Todd, the co-founder. "We hear from people from Australia, New Zealand, England, the Netherlands, Germany, Israel, Canada . . ." Harder data is gradually beginning to emerge as well. One Dutch psychologist has just published a study of 71 multiple-personality patients, at least a third of whom appear to have been ritually abused. "Our personal opinion is that this is much more widespread than we would like to believe," says another Dutch psychologist, who asks not to be named but acknowledges having seen ritual-abuse patients, as have his associates at a regional mental-health center. "Also, I recently received the first two reports about this from German colleagues," he adds. "They were not looking for it, but they got it. I wish it were not true, but I cannot deny the evidence we get from our patients."

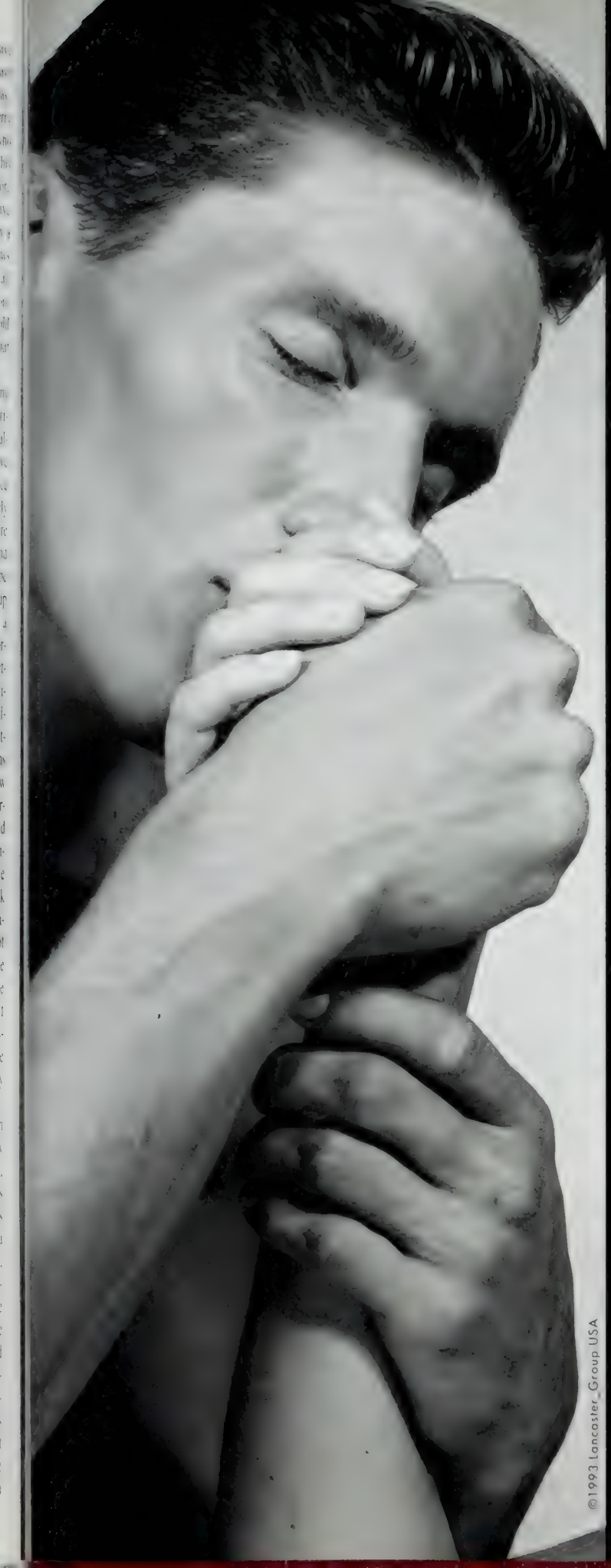
It was May Day, and according to the satanic calendar, someone had to die.

The voices of adult patients are increasingly joined by parents who believe their children have been ritually abused in day-care centers and pre-schools, as in California's infamous McMartin case, which began in 1983. Starting the same year, the University of New Hampshire's Family Research Laboratory did a nationwide study of 270 day-care abuse cases involving more than 1,600 children; 13 percent of the cases included ritual abuse. Believe the Children, a Chicago-based parents' organization, held its first national conference at the beginning of April. The organization's president, Beth Vargo, says Believe the Children receives 2,000 calls a year, approximately 500 of which are from adults claiming to be ritual-abuse survivors.

But it is the children's reports that many people find most compelling. "When you hear a child relating things there's no way a child could have known, no way a therapist could have installed in their mind, then you say, 'Something's wrong here,' " says Jerry Simandl, a Chicago police officer who says he investigates ritual abuse on his own time and has worked with more than 200 adult survivors in the last five years. "How can a child fantasize how a crematory is laid out? When a kid draws it out plain as day and I go and it all checks out—you don't see that in monster movies. How does a four-year-old describe this to you? I'm talking about detail."

Simandl is one of many law-enforcement authorities, therapists, and social-service workers who believe passionately in the existence of ritual abuse, based largely on their judgment that there are too many survivors and their testimony is too compelling to be dismissed. But an equally vocal group argues that the whole phenomenon is a sham, and the result has been an extraordinarily acrimonious controversy affecting a wide range of professional disciplines. Ritual abuse has hit the mental-health community like a bomb, prompting bitter debate and polarizing opinions even as it has spawned a whole new therapeutic specialty, along with a burgeoning network of support groups and survivors' services. "I think it's a potential catastrophe, particularly for the child-abuse movement," says Dr. Frank Putnam, chief of the Unit on Dissociative Disorders at the National Institute of Mental Health. "This challenges the credibility of both adult and child abuse victims, which has been hard-won. If the credibility of this is shown to be suspect, the credibility of everything else becomes suspect. They all get tarred by the same brush."

A similar schism has developed in law-enforcement circles; although many police departments scoff at ritual abuse, others hire consultants to give seminars and training programs to help officers deal with reported cases. Even when a cop becomes known as a cult specialist, however, his own police department often treats his work with considerable ambivalence. One Massachusetts state trooper tells me he was originally asked to look into ritual abuse by a local district attorney, and he continues to investigate at every opportunity, often on his own time. His superiors "really don't want to acknowledge that I'm doing this," he says, "but whenever there's a



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homicide, like the 12-year-old girl who was killed and where the murder suspect was the next-door neighbor who was a deacon in the church, and there was a lot of speculation about satanic involvement—the first thing they say is 'You're going down there.' "

But the bitterest divisions are on the home front. For every adult survivor who says she's been ritually abused, someone is implicated. Afraid to confront their families, many survivors simply cut off contact with no explanation. Parents who have been accused almost always say it's not true; their alleged victims usually perceive them as being "in denial." Sometimes siblings corroborate a survivor's memories, but in other cases they react with outrage, siding with their parents and fervently proclaiming the family's innocence.

Whatever one's opinion on ritual abuse, it involves questions of enormous importance and complexity. The larger issue of "false-memory syndrome," which is now being raised in conjunction with all forms of childhood abuse, has become as controversial as ritual abuse itself, and its ramifications strike at the heart of the assumptions underlying the entire field of psychiatry. No one denies the creative, neurotic, and amazingly powerful potential of the human mind, both to suppress traumatic memories and to fabricate. But the task of distinguishing between genuine memories and fantasies that only seem to be based on real-life events has become central to any understanding of sexual, physical, or emotional abuse. And while the child-protection movement has gained in numbers and clout in recent years, a growing backlash has already spawned a national advocacy group called the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, which was formed last year in Philadelphia to argue that many families are being ripped apart by untrue assertions of ritual and sexual abuse.

According to Pamela Freyd, its executive director, the F.M.S. Foundation received 2,846 calls in its first year, of which 15 percent involved ritual abuse. The organization's first national conference drew nearly 500 family members, professionals, and media representatives to Valley Forge in April for a three-day program called "Memory and Reality: Emerging Crisis." The presentations bore titles like "Making Monsters: An American Tragedy" and "Therapist Zeal and Pseudomemories." Many F.M.S. advocates enthusiastically predict a blizzard of lawsuits as parents file charges against the therapists they accuse of having led their adult children into retrieving unreliable or fabricated memories.

A growing contingent of mental-health professionals are also convinced that some of their peers bear a major share of responsibility for the ritual-abuse phenomenon. "It's a national scandal," says Jan Larson. "With all the satanic ritual-abuse cases, there's not a shred of evidence. I don't think it exists. I think it's hysterical contamination, but it's making people sick, making money, and hurting families terribly." Larson is one of many disbelievers who deride ritual abuse as a form of mass hysteria promulgated by sensationalistic tabloid television shows, trashy best-sellers of dubious provenance, and irresponsible therapists out to make a quick buck on the latest "disease of the week" fad. While debunkers observe varying degrees of political correctness, many seem to see ritual abuse as a disgusting fairy tale concocted by a bunch of hysterical women seeking attention.

"It is difficult to avoid exposure to stimulating material that can contaminate the memories."



Dr. George Ganaway says that some of these memories are the products of minds highly susceptible to books, movies, and other sources.

Most adults claiming to be ritual-abuse survivors are indeed female, even though both boys and girls are supposedly abused in pre-schools as well as family cults. The usual explanation offered by psychiatrists is that traumatized women tend to turn up in the mental-health system while men with similar histories act out, often in violent ways, and end up in jail. However, men alleging ritual abuse believe their numbers will grow. "There are more of us out there," attests Daniel Ryder (pseudonym of the social worker who wrote *Breaking the Circle of Satanic Ritual Abuse*). "I think it's like incest and sexual abuse: women were the first to emerge, and then more and more men's stories started to surface."

The incest analogy comes up often. After Freud repudiated his patients' accounts of incestuous experiences as fantasy, it was nearly a century before the medical profession began to take such reports seriously again. The sexual abuse of children is now acknowledged to be shockingly widespread at every level of society, and many therapists believe there will be a similar evolution in attitudes toward ritual abuse. Domestic violence provides another frequent analogy; a generation ago, it wasn't even identified as a problem.

At the moment, however, any consensus on ritual abuse seems remote, despite intermittent reminders that the fabric of American society is far darker and more complex than many people would like to admit. Americans have always accepted the existence of bizarre religious sects in their midst, most of them representing some form of Christianity. Many cults are known to have practiced some of the brainwashing techniques and forms of child abuse alleged by satanic-cult survivors. But in general it is only when a self-appointed messiah leads his flock into mass suicide, as Jim Jones did at Jonestown, or mass murder, as Charles Manson did, or armed defiance of law-enforcement authorities, as David

MARK TUCKER

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Koresh did in Waco, Texas, that social tolerance evaporates. "Religious insanity is as American as apple pie, Disneyland and the Ku Klux Klan," *Newsday* remarked recently, citing such historical precedents as the Reverend Thomas Lake Harris, who founded a colony in upstate New York in the 19th century; Harris believed that a race of tiny fairies inhabited women's breasts, with kings and queens in the left breast and priests and priestesses in the right.

Trailblazing thinkers like Reverend Harris notwithstanding, the religious fanatics who proved dangerous generally did so under the aegis of more conventional doctrines. According to Kenneth Lanning, a special agent with the Behavioral Science Unit at the F.B.I. Academy in Quantico, Virginia, "The fact is that far more crime and child abuse has been committed by zealots in the name of God, Jesus, Muhammed, and other mainstream religion than has ever been committed in the name of Satan."

The people assembled in a conference room at the Holiday Inn in North Haven, Connecticut, on a sunny day last February could have been any group of professionals listening to a lecture by an earnest man in suit and tie. His slide show, however, was chilling: one drawing after another of sinister hooded figures performing satanic rituals. All the drawings were produced by ritual-abuse survivors in therapy with the speaker, Dr. David Sakheim, a clinical psychologist who recently published *Out of Darkness: Exploring Satanism & Ritual Abuse*.

Little more than a year earlier, I had attended a similar workshop in Danvers, Massachusetts, sponsored by Community Program Innovations, a training agency for human-service workers. Although 127 people came to hear about ritual abuse, few seemed to have encountered it personally. "I feel like I should know more about it, because maybe I'm missing some things," said a therapist from Worcester. But in Connecticut the situation was dramatically different. Two Blue Cross case-management representatives told me they're seeing a growing number of catastrophic long-term cases involving ritual abuse. Ruth Schofield, a marriage and family therapist from Stamford, said three ritual-abuse cases have emerged among her clients; a clinical social worker from New Haven and a nurse from Hartford Hospital are finding them as well. Bruce Bellm, an abuse investigator for the state, had received allegations that a certain retarded person was being poisoned in preparation for a satanic sacrifice; he had to decide whether the state should intervene. A pastor from a small Baptist church in North Haven was seeing indications of ritual abuse among the incest survivors she counsels. Almost everyone seemed bemused and troubled.

"Nothing in my training prepared me for this," said Dr. Leslie Weiss, a New Haven clinical psychologist with four alleged ritual-abuse survivors among her clients. "One patient is a high-functioning mental-health professional who presented with depression and relational difficulties, and now we're uncovering this morass of stuff. These people are talking about a lot of physical and sexual abuse. I have one person who's recovered memories of participating in three murders and witnessing another. I don't go looking for this, but it's out there. It's been coming in all along, but I didn't realize it. I've probably seen 15 or 20 of these patients over the last 19 years. Before, I missed the dissociation, the hidden allusions, the people who didn't respond to treatment. What I've learned to do is to notice it." Dr. Weiss scoffed at the idea that therapists obsessed with ritual abuse are somehow implanting false memories in their patients. "I don't make this stuff up," she said. "I'm not that kinky. Most of us are just amazed by what we're hearing."

"One patient tells you about human sacrifices and these horrendous ceremonies and you think, This patient is psychotic. Then you get another. Then you get a third and a fourth..."

Up at the podium, Dr. Sakheim was trying to bring some order to the chaos. Like many analysts, he divides most satanic activity into four categories. The "self-styled" Satanists are individuals or groups of loners who may be quite isolated, like Richard Ramirez, the California serial killer known as the "Night Stalker." The "dabblers" include teenagers and youth gangs experimenting with Satanism, often as a form of rebellion. The "traditional" Satanists include public practitioners like Anton LaVey and his Church of Satan or Michael Aquino and the Temple of Set, who worship Satan but may not break any laws. "No one really disagrees much about the first three groups," Sakheim said. The fourth category is the controversial one: intergenerational satanic cults, often involving other members of a given community that practice criminal abuse.

It is this type of cult that has generated the flood of reports from alleged survivors. "I've seen victims who claim they're the 12th generation," one therapist tells me. "They seem to be very proud of this genealogy." Many survivors think the cults they grew up in were composed mainly of local families, although they may have had loose ties to groups in other areas. The more extreme conspiracy theorists believe in the existence of an international network of highly structured, well-organized satanic cults that use sophisticated brainwashing techniques and monitor members wherever they go, activating decades-old programming whenever they try to break free.

Historians tend to take a measured view. "There are such vast numbers of reports from different civilizations of people practicing these rituals, of sacrificing animals, sacrificing children, having sexual orgies, and so on—so why shouldn't these things be happening now?" says Jeffrey Burton Russell, professor of history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. "I believe these things occur, but on an isolated basis. How isolated, I just don't know. I know personally that terrible things have been perpetrated in the name of Satanism. A colleague of mine has a country place right down the road from a bunch of Satanists, and what they did to his cat is so horrible I don't even want to describe it to you."

"Manic-depressive, borderline personality, obsessive-compulsive, depressive—I got about five different diagnoses before I started to see Dr. Greaves," says Tiffany Spencer (pseudonym), a 36-year-old homemaker who lives in Augusta, Georgia. Dr. George Greaves, Tiffany's therapist, has put us in touch, at her request, because he believes that


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she is credible, despite the incredible nature of her memories and the fact that she formerly suffered from multiple-personality disorder.

"I was adopted when I was 5, and I was in and out of therapy since I was 12 years old," Tiffany explains. "I had no memories of my early childhood at all; after I was adopted I had a fairly stable life, and I developed one personality that stayed out all the time, until I was an adult. All the memories were kept from me; I was totally amnesiac to any of my 'alters,' " she adds, referring to the nine separate personalities that eventually emerged. When she first started to remember ritual abuse, she was terrified. "I thought I was crazy," she admits. "I thought I was totally losing my mind. I thought I had to be imagining all this. I had no idea what my memories meant. I had never heard of ritual abuse; I had never read anything about it, and I didn't even know it existed. I thought people were not capable of doing these things to anybody." But after years of living with those memories, she reacts fiercely to the idea that she might be mistaken about what happened to her. "I know what I went through," she says. "I know what I saw. I know what I experienced."

Her body alone provides some form of corroboration; Tiffany has always had a baffling array of unexplained scars and other injuries. "I have scars on my ankles from being tied, and scars on my wrists," she says. "I have cigarette burns on my arms and stomach. My left thumb was cut through all the way down to the bone during one of the rituals; they were threatening to cut my finger off. I had surgery in the third grade to repair it. The first rape was when I was two; my father had molested me before that, but this was the first actual penetration, and he cut my vagina with a knife in order to achieve that. I have the scars. I was also branded on the inside of my right thigh. It's about the size of a nickel, about an inch from the pubic area. It's a circular brand with little dots in it; it was burned on. I remember a metal branding tool. The children in the cult were prostituted out at times, and the brand was probably to make sure that wherever I went it was known who I belonged to."

Tiffany's acute, chronic sinus problems recently led her to a surgeon, who said that severe injury was the only possible cause for what he described as a "boxer's nose." When he operated, he was so appalled by what he found that as soon as he came out of surgery he accosted Tiffany's husband. "Who the hell did this to her?" the doctor demanded angrily. Tiffany says she knows exactly who did it to her. That memory is the worst one of all.

"I had an identical twin sister who was sacrificed in a ritual on Halloween when we were four years old," she says, so softly I can scarcely hear her. "That was the one time I tried to fight against what was happening; my father punched me and broke my nose. They had put my sister on an altar in a barn; we lived in a small rural town, and the rituals took place in barns and basements. My father was the one who sacrificed my sister. He was wearing a red robe, and the others wore black robes and the children wore white. He took a knife and cut her chest and took her heart out, and that was when I started fighting. I refused to eat it, and I was punched in the nose. My sister and I were very close, and I had been isolated from her for two weeks before this; they put me alone in the basement, and I was given some bread and water. I think, in retrospect, my parents wanted me to be very weak at the time. After this happened, my sister was dismembered and put in a box, and my father took me to bury her in an unmarked grave out in the middle of nowhere. He told me if I ever told anyone I would join her in a box just like this one."

"This challenges the credibility of abuse victims. If the credibility of this is shown to be suspect, they all get tarred by the same brush."

During the ensuing years, Tiffany sometimes thought she remembered having had a twin sister, and when she was 17 she tracked down her birth mother. "It was really strange; I felt afraid of her," Tiffany says. "I had a real bad feeling, like it just wasn't safe." Still, she asked her mother whether she had ever had a twin sister. "She said, 'Yes, you did,' " Tiffany recalls. "At one point during that day she told me my sister had died of heart problems when she was four weeks old. Later the same day, she said she had died when she was four months old. But she said she didn't know anything about where my sister was buried or how it had been handled." Tiffany laughs bitterly. "At least she got the 'four' right."

But Tiffany has never confronted her birth mother about the cult. "It's really a scary thing to think about doing," she says hesitantly. "I'm just afraid my children might be harmed." She has reason to be afraid. Through all the years, through three marriages, three name changes, and five moves from one community to another, she says, "I have had phone calls checking up on me. On Halloween, the winter solstice, Easter—it's always on a satanic holiday. No matter where I was, they'd find me. It's different voices, but it's always a male who calls and says, 'I'm keeping up with where you are. I know what you're doing. I know all about you.' "

Abuse survivors are not the only ones battling fear. One therapist came home to find his house locked, as usual, but with a curious tableau in the front hall. "Here's what was on the floor," he says. "A white dish from my cupboard, with an upside-down pentagram made with black Magic Marker, with an upside-down triangle that pointed at me as I entered the door. It was made of arrows, as in metal target arrows; they were arranged from feathers right to points left. In the middle of the dish was a green candle burned down to a nub. Since then I have been told that the upside-down pentagram and the upside-down triangle are signs of the occult; when the arrows are going to the left, things are closing down. I am also told that green is the candle of life, and that when the green candle burns down, your life is gone."

Dana Mitchell, a retired detective sergeant from Indiana, was working on a ritual-abuse case in which there were allegations of ongoing cult activity when he received a letter that said, "Back off or you won't be here anymore." On another occasion, a message on his answering machine specified a case in a different state and told him that if he didn't drop it "you'll find yourself waking up dead some morning."

Those who don't believe in ritual abuse maintain there must be other explanations for such threats. Some even suggest that "cult cops" and ritual-abuse therapists might fabricate threats in order to validate their point of view. Others acknowledge that such threats *(Continued on page 58)*


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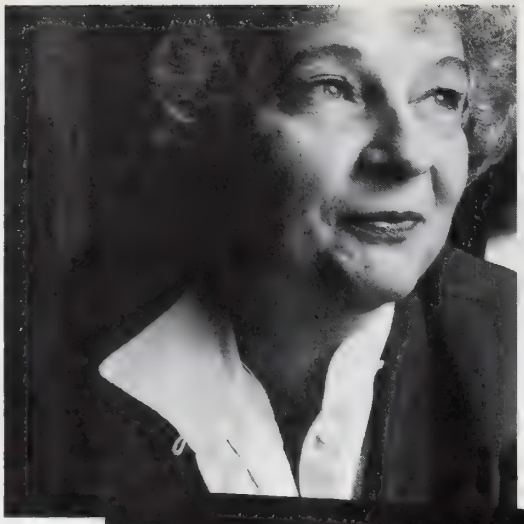
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(Continued from page 52) may have been made, but probably by disturbed patients; an individual with multiple-personality disorder can act in the guise of a hostile "alter" while other personalities remain unaware of what the alter has done.

But in the absence of proof, paranoia flourishes, and it has inflicted serious damage on the credibility of some of the more extreme conspiracy theorists. The Los Angeles County Commission for Women started a task force on ritual abuse five years ago that quickly became known for its expertise. In recent months, however, members have claimed that dozens of ritual-abuse survivors and therapists were being deliberately poisoned with pesticide. Some of the alleged victims were diagnosed by a local acupuncturist but refused to see medical doctors, submit to laboratory tests, or report their suspicions to the police, according to Stephanie Sheppard, a task-force member who publicly criticized the group. "Anybody with any sense says, 'These people are a bunch of wackos,' " Sheppard concludes.

Others defend the claims of widespread poisoning by Satanists. "I used to tell people, 'They may make death threats, they may put a dead animal on your doorstep, but they're not going to hurt you,' " says Dr. Catherine Gould, a clinical psychologist on the task force. "But now I tell people, 'You should at least be aware of the symptoms of this kind of poisoning.' "



Pamela Freyd, executive director of Philadelphia's False Memory Syndrome Foundation, is concerned about the impact on those falsely accused.

"Some people don't know what they're accused of. They've gotten a phone call saying, 'You know what you did.' "

Three years ago, Robin Mewes was a college freshman whose mother described her as "a straight-A student and a model daughter." The Meweses lived in a small town near Terre Haute, Indiana; Mary Mewes worked as a cashier for a utility company, her husband, Bob, was farm manager at a local bank, and both were Methodist Sunday-school teachers and Bible leaders. The Meweses seemed the most conventional of families until Robin told them she had been having recurring nightmares. "She had come to the conclusion she had been sexually abused by her kindergarten principal," recalls Mary Mewes. "She also told us she had been bulimic and anorexic since junior high school."

The Meweses immediately arranged for Robin to go into therapy. Before long, horrifying allegations began to proliferate. "It was made known to us that Robin had been satanically abused," Mrs. Mewes says. "First it was the kindergarten principal, then it evolved into the minister, the baby-sitters, and good friends of ours. We couldn't believe it. The counselor said that only someone who had truly been satanically abused could come up with these things Robin was coming up with. As the therapy went on, her memories became more bizarre—the eating of flesh, the severing of body parts, the killing of babies, the eating of babies, throwing them in deep ravines, satanic masks, all kinds of things."

The Meweses say the therapist gave Robin a lot of assistance in "remembering." "She would say, 'Do you know what room that happened in?' and Robin would hesitate," Mrs. Mewes explains. "She would say, 'Could it have been the cafeteria?' and Robin would say, 'Yes, that's right.' " But the therapist soon convinced the Meweses they all might be in danger from Satanists. "She had Bob and I getting paranoid about everything—believing our telephones were tapped, being afraid that Robin would be kidnapped," Mrs. Mewes says. "Then she started putting us against one another in family sessions. She would say, 'Do you remember letting Robin be abused?' I would say, 'No,' and she would say, 'Give it time; it will come.' Robin started withdrawing from us. She would flinch when we touched her, and barricade her bedroom at night. One day we came home and found Robin beating her head against the wall. That was our indication that Robin was not getting better—Robin was getting worse."

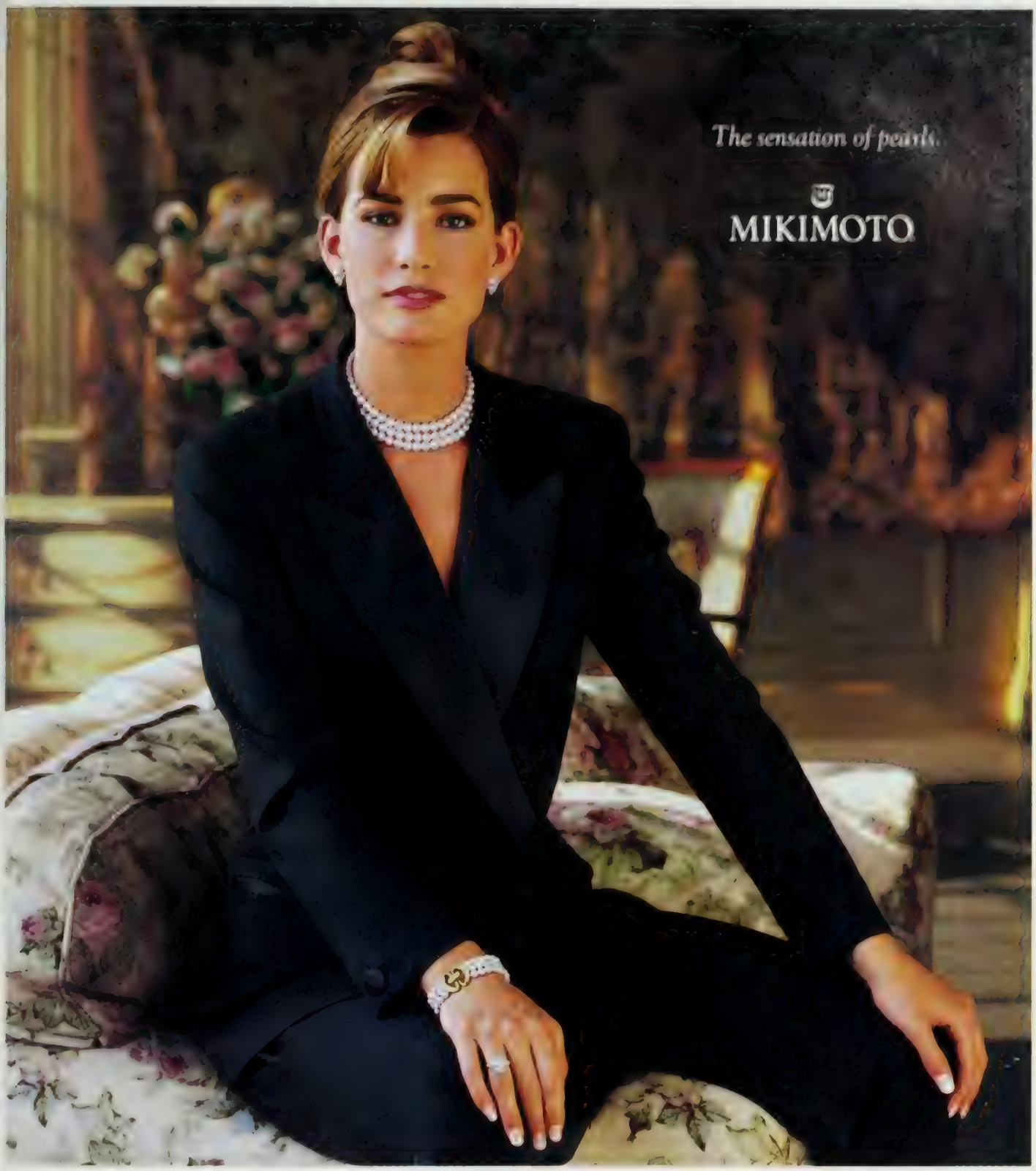
However, Robin's memories seemed to receive some corroboration after the therapist announced that her 15-year-old brother, Bill, needed counseling, too. She plied Robin with cult-related material such as *Michelle Remembers*, a popular autobiographical account, *Rosemary's Baby*, and a satanic bible, and eventually Bill also began to think he might have been ritually abused. Still, the therapist's methods made him uncomfortable. "When Robin wasn't remembering up to what she wanted her to, I would throw out stuff, just trying to be helpful to my sister," Bill recalls. "You'd have what the therapist called a memory, but what I thought of as just making up stuff."

According to Bill, the therapist insisted that his mother had a split personality and a long history of abusing her children, but Bill was troubled by his own uncertainty as well as by the escalating allegations. The therapist also told them that if things got really bad at home she would arrange for them to be taken away and "hidden somehow," Bill reports. He says that for him the breaking point came when the therapist announced he was being groomed as the Antichrist, a deduction she arrived at because of the numbers involved in his birth date.

But it was too late for Robin, who had long since dropped out of college. The Meweses grew so concerned they set up an appointment for her to be evaluated by another counselor. The next day she disappeared. Then friends reported they had seen Robin that very day at a Terre Haute fast-food restaurant—accompanied by the therapist. "But everything I asked her, she would say, 'I do not know. I cannot say,' " Mrs. Mewes says.

The Meweses haven't seen their daughter since she vanished in September of 1990. Four months later, the therapist left her job at a local mental-health facility and dropped out of sight as well—but not before implicating the Meweses and other families. "She contacted the state police and said I was a Satanist and it was not safe to have me walking the streets," Mrs. Mewes says. "At the

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time, we were unaware that she was under investigation for filing so many reports of satanic abuse.'' Like all the other families reported by the same therapist, the Meweses have since been cleared of any wrongdoing. They have hired nine different lawyers and two private investigators, but nobody has been able to find Robin; they took a second mortgage on their house to pay for their search, but every lead has turned into a dead end. Mr. Mewes has leukemia, and Mrs. Mewes says the family can't afford to do anything more. They blame the entire tragedy on their former therapist.

The Meweses have a lot of company these days, in both their grief and their conviction they were victimized by a crazy counselor, and they have found some solace in commiserating with other distraught families they met through the False Memory Syndrome Foundation. ''About a third of the people we hear from don't even know what they've been accused of,'' reports Pamela Freyd. ''They've been cut off in some way; they've gotten a phone call saying, 'You know what you did,' but they haven't a clue. We view these as memory issues, not abuse issues. There's no way we can tell the truth or falsity of any one story, but we can look at patterns. The techniques for recovering repressed memories bring forth all kinds of stories, and one has to be very cautious in rushing to judgment. You either have to buy into a conspiracy of such proportions that it's mind-boggling or you have to stop and say, 'Hey, what's going on?' and look for alternative explanations—and there are reasonable alternative explanations.''

Dr. George Ganaway, a psychiatrist and director of the Ridgeview Center for Dissociative Disorders in Smyrna, Georgia, has written and lectured extensively on alternative hypotheses for ritual-abuse claims. He points out that this patient population is a suggestible one that may be highly susceptible to influence from outside sources like books, articles, sermons and lectures, movies and television shows, as well as the personal testimony of other alleged cult survivors. ''It is difficult for even the most socially isolated individual to avoid exposure to stimulating material that has the potential for contaminating the memories of the individual's personal life story,'' Dr. Ganaway told the American Psychological Association's annual convention in 1991. When patients protest that they had never read or heard about ritual abuse before they started retrieving their own memories, whether during or outside of therapy, Dr. Ganaway has a ready explanation: ''source amnesia,'' in which ''the person doesn't remember they've read a particular book, seen a particular movie or TV show, or heard a particular story from another patient,'' but has nonetheless ''absorbed'' the material from some outside source rather than experienced it directly.

Some skeptics even suggest that the entire ritual-abuse phenomenon might be traced back to *Michelle Remembers*, published in 1980; by the mid-80s it could theoretically have spawned the eruption of survivors' reports. But other observers say they were hearing about satanic activity in the 1970s. ''By 1980 I had heard a couple dozen such accounts, maybe more,'' says Dr. Richard Kluft, director of the Dissociative Disorders Program at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital. ''They came from all sorts of patients. Some seemed very credible, some seemed totally impossible to believe, and most were in between.'' Dr. Kluft, who is also a clinical professor of psychiatry at Temple University School of Medicine, found it difficult to dismiss such reports entirely after he consulted on a multiple-personality case in the mid-1970s. The woman claimed that some of her ''alters'' were involved in a satanic cult, and one of her professors grew concerned enough to try to check out her story. ''The professor said he had followed her one night and had come upon a bunch of people getting on robes around a campfire,'' Dr. Kluft says. ''They had doused the fire and chased him away.''

Consensus on ritual abuse seems remote despite reminders like Waco that the fabric of society is darker than we imagine.

Mental patients have always ranted about Satan, of course, but until recently the more lurid tales were simply ignored. ''I've talked to staff at psychiatric hospitals who told me people have been saying this stuff for years, but in the past they would have assumed they were schizophrenic and put them on medication,'' Dr. Sakheim reports.

This scenario offers one possible clue to the seemingly unprecedented emergence of ritual-abuse reports in the mid-1980s; maybe the evidence had been there all along, but no one noticed. Many abuse survivors do have long psychiatric histories, including repeated hospitalizations. Experts who don't believe in ritual abuse often use such histories to cast doubt on their testimony, while believers counter that the kind of traumatic abuse these women describe would be very likely to produce characteristic symptoms like multiple-personality disorder. Furthermore, not everyone fits the profile. Out in Illinois, two different therapists told Aubrey she couldn't possibly have suffered ritual abuse, because her life seemed so well put together. ''I was atypical with my presenting symptoms,'' Aubrey says wryly. ''I didn't drink, I didn't have a serious eating disorder, I wasn't in a sick relationship, I wasn't a multiple—my life was very functional, and I had a history of being functional.''

However, she did suffer from chronic headaches, and when doctors were unable to find any physical cause Aubrey went into therapy. ''Five days after I first remembered my grandfather molesting me, my headaches vanished,'' she says. The fact that women in large numbers have turned to therapy and self-help groups over the last 20 years may suggest another reason for the ritual-abuse phenomenon. ''Because of the feminist movement, it became acceptable to talk about not only rape but incest,'' says Ruth Schofield. ''I think ritual abuse became visible in the 1980s because permission to talk about it has been given.''

But determining the reliability of anyone's memories is difficult, and the problem has been compounded by the increasing use of therapeutic hypnosis. Memories retrieved under hypnosis ''are likely to contain a combination of both fact *and* fantasy,'' Dr. Ganaway warns, despite the fact that ''hypnosis increases the subject's confidence in the veracity of both correct and *incorrect* recalled material.'' This argument carries little weight with survivors who have not undergone hypnosis. ''Most of my memories have come when I was driving my car—or scaring myself half to death in the middle of the night,'' observes Aubrey. ''I've remembered every way there is: nightmares, abreactions, body memories, flashbacks—I would be driving down the road in winter and I'd look over and it would be summer and I'd see



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the boy I was married to in the cult, mowing the grass."

Another explanation might be what therapists call "screen memories" that cover up "less tolerable memories," as Dr. Ganaway explains. Debunkers also talk about "urban legends" (like stories about alligators in the sewer system), suggesting that the entire ritual-abuse phenomenon resembles a bizarre but unfounded rumor passed along by dissociative patients and their therapists. Dr. Sakheim offers additional possibilities: some ritual-abuse survivors may be malingering, and others could have Münchausen's syndrome, a rare disorder in which patients pretend they are suffering from all kinds of ailments.

Obviously, no single alternative hypothesis can explain every ritual-abuse case; collectively, however, they might. It's probably too soon to make a responsible judgment. But all arguments by disbelievers ultimately come down to the question of evidence, and the F.B.I.'s Kenneth Lanning is invariably cited. "I have consulted on hundreds and hundreds of these cases in the last 10 years," Lanning says. A decade of investigation has failed to turn up any physical evidence of the kinds of intergenerational cult activity alleged by survivors, leading Lanning to become the foremost proponent of the "Where are the bodies?" argument.

"I am willing to admit that a few clever, cunning people might be getting away with this," he says, "but the problem when you're dealing with this from a national perspective is that we're not talking about a couple of people in rural Iowa. When you total them up, what you now have is thousands of people killing tens of thousands of people, and there is no evidence. If this was going on to the extent some people say it is, even if the police were doing nothing, somebody would have stumbled on it. You can't do what these people are alleging and get away with it. There either are alternative explanations or, if there aren't, we are dealing with the greatest crime conspiracy in the history of mankind, by a thousandfold."

I ask Lanning whether he thinks our society would be so quick to repudiate such accounts if thousands of men were offering them instead of women. Lanning insists it wouldn't make any difference. I then ask him whether he too has difficulty disbelieving all the women he has interviewed, since I, like so many therapists, remain deeply troubled by how credible some of them seem. To my surprise, he admits he has never talked to a ritual-abuse survivor. It turns out that, through all the years he has been investigating this phenomenon, his contact has been solely with other law-enforcement professionals and with therapists; he has never gone to the source of these reports, the women themselves. (Several weeks later Lanning revised his story to say that he had spoken with "several dozen" survivors on an unofficial basis.)

But the evidence question remains an undeniably thorny one. Ritual-abuse survivors consistently offer the same explanations for the seeming absence of bodies. Cults often include the town mortician, they say, and bodies are disposed of in crematories. Sometimes cult members sneak into a graveyard where a hole has already been dug in preparation for a funeral; the Satanists dig a deeper hole, dump the body, cover it up, and the next day a coffin is buried on top of it. No one ever knows the grave contains an extra body. When infants are sacrificed, particularly the fetuses harvested from "breeders," there isn't much left after cult members have drunk their blood and eaten some of their flesh. "A four- or five-month-old fetus isn't very big," one woman points out grimly. Many cult survivors seem to have grown up in rural areas where satanic activity was easy to hide; for example, Aubrey's family's farm is very isolated, and the only neighbors for miles around are relatives. In more populous places, sentries would allegedly be posted to make sure no one happened upon outdoor ceremonies.

Aubrey remains terrified of cult members. "After all, they do kill people," she says.

Some authorities scoff at such explanations, but others worry that the failure to find forensic evidence reflects on law enforcement as much as on ritual-abuse survivors. "We've got confessed killers on death row throughout the country who have said they killed because they worshiped Satan," says Larry Jones, a police lieutenant in Boise, Idaho. "We've got child molesters who have confessed that their satanic belief system places a positive value on torturing children. And people like Ken Lanning say there's no evidence. Any detective knows there are unsolved murders in every jurisdiction around the country. People disappear and never come home, or they disappear and 10 years later we find a decomposed body. Lanning says if satanic crime occurs, then it's the greatest criminal conspiracy in the history of the world. I think he hit it right on the head."

But official attitudes can play a significant role in the outcome of a given investigation. In Rupert, Idaho, the body of an infant girl was discovered three and a half years ago in a remote rural area near a reservoir. She had been "dismembered, disemboweled, possibly skinned, and burned," according to a report in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Both hands were missing. So was the right arm, at the shoulder. The abdominal organs had been cut out, leaving only the lungs and a portion of the upper heart chamber. The body had been placed in a metal drum on its back, clothed, before being torched with gasoline."

The gruesome discovery prompted rumors of satanic activity that seemed to be borne out when a nine-year-old boy who had come to the attention of child-protection authorities described having seen a baby sacrificed and burned. "They put me on the table with a Bible," the boy said. "The devil is there. They pray to the devil. The devil makes these people hurt me. They hurt me so bad. They hurt me in the private parts. . . . They sacrifice all animals. They even sacrifice babies. . . . The babies don't have any clothes on. They just put them on the table and pretty soon the devil makes a fire and they are on fire. It's a sacrifice."

Much controversy ensued, but the investigation was concluded when authorities decided the boy must have fabricated his stories based on tales he had been read from a Jehovah's Witness children's Bible. Despite the lack of evidence to support it, an elaborate scenario was also devised to explain the real-life infant whose body had been found. She was probably a baby "who died of pneumonia and then was discarded and set on fire by a scared family illegally in the country to work the Idaho crops," according to an investigator quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Predatory animals could have mutilated the body." □



GIORGIO ARMANI

OCCHIALI

MASAKO'S SACRIFICE

This month, Harvard-educated, fast-track diplomat Masako Owada marries Japan's Crown Prince Naruhito—and loses the freedom for which she fought so long

BY EDWARD KLEIN

For years, Crown Prince Naruhito had been searching in vain for a bride. "I'm probably going to challenge Prince Charles for the gold medal in marrying late," the heir to the Japanese throne complained last year on his 32nd birthday. The royal computers in Tokyo continued to comb through the family trees of illustrious candidates, but every time the prince displayed the slightest interest, the young woman in question would deliver a polite rebuff, or marry somebody else, or threaten to commit suicide, or, in one celebrated case, flee the country without leaving a forwarding address. At his wit's end, Naruhito turned to his mother for advice.

The emperor and empress normally live behind a huge moat in the center of Tokyo, and a private audience, even one with a son, involves an elaborate caravan of cars and security guards and the permission of court officials. But since new living quarters at the Imperial Palace were under construction last year, Emperor Akihito and Empress Michiko were in residence in the nearby Akasaka Palace compound, whose stands of silver-birch trees provided Crown Prince Naruhito with the floral pattern of his imperial seal. It was late in the autumn, and the last leaves were falling as Naruhito trudged to his mother's chambers.

She greeted him warmly. Of her three children—the crown prince, Prince Akishino, and Princess Sayako—Naruhito was her favorite, not only because he was her firstborn, but also because he was, in her eyes, a shining example of moral rectitude. Michiko had been educated strictly in Roman Catholic schools, and though she probably never discussed intimate sexual matters with her children, she had reason to suspect, as did many others in Japan, that the crown prince, who hadn't been left unattended since the day of his birth, was still a *dotei*, or virgin. Now approaching his 33rd birthday—a time when he could claim that gold medal from Prince Charles—Naruhito was the oldest unmarried heir apparent in the history of the Chrysanthemum Throne, a dynasty that stretched back in an unbroken line of succession for more than 1,500 years. People were starting to talk about an imperial crisis.

The servants withdrew, leaving the empress and crown prince alone. Reliable accounts of what transpires between members of the Japanese imperial family are extremely rare. The peerage in Japan was abolished after the Second World War, and the remaining royals—about two dozen in all—are rarely seen in public, and then mostly on ceremonial occasions. Unlike the unruly mob that makes up the House of Windsor in Britain, the Japanese are very self-disciplined, and they don't display the slightest tendency to blab in public or get into trouble. Their few friends are reluctant to gossip about them for fear of being easily identified, and consequently banished from court. As a result, on my most recent trip to Japan, where I once lived and learned to speak the language, the people who shared confidences with me for this story did so on the condition of strictest anonymity.

Sources close to the palace described the crown prince as an impressive young man—intelligent, educated, and highly cultivated. But they also said they believe he has a *maza kon*, or mother complex, and is excessively dependent on the empress, finding it hard to live outside her shadow. He told his mother of his fear that he would never marry and produce an heir. He felt like a failure. His biggest nightmare was that he would become the last emperor of Japan.

The empress listened, then turned to her son and reportedly said, "You must follow your feelings and marry Masako Owada."

This was exactly what Naruhito wanted to hear, for Masako Owada had long been his first choice as the princess bride. He had met Masako six years earlier, and he looked upon her as a kind of superwoman: she had spent many of her formative years in America, she knew five languages, and she had earned



Chrysanthemum Throne: Crown Prince Naruhito with his fiancée, Masako Owada.



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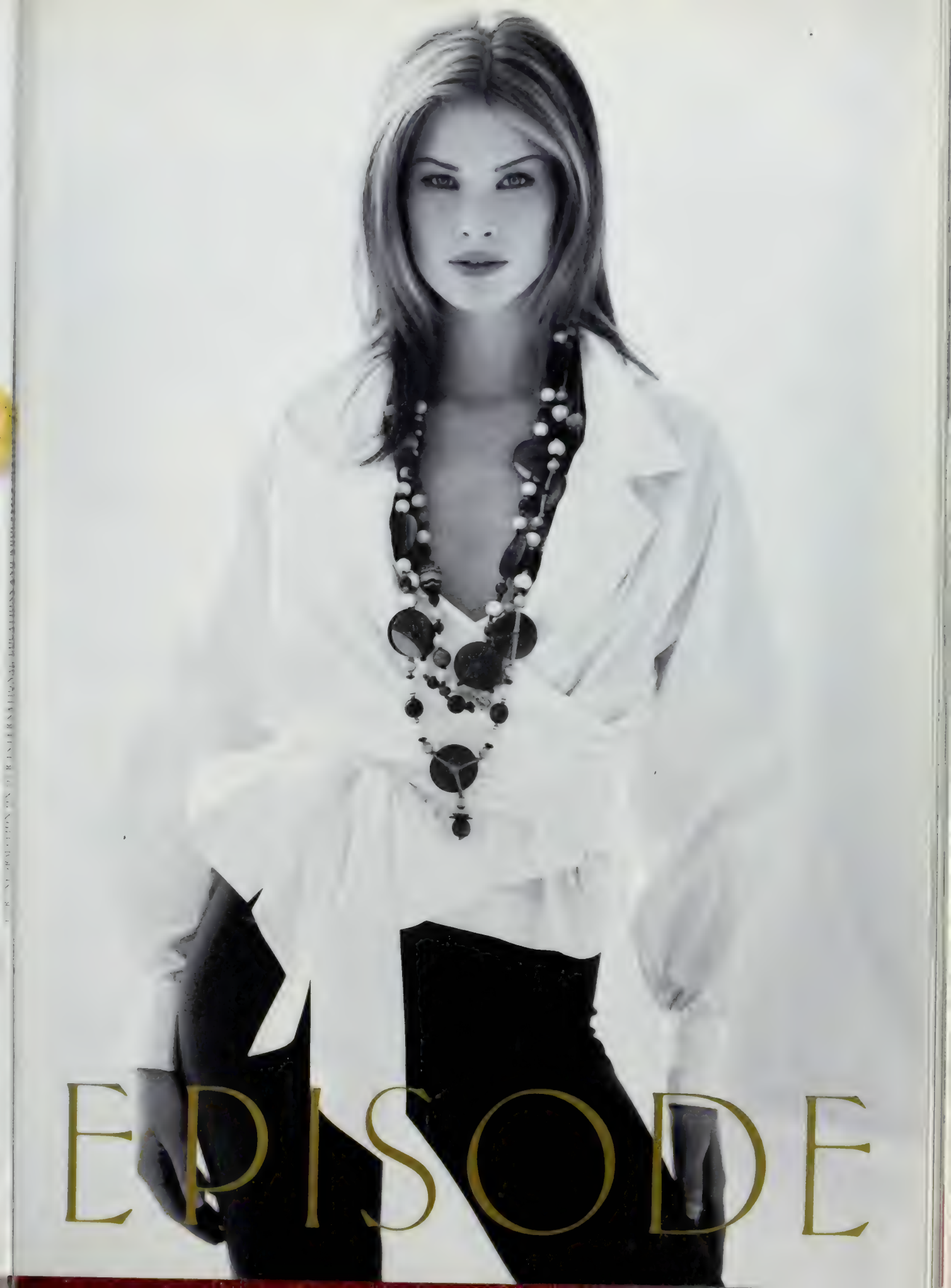


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degrees from both Harvard and Oxford. She also had a successful career in the foreign ministry, which was administered on a day-to-day basis by her father, and there were those who thought she might even go all the way to becoming an ambassador.

She had a large nose and dark skin, and her fellow Japanese often mistook her for a Filipina or Nepalese. But with her short skirts and long stride, the 29-year-old Masako fit the image of the liberated Japanese woman. And it was precisely her divergence from the norm of female submissiveness that attracted Naruhito.

There was only one problem: the highly ambitious Masako had her own agenda, and she had already rejected the prince's offer of marriage.

The empress decided to take matters into her own hands. Early one morning a few days later, her limousine slipped through a gate of the Akasaka Palace. Michiko was concealed behind linen curtains in the backseat; she didn't want anyone to know that she was on her way to a secret rendezvous with Masako Owada.

With each passing year, the empress seemed to become thinner and more elegant. At 58, she resembled one of those frail but powerful female figures from the spirit world who turn up in so many Japanese movies. Her car traveled along Shinjuku Dori, the same route she and her husband, Akihito, had followed in a gilded horse-drawn carriage more than three decades before on the day of their wedding.

With friends, she sometimes alluded to a feeling that she herself was to blame for her son's marital predicament. As the first commoner to marry a future emperor of Japan, Michiko had suffered greatly in the Imperial Palace, enduring endless taunts at the hands of envious royals, including her mother-in-law, the former empress Nagako. Practically everyone in Japan knew that Michiko had had a nervous breakdown and an attack of aphasia that left her temporarily unable to speak. It was hardly surprising that most young Japanese women, clinging to the fragile strands of their new liberation, were far from eager to follow in her footsteps.

Michiko's limousine turned into an affluent neighborhood and drew up in front of the house of Isamu Kamata, a retired businessman and amateur composer, who frequently accompanied the empress and emperor to classical concerts. (Kamata refused to take my phone calls and was not a source for this story.) Michiko was ushered inside, where she removed her shoes and found Masako Owada waiting for her in a room set aside for guests.

According to one account, Masako had dark splotches under her eyes, and looked as though she hadn't slept in days. For the past week or so, she had remained secluded in her parents' modern concrete-and-glass home in the Meguro section of Tokyo, fielding frantic telephone calls from the lovelorn crown prince.

The empress and Masako had a great deal in common. Both came from progressive-minded families in which foreigners and foreign concepts were embraced with enthusiasm. As part of their training in Western culture and ideals, both had been educated in the same Catholic school system, run by the Sisters of the Infant Jesus of Saint Maur. And they were both acquainted with a revered teacher at the Denenchofu Futaba School, a woman named Mrs. Mori. Although Mrs. Mori was now retired, she had recently taken to telephoning Masako to talk to her about the principle of being of service to others.

There was only one problem: Masako had already rejected the prince's offer of marriage.

The empress's conversation with Masako wandered to the subject of the British royal family, and the two women noted that the British, upon whom the Japanese had once modeled their own royal institution, seemed to have forgotten the principles of which Mrs. Mori spoke—duty, service, and self-sacrifice. "We mustn't allow that to happen here in Japan," the empress reportedly said.

Good Catholic-school product that she was, Masako soon realized that the empress was asking her to do what she had been taught by Mrs. Mori and the nuns: sacrifice herself for others. It was a spiritual appeal, and it brought Masako close to the breaking point. From earliest childhood, she had been trained to surrender her personal desires to something higher, whether to her parents, to her school group, or to God, and now she was being asked to do the same for her country. She wondered out loud: wouldn't she suffer the same horrible fate as the empress if she married the crown prince?

"As long as you are true to your own feelings and hold on to your own opinions," the empress told Masako, "you will have absolutely no problem whatsoever."

There could be no mistaking the empress's meaning. She was offering Masako her personal promise of protection if she would marry her son. The two women looked at each other in silence for quite some time. Then, in the most exquisitely polite Japanese, they began discussing the specific terms of the marriage.

A few days later, on December 12, Masako left her home in a car driven by one of her twin sisters. She switched cars several times to avoid being followed, then climbed into a maroon station wagon waiting for her in front of a hotel. She was driven to the crown prince's palace.

"*Tsutsushinde o-uke itashimasu,*" she said when she was alone with Naruhito. "I discreetly and humbly accept."

Word of her acceptance soon leaked to some members of the press, but nothing appeared in print or on television for nearly a month, because the reporters had agreed to a total news blackout on the bridal search. The moratorium had been requested by the Imperial Household Agency, the powerful and secretive arm of government that controls the imperial family as though they were so many Bunraku puppets. This wasn't the first time the reporters had muzzled themselves; they had gone through the same routine three decades before, when Naruhito's father, Akihito, was hunting for a bride.

But the Japanese aren't quite as rigid as they are often portrayed in the West, and they have devised many creative ways of getting around their society's severe demands for conformity and group harmony. In this case, either a Japanese reporter or a government official slipped the royal scoop to Shigehiko Togo and T. R. Reid in the Tokyo bureau of *The Washington Post,* and even though the *Post*'s exclusive was buried on an inside page, the embargo and all hell broke loose in Japan.

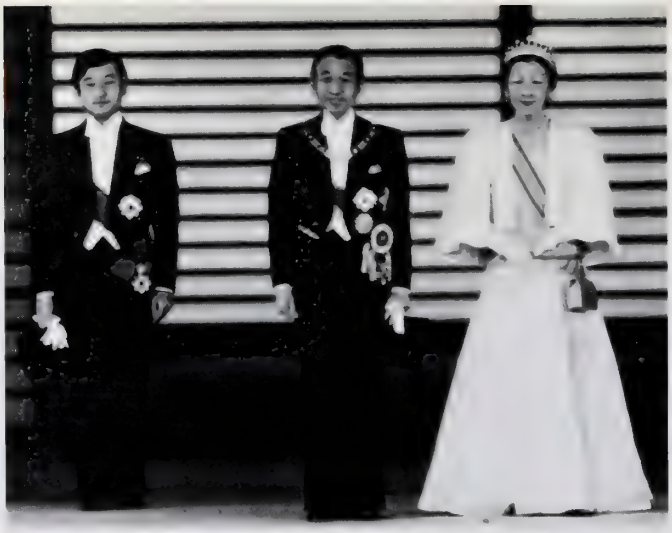
Five out of six television channels in Tokyo interrupted their regular programming at almost the same instant and switched to hours of canned bios of Naruhito and Masako. Anchormen popped up in newsrooms decorated with bridal

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Rising son: Naruhito with his parents, Emperor Akihito and Empress Michiko, *above*, in 1990. *Right*, Masako, the princess bride, bids farewell to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

veils and wedding cakes. Newsstands displayed commemorative editions that had been laid out well in advance. Magazines seemed to appear overnight with dozens of pages of color photos of Masako, chronicling the milestones of her life, from birth to foreign ministry.

Everyone fell into line. Japanese intellectuals of every ideological stripe, including staunch anti-monarchists, turned up on TV talk shows to applaud the choice of Masako Owada, who, they predicted, would be a role model for women and an agent of revolutionary change in the male-dominated Japanese family. Some even speculated that Masako would finally open up the imperial family and, in the process, democratize and internationalize the entire nation.

In the midst of this gusher of public relations, the country was treated to a romantic poem that Crown Prince Naruhito had entered in the annual imperial poetry contest:

> I gaze with delight
> As the flock of cranes take flight
> Into the blue skies.
> The dream cherished in my heart
> Since my boyhood has come true.

But if the Japanese were enchanted by the modern-day fairy tale, they were also thrown into temporary confusion. They couldn't fathom why a career woman such as Masako, who had lived alone overseas as a single girl, would surrender her freedom to the antediluvian Imperial Household Agency. "The day after the announcement," said a former U.S. diplomat, "a Japanese journalist was in my office, and I asked him, 'What do you think?' He lowered his voice, as if the emperor could hear, and he said, 'Poor girl, poor girl.' " Even Masako's mother seemed to share this attitude. Asked to describe her emotions over her daughter's betrothal, she said, "I don't know whether to feel happy."

It didn't take long, however, for people to adjust to Masako's transformation from reluctant bride to dutiful fiancée. She quit her fast-track job to prepare for her June wedding. She stopped answering phone calls from old friends. She didn't leave her home, except to go to the Imperial Hotel, where she had her official photograph taken, and to go inside the moat to the damp and gloomy building occupied by the Imperial Household Agency, where she began 50 hours of instruction in such esoterica as palace ceremonial rituals, the imperial legal system, Japanese waka poetry, calligraphy, and the traditional manners of the court. Neither she nor anyone else seemed to think it unnatural when her own sisters, speaking to the press, began employing the stilted form of honorific language to discuss Masako, even down to her elementary-school grades.

At last Masako appeared at a televised press conference with the crown prince, entering a few respectful steps behind her future husband. Gone were the short skirt and shoulder bag and free-swinging pageboy haircut. In their place were a Jackie Kennedy–style pillbox hat, a shapeless canary-yellow jacket, and a skirt that reached almost to mid-calf.

All the questions had been submitted to the couple in advance, and none of the Japanese reporters had the nerve to ask whether Masako had negotiated some kind of deal. A hint that she had done just that came when she went out of her way to inform the national television audience that the prince himself had assured her, "Masako-san, I will protect you for my entire life." Though she pointedly did not say exactly from what the prince was going to protect her, everyone understood that she was talking about the Imperial Household Agency. She was not someone to be pushed around. "I would be lying," she said, "if I said I had no sad feelings about leaving the foreign ministry, but I felt that my role now was to accept the proposal from the prince and make myself useful in my new life in the imperial household."

It was a graceful performance by a mature young woman who had made the compromise of her life. Clearly, Masako Owada was no Lady Diana Spencer, a perennial adolescent who would someday throw a spanner into the imperial works. She turned up at her formal engagement ceremony looking like a porcelain doll, with her hair swept up and her body cinched into a flowered kimono. Like the royal wedding ceremony itself, which, despite its ancient trappings, was invented from scratch in 19th-century Meiji Japan, Masako was a powerful symbol, if not exactly the politically correct symbol everyone would have liked to believe she was.

Indeed, the choice of Masako—a woman who had once confessed that she felt as much American as Japanese—had to be seen as part of a turning point in her country's postwar history. During my trip, I found the Japanese deeply concerned about the prospects of dealing with the commercial hawks in the Clinton administration, and of being frozen out of the European and North American trading blocs. Some of these fears are a result of the usual Japanese victim mentality. But most are well-founded, since the Japanese know that they can't go on having lopsided economic relations with every other country while refusing to behave like a responsible great power. In short, the Japanese have reason to believe that the world has lost patience with them.

"This wedding doesn't mean anything about the status of women in Japan," said Professor Helen Hardacre, a Harvard specialist in Shinto, Japan's indigenous religion. "It will be used as proof of Japan's internal reforms and outward internation-

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alization, while the fundamental facts of life in Japan remain unchanged or are even going backwards.

"Right now," she continued, "Japan is going through an economic crisis. For the first time, big corporations are laying people off. This is a frightening portent for the future. Japan is being forced to change and to open up—to goods, to ideas, even to people. With her special background, Masako will be a crown princess who will help the crown prince communicate with the West as equals, so that the Japanese don't have to feel that their ethnicity or identity is threatened by interaction with the outside world."

During his courtship of Masako, Naruhito confided that he had been aware from childhood of his destiny. He knew that someday, as emperor, he would become the living symbol of his countrymen's sense of shared identity and their belief in themselves as a *kishu,* or noble species. In a very profound sense, he and the woman who married him would have in their joint custody the entire nation's self-esteem.

Masako was too old, too tall, and, in the eyes of the Imperial Household Agency, far too "Americanized."

His major male role model as he was growing up had not been his father, Emperor Akihito, a pleasant but somewhat aloof character. It had been his grandfather Hirohito, the wartime emperor, whom Naruhito idolized. To the crown prince, Hirohito was neither the belligerent figure on a white horse pictured in newsreels of the 1930s and 40s, nor the doddering old myopic marine biologist of his latter days. He was a man of stoicism and purity.

"Naruhito learned that after Hirohito got married he had three daughters in a row and no sons," said Takao Toshikawa, a well-known Japanese journalist. "Many of Hirohito's aides urged him to take a concubine so that he could have a son and heir, but Hirohito rejected such advice. Eventually, of course, he had two sons, one of whom was Naruhito's father, but it was Hirohito's strict morality that appealed to Naruhito."

The moral strain in Naruhito's character could be traced to the influence of his mother, Empress Michiko. Many palace sources believe that Michiko has lived as a crypto–Roman Catholic sympathizer during her entire time in the imperial household, despite the fact that her husband is the chief shaman-priest of Shinto. Naruhito was the first crown prince in Japanese history who was not taken away from his mother in infancy and raised by wet nurses and chamberlains. Michiko insisted that she be allowed to breast-feed him, which she did until he was weaned at 11 months. Whenever Michiko went off on royal business, she instructed her ladies-in-waiting to play Naruhito tape recordings she had made of herself singing lullabies. Not surprisingly, her son developed what Japanese psychologists call "skinship," or extreme closeness.

Japanese society may appear to outsiders to be a patriarchy, but some experts would argue that it is, in fact, made up of equal parts public patriarchy and private matriarchy. In their homes, Japanese children are influenced far more by their doting mothers than by their fathers, who are absent most of the time. Boys in particular are subject to enormous affectionate influence from their mothers, and in this respect Naruhito was no different from commoners. To this day, the competitive empress never passes a tennis court on which Naruhito is playing without calling out, "Are you winning? You're not losing, are you?" As a result, Naruhito has developed a character very much like Michiko's—serious, stubborn, and determined to win at all costs. To many of the young women who were mentioned as possible candidates for crown princess, Naruhito came across as a boring *ojin,* colloquial Japanese for "old daddy."

Naruhito may have cultivated this image to distinguish himself from Prince Akishino, his haughty, headstrong younger brother, whose nickname is Fast Hands, because of his reputation as a heavy drinker and womanizer in Tokyo's nightclubs and discos. Though the facts have never been published in Japan, it is widely believed that Akishino's intimate relationship with his steady girlfriend, Kiko, became a matter of serious concern to the court. Eventually, as a result of pressure from Kiko's father, the Imperial Household Agency had no choice but to allow Akishino to marry in the summer of 1990, even though tradition dictated that the younger brother wait until after the crown prince was wed.

The brothers' relationship is marked by sharp sibling rivalry, at least on the part of Akishino. Knowing how sensitive Naruhito is about his height (he claims to be five feet five) and his eyes (which have epicanthic folds), Akishino once reportedly told him, "The reason you're having trouble finding a wife is that you're not the girls' cup of tea. You're too short-legged and too Mongolian-looking."

The head of a chain of supermarkets, who taught kendo, a traditional form of Japanese fencing, to both Naruhito and Akishino, reportedly remarked that while the crown prince was a diligent student, his younger brother was incapable of absorbing the spiritual values that are at the heart of all martial arts.

Nobutoshi Koma, one of the crown prince's classmates at Gakushuin, the former peers' school in Tokyo, said he was convinced that Naruhito's female ideal was strongly patterned after the image of his mother. "His respect for and gratitude toward his mother are two pretty deep feelings in the prince," Koma reportedly observed.

Upon his graduation in the early 1980s, Naruhito was sent to Oxford University, where he studied 18th-century British waterways. He lived in a dorm under the watchful gaze of a court chamberlain and a pair of burly Scotland Yard bodyguards. During his absence from Japan, Minoru Hamao, a retired chamberlain, confidently predicted to Japanese reporters, "Various studies of candidates for the prince's bride have been carried on quietly for the past two or three years. It would therefore be normal for his engagement to be announced when he returns to Japan next year." That was in 1984.

By last year, Empress Michiko and Emperor Akihito were so concerned over their son's inability to find a bride that they called in Shoichi Fujimori, the plumpish director of the Imperial Household Agency, and asked him to form a crisis-management team. "The royal couple vehemently denied that they had any involvement in this affair, because they wanted it to look as though the prince was acting on his own," said an old friend of the emperor. "They didn't want the appearance of an *o-miai kekkon,* an arranged marriage. They wanted it to appear like a love marriage, which would be an example to the young generation of Japanese to think for themselves."

Up to that point, the Imperial Household Agency had adhered to a set of in-

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flexible standards for judging the prospective bride: She had to come from a family with impeccable credentials going back three generations. She had to be in her early 20s and shorter than the prince. She should speak a foreign language. Pierced ears, eye operations, or any other physical mutilation would rule her out. And she had to be a virgin.

The trouble was, virgins weren't exactly lining up outside the palace to marry the prince. In fact, several women identified by the press as hot prospects arranged hasty *miyasama-yoke* marriages, or marriages to forestall a royal proposal.

There were a number of reasons for this. One was pure physical fear; a yes to the prince would immediately make the future bride and her family targets of Japan's left-wing terrorist groups. There was also the fear of falling victim to the Michiko syndrome; most modern young women had no interest in subjecting themselves to the restrictions and constraints that are the essence of Japanese court life.

A woman marrying the prince, wrote Takie Sugiyama Lebra, author of *Above the Clouds*, a study of the Japanese nobility, "would be doomed to virtual slavery to palace tradition and continual surveillance by the 'nasty' *nyokan* [female attendants], as well as to the curious eyes of the entire nation. A status barrier between her and her natal family would be created to inhibit their reunion."

Yet another reason was the sheer economic burden. "Royal marriage," noted Lebra, "would require that the bridal family not only pay an enormous dowry and wedding expenses but also constantly present gifts to the whole royal household, from its head down to its lowest servants. In addition, they would have to maintain a life-style appropriate to a royal [relative by marriage] and satisfy social obligations, again including gift giving, within the kin network of royalty and its circle."

"Unless you pleased all of them down to chauffeurs with generous gifts," said one of Lebra's informants, whose daughter married into royalty, "they would give your daughter a hard time." Indeed, the crushing financial burden reportedly drove Viscount Takagi, the father-in-law of Naruhito's great-uncle, Prince Mikasa, to commit suicide.

Frustrated at every turn, Shoichi Fujimori flipped through his old computer printouts and came upon the name of Masako Owada. A favorite of the crown prince's, Masako might be worth another look.

As a youngster, Masako had been a tomboy with a passion for snakes and baseball. She still liked sports, and she owned a dog named Chocolat. She displayed a streak of healthy independence, and traveled on her own to Hawaii, where she swam and sunbathed in sexy bathing suits. She was now working in a division of the foreign ministry that handled thorny trade negotiations with the United States. She had lived for many years in America, spoke English as fluently as she spoke Japanese, and had once served as an interpreter during talks between Secretary of State James Baker and his Japanese counterpart, Michio Watanabe.

The anti-Masako stories reinforced the stereotype of America as a sex-crazed country that contaminated Japanese who lived there.



Naruhito's younger brother, Akishino, known as Fast Hands, at his engagement ceremony in 1990.

Her father, a highly respected diplomat with a thatch of silver hair, was the senior professional officer at the foreign ministry, and was being groomed as a future ambassador to Washington, or perhaps to the United Nations. There was only one problem with her family: Masako's wealthy grandfather had been the chairman of the Chisso Corporation, a chemical company responsible for a major pollution scandal. In the late 1950s, Chisso had dumped mercury into the waters around the town of Minamata, causing severe birth defects and other health problems. However, Masako's grandfather hadn't joined the company until after the disaster took place, and so as far as Fujimori was concerned, he could hardly be held responsible for the disaster.

Nonetheless, Masako had a number of strikes against her. She was too old, too tall, and, in the eyes of many conservative members of the Imperial Household Agency, far too "Americanized"—a phrase that in context suggested morally loose.

According to one insider, her name had been eliminated years before, after an undercover team of Japanese investigators traveled to the United States to look into her personal behavior during the time she attended public high school in Belmont, Massachusetts, and college at Harvard. After the investigators returned to Japan, all sorts of rumors started making the rounds. People gossiped wildly about the existence of a letter alleging that Masako had had love affairs. According to one story, a Chinese-American student in America claimed that he had had an affair with her at Harvard, and that he had a set of photographs of her nude for sale. Another story charged that a former foreign boyfriend (it was not clear if he was the same Chinese-American or someone else) had moved to Tokyo to be near her, and was working in an American brokerage firm. A third tale had her carrying on an affair with a man in her division of the foreign ministry.

No one, however, came forth with any evidence. And it appeared that the whispering campaign had been fomented, at least in part, by competitors of Masako's father. In addition, former aristocrats didn't want to see another commoner marry into the royal family. What the anti-Masako stories did do was reinforce the stereotype of America as a sex-crazed country that contaminated Japanese who lived there for any length of time. Since her opponents in the Im-


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perial Household Agency would not come right out and voice their suspicions, her grandfather's "Chisso problem" was used as a convenient excuse to veto her candidacy.

Masako was furious. At one point, she confided to a former Harvard classmate, "I cannot tolerate the idea of sacrificing my freedom. I could never accept such a life." She even went on television and stated in as public a manner as possible that she had absolutely no interest in marrying the prince.

It was at this point that the desperate Fujimori came up with a masterstroke. He reached out for help from Kensuke Yanagiya, a retired diplomat who had once been Masako's father's superior in the foreign ministry, and who had helped in advancing Owada's career. By Japanese standards, Masako's father owed immeasurable *giri,* or moral debt, to Yanagiya, so when the old man paid repeated visits to the Owada home and talked about the crisis looming over the imperial institution, he had to be listened to. "If my daughter is wanted," Masako's father eventually conceded, "she should be married to the prince."

Yanagiya then arranged a series of secret meetings of the prince and Masako, first at his own home, then at the imperial duck-hunting grounds on the Chiba peninsula, outside Tokyo. The prince gave it his best shot. "If you become a diplomat or my wife, either way you serve to promote better understanding for foreign countries," he told Masako. But his best was not good enough, and the six-hour meeting on a cold and blustery day last October turned out to be a flop. "I cannot promise I will not turn down your proposal," Masako replied. And 17 days later, she sent word through a third party that enough was enough and she was not willing to marry the prince.

By then, however, it was only a matter of time before Masako would cave in to all the pressure. And in mid-December, after her fateful tête-à-tête with the empress, Masako's resistance finally collapsed, and she told the prince that she would be his bride.

She sat down at home and wrote her parents a pathetic little Christmas card: "Dear Father and Mother...Sorry for making you worry so much about me this year. But with your support, I was able to think it out and take the right step toward a new life. This Christmas and year-end may be the last we'll be able to spend together. I really appreciate it that you raised me all these years in such a warm and happy family. Tough times are waiting for us, but I hope we get through."

And tough times are sure to come—both for Masako and for Japan.

Many people who followed this imperial drama predicted that, given the new crown princess's background and character, she would dominate her husband and fundamentally change things inside the palace. "She's Japan's Hillary Clinton" was a phrase I heard quite often. The obvious implication is that Masako is some sort of willful woman who is determined to get her way or else. But the Japanese like to avoid open conflict at all costs, and it is far more likely that Masako will play her new role for all it is worth, thereby strengthening, rather than weakening, the monarchy.

"She's Japan's Hillary Clinton" was a phrase I heard quite often.

During my stay in Japan, there was a great deal of talk about how the long and arduous search for the crown princess had turned out for the best, because Masako Owada and Crown Prince Naruhito will make the perfect ambassadors of goodwill. People could imagine this cosmopolitan pair traipsing around the world in their jet planes and designer suits and dresses, enhancing the image of Japan as a modern, postindustrial country.

Little, however, was said about the other function of the imperial institution, the one that takes place in the secret recesses of the Shinto shrines in the Imperial Palace, with everyone outfitted in ancient court costumes. Yet it is a fact that the very modern Masako will end up spending much more of her time bowing in ceremonies than standing on her own two feet in foreign capitals.

Numerous Shinto rituals are performed each month by the emperor and the crown prince, often with their wives in attendance. Shinto was disestablished as a state religion after World War II, and these ceremonies are now technically conducted as the personal religion of the emperor and his family. But although most Japanese profess to pay no attention to the rituals, they are key to understanding what is going on in today's Japan.

"The presence of Shinto rites in the palace serves to enhance the imperial institution's symbolic role as quintessentially and unquestionably Japanese," David A. Titus, a professor of government at Wesleyan University, told me. "The emperor's involvement in and approval of relations with the world makes those relations acceptable to Japan. The imperial institution facilitates Japan's internationalization by putting the imprimatur of this most Japanese of Japanese institutions on the absorption and acceptance of the world's cultural and material resources. It provides an important psychological...vehicle for the internationalization of the Japanese, by the Japanese, and for the Japanese."

Japan is in the midst of a great debate about "a second opening," perhaps not as traumatic as the one forced by the appearance of Admiral Perry's black ships in Tokyo Bay in the 1850s, but nonetheless extremely important. Masako is the second commoner in a generation to become princess-to-be. There is already a serious movement in Japan to scrap the American-written constitution, with its clause preventing Japan from sending offensive-combat troops abroad. And when the constitutional Pandora's box is opened, the role of the emperor will come under fresh scrutiny. Inevitably, there will be those who will want to increase the importance of the imperial system as a way for Japan to sustain its cultural purity and ward off Western contamination.

"I'm afraid there will be a strong reaction to this opening of Japanese society," Yoshikazu Sakamoto, a left-leaning scholar at Meiji Gakuin University, told me. "As in Germany, there is a great danger of a resurgence of ethnocentrism in Japan. Royalists will become more royal than the emperor, and try to use the imperial family for their nationalistic purposes. If things get worse economically, people will resort to myth and resurgent nationalism. I can foresee a serious split in society."

Emperor Akihito is only 59 years old, and may sit on the Chrysanthemum Throne for another two decades or more. But eventually Naruhito will ascend the throne, and Masako will become the empress. And these two will help guide Japan in the 21st century, which, after all, is likely to be the Japanese century. □

As I See It #10 in a series
Douglas Fraser
'Original View'
Acrylic on Canvas



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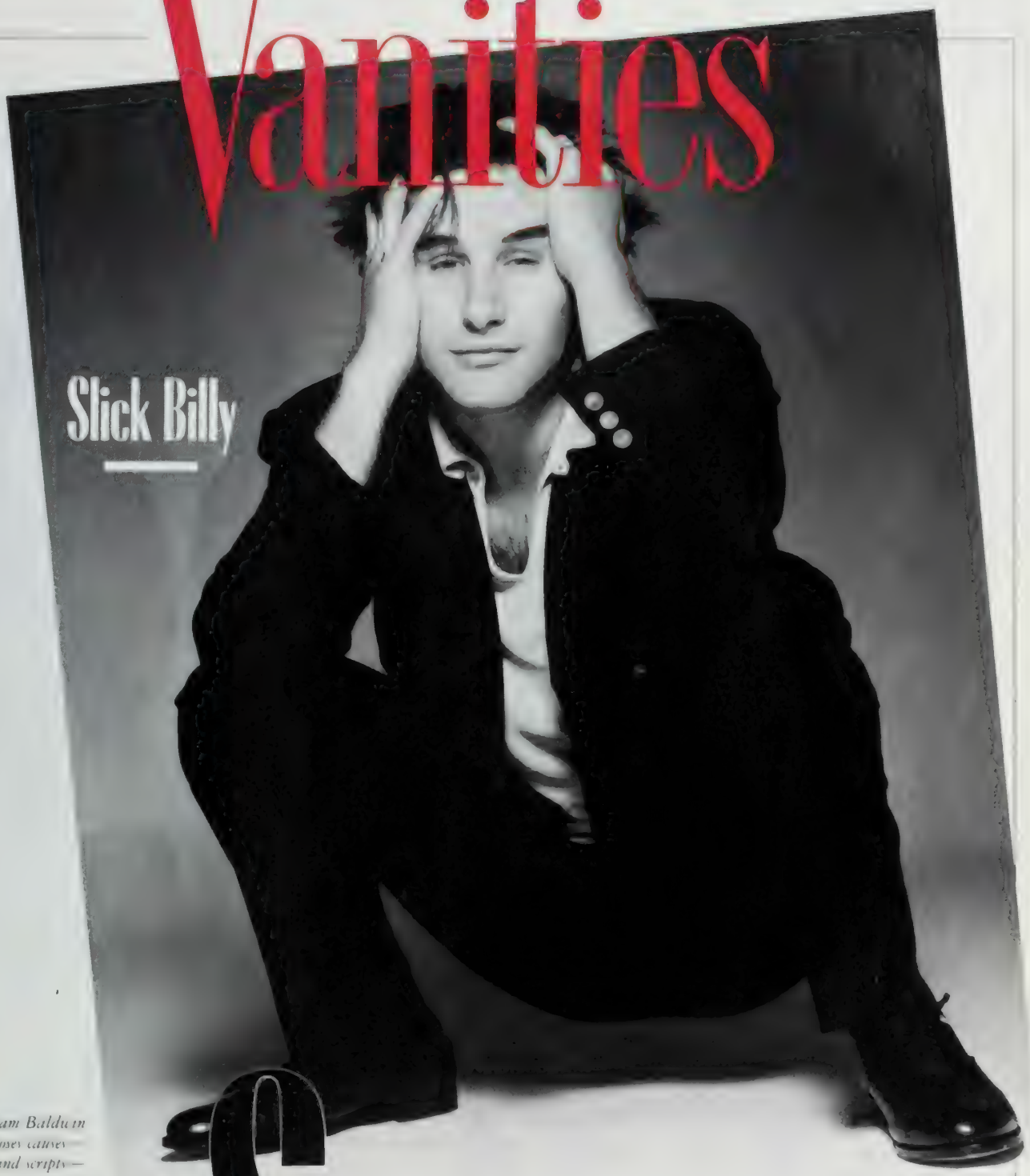
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Vanities

Slick Billy



William Baldwin chooses causes—and scripts—carefully.

Some of the best actors around will take a good role in a marginal film. But **WILLIAM BALDWIN** always looks for truly singular projects. He may have one in *Sliver* (Paramount), which he stars in with Sharon Stone, and describes as "a genre psychological thriller—high-suspense, technical. But certainly it's a *very* original story." Offscreen, Baldwin is on the board of the Creative Coalition, a group dedicated to studying social and political issues. Membership should be required for cause-conscious celebrities, making them safe for Oscar appearances, benefits, and open mikes everywhere. "Don't wave your flag," Baldwin figures, "unless you know what you're talking about." —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by MATTHEW ROLSTON

SUIT AND SHIRT BY ARMANI. STYLED BY RANDY PALMER FOR CLOUTIER. GROOMING BY LUIZ FOR PHORTE

Epistled off: pen pals Camille Paglia and Julie Burchill in epic battle of the (f)axes

"I want to start a feud going," said Camille Paglia in 1991, "major feud, tacky feud." One person who couldn't possibly have been a candidate back then was the British journalist Julie Burchill. As Paglia wrote to Burchill in March of *this* year, "I have no idea who you are." That was the most benign sentence to pass between them in a transatlantic feud the London *Sunday Times* covered under the headline FEMINIST INSULTS FLY IN BATTLE OF THE BITCHES.

Who knows what 21st-century scholars will make of the Paglia-Burchill correspondence; it's not exactly Evelyn Waugh and Lady Diana Cooper. But it has its moments, and even dovetails nicely with a freestanding Paglia–House of Windsor flap over an impious TV show called "Diana Unclothed." It all began when Burchill panned Paglia in a *Spectator* book review. Then Burchill's *Modern Review* asked Paglia to do a piece, and offered a signed copy of her new novel. Whoops! "I cannot possibly add the weight of my name and work to an enterprise that would seem to reflect positively on [Burchill]," Paglia replied. Faxes at dawn! Some high points:

"Dear Professor Paglia, It has come to my notice that you believe you and I to be currently engaged in a feud. . . . I'm not nice. I'm not as loud as you, but if push comes to shove I'm nastier. I'm ten years younger, two stone heavier and I haven't had my nuts taken off by academia. . . . What a fucking GIRL you are!"

"I have received your extraordinarily clumsy and ill-written letter," Paglia wrote back genially. "As the years pass, it will become clearer and clearer to everyone, and perhaps even to you, that this was a pivotal moment in your life. . . . I could have helped you far more than you could help me. I am read and translated . . . from Japan to South America."

Burchill's next letter is short, but she keeps things moving ("I'm very glad you're big in Japan"). So does Paglia: "It gives me no pleasure to see a person of your standing debase herself in the way you have done in these shallow, desperate letters. . . . There is a heavy, grinding, ponderous pull on [your] sinking syntax, a noisy, blathering sound, a bitter, maudlin self-pity breaking through the false bravado and cynical posturing." *Medic!* "The final fax from Burchill I don't have," Paglia scrawled to *V.F.* recently, "but *The Sunday Times* printed it—'Fuck off, you crazy old dyke!' (I'm officially bisexual these days, of course.)"

Burchill didn't respond to requests for comment. Paglia did, accusing the *Modern Review* crowd ("aging adolescents . . . nincompoops") of releasing the letters "as a publicity stunt." (Then she obligingly faxed us a set.) By now she was embroiled with the royal family over "Diana Unclothed," which featured Paglia—and cartoons of the semi-nude Princess. "It was the hyper-tabloid *Sun* that concocted Diana's anger over the sexy cartoons," Paglia faxed. "Diana was in *Nepal* and *Bosnia* when all that was happening—it's *ridiculous* to suppose she even *knew* about it. . . . I had to fax Buckingham Palace anyhow (they politely faxed back—with a royal crest on their fax!) to insist I had *nothing* to do with those damned cartoons."

And what have we learned? Maybe just this: that Buckingham Palace has a fax.

—G.K.



Burchill (below) and Paglia: As close as they'll come without photo retouching.

Hype Couture

At the latest fashion show/media orgy presented by Todd Oldham, the haute-hobo couturier and MTV mainstay (SoHo, New York):

4:05 Outside: velvet rope goes up; two photographers automatically stand behind it. Show starts in less than two and a half hours. Backstage: tables of *(Continued on page 82)*


CROSS
NEW, NEW, NEW, NEW, NEW, NEW.
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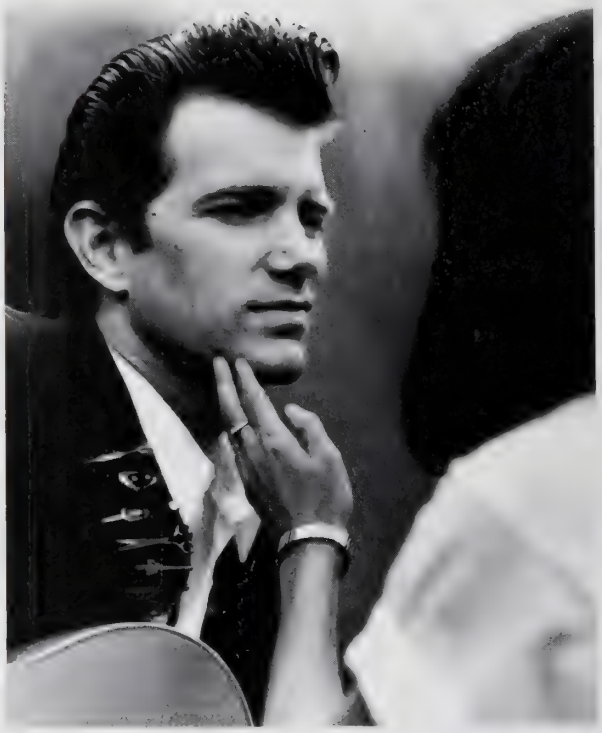
(Continued from page 80) wigs, makeup; garment racks with cards (''TYRA. Camel coat—keep buttoned; do not remove on runway. *WORK THIS*''). **4:20** Oldham calm: ''*My* work's done—now it's *their* turn.'' **4:26** ''Turly!'' Christy Turlington arrives. Has prestigious *corner garment rack*. **4:45** Turly in ''pixie dust'' makeup. ''Todd wanted them to look like fairies mixed with Greek goddesses,'' confides stylist Kevyn Aucoin. **5:10** Model approaches food spread, veers off. **5:14** Oldham associate Tony Longoria: ''The lights are done, the music's cued. All we're worrying about is getting all the models here.'' **5:16** Billy Beyond, the sole male model, strides by (blond wig, colorful robe), says to no one in particular, ''I'm gonna take my underwear off!'' (Later, Beyond and Oldham will have creative differences, clashing briefly over how much pixie dust constitutes *too* much pixie dust.) **5:52** Two models missing! (Still at Michael Kors show.) **6:14** Angel Dormer, Todd's muse: ''Last show, Ann Magnuson was in it, they were calling for her, and I'm frantically sewing! And she's, like, 'Oh, my God. Oh, my God.' Everyone's freaking out, *freaking out*.'' **6:18** Several models sneaking cigarettes and champagne. **6:23** Model observed biting into cracker. **6:30** Showtime comes and goes. **6:32** Kors girls arrive, fling themselves into chairs for prepping. **6:48** Gallery packed. Boy George takes seat in front row. **6:50** ''I can't believe I forgot my fucking film,'' he says, rifling his pockets. **6:58** Collective pre-show euphoria peaks when tarpaulin is removed from runway *at precise moment* that Boy George spots RuPaul across the room. **7:00** Man to B.G.: ''Would you like to come backstage after the show? Did you get the charm on your chair?'' **7:10** Models in ''Whirling Dervish'' and ''Swirling Dervish'' outfits hit runway to ''Love Grows (Where My Rosemary Goes).'' **7:11** Boy sings along lustily—he *is* back. **7:29** Despite personal invitation, B.G. not visible backstage. Singer/model/conversation piece RuPaul quite visible. **7:39** Longoria: ''Todd, look who I found!'' (It's B-52 Kate Pierson.) Oldham: ''Kate! Thank you for coming!'' Pierson: ''More! More! More fashion!'' **7:41** Diminutive Oldham in grip of RuPaul. ''*Everybody say . . . 'Love!'* '' RuPaul exhorts the crowd. ''*Everybody say . . . 'Love!'* '' **7:58** Oldham to colleague: ''There were no casualties? Great.'' **8:00** Oldham to gray-haired man in sport coat: ''Hi, Daddy.'' —G.K.



Who wears short shorts: RuPaul and Oldham.

JEFF MERMELSTEIN

Briefly, Chris Isaak



Occupation: Musician/actor.

Provenance: b. 1956, Stockton, California; lives in San Francisco.

Currently on the Market: *San Francisco Days,* his fourth album of moody, heartachy, atmospheric 50s-style rock.

Facile Reference Points: Roy Orbison (voice); Ricky Nelson (looks); Bryan Ferry (moody, heartachy atmospherics).

Most Common Misconception: That Isaak and his immediate surroundings exist only in soft, sensual shades of black, white, and gray. Not true: he is known to exist, from day to day, in color.

Second Most Common Misconception: That he dresses exclusively in white undershirts. Also false (see photo).

Moment of Truth, After Which, for Chris Isaak, Nothing Would Ever Be Quite the Same: Hearing Elvis Presley's *Sun Sessions* album while in Japan as an exchange student.

The Big Break: ''Wicked Game,'' a top-10 single 20 months after its release, thanks to its inclusion in *Wild at Heart*.

Most Delightful Film Role to Date: The killer clown at the fast-food drive-in window in *Married to the Mob*.

Coming Up: Starring role as the father of a ''potential lama reincarnate'' in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Little Buddha*.

Has He Actually Been Called "the Thinking Woman's Lust Object"? Yes. ***—G.K.***

DAVIS FACTOR

JAMAICA





"Come on, honey, please don't sulk."

"I'm not sulking," Michael said. "I just hate losing at golf, especially to my wife. The only good drive I had all day was in the car."

"It *was* beautiful" I said, to change the subject. "That twisty part through Fern Gully..."

"And that beach at Runaway Bay," Michael smiled. "It's been a great vacation, hasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, hugging him. "Way above par."



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Bartsch-ing Orders



Barton down the hatches? Club queen Susanne Bartsch and gym dandy David Barton.

"I am flowing!" exclaims Susanne Bartsch, hidden behind the bathroom door right off an ultra-burgundy boudoir here on the seventh floor of New York's Chelsea Hotel. "I am flowing," she insists, "like a fountain!"

When the door opens, Bartsch, businesswoman and bacchante, makes yet another entrance. This time, however, she is free of all her famed cosmetic extravagance—her wry costumes and awry arrangement of wigs—and stands before me fresh from the shower. Her face is scrubbed clean of all artifice, and her body is wrapped alluringly in a white towel. "I am flowing," she says again, her voice just German enough to be filled with a clipped uniformity, each syllable marching in lockstep to an accent formed 42 years ago in Bern, Switzerland. She points to the back of her leg, where blood, even redder than her bedroom, streams steadily around her ankle. (On the other leg is a knee-to-ankle bruise she got in Paris when she spun off the stage into the orchestra pit during a party.) "This is the first time I've shaved my legs in ages, and I made a mistake. I should have had one of you do it for me, since you shave your legs much more than I do," she tells the people waiting for her in her living room: a drag diva known as the Baroness—not only a member of the Swiss-and-Swish retinue that Bartsch takes along to her many party events, but also her secretary—and Bartsch's current paramour, 28-year-old gym owner David Barton, who is sprawled on the couch puffing on his first cigarette of the day. Barton, a kind of Eva Brawn, flicks the ashes into an empty Friskies cat-food can and rubs his sleepy eyes. He, Bartsch, and the Baroness each have the afternoon-after dark circles beneath their ever batting lashes that denote membership in "the Raccoon Chic," that elite band of bohemians who forage in the fashionable late-night remnants of *fashion*.

Susanne Bartsch herself blasted through the remnants of the 1980s with her good-hearted hegemony of the worldwide club scene: the Copacabana nights in New York, her fashion-week forays in Paris, her Love Ball parties, which raised millions for AIDS patients and will again with Love Ball III in 1994. Bartsch's gender-fucking fun houses are not about anarchy or revolution, but acceptance and celebration. At the height of the kooky Christian era—in both the Lacroix and Jerry Falwell sense—Bartsch arrived to proclaim the end of Nancy Reagan regal righteousness and leaven the rise of head-for-the-Hillarys *pop*ulism.

"I'm moving on, honey. I'm basically a producer. I just signed a deal with HBO," she tells me later in the day at our photo shoot, as two documentary camera crews (one Swiss and one Spanish) look on. "I'll never give up the clubs, though, because I really like it. I have a message: I like to mix rich and poor, races, young queens, old ladies, uptown, downtown, gay, straight. My whole life is about *mixing* things. I think I see myself as the ultimate mix, really. I'm the whore, the mother, the wife."

Speaking of mixing gay and straight, I have to ask her about her David Barton relationship. Some people say that the two of them, though they obviously adore each other, practice the safest sex there is—public-relations sex. "People think he's a queen. That's why I thought the bathtub would be really camp. When I first saw him I thought, What a gorgeous man. He's very charismatic."

"So who's the top and who's the bottom?" I ask.

"We mix-and-match, darling. We've christened every corner in the house," Bartsch decrees.

Barton: "We sleep sideways."

"Very good answer," says Bartsch. "We do everything. If it's just one thing, I get bored—and I'm not just talking *poozy*."

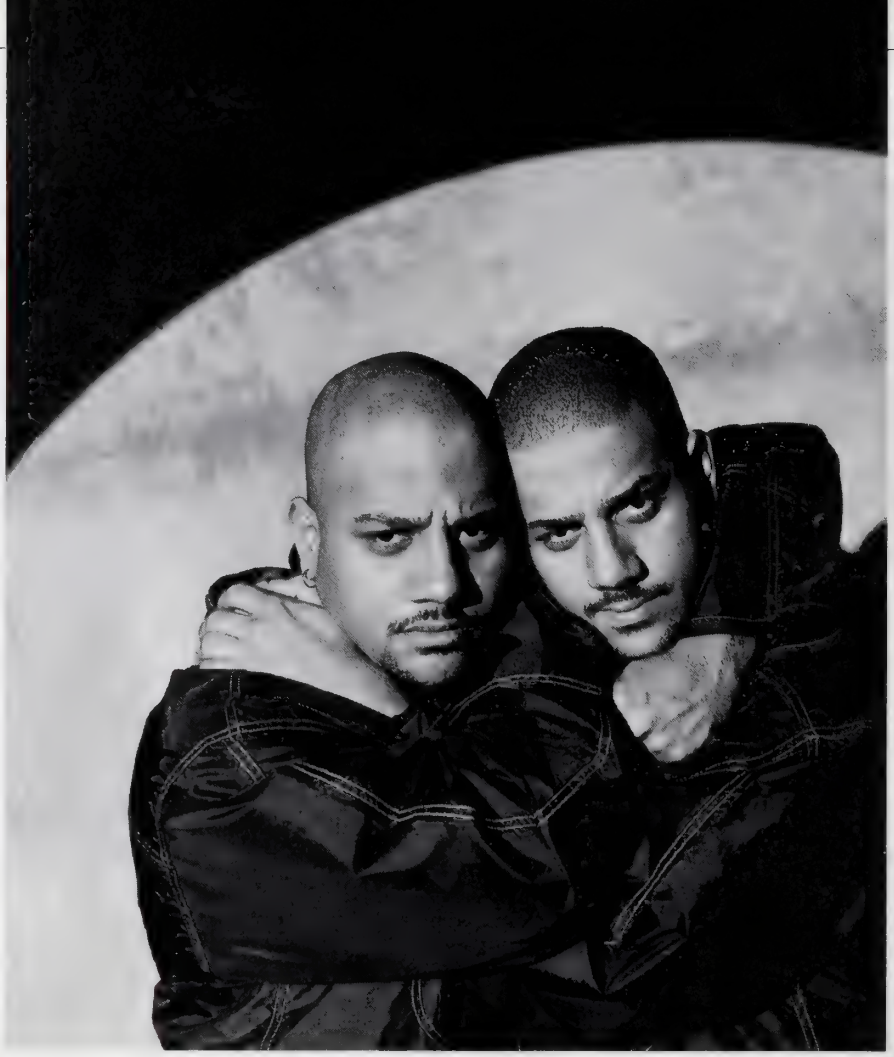
Bartsch and Barton climb into the empty bathtub. She wraps her bruised, bloodied legs around his muscles. They smile for the camera.

—KEVIN SESSUMS

JESSE FROHMAN


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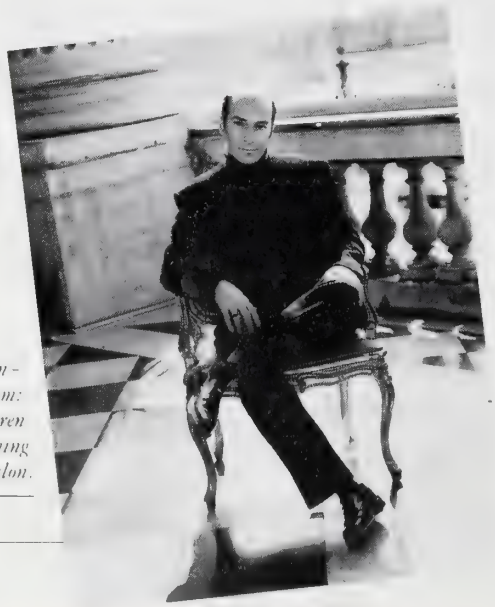


Double vision: Menace II Society *directors Allen and Albert Hughes.*

Allen and Albert Hughes, the 21-year-old wundertwin creators of *Menace II Society*, won't like the comparisons to *Boyz N the Hood*, but they're inevitable. After all, it was John Singleton's film (and age) that "inspired" them. "We got tired of people thinking *Boyz* was the rawest shit they'd ever seen," says Albert (who handles the camera and lighting duties). Allen (who oversees the actors and the business end) says that scenarios for the film were drawn from their own sense of the inner city: "It doesn't matter who you are when you're on the street." Whether you're a lawyer or a dealer, "they see your skin—you're a menace," he says.

Born in Detroit, but raised among the seemingly less strife-ridden lawns of Pomona, California, the brothers got their first video camera when they were 11. It kept them out of trouble, and only a few years later they were directing hip-hop videos. Now comes *Menace*, their $2.5 million debut feature, about a young man in Watts trying to break out of a cycle of violence.

Even though it's a movie about the black experience, Allen hopes that a white audience will line up to see their film and sympathize with the characters. "Bad and good [on the streets] is on a totally different scale from what my scale of bad and good is, or what your scale of bad and good is," says Allen. The streets, adds Albert, "take over everything." Even so, the twins admit that screen violence can prove compelling. "Good guys," says Albert, "bore me to death." —DEVON JACKSON



Hair 'em-scarum: Garren is opening a salon.

STEVEN MEISEL

Hair and Now

He transformed Lucie de la Falaise into a megawatt moppet, and cajoled Naomi Campbell into taking it all off. Now, after 10 years of dressing hair only for magazines and private clients, Garren is unveiling a new salon at Henri Bendel on Fifth Avenue. Here he promises to "discuss women's makeovers just as I do with models." And how does he arrive at a new look for a customer he's never seen before? "I read all the signals—the handbag, the shoes, the body language. Every woman"—presumably even purseless ones in orthopedic shoes—"should have her own look. I don't believe in cutting a hat on someone's head." —AMY FINE COLLINS

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Vanities



GEORGE MONTGOMERY



LEN IRISH

From far left: *Attention K mart shoppers! Yes, Donald Trump. Frank O'Hara in 1950. Amanda Filipacchi.*

Hot Type

Jeremy Acidophilus, the protagonist of **AMANDA FILIPACCHI'S** debut, a novel of manners called *Nude Men* (Viking), is a fact checker and writer manqué at the movie magazine *Screen*. Acidophilus's rather bland life is suddenly energized when a beautiful woman (who reminds him of Isabelle Adjani in *The Story of Adèle H.*) walks up to him in a coffee shop one day and asks him to pose nude for a painting; addled and aroused, he agrees. However, when the painter's unnervingly precocious 11-year-old daughter later seduces him, Acidophilus enters into a strange and awkward love triangle whose tortuous path is dotted with a bad magic act, handcuffs, and a woman who sleeps with a filing cabinet. Written as the 25-year-old Filipacchi's M.F.A. thesis for Columbia University's writing program, *Nude Men* is a sly look at contemporary sexual politics and mores.



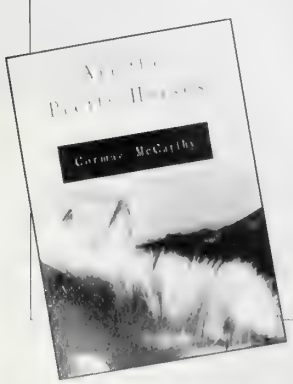
Also this month: **BRAD GOOCH** details the extraordinary life of poet Frank O'Hara in *City Poet: The Life and Times of Frank O'Hara* (Knopf). Journalist **BRUCE PORTER** takes us inside the cocaine trade in *Blow: How a Smalltown Boy Made $100 Million with the Medellin Cocaine Cartel and Lost It All* (HarperCollins). **PATRICIA D. CORNWELL** follows *All That Remains* with a new Dr. Kay Scarpetta crime novel, *Cruel and Unusual* (Scribners). Photographs of Marilyn Monroe taken by **BRUNO BERNARD,** some never published before, grace *Bernard of Hollywood's Marilyn* (St. Martin's), edited by Bernard's daughter, Susan. A self-destructive construction worker retains his mordant sense of humor despite being out of both work and luck in the epic *Nobody's Fool* (Random House), by **RICHARD RUSSO,** the author of *The Risk Pool*. Raised in a Los Angeles barrio, the hero of **ISABEL ALLENDE'S** novel *The Infinite Plan* (HarperCollins) goes on to Vietnam and the law school at U.C. Berkeley. **HUMPHREY CARPENTER'S** *Benjamin Britten: A Biography* (Scribners) looks at the composer's friendships with W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, as well as his intimate relationships with young men. A young Latino drug runner hides his life of crime from his religious girlfriend in **ABRAHAM RODRIGUEZ JR.'S** novel, *Spidertown* (Hyperion). **CLIVE JAMES** observes the rich and famous in *Fame in the Twentieth Century* (Random House), which has been adapted for a PBS television series. **JORDAN ORLANDO** makes his literary debut with *The Object Lesson* (Simon & Schuster). Corporate greed is the theme of **COLIN HARRISON'S** new thriller, *Bodies Electric* (Crown). And investigative journalist **HARRY HURT III** chronicles the "Don of a Decade" in *Lost Tycoon: The Many Lives of Donald J. Trump* (W. W. Norton).

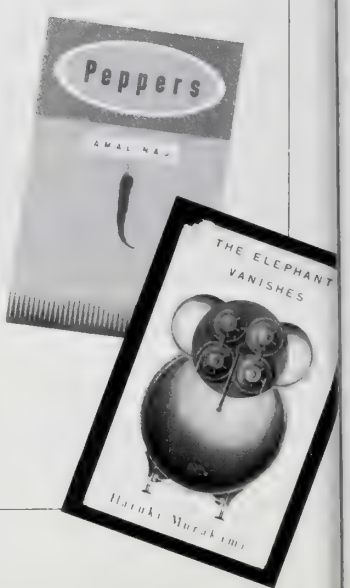
—HENRY ALFORD

Take Cover

What is it about Chip Kidd and Barbara de Wilde that moves Martin Amis, Don DeLillo, and Edward Albee to take to their notepads and pen their praises? Could it be beautiful looks? No—make that beautiful books. When DeLillo saw Kidd's cover for his play *The Day Room,* he was delighted. "He managed to convey the grim mystery of the text so quickly and deftly." The soft-spoken Kidd sloughs off all the praise, preferring to talk about craft: "You have to see the jacket as a blank canvas waiting to be inscribed," he says. This summer, Kidd's and de Wilde's "inscriptions" will be on display at Glenn Horowitz Bookseller in East Hampton, including the acetate-sheathed design for Donna Tartt's *The Secret History*—a design so elegant it became almost as talked-about as the novel itself.

—MICHAEL HAINEY





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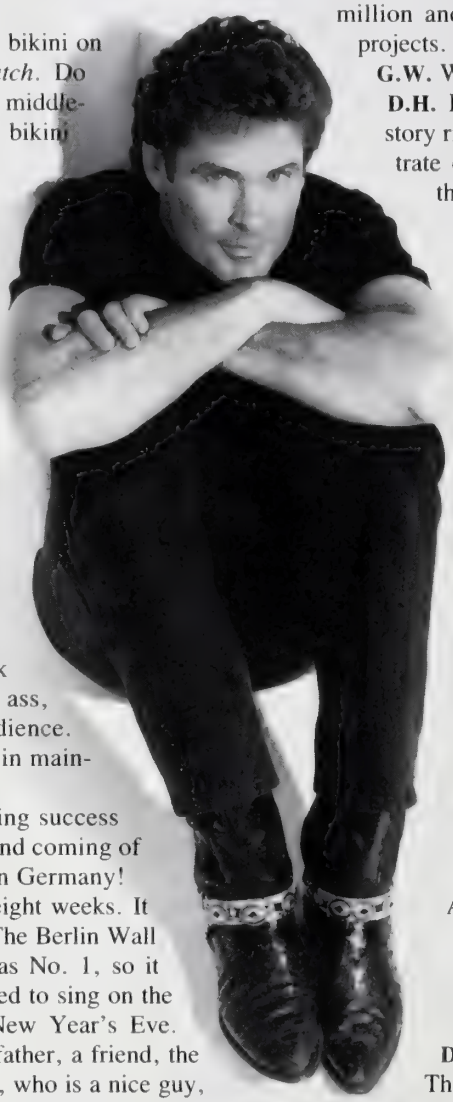
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Surf's *way* up for David Hasselhoff

Each week on *Baywatch,* before 30 million viewers and 53 nations, David Hasselhoff, 40, defies better judgment (and sometimes, it seems, gravity), traipsing around in a bikini bathing suit. Meanwhile, his status as Middle Europe's hottest recording megastar continues unabated. GEORGE WAYNE caught up with him right after a swing through Austria.



George Wayne: You sometimes wear a bikini on your hit syndicated TV show *Baywatch.* Do you think you're a role model for all middle-aged men who want to squeeze into a bikini swimsuit? How old are you, anyway?

David Hasselhoff: Forty. I'm old. It takes a lot of work. I really don't pride myself on my physique. I've had to work out, and there are ways to shoot yourself. You don't shoot your nonflattering side—my bird legs. I shoot them in a way where they look O.K. I hate walking around in a bathing suit. I'm very self-conscious about it.

G.W. Wouldn't it be fair to say that the basic premise for *Baywatch* is tits and ass, and bulging baskets?

D.H. No. I think it'd be fair to say that the basic premise centers on a group of California lifeguards. I think if the show was only about tits and ass, we wouldn't have such a broad audience. We're the first American show to be in mainland China.

G.W. How do you explain your singing success in Europe? In Austria you're the second coming of Elvis. You've had a No. 1 hit song in Germany!

D.H. [The first song] was No. 1 for eight weeks. It was called "Looking for Freedom." The Berlin Wall came down at the time my record was No. 1, so it became even bigger. Then I was invited to sing on the Berlin Wall to 500,000 people on New Year's Eve. They embrace me as a big brother, a father, a friend, the perfect parent, kinda the Knight Rider, who is a nice guy, and, gosh, he's got a family too! I want to release a record now in America. I'm kinda like the family rock star. Kinda like Ricky Nelson.

G.W. Maybe you can get Celine Dion to duet with you.

D.H. I'm trying to get her right now as a matter of fact! Do you know how to get ahold of her?

G.W. Not really, but she's great. What are your thoughts on *Acapulco H.E.A.T.,* the *Baywatch* knockoff that wants to eviscerate your ratings?

D.H. Good luck! I wish them nothing but well. Everyone is trying to rip us off, but we're the ones who started all this. By the time they try to rip us off, we'll have five or six years in the can. Then we'll sell the show for $100 million and split it up, and move on to our next projects.

G.W. What will you do after *Baywatch*?

D.H. I'm trying to develop the Ricky Nelson story right now at CBS. I really want to concentrate on my music. I would like to do something on Broadway.

G.W. You once posed semi-nude for *Cosmopolitan.* Would you do *Playgirl*?

D.H. God, no! I'd never work again.

G.W. You really think so?

D.H. Depending on how they shot me. *Cosmopolitan* was kinda tongue-in-cheek. I'm trying to keep the Michael Landon syndrome alive by bringing in family-type entertainment.

G.W. What do you do off the set?

D.H. I sleep with my wife, because I have no spare time. I have to make an appointment—

G.W. To have sex?

D.H. To have romance. She's been pregnant for three years, and now I finally have her back.

G.W. You did a TV movie with Joan Collins. What was that like?

D.H. When I first met her, I said, "So you have this reputation as a bitch." And she said, "Yes, isn't it wonderful!" I said, "Hey! We're gonna get along great." I gave her champagne, and we became very good friends.

G.W. Did she make you wait on the set?

D.H. Yes, but every other woman does. They're a little insecure about their outfits, or the way that they look.

G.W. So what about movies?

D.H. No one's beating down my door for films. Somehow you're pretty much typecast as Mr. TV. . . I'd love to be Mr. Film, but I'm just happy to work. Besides, television reaches more people than film ever does.

DAVID MICHALEK


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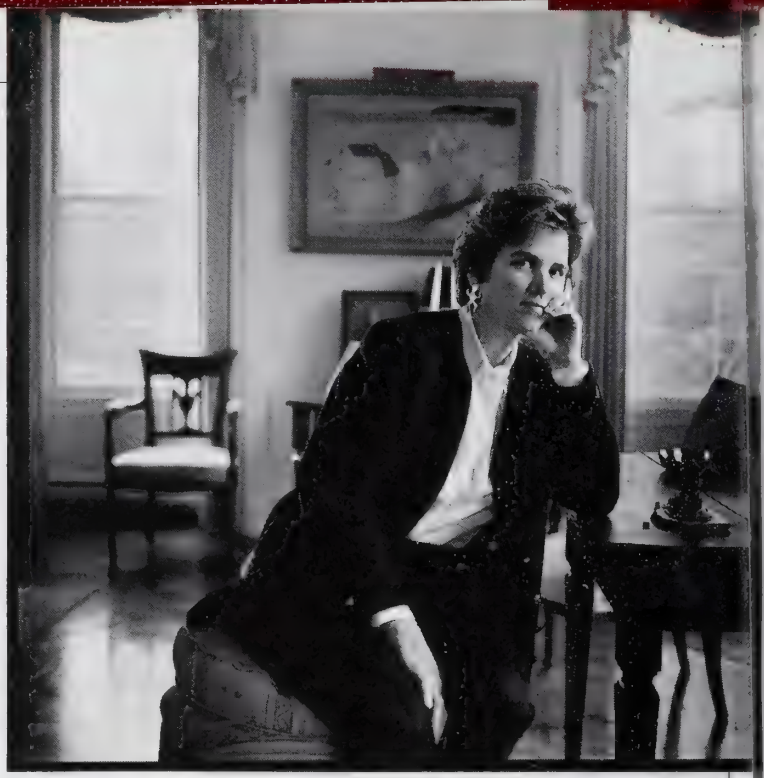
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THE WATCH FOR THESE DEMANDING TIMES.
NORDSTROM

Kerry On



Looking after his legacy: R.F.K.'s daughter Kerry Kennedy Cuomo.

TOM WOLFF

She is a slight and pretty woman with a guileless expression, lustrous brown eyes, and the manner of one eager to help others. But she is deceptively demure; underneath the warmth and charm, one senses alert intelligence, tensile strength, and an indomitable will. Those innocent eyes never miss a trick. In fact, she is a powerhouse disguised as an ingenue. She is not her father's daughter for nothing.

Mary Kerry Kennedy, the seventh of 11 children, was eight and a half years old when Robert Kennedy was murdered. She treasures her memories of the joyous days at Hickory Hill, the laughter at the dinner table, the frolicking on the lawn, the swarm of pets of every variety. One evening, 10 children and their mother were sitting down to a lively supper when the door opened and Daddy appeared, back from a trip to Appalachia for the Senate Subcommittee on Poverty. His expression was somber. The children fell quiet. He had just seen three desperately poor families, who lived huddled together in a shack the size of the Kennedy dining room. He said, "I want you to do something for those children."

Kerry Kennedy Cuomo recalls this moment in the poignant introduction she has written for *An Honorable Profession*, the 1968 tribute to Robert F. Kennedy that she has persuaded Doubleday to reissue on the 25th anniversary of his death. This moving little book includes recollections, merry and melancholy, by people ranging from Averell Harriman and Harold Macmillan to Andrei Voznesensky and Art Buchwald.

Kerry has never forgotten those words: "I want you to do something for those children." Before she finished Brown University in 1982, she had started work for Amnesty International. She took her law degree at the Boston College Law School five years later and in 1988 founded the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Center for Human Rights. As its executive director, she has led or participated in human-rights missions to a dozen countries, from Pinochet's Chile and Arap Moi's Kenya to Haiti, Poland, and Northern Ireland.

In 1990 came the great dynastic marriage: the daughter of Robert Kennedy wed to the son of Mario Cuomo, uniting two families dedicated to fervent idealism tempered by political realism—combining, in Kerry's words, "passion and pragmatism." And today, with Andrew Cuomo summoned to Washington as assistant secretary of housing and urban development, Kerry Kennedy Cuomo is back living at Hickory Hill, rejoicing in the new spirit of national revival and laboring as always to fulfill her father's wish.

—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

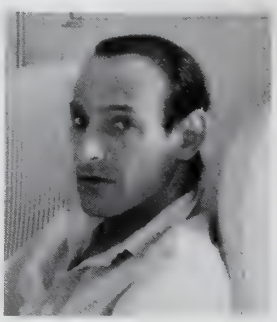
Night-table Reading



Julia Child *(chef):*
The Swamp Root Chronicle, *by Robert Manning (W. W. Norton). "The autobiography of an outspoken and humorous man. He knew everyone who was anyone. Gutsy writing, lively reading."*

Howard Stringer
(president of CBS/Broadcast Group):
We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young, *by Lieutenant General Harold G. Moore (Retired) and Joseph L. Galloway (Random House). "Distance from Vietnam doesn't dim the drama or stem the tears."*





David Salle
(artist): Investigating Sex: Surrealist Discussions 1928–1932, *edited by José Pierre (Verso). "André Breton and company talk directly about sex lore. Very musical and touchingly sincere and sad."*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

Learning tool or loaded weapon?

By the time the average American child reaches the age of five, he or she will have spent more than 4,000 hours in front of the TV. Absorbing the good, the bad and the frightening.

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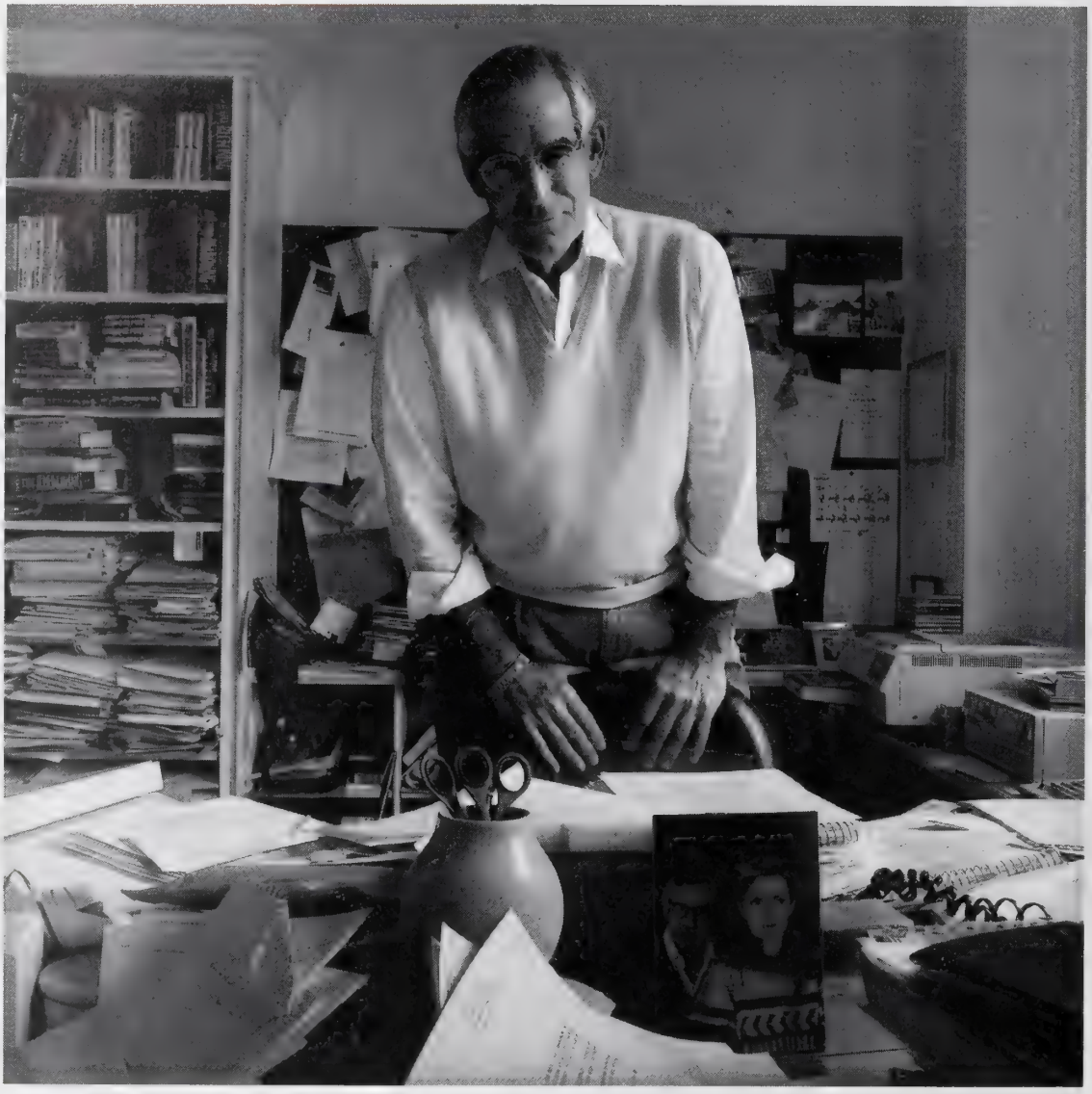
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King David



Down from the mount: David Halberstam is the Moses of American journalism.

Standing a rugged six feet three inches, with a notably fine head of silver-black hair, David Halberstam is a figure of almost Old Testament integrity, a journalistic Moses come down from a Mount Sinai of three-by-five cards. From his coverage of the civil-rights struggle for southern papers in the 50s to his stints as a *New York Times* correspondent in Vietnam, to his best-selling examination of the Camelot era (*The Best and the Brightest*), the duly Pulitzered Halberstam has turned up, notebook in hand, broad shoulders squared, at the scene of almost every postwar American Big Story. He has forged a maximalist style that might be termed New Old Journalism: an epic treatment of events that isn't afraid to draw straightforward morals. His new book, *The Fifties* (Villard), drills down, stratum by stratum, through the core decade of the American Century. Moving from MacArthur to McCarthy, from Kinsey to Kennedy, Halberstam registers the social tremors that led to the earthquakes of the 1960s and 1970s. The most placid of decades is revealed as the most perilous, one during which the quicksand of affluence almost swallowed a nation. Halberstam himself appears in no danger of going soft, however. That chin, for one thing. And he's already started his next trip up the mountain—two books, one of them on the 1964 Cardinals-Yankees pennant battle. Talk about hardworking. Holy Moses!

—WALTER KIRN

Photograph by ARNOLD NEWMAN

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

AS LONG AS THERE ARE STORIES ABOUT THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY ...

There will always be a

CHIVAS REGAL.



Springtime in SoHo

On Saturdays in SoHo a cheery little trattoria called Mezzogiorno becomes the crossroads of New York's art world

No. Sorry! A bum steer. This place looks bright, and kind of cheerful, not like the set in a *film noir*. That food, too. It's being dished up quickly by waiters who look like waiters, not as if they wish they were in Shakespeare in the Park. So this can't be a fancy Manhattan hot spot, right? Wrong. This is Mezzogiorno on Spring Street, SoHo, the hummingest "art lunch" place in town. "It's a simple kind of joint," observes Leo Castelli, the immaculate doyen of art dealers. Sounding a bit less like William Powell, he adds, "But you don't hesitate to take even the most important person there." The joint's regulars include dealers such as Castelli himself, Ileana Sonnabend (his former wife), Charles Cowles, Roland Augustine, and husband and wife Brooke and Carolyn Alexander, who can often be observed fielding separate teams at dueling tables.



The most visible of the "important persons" who float in with the dealers are, of course, the indispensable purveyors of the goods, and such many-retrospectived figures as Jasper Johns, James Rosenquist, and John Baldessari might be seen here, along with artists whose retrospectives lie well ahead of them, like Ellen Phelan, Donald Baechler, and Sophie Calle. And, it goes without saying, where you find artists and dealers, you will also find such discreet eminences as collectors—well, *most* of them are discreet—and curators. "Sometimes there's a museum trustee at every other table," says dealer Charles Cowles. Just who is with whom at Mezzogiorno makes the art world's ears and mouths flutter like fans.

There are healthy indications that Mezzogiorno will escape the high hot-spot fatality rate. It got off to a slow start, having been opened two years ago by Vittorio Ansumi, who is from Florence, and Aldo Bozzi, who has Florentine connections. It was done up by a Florentine artist, focuses on Florentine food, and was supported from the start by what the esteemed picture restorer Mario Grassi jokingly refers to as the "Florentine mafia."

Florentines like their victuals. Art-worlders likewise. Castelli (who comes not from Florence but from Trieste) and Sonnabend were already in Mezzogiorno in the hectic 80s, when the rest of SoHo was in 150 Wooster. Then, by the way, there's Mezzogiorno-by-night, when such locally based actors as Robert De Niro, Matt Dillon, and Timothy Hutton may drift in. But that's a whole other dish of pasta.

—ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST



Cuisine Art

In the room they come and go — eating pizza and radicchio: Counterclockwise from far left, *model Naomi Campbell, omnipresent actor-about-town Matt Dillon, Robert De Niro (up from Tribeca), artist John Baldessari, art dealer Ileana Sonnabend, author Umberto Eco, artist Jasper Johns, patron saint of art dealers Leo Castelli, artist James Rosenquist, and artists Donald Baechler and Sophie Calle.*

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER

Photographs © Jack Mitchell
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VANITY FAIR
JUNE 1993

Great Scot

Sean Connery is 62 now, no longer the young lion who made James Bond a cinematic icon—and so much the better. In a string of memorable performances, Connery has emerged as the senior statesman of the screen. But the years have not softened him, as ZOË HELLER found out when she asked him about his roots, his reputation as a male chauvinist, and his controversial new movie, *Rising Sun*

It was the socks that got me. After I rang the bell, there was a long wait before Sean Connery came to the front door of his Nassau villa, and when he finally appeared, towering on the threshold, I was peering rudely through one of the windows. He was wearing baggy green shorts and a deeply unglamorous pair of blue toweling socks. "Hi. Come in," he said. "I'm on the phone."

He padded away to finish making arrangements for a golf game that Sunday, and I paused a moment in the hallway: Sean Connery in blue toweling socks? It was a little like that famous 1960s photograph of Twiggy—the one taken to prove that, yes, she did look good even in a potato sack. Does Connery look good even in grunge mode? Oh God, yes. Horribly good.

He has always adopted a scrupulously ironic attitude toward the slobber that his handsomeness inspires. In 1989, when *People* magazine phoned to tell him he'd been voted



THUNDERBALL

With lots of work in progress, Connery (pictured here at home in Nassau) is always hot—and sometimes bothered.

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



the sexiest man alive, he dryly suggested that there weren't many men who looked sexy dead. "Well, Jesus Christ," he exclaimed when reminded of this. (His growly Scottish accent turns "Christ" into "Ker-iste.") "What was I meant to say? 'Oh, I've known it for a long time and I was just wondering how long it was going to take before you realized'?"

He has actually known about his sexiness a long time. What he calls "his first decisive sexual experience" took place during the Second World War. At 14 he was picked up by an older woman from the Armed Territorial Service and whisked off to an Edinburgh air-raid shelter. "I couldn't believe my good fortune," he says. "I remember the fantastic heat. She was hot all here." He points to his abdomen. "The heat was immense. . ."

Forty-eight years later, at 62, he is still prodigiously appealing. His resilience against age is not the sort associated with secret elixirs or devilish pacts. There has been no plastic surgery. Deep wrinkles score his forehead, and the baldness that had started to encroach when he made his first Bond movie in 1962 has now claimed most of his scalp. But his attraction never did rely on the airbrushed perfections of youth. As he himself points out, "A person doesn't have to be standing there with a piano keyboard of teeth and glossy hair and shining eyes for him to be attractive."

With the golf arrangements made, he comes and sits down in the vanilla-colored living room and outlines his zippy schedule, counting off cities and states on his fingers: "I've just been in L.A.," he says, "and from here I'll go to Florida. From Florida I'll go to London. From London to Johannesburg. From Johannesburg to London. From London back here. . ." The cross-hatching of plane journeys—testament to a flourishing career—clearly gives him pleasure.

Connery is shortly to be seen co-starring with Wesley Snipes as an L.A.P.D. detective in *Rising Sun*, a movie on which he also served as executive producer. Based on Michael Crichton's best-selling novel of the same name, it is a thriller set against the corporate wars of Japanese and American business interests. Next, he starts location work on *A Good Man in Africa*, an adaptation of William Boyd's satirical novel. He also has four or five projects (including a possible directorial job) currently in development.

"I think *Rising Sun* is a good movie," he says, "which has worked out very well, so that's given me a gee-up in enthusiasm. My films tend to go in cycles of three and it looks now as if I'm about to enter another cycle of three or maybe four movies." He sucks his teeth contentedly. Connery has never been exactly short of employment. And not since the Bond films has he ever been considered less than a star. But his buoyancy now is that of a man experiencing a quite remarkable professional renaissance.

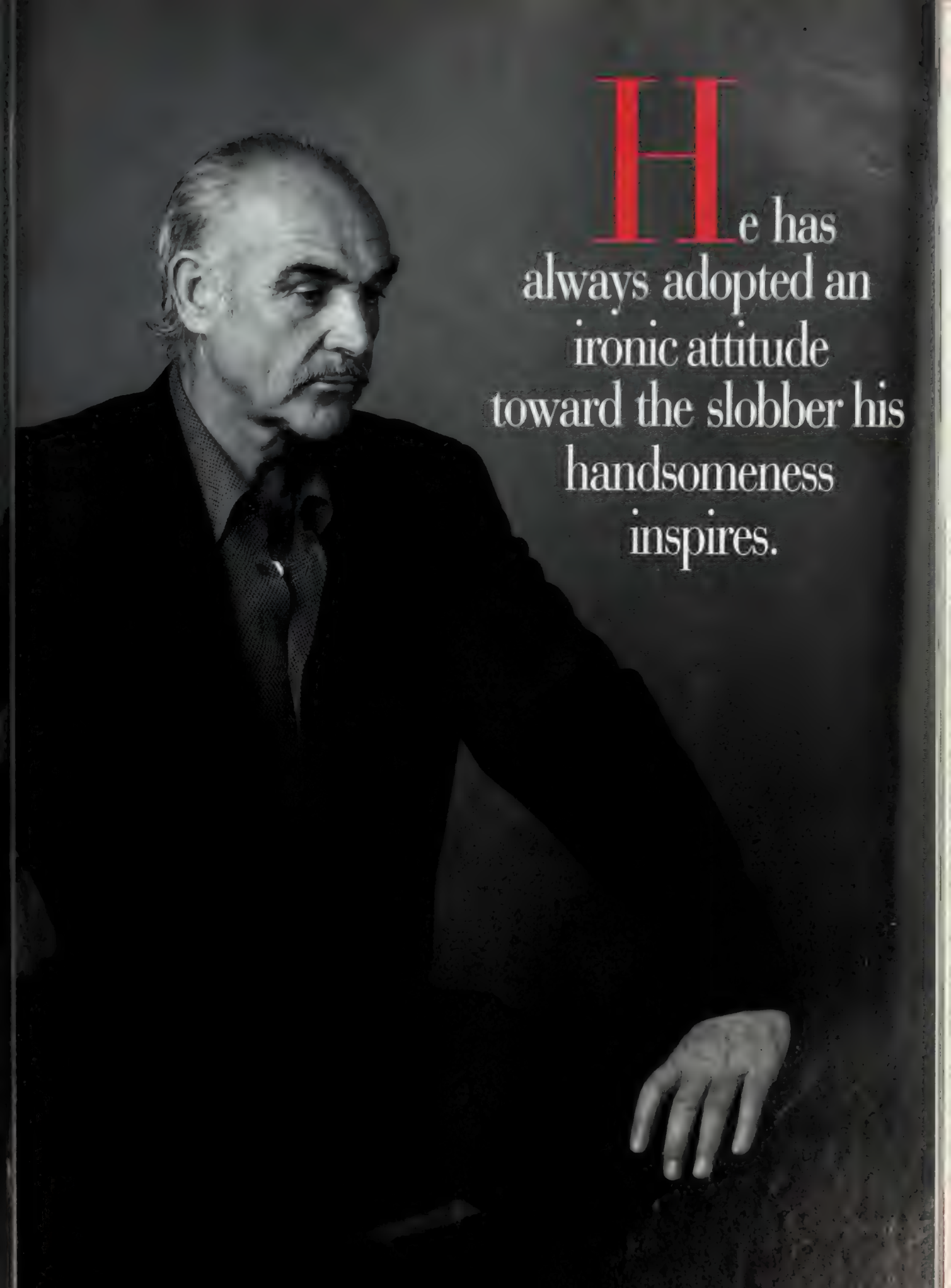
For a time in the late 70s and early 80s, he seemed to have gotten stuck in a series of bad choices. His performances in movies like *Meteor*, *Cuba*, *Outland*, and *The Man with the Deadly Lens* were valiant enough, but the movies themselves did no credit to him. Connery was still a big star, one felt—it was the pictures that were getting small.

Then, in 1982, he was persuaded to do what he had sworn he never would, make one last outing as James Bond. (His wife, Micheline, suggested the movie's title, *Never Say Nev-*



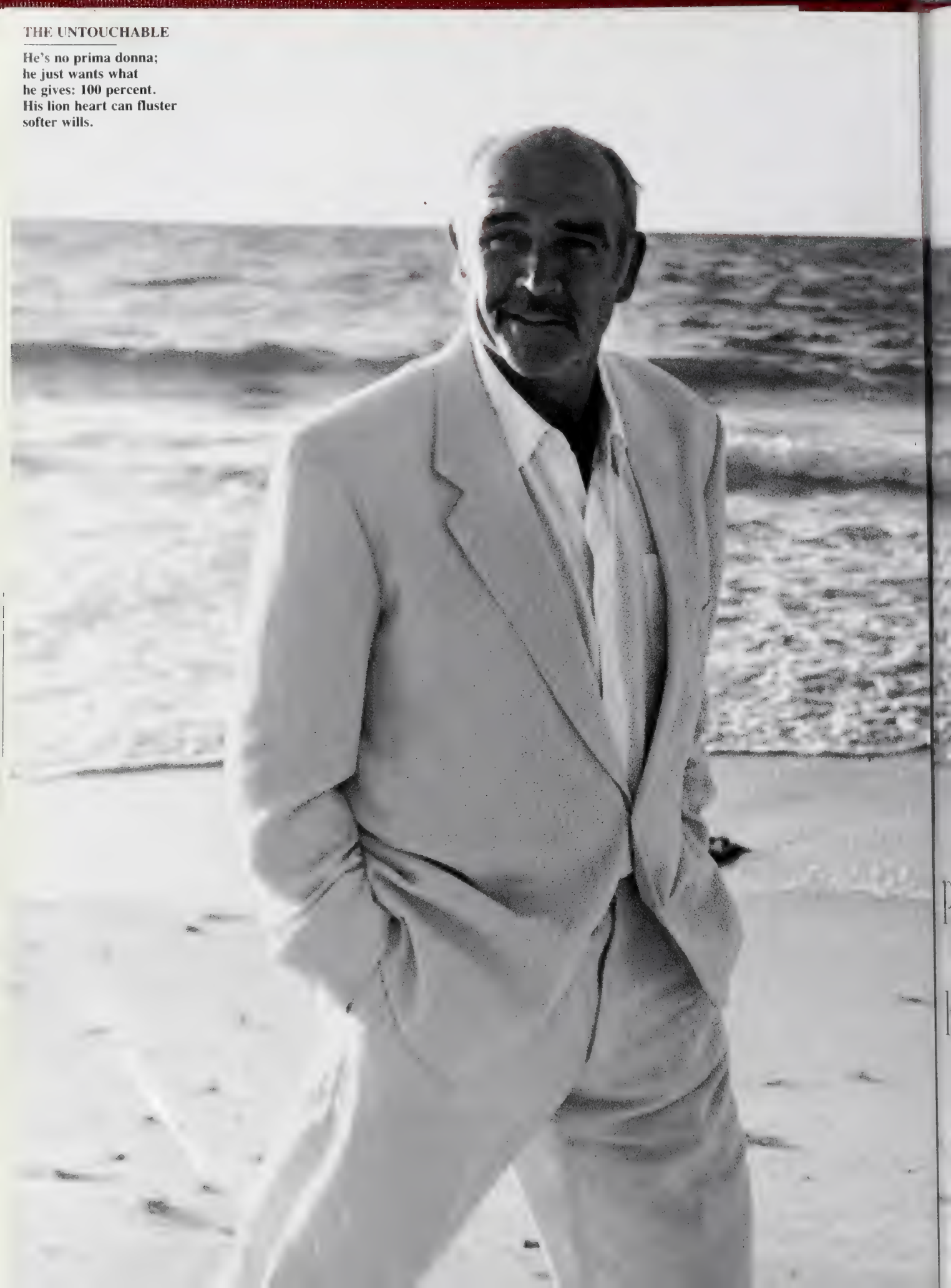
BEYOND BONDING

He was so smooth as 007 that no one knew what a great performance he was giving. Now they know; as an actor he brings body heat—and soul.


He has always adopted an ironic attitude toward the slobber his handsomeness inspires.

THE UNTOUCHABLE

He's no prima donna; he just wants what he gives: 100 percent. His lion heart can fluster softer wills.





The Bond producers chose him when they saw him from a window, "striding like a panther."

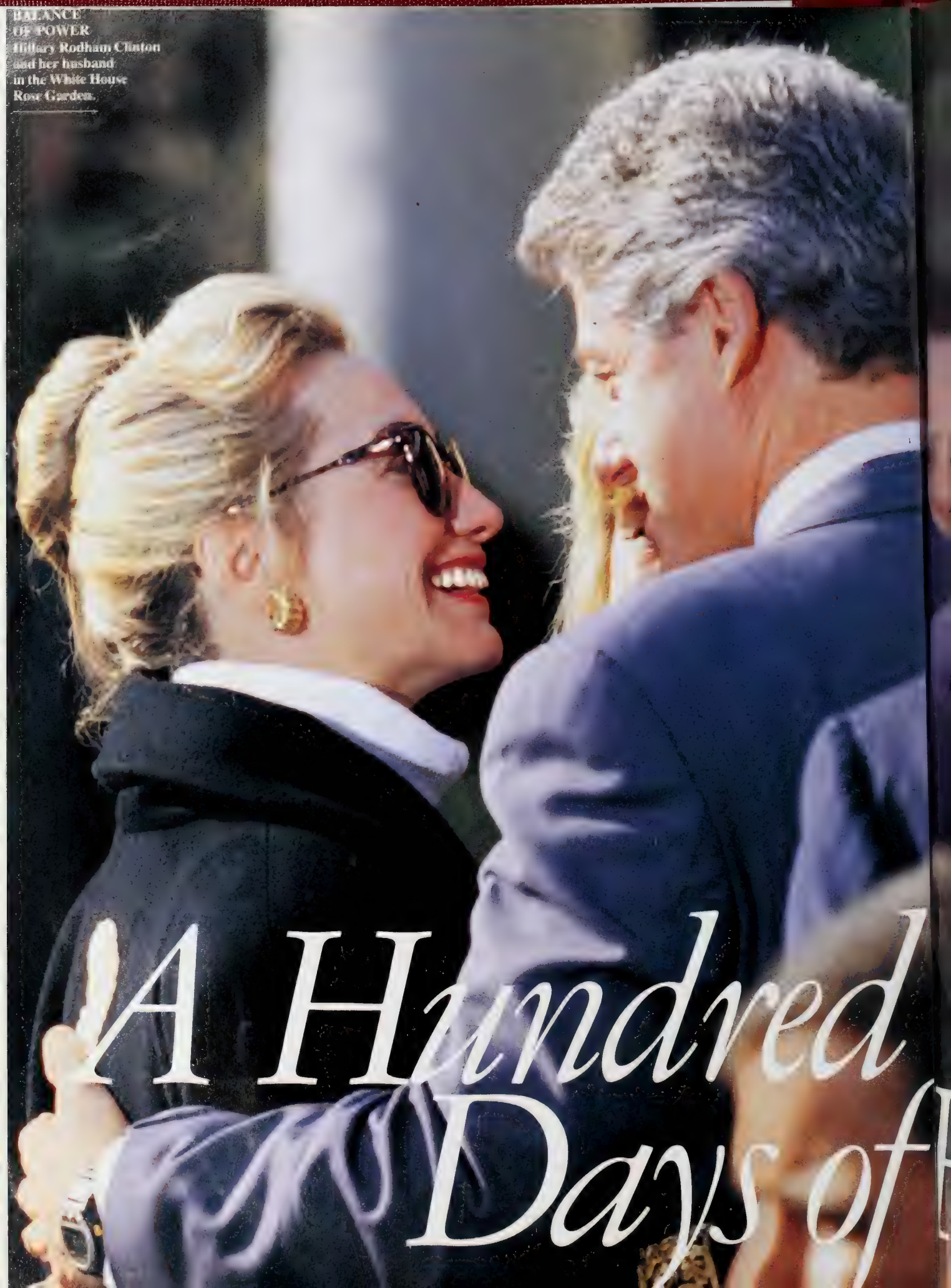
er Again.) Getting out the old toupee and flexing the famous Bond eyebrow once more should have been a lighthearted antidote to the recent run of disappointments, but in fact it merely served to underscore them.

Although *Never Say Never* was a financial success, the chaos and confusion of its production confirmed Connery's growing irritation with moviemaking. Connery claimed that he ended up having to produce the movie himself. By the end of the production he was drained. For too long, it seemed to him, there had been a disparity between the energy he put into making movies and the quality of the results.

"There are periods of disenchantment," he explains, "when you don't do much, because you're not enthusiastic about the things you're offered, or because of a bad experience like *Never Say Never*. Because of the disenchantment of making that picture I just didn't do anything for two years."

But something happened during the two-year break. When Connery returned to movies in 1986 with the action adventure *Highlander*, his career began slowly to change gear. His 1987 Oscar-winning performance in *The Untouchables* was the turning point. From the slightly uncomfortable position of being a sex symbol *d'un certain âge*, he had graduated into the more dignified role of senior star, still good-looking and fit enough to have love interests, but now capable of bringing *gravitas* and an aura of hard-earned wisdom to a movie.

The part of John Connor in *Rising Sun* (Michael Crichton always imagined Connery in the role) exemplifies the sort of sage mentor figure that has come to be Connery's specialty. Connor is a worldly-wise L.A.P.D. detective who leads a fellow police officer (Snipes) through a murder mystery while instructing him on the subtleties of Japanese culture. He is, Connery says, "the voice of reason" in the movie, and his appreciation of Japanese mores is one of the more telling arguments against accusations *(Continued on page 144)*



BALANCE OF POWER Hillary Rodham Clinton and her husband in the White House Rose Garden.

A Hundred Days of

Now that Hillary Rodham Clinton is inside the White House, she can close the doors on the media that hounded her throughout the campaign. But the First Lady's new privacy has set off a string of rumors about her marriage and her manners. MARGARET CARLSON cuts through the conjecture to offer a revealing diary of Hillary's efforts to redefine the role of the president's wife



Hillary

PHOTOGRAPHS LEFT BY JAMES COLBURN, RIGHT BY ALLAN TANNE

"I don't know how we will keep a normal life





LADY FIRST The Clintons take the stage at the National Ball on Inauguration Day.

Never before has a First Lady inspired as much avid curiosity as Hillary Rodham Clinton, and never has it gone so unsatisfied. Though Americans were moved by Eleanor Roosevelt's purposeful humanity and enchanted by Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's youthful glamour, nothing has approached the fascination people feel toward the current First Lady, who is carving out for herself a role that attempts to blend the work ethic of Roosevelt, the style of Kennedy, and her own unprecedented political ambitions. As the first working mother in the White House, the first unapologetic feminist, and arguably the most important woman in the world, she wants not just to have it all, but to do it all.

Soon after the inauguration, the president declared that his wife would be the Bobby Kennedy of his administration, and assigned her the vital job of heading the National Task Force on Health Care Reform—to amazingly few objections. But since then Hillary has burrowed deep underground. Her health-care task force began operations in such secrecy that she was sued in federal court and ordered to open the fact-finding meetings. White House aides have been more forthcoming about sensitive relations with Boris Yeltsin or Saddam Hussein than they have about where Hillary Rodham Clinton is and what she's up to.

The absence of real information has created the perfect breeding ground for gossip. Washingtonians have come to regard the White House as a version of Clue, in which the latest rumor is always a variation of Colonel Hillary in the Library with a Knife. The First Lady has thrown (a) a vase, (b) a lamp, or (c) a Bible; at (a) her husband, (b) a Secret Service agent, or (c) a steward; (a) in the private quarters, (b) at Blair House, or (c) in a limo. When the president comes downstairs one morning with scratches on his face, reporters at the next two press briefings are obsessed with wild, salacious speculation.

As always in the case of wild rumors, there is no evidence to support them and no way to disprove them. But as the sense of good stories to push out the bad, they persist. As Hillary concentrates on the fine print of policy, she seems to be ignoring the fact that politics is as much a function of perception as it is of merit. She embraces those demands that engage her brain, and seems wary of those that might take a chunk of her soul. But for the next four years, the country will be grabbing for everything it can get, and she will have to strike a balance between how much she must give and how much she can hold back. Despite her attempts to keep herself under wraps, the public will slowly find out who she really is. In fact, in her first hundred days in the White House, Hillary has already revealed more than she knows.

WEEK ONE. Inauguration Day. It's the wee hours when the Clintons return to Blair House from the Michael Jackson–Barbra Streisand gala at the Capital Centre. Less than 12 hours from now, Bill Clinton will become the 42nd president of the United States. In the upstairs library, where a replica of the swearing-in platform is set up, complete with TelePrompTers, a small group of writers is working through the night so that the Clintons can have a new draft of the inauguration address when they get up in the morning. As always, Hillary will have more influence over the text than any of the speechwriters—spokesman George Stephanopoulos, David Kusnet, Al Gore, media coach Michael Sheehan, and Taylor Branch, the Pulitzer Prize–winning historian and longtime Clinton friend. "We don't want to throw around words like 'love,' " she warns, always on patrol against flakiness. Hillary likes precision in language—"Call a sacrifice a sacrifice, a tax a tax," she is always insisting—and she particularly dislikes self-actualizing jargon that debases emotions: no hugging, no "sharing," no confessing around her. If Hillary catches on, the air kiss could be doomed. The vice president elect is in on the drafting of the inaugural address, but demonstrates how it is possible to doze off while sitting up straight in a hard, wooden chair.

At 6:30 in the morning, Hillary gets up and edits the speech with her husband as he prepares to go downstairs to take delivery of the box of nuclear codes from National

"The Clintons inspire loyalty because they give it. I would throw myself in front of a truck for them."

Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft. She puts on the round blue hat with the turned-up brim, an afterthought that will get almost as much attention as Jacqueline Kennedy's pillbox. There remains after three decades greater fascination with what goes on top of a woman's head than what is in it; Hillary's headband, the shade of her blond hair, now the brimmed topper, dubbed "the chipmunk hat," have already eaten up hundreds of column inches.

Governor Clinton is not yet president, but as the couple leave for the eight A.M. church service, the security is fully presidential. As Hillary gets into the car, she looks back at the Secret Service and the "War Wagon," an omnipresent van, with a rear seat that swings out to allow agents to fire artillery powerful enough to pierce an armored vehicle. "I don't know how we will keep a normal life in Washington," she said two weeks before in the living room of the governor's mansion, where cement bunkers were built the day after the election. They won't. Much of the first month in Washington will be spent trying to find a middle ground between protection and interference. The Secret Service agents will be removed from the upstairs White House outpost where they hung out during the Bush years, because Chelsea's room is up there. They are not pleased.

After church, he goes over the speech again, and they end up being late for the ceremonial coffee with the Bushes. As they walk down the stairs, the president-elect snaps at Hillary to hurry up, a frequent reaction when he's running on Clinton Standard Time. Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, the co-chairs of the inauguration (who are always invited to the coffee meeting), have been making small talk with the Quayles for 15 minutes—coldly, since Dan Quayle seems to have confused Linda Bloodworth-Thomason (the creator of *Designing Women*) with Diane English (the creator of *Murphy Brown*).

But once Hillary arrives, the room brightens. For all their obvious differences, Barbara Bush has seemed to actually like Hillary since the day in November they met at the South Portico of the White House for a tour of the private family quarters. She was so impressed with Hillary, in fact, that afterward she gushed over the woman whom Republicans had been portraying as Hilla the Hun. Mrs. Bush, who hates the press herself, described Hillary leaning forward, teacup in hand, to ask her what to do about all those pesky reporters. She advised Hillary to ignore them except to correct mistakes where friends are concerned. Hillary takes the "ignore them" part of the advice seriously, avoiding scores of interview requests and inviting only local press into the East Wing.

When the inauguration parade is almost over, Hillary jumps up to leave the reviewing stand, grabbing her husband's gray overcoat, and the president follows slowly—he never wants to leave where he is—stopping to thank the butlers who bore Diet Cokes on silver trays all afternoon. As Hillary, not the most patient person in the world, makes her way across the jury-rigged blue planks, Bill shouts, "Hey, Hillary, wait up!" She puts her hand out behind her without looking back. He catches up and they run inside together.

This time, there's no adult supervision, since the Bushes have already left for Houston on Air Force One. The Clintons rush past the chief usher, into the elevator, and out onto the second floor, nearly galloping now, opening doors as they go. They find their bedroom, midway down the yellow hallway, where Hillary doffs her hat like Mary Tyler Moore, kicks off her shoes, and jumps on the queen-size bed they will share for the next four years.

Possessions have been magically exchanged while the transfer of power was going on at the Capitol. Out with the Bushes' duck decoys and clock radio set to the country-music station, and in with the Clintons' rocking chairs and quilts and CD player. Clothes and shoes are already waiting in the appropriate walk-in closets, though the family pictures are not yet hung.

Virginia Kelley passes by, on her way to get her hair done. Chelsea and her friends streak down the hall in white bathrobes, getting ready for the hot MTV ball. The president heads to the third floor, determined to find the solarium where Ronald Reagan recuperated from his attempted assassination. Hillary begins dressing for the balls, donning the lavender-and-lilac inaugural gown designed by Sarah Phillips, while four people attend her, including backup hairdresser Gabriel De Bakey. "This job, it came from God," says De Bakey, who ran the last block to the White House with two cases of gear. De Bakey does the fussy swept-up dos that Hairdresser Number One, Cristophe, who owns a salon in Beverly Hills with an espresso bar and seaweed treatments, wouldn't be caught dead moussing. De Bakey is anxious to prove he is up to doing the First Head of Hair. "We are not crazy here, these big pieces of hair going out everywhere," he says with wild Gallic gestures.

Chelsea and friends are ready to go, and White House photographers start snapping pictures. Like a wedding at which the First Lady is the bride, every permutation is taken. In the middle of this, the Clintons eye Chelsea's ears, adorned by big green clip-ons, since Chelsea has not been allowed to get them pierced. Though her mother comments, Chelsea makes a clean getaway, jewelry intact.

The balls: they came, they waved, they danced—the same sequence at every one, except for the three where the president played the saxophone. By two A.M. sleep deprivation is beginning to take its toll, and his winning smile gets a little less dazzling. A huge full-length picture of the Clintons, looking as if they are having the first dance at the wedding, immediately goes up in the hallway leading from the pressroom to the West Wing offices.

The open house sounded like a great Andrew Jacksonesque notion when it was announced—but this early in the morning, on three hours' sleep? Worse, the guards have let in not just ticket



DESIGNING WOMEN
Hillary and good friend Linda Bloodworth-Thomason raided the White House kitchen with their husbands the night after the inauguration.

holders but all comers. Midway through the long day, an open mike catches Hillary pulling her husband aside to point out that at the rate the line is moving they will be there until it is time to announce the re-election campaign. But even in an unguarded moment on an endless day, she is concerned rather than cranky. Pointing to the crowd outside, she whispers, "We just screwed all these people!"

On Thursday, Hillary has about 30 of her high-school friends from Park Ridge, Illinois, into the Blue Room for a party. The extended First Family drops by. The move to the White House is a big jolt for both families, who lived so close to the Arkansas statehouse that they had dinner together most weekends.

Patriarch Hugh Rodham sits happily in his wheelchair. Hillary does an imitation of her high-school prom date, who insisted she learn to skateboard before he would take her to the dance. One of the guests is speaking on the phone to his wife, who wanted to have the experience of being called from the White House. The First Lady takes the receiver and jokes, "Don't worry, now, we've worked out a way for him to pay for the Ming vase he knocked over." She is having the time of her life, but unlike her husband, who can't leave even a dull party, she soon begins moving people out the door with great dispatch.

Finally, the Clintons are left alone with their close friends from Arkansas, the Thomasons, who are, as Linda puts it, "two hicks who will be spending the night in the Lincoln Bedroom." The foursome raids the kitchen, looking for something to eat without disturbing the stewards. But all the Bushes have left behind are a few spoonfuls of vanilla ice cream and some stale saltines. The president, who loves to order in pizza, can't because all vendors have to be cleared by the Secret Service. Hungry and trapped, Clinton jokes that they have just moved into "the crown jewel of the federal prison system."

He grabs his wife and they go hunting for the bowling alley and movie theater. But Hillary, who wants to get some sleep, has programmed the Thomasons to discourage a late night. The new president extracts a few desultory hands of hearts. After midnight, he is pulled back down to the Oval Office to finally withdraw the Zoe Baird nomination. He doesn't get to sleep till after 2 A.M.

A few mornings later a steward walks into the bedroom while the Clintons are still between the sheets. "We were not up yet and a steward came in," the president explained. "The guy just honestly thought we were up and we weren't."

Where H.R.C. will sit becomes the next big question. The president had mused out loud that he wished he could knock down a wall in the West Wing so that she could be right beside him. Her predecessors, of course, stuck to the East Wing; Mrs. Hoover stayed in the bedroom, spreading out her correspondence on top of the blankets. But location is everything and the difference between the East Wing and the West Wing is the difference between being in the loop and *being* the loop. The closest she can get without offending the White House curator is the second floor in a small, boxy office. The last occupant, ironically, was Janet Mullins, the James Baker aide who is being investigated for authorizing a search of Bill Clinton's passport file.

The carpets and drapes are cleaned; Hillary orders a coffeepot and pushes up

the blinds to let the light in. Her staff—young ones who look like extras on *Beverly Hills, 90210* and others who resemble assistant deans at Smith College—perch on the striped sofa and small table, which is quickly smothered in piles of health-care briefs and correspondence. "We usually meet in my office because the table is bigger and not as messy," says Domestic Policy Adviser Carol Rasco. Hillary's management style is collegial and direct. Says Deputy Assistant to the President Melanne Verveer, "She carries her own stuff, writes little notes on sticky paper or right on a letter—'Let's do this,' 'What do you think about this study?' 'Maybe we should get this guy in here.' We know she's not our peer now, but when we are working she acts just like another professional around the table."

Significantly, she has a larger number of senior officials assigned to her than the vice president, and her personal staff is much more powerful than any previous First Lady's. She has five commissioned officers—that is, assistants to the president—in contrast to one for Mrs. Bush. "Inside the White House culture," says Anna Perez, Barbara Bush's former press secretary, "that carries a lot of weight." Hillary also gets a great deal on real estate, because she keeps the space set aside for the social office in the East Wing and a suite of offices for the rest of the First Lady's staff in the adjacent Old Executive Office Building.

It is Hillary who decides to restore the small dining room next to the Oval Office—Ronald Reagan had turned it into an office—where meetings can be held and where the vice president and president have lunch once a week. She also decorates the president's small study, with its stand-up desk, a stereo, an easy chair, and a picture of the tower at Oxford with the American flag flying over it on November 3, 1992, commemorating the first time a Rhodes scholar has ever been elected president. She puts her gift of all his campaign buttons mounted in a frame on the wall just outside the Oval Office. Nearby, he hangs a large portrait of his wife.

Hillary 1, Photodogs 0. They will do anything—hold out catnip, grovel on their stomachs—to get a picture, even if it is only of the family cat. It's a full-court press for Chelsea's first day of school, but if she were stupid enough to go to the main entrance, where the TV crews, reporters, and photographers have camped out since early morning, she wouldn't be smart enough to attend Sidwell Friends. Junior-high-school kids don't like to be taken to school by their parents, but Hillary accompanies Chelsea, keeping the Secret Service and limousines with flags at bay. The request from Chelsea that there be as little fanfare as possible on the part of the driver and others will later be misinterpreted as a dislike for men in uniform and evidence that the Clintons are anti-military. Later, Hillary attends Chelsea's first soccer game, and manages to avoid causing a stir. Chelsea's team wins, 4 to 1.

When Hillary enters the Roosevelt Room that afternoon wearing a headband, it's surprising that reporters don't race to the phones. The headband has come to be like a mood ring: headband on, she's the killer lawyer, offering herself during the campaign as the blue-plate special, two for the price of one, and giving intros longer than the candidate's speech. Headband off, she's the docile helpmate of the campaign bus trips, demurely in the background. The Nancy Gaze has nothing on the Hillary Nod.

But the president announces that the First Lady will not be the best supporting actress in this administration. She will be running his second-most-important enterprise. He turned to her, he explains, because "she's better at organizing and leading people from a complex beginning to a certain end than anybody I've ever worked with in my life." He adds that he hopes "she'll be sharing some of the heat I expect to generate."

Before the election, aides worried deeply that Hillary would appear to be an "empowered Nancy Reagan," according to one document. When asked during the campaign whether she would actually be participating in government, she said to look at her record in Arkansas. "I didn't sit in on Cabinet meetings there, did I? Why would I behave differently in Washington?" Well, for the same reason Willie Sutton robbed banks: it's where the action is. And, unlike Little Rock, Washington is a city where you can't work outside the home if home is the White House.

As before, advisers often check with her before approaching the president. "Why wouldn't you talk to the last person who sees him at night and the first in the morning," says James Carville, "es-





WORKING THE ROOM
Hillary is welcomed at a reception hosted by the new administration to thank the V.I.P.'s who supported the Clinton campaign.

"If her husband plays poker," says one congressman, "he ought to take her with him."

pecially when she is as smart as a whip?'' Bruce Lindsey, one of Clinton's oldest confidants and the White House personnel chief, routinely runs possible appointments by her. Critics say she is slowing down the process. After attorney-general candidate Kimba Wood meets the president, for instance, she pays a visit to Hillary's office.

Much has been made of F.O.B.'s (Friends of Bill), but there are almost as many F.O.H.'s in the administration. Hillary's first boss, Bernard Nussbaum, is White House counsel; his assistant, Vince Foster, was her law partner. Her second boss, Webb Hubbell, managing partner of Little Rock's Rose Law Firm, is associate attorney general. Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala served with Hillary on the board of the Children's Defense Fund. The president's top aide, Mack McLarty, says he may be as close to Hillary as to the president, even though he has known the president since Miss Mary's kindergarten. ''I've seen a lot more of Hillary over the last 10 years than the president because of our schedules,'' he says.

She has walk-in-the-door privileges throughout the building—and others feel free to walk in on her. In the middle of the Zoe Baird nomination going south, White House consultant Skip Rutherford walks into Hillary's office with a cup of coffee from the White House mess, remarking that there are only Styrofoam cups available for carryout. Hillary cocks her head toward the vice president's office, joking, ''We better get Al on that.'' The next day, the Styrofoam is gone in favor of heavy, recyclable paper.

During the first week, a *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll finds that the First Lady has a positive rating of 57 percent, up from 46 percent in December; 74 percent think she is a positive role model. In a *Washington Post*/ABC poll, however, 36 percent are worried that H.R.C. will have too large a role, and only 3 percent fret that she'll have too small a one. One poll finds that 62 percent think she should stuff the Rodham part of her name.

The name will occupy investigative reporters and talk-show radio for days. According to the best available information, the facts are these: It was Hillary Rodham until 1982, no question. In 1980, her husband's gubernatorial opponent, Frank White, made a television ad saying that his *(Continued on page 165)*

SPOTLIGHT

Cinco de MoMA

Why is Frida Kahlo, a Mexican who died nearly 40 years ago, one of the most fashionable painters of the moment? Not just because she was a woman. The last time North Americans looked south of the border with such intensity was in the 1930s and 40s, when the exotic political passions of the great Mexican muralists Diego Rivera (who was Kahlo's husband), José Clemente Orozco, and David Alfaro Siqueiros inspired American art. This time the fascination has more to do with hemispheric solidarity—with an intense feeling that both North and South America should look less toward Europe and more toward each other.

This month, New York's Museum of Modern Art is putting on display a vast survey of 20th-century Latin-American art—more than 300 works by about 90 artists. The exhibition is blessedly free of political posturing and the sort of hot-tamale aesthetics that has often shaped Anglo taste on the subject. There is none of that "It looks like European art except *colorful, native, spicy*—like a fiesta, sombrero, chili pepper." Instead, the art is allowed to speak for itself. Latin-American artists took the important themes of European modernism and remade them in the complex image of their continent. The Brazilian painter Emiliano di Cavalcanti's picture of five women, *Cinco Moças de Guaratinguetá* (1930, 92 cm x 70 cm, oil on canvas), may owe a great deal to Art Deco and German Expressionism, for example, but the central figure stares at us from an ancient, distant place. —**MARK STEVENS**

LATIN LOVE

The exhibition is blessedly free of political posturing and hot-tamale aesthetics.





Trouble in the HOUSE OF



GYPSIES, TRAMPS, AND THIEVES
Cher's costumes proved he knew his way around a turban, but Bob Mackie (*center*, with models wearing his fall 1991 collection) also dressed divas from Ivana Trump (*far left*) to Madonna (*below*). Today's question: What becomes of an almost legend?

MACKIE

When rumors leaked that designer Bob Mackie had asked clients Cher and Carol Burnett for loans, his financial troubles became hot dish from Seventh Avenue to Melrose. It was no news to insiders at Bob Mackie Originals, Inc., however, who had grown accustomed to a bizarre world of bounced checks, Mafia wives, and tarot-card readings. NIKKI FINKE breaks the story of ambition gone awry

From the outside, 550 Seventh Avenue is as boring a building as any in Manhattan. But this is the epicenter of American fashion, where industry powers like de la Renta, Karan, Blass, Beene, and Lauren have paid approximately $18,000 a month (per floor) for the privilege of being stacked on top of one another like bolts of cloth. Given this proximity, it is no surprise that fresh dish—reportedly circulated by ever attentive elevator operators—rarely escapes notice.

Consider, for example, those fist-size pouches of cream-colored muslin containing cloves of garlic and sprigs of basil which began appearing in Bob Mackie's 22nd-floor showroom in mid-1989.

Martin Schwartz noticed one soon after he started as an assistant designer at the company that summer. He noticed another three weeks later. Both were in not-so-hidden corners of the office of his boss, Ray Aghayan, president of Bob Mackie Originals, Inc. Schwartz shrugged it off. To him, the muslin mystery seemed like "a personal, spiritual kind of thing—no different than a crystal, rosary beads, or a mezuzah."

And Schwartz recalls that he had other worries: four of his first six paychecks from the Mackie company had bounced. *Unbelievable*. Mackie was to fashion what clients like Cher, Carol Burnett, and Mitzi Gaynor were to Hollywood: his sequins had glittered for decades. His gowns had even been enshrined in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute.

A few months later, when Richard B. Nest became a troubleshooter for Bob Mackie Knits, he also noticed a few of the muslin-garlic things. By the start of 1990, he realized that their number had grown to 8 or 10. He saw them strategically tucked behind certain sewing machines. Others were hanging from ceiling pipes or stuffed around filing cabinets.

Bewildered, Nest says, he decided to confront Aghayan and company bookkeeper Marlene Papp Aksoy. "What exactly is this I'm finding all over?"

Aghayan and Aksoy replied almost in unison, Nest reports. "They keep the bad things from happening that are constantly happening inside this office."

Nest tries to explain: "The garlic, I found out, was to ward off the evil spirits they obviously thought were affecting business."

And the basil? "I don't know. I never asked," Nest says, shrugging. "I always felt I should make pesto."

Call it Chapter One of Mackie's Tales from the Dark Side, a strange tale indeed, with episodes featuring a cast of characters including psychics, tarot-card readers, and handwriting analysts. Chapter Two? An office blessing (some might call it an exorcism) performed by an Armenian Catholic priest; a sizable loan from the Gambino crime family to the Mackie empire, complete with a Mob family wedding straight out of *The Godfather;* and dresses allegedly given away to Ivana Trump—and the garbageman's wife—to pay off debts.

How much did Mackie, 53 now, know about this debacle-in-the-making? "When I'm working, I don't want any distractions. They disrupt my creative flow," admits Mackie with an audible sigh. "I suppose I saw the business side of my company as just one big distraction, especially if the news was bad, which it was. I just didn't want to know.

"I still don't."

This fall from the runway comes at what should be the pinnacle of Mackie's 32-year career. Last autumn, for the first time in a decade, his business didn't spend the hundreds of thousands of dollars necessary for the spectacular haute couture show expected of the man some think of as the Sultan of Sequins. As a matter of fact, there was no show at all. The same thing happened again this April; a whole year has now passed since Mackie's originals have been displayed in a major show. In February, whispers at the Council of Fashion Designers of America annual awards gala said the missing-in-action Mackie and Aghayan couldn't come up with the ticket price. (The year before, Nest says, Mackie-company checks to the C.F.D.A. gala bounced on first deposit.) The crowning blow? Cher, Mackie's muse, spent almost the entire evening with Gianni Versace.

The sad truth: Hollywood, particularly its younger denizens, now places Mackie low on its list of favorite clothiers. At the 1992 Academy Awards show, the only star that Ray Aghayan can remember wearing a Mackie origi-



Photograph by HELMUT NEWTON



VEGAS IS BURNING
The House of Mackie had lost its shine. Creditors were calling; the Gambinos wanted cash. Ray Aghayan was consulting psychic forecasters. Laid-back Bob didn't want to smell the smoke.



CHER ALIKE
Cher (shown here with then boyfriend Rob Camilletti at the 1988 Academy Awards) was Mackiedom's high priestess. When the ceiling fell, she tried to make the beat go on.

nal was Angela Lansbury. With everything glittering gone to grunge, and even Adolfo closing his New York salon, Mackie is now fitting costumes for Bette Midler's televised *Gypsy* remake (a job he almost didn't get) and flashing his dimples, gleaming white teeth, and beach-boy looks on the QVC shopping network, where he pushes $50-to-$65 silk scarves and other forms of "Wearable Art." Luckily, the Mackie Magic still seduces in places where reruns of *The Carol Burnett Show* are sandwiched between *Bewitched* and *I Love Lucy*. For these women, Cher's old designer is still a bigger deal than Donna or Giorgio.

Ask Mackie about Armani's new stranglehold on the stars and he hesitates ever so slightly. "Well, I like a lot of what he does. I mean, it's completely different from what I do. I do think sometimes women use Armani as a safety thing. They know they're wearing Armani, and it can be so boring, and so plain, and so nothing. But yet they feel completely secure."

Because of Mackie's media relations, especially his still-breathless coverage by *Women's Wear Daily*, he has managed to keep his raja-of-rhinestones act almost intact. Except for one unexpected leak about his company's condition (a *People* item about the Mackie company's asking for loans from Cher and Pia Zadora), Mackie and his people have mastered the kind of damage control necessary in an industry where even deceiving appearances count. Even when fabrics couldn't be ordered or payrolls met, a sedan or stretch from a Manhattan limousine company would be waiting for Mackie or Aghayan outside 550 Seventh Avenue for an hour and a half each weekday evening. It seemed to employees that Aghayan deliberately dallied around the office even though he knew that downstairs the meter was running. And when the company couldn't pay the limo bills, Aghayan simply switched services. (He explains the limos today by saying they were necessary because of his back problem.)

Aghayan also paid a French public-relations consultant to explore having Mackie show his couture collection as part of the prestigious Chambre Syndicale in Paris (the show could have cost as much as $1 million), and hired a Seattle architect to prepare plans to redo Mackie's offices in grand style.

"It was like this gorgeous glossy acetate was laid over the bare facts of reality. The glossy acetate would look fine and dandy," said Anne-Marie Gabalis, a designer for Mackie's ill-fated sportswear line from 1989 to 1991. "And, meanwhile, we're wondering if we can get paid."

Mackie initially resisted being interviewed for this article. Finally, I met him for lunch at Patina, the power eatery just a straight shot down Melrose Avenue from his L.A. workroom. When I arrived, he had a surprise: a small, gaudy bag filled with multicolored foil wrapping and ribbons around a huge bottle of his spray eau de toilette. More interesting to me, however, was learning that this was Mackie's first time at Patina, though the restaurant has been open for more than three years.

"I haven't had an interview at lunch in about 20 years. I don't have the time," he explained. "When I get to Los Angeles, I usually stay at home and eat and go to the gym and work late. Because I'm always trying to get a collection out or doing a project." Where's the fun? Where's the glamour? Mackie just smiled.

When he was a child, his grandmother all but raised him at the movies. After matinees, he'd construct mini–movie sets using cardboard, flashlights, and sketches of the elaborate costumes worn by Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, and Rita Hayworth (complete with bare midriffs, picture hats, and rumba skirts). "I never did understand why everyone had to dress so drably," Mackie said.

After winning a scholarship to L.A.'s Chouinard Art Institute, he interviewed by day and washed dishes by night. Married in 1959, a father soon after, he found his first costume jobs with Paramount designer Frank Thompson and the legendary Edith Head and Jean Louis. In 1963, Mackie met the older and wiser Aghayan, a star costume designer for *The Judy Garland Show* and countless other projects. Many Hollywood vets might have been threatened by their junior assistant's talent. It seems, however, that Aghayan was entranced with the recently divorced Mackie both professionally and personally—and vice versa. The relationship has continued with varying degrees of intensity to this day. As is common for his generation, Mackie has never much mentioned his sexuality. Aghayan refers to the relationship as "friends, really."

From the beginning, the partnership proved mutually advantageous. Restless as a mere designer, Aghayan convinced himself that his real talent was as a businessman. Indeed, his role model was Pierre Bergé, the financial Svengali behind Yves Saint Laurent. Aghayan helped Mackie make a reputation; no one disputes his early contributions. Soon the credits of more and more TV series (including *The King Family Show*) and specials were reading "Costumes by Bob Mackie," and he was bringing home Emmy after Emmy (six in all). By the early 70s, he was a household name, thanks to the zirconed excess demanded by *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*. Yet Mackie worried: Cher's getups were exactly the sort of outrageousness that could stick to him like Krazy Glue—and did. (When Cher wore thigh-high boots, stretch pants, and a towering headdress to the Oscars in 1986 to chide the Academy for not nominating her for *Mask*, no one even had to ask who had designed the ensemble.)

The 1970s were Mackie's heyday, with a steady flow of the world's most famous women streaming into Elizabeth Courtney Costumes. (The Melrose Avenue opera-

tion is owned by Mackie, Aghayan, and a partner.) Mackie had shelves labeled for Raquel Welch and Carol Burnett, while a blackboard listed the names of those in waiting: Angie Dickinson, Lynda Carter, Linda Gray, Diana Ross. It was with Ross that Mackie and Aghayan received the ultimate accolade—their first Oscar nomination, for *Lady Sings the Blues* in 1973. But his most taxing diva duty was dressing Barbra Streisand in her Fanny Brice reprise, *Funny Lady*. Streisand ruffled Mackie's feathers by making him wait around the set for hours on end. ("She just didn't want to make the movie to start with," Mackie notes.) So he retaliated by having Aghayan do the fittings. Aghayan didn't balk. He was, as several intimates describe him, fawning to stars to "the nth degree."

Mackie's strength as a designer "was making a woman look terrific and understanding the body," explained a former workshop manager, Toni Spadafora. To this day, Mackie originals are as intricately constructed as a skyscraper. The top of a Mackie dress can make a woman's bust look smaller or larger, whatever. The pattern of the beading can camouflage a too wide or too thin hip spread. But only a few in Hollywood ever realized how much Mackie contributed beyond costumes. He was responsible for helping create two of Carol Burnett's most famous characters—Eunice and Mrs. Wiggins. And when Burnett was doing a takeoff on *Gone with the Wind*, it was Mackie's inspired gag to have her come out in Scarlett's curtains—and the rod. Mackie put so much of himself into every job that he never forgot a dress. (In 1989, when a *TV Guide* cover transplanted Oprah Winfrey's head on Ann-Margret's body, Mackie was the first to note the error: he just *knew* he had made that gown for an Ann-Margret TV special 11 years earlier.)

As the 80s loomed, things began to sour. Las Vegas, where Mackie had costumed so many shows, was tightening its beaded belts. Variety television was out, and so, it seemed, was

(Continued on page 157)

RHINESTONE COWBOYS
Ray Aghayan (right, with Mackie in the early 80s) wanted to be more than the man behind the man. Using Saint Laurent's Pierre Berge as a super (role) model, he plotted his rise as a mogul.



"The garlic was to ward off the evil spirits they thought were affecting business," Nest said. The basil? "I felt I should make pesto."



Self Examination

In Will Self's new books, *Cock & Bull* and *My Idea of Fun*, Oxford intellect meets street cred molded by years of drug addiction. The combination has made him one of England's top young novelists, admired by such heavyweights as Salman Rushdie and Martin Amis. ZOË HELLER visited Self in his creative sanctuary, where he tries to reconcile the darkness of his past with the big light of his burgeoning literary reputation



EYE ON THE PRIZES
Will Self, "America's next big British star."

"Yeah, this is my office, my orifice . . . ," Will Self murmured, leading me into the dark, low-ceilinged room. We paused for a moment on the threshold, breathing in hot, musty air. The temperature was at a level usually reserved for young tomatoes. Across the grimy carpet, books and journals were piled in tottering ziggurats. A broken-down rose-pink chaise longue stood at one end of the room, and at the other, facing the drawn blinds of the window, was a desk. On it, I could just about make out a computer, a box of cheroots, a fantastic stew of papers, and a gas camping

Photograph by NIGEL PARRY

stove. "For my espresso," Self explained, following my gaze.

In these scrofulous quarters, Self, Oxford graduate, recovering drug addict, ex–nine-to-five wage slave, and now full-time writer, spends most days scribbling fiction. For the last few months, he has been here, putting the finishing touches to his new novel, *My Idea of Fun,* a book which his U.S. publisher says will make him "America's next big British star." You might not think it to look at him, but Will Self is about to become a literary big shot.

He started now to collect cups and light the stove in preparation for coffee. As he moved about, a large, abstract, black-and-red tattoo peeped out from beneath his right sleeve. It was put there, he explained, to cover up an earlier tattoo of the anarchist flag. "It's a bore in the summer, when your arms are bare," he said ruefully. "I'm automatically taken for a criminal. I try not to, but I do look threatening. . . "

Perched on the chaise longue, watching him as he loped back and forth across the room, I was at leisure to judge the accuracy of his remark. With his gangling gait and bulging, thyroid eyes set in a frighteningly vast slab of face, there *is* something rather intimidating about Self. He was sporting a pair of freshly sculpted Dalí sideburns that trailed across his cheeks like scratch marks. The suspicion grew that I was being entertained by a large but unusually civilized werewolf.

In Britain, where his first book, a collection of satirical short stories called *The Quantity Theory of Insanity,* was published in 1991, Self has probably earned more praise—and praise of a more uninhibited kind—than any other new writer to have emerged in the last decade. Salman Rushdie, who along with A. S. Byatt, the author of *Possession,* and *Granta* editor Bill Buford recently voted Self one of the 20 best young writers in Britain, describes Self as "an unusually good writer. . . someone who stands out as a one-off. The fact is, his writing is genuinely not like anyone else's. His stories were straightforwardly brilliant—very clever, very funny, and they stuck in your head. All one can really say is that he's the real thing."

Other fans of his work include the novelists Martin Amis, Doris Lessing, and Beryl Bainbridge. Amis, who has admitted that it doesn't come easy praising the talent of a younger writer, compared *Quantity Theory* to a hybrid of "a manic J. G. Ballard and a depressive David Lodge." In 1991, Amis voted the collection his book of the year. Self, he says, "is a very cruel writer—thrillingly heartless, terrifyingly brainy."

As this account suggests, Self's writing is never simply or cheeringly humorous. The tone of *Quantity Theory*—both energetic and strangely lugubrious—was often profoundly discomfiting. And it was not difficult to guess that Self's thematic preoccupations—madness, altered states, the sinister authority of the psychiatric establishment—refracted a painful autobiography.

He started smoking marijuana at the age of 12. Later, he graduated to amphetamines, cocaine, and acid. Then, at 18, he started injecting heroin. "After a while the speed was beginning to take its toll," he says. "My mind was beginning to fall apart from being wired all the time, so the shift to downers seemed a fairly logical progression." He made many solo attempts to cure his own addiction: "I must have kicked about 20 habits—almost always on my own. That was part of the machismo of the whole thing. If you were a real mensch you just locked yourself in a room and sweated it out." But the heroics were ineffectual: he kept returning to drugs, and he spent, in the end, nearly eight years as a "hard-core junkie" before entering a treatment center at the age of 25.

In the meantime, he had wandered completely away from the middle-class trajectory for which his family background and upbringing had prepared him. Despite having been an A student for much of his time at Oxford, he got a third-class degree (final examinations coincided with a particularly traumatic drug bust), and instead of proceeding to postgraduate studies, as planned, he fell into a series of casual jobs. He ran an adventure playground; he did clerical work; he bummed around India and Australia; he became a laborer. At one time, he was even a cartoonist for *New Statesman* magazine. His cartoon strip, called "Slump," was based on a character who never got out of bed and who lay around pronouncing gloomily on his own apathy. Not altogether surprisingly, Self was eventually sacked for "being too depressing."

"I always wanted to be in print, to write," he says, "and part of the justification for the drugs was that this is what real writers did—you know, they leaped into their capsules and blasted off. But, of course, what the drugs were really doing was blanketing a lot of painful feelings I couldn't or wouldn't face."

Self and his two older brothers grew up with troubled, warring parents. The atmosphere in their home in Hampstead Garden Suburb was that of "the standard, available-from-Woolworth's unhappy family," he says. Self's Jewish American mother, who worked in book publishing, and his English father, a professor of public administration at the London School of Economics, had begun their protracted and messy split-up before he was born. In fact, his mother had wanted to abort him when she discovered she was pregnant, and was persuaded not to only by a visit to the celebrated British psychotherapist Dr. Anthony Storr. (Last year, Self paid a visit to Storr in order to thank him for the good turn.)

Mrs. Self appears to have been an interesting but rather confusing parent. She coddled her youngest son madly. ("I mean, she was still testing the temperature of my bath with her elbow when I was in my mid-20s.") But she also had a fantastically laissez-faire attitude toward child rearing. "I had very few boundaries as a kid," Self says. "When I went to my mother at the age of 16 and said, 'Wow, Mum, you've got to try this acid, man. It really opens your mind. . . ,' she was just, like, 'Oh, *that*. Big deal.' Her attitude was very unimpressed. I think she regretted it later on, but at the time, it was, like, 'Acid? How passé. . . ' "

Self is 31 now, and it has been six years since he hit rock bottom and went into recovery. These days, he has a wife, a home, two children, and a soaring literary reputation. But though ostensibly clean and serene, he continues to be drawn by the ugly excitements of the drug culture, and he has no wish to put them entirely behind him. He relishes, he says, the social flexibility that allows him to pass freely back and forth between middle-class respectability and the world of junkies and petty criminals. (He boasts, not without justification, of his chameleon accent, which can veer from fluent Cockney to fruity Oxbridge in an instant.)

"I don't feel like I've just closed the door on my past," he

says. "I feel a sense of doubleness. I still take occasional excursions into my old world, and I live, I suppose, with a kind of Janus face. It's not an affectation—it's just that world was a very big part of my life."

In his fiction, drugs don't take center stage very often, but they are a persistent theme. Troupes of addicts wander through the hinterland of his stories, and regular references to the properties of arcane medical substances are reminders that our author has a more than averagely intimate acquaintance with the darker recesses of the bathroom cabinet. The very texture of his prose bears the influence of his familiarity with drugs.

He has a gloriously vast vocabulary and a fetish for polysyllabic words that can lapse, if he's not careful, into rather tiresome fancy-pantsery. Words like "meniscus" and "theodolite" abound in his work. But it is noticeable that where his vocabulary becomes most clotted, where his sentences require the most frequent application to the dictionary, he is often attempting to pin down the nuance of a precise psychic or physical experience—drug-derived perceptions for which no quotidian phrases are available.

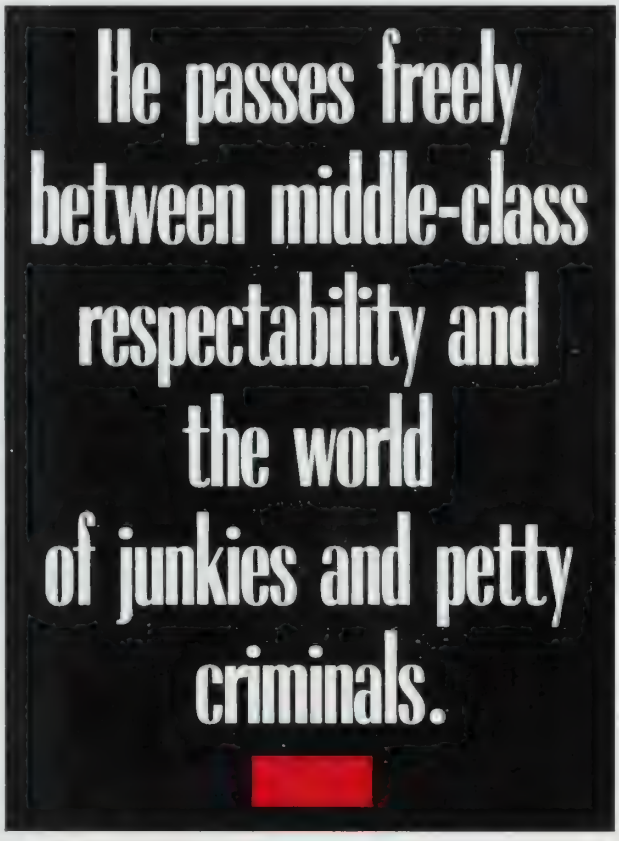
"One critic said that the word 'subcutaneous' had seen my typewriter ribbon one too many times," Self recalls wryly. "My work *is* full of esoteric words and images, but that's because I've spent a lot of my life feeling strange, internal sensations—kinesthetic sensations. They're a big function of taking drugs."

Self's second book, to be published this month in America by Grove/Atlantic, is a pair of novellas called *Cock & Bull*. They manifest much the same linguistic virtuosity and bleakness of wit seen in *Quantity Theory*, but here Self's humor turns a bluer kind of black. *Cock* is the story of a young woman who discovers she is sprouting a penis. *Bull* is about a young man who wakes up one morning to find a fully formed vagina nestling in the crook of his knee.

Self says he wrote the book to express "anger at the way gender-based sexuality is so predetermined, the way we fit into our sex roles as surely as if we had cut them off the back of a cereal packet and pasted them onto ourselves." These impeccably liberal intentions notwithstanding, there is a meanness, a determined grotesqueness, to the book. "Yeah," Self agrees, "particularly *Cock*. When I reread it recently, I found it very unsettling, almost irreducibly nasty."

The new novel, *My Idea of Fun*, a picaresque tale of a young man's apprenticeship to the Devil, shows little sign of the nastiness letting up. The story begins with the narrator graphically recounting how he recently decapitated a tramp on the London Underground and went on rapacious readers, read no further) to enjoy sexual congress with the dead man's neck. Later, the narrator tortures and then disembowels a Rottweiler before performing fellatio on its severed penis. You get the picture. As if all this weren't upsetting enough, Self insists on describing the book as his "allegorical autobiography." Come again?

"The kernel of this book," he explains, "is the similarity I see between the creative visual imagination and the destructive imagination of the psychopath. There does seem to be a very close congruence there. The episode described at the beginning of the book is an honest account of my own psyche. That's what it's like living in my head. These images come quite unbidden."



There is a short pause after he finishes speaking.

"Will," I say, "I can't tell you how glad I am not to be your wife."

"Yeah, well, it's very difficult to be married to a man like me, there's no question. I don't think my wife would dispute that."

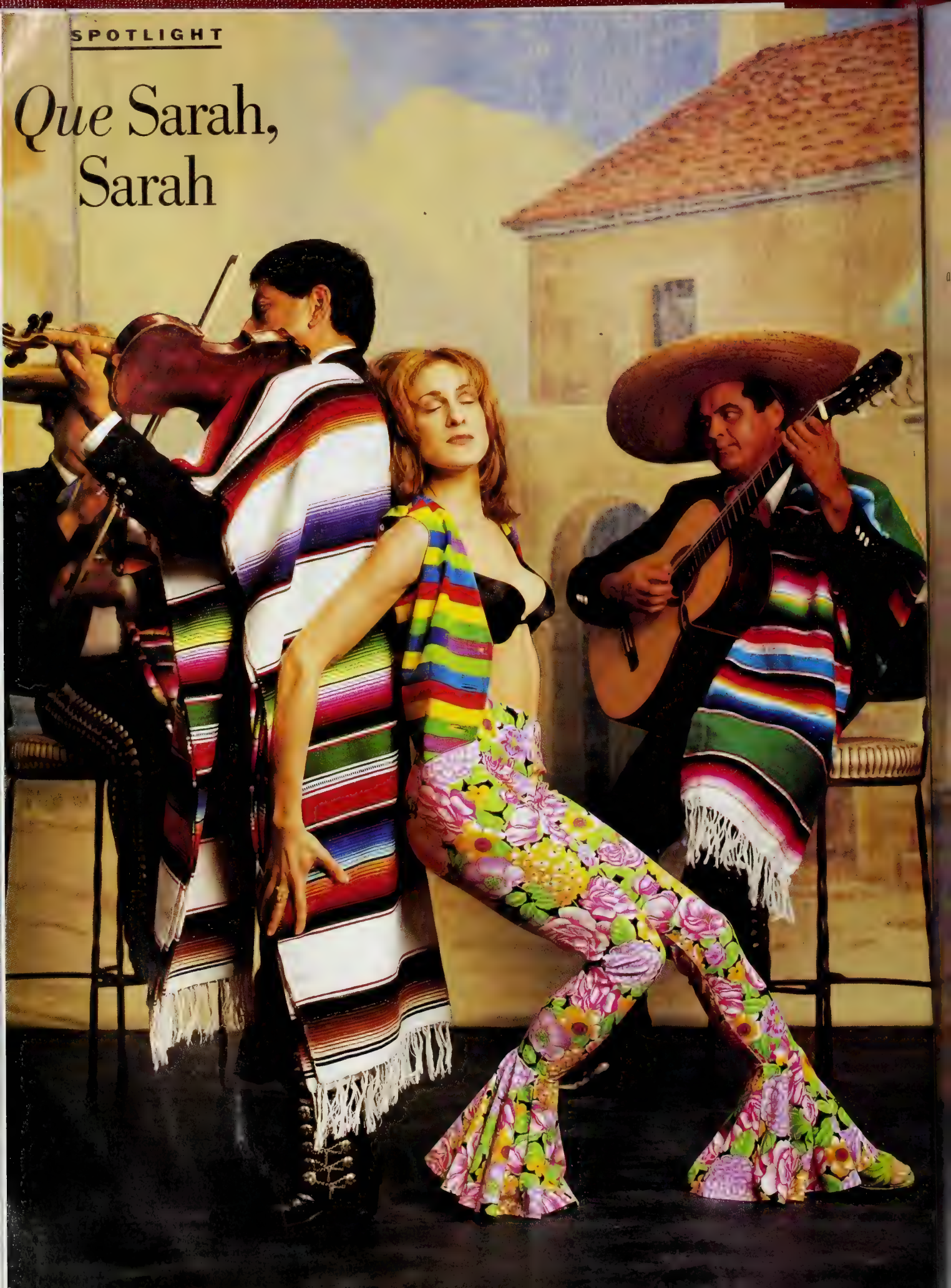
The book's extreme violence will almost certainly prompt comparisons to Bret Easton Ellis's *American Psycho*. Self acknowledges that the two works appear to share similar concerns—he has resisted reading Ellis's book for that reason—but *his* novel, he insists, is not simply "about" psychopathy. "It is about the sinisterly thin line between one's sense of one's own id as a dangerous thing and one's capacity for moral action. Maybe I've just writ large what is writ in me."

He goes on to say that, having completed this opus of evil imaginings, he now hopes to change tack somewhat. "I mean, the very, very extreme visual imagery that torments me—I'd like to get over it. I feel like I've written my nasty books now. I'm not sorry to have written this last book, but I'd like to move on."

Meanwhile, his publishers remain calm about the more sanguinary aspects of his work. Liz Calder, Self's British editor at Bloomsbury Publishing, claims that the wit and energy of the narrator in *My Idea of Fun* enables the reader to identify with him. "Not," she adds, "with his acts, but with the voice, which is actually rather likable and humane." On the other side of the Atlantic, Morgan Entrekin, his American publisher, defends the violence of the book as being a truthful reflection of our times. "The stuff Will is dealing with, it's the *Zeitgeist*, it's in the air. That's one of the great things about Will—he's such a contemporary writer, such a *90s* writer."

To certain cynical British minds, Will Self's credentials as hip chronicler of the 90s' *Zeitgeist* *(Continued on page 148)*

Que Sarah, Sarah



SARAH JESSICA PARKER

Between takes, she turns out for Rock the Vote and was an early and keen Hollywood Clintonista.



Soldiers and blondes, it was once said, have one great thing in common. They will both go to considerable lengths to avoid being thought stupid. Sarah Jessica Parker played the airhead SanDeE* with such perfect lightness in *L.A. Story* that she's had to spend some time living it down. Since Steve Martin did her that great favor, she's been up against Nicolas Cage and James Caan in *Honeymoon in Vegas,* and stressing her background in serious stage and TV drama—spanning *The Innocents,* directed by Harold Pinter, and the ultra-gritty *In the Best Interest of the Children,* NBC's take on the world of dysfunctional momhood.

Between takes, she turns out for Rock the Vote and was an early and keen Hollywood Clintonista. Time was when she turned out for good causes in the company of the young Robert Downey and, confirming her taste in Jrs., with the young John F. Kennedy.

This summer comes *Hocus Pocus,* a black-magic comedy from Disney where the other two witches are Bette Midler and Kathy Najimy. In the fall, she goes undercover with Bruce Willis in *Striking Distance,* a river-police shoot-'em-up in Pittsburgh. No evidence of typecasting there. She's a rising star, stupid. —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

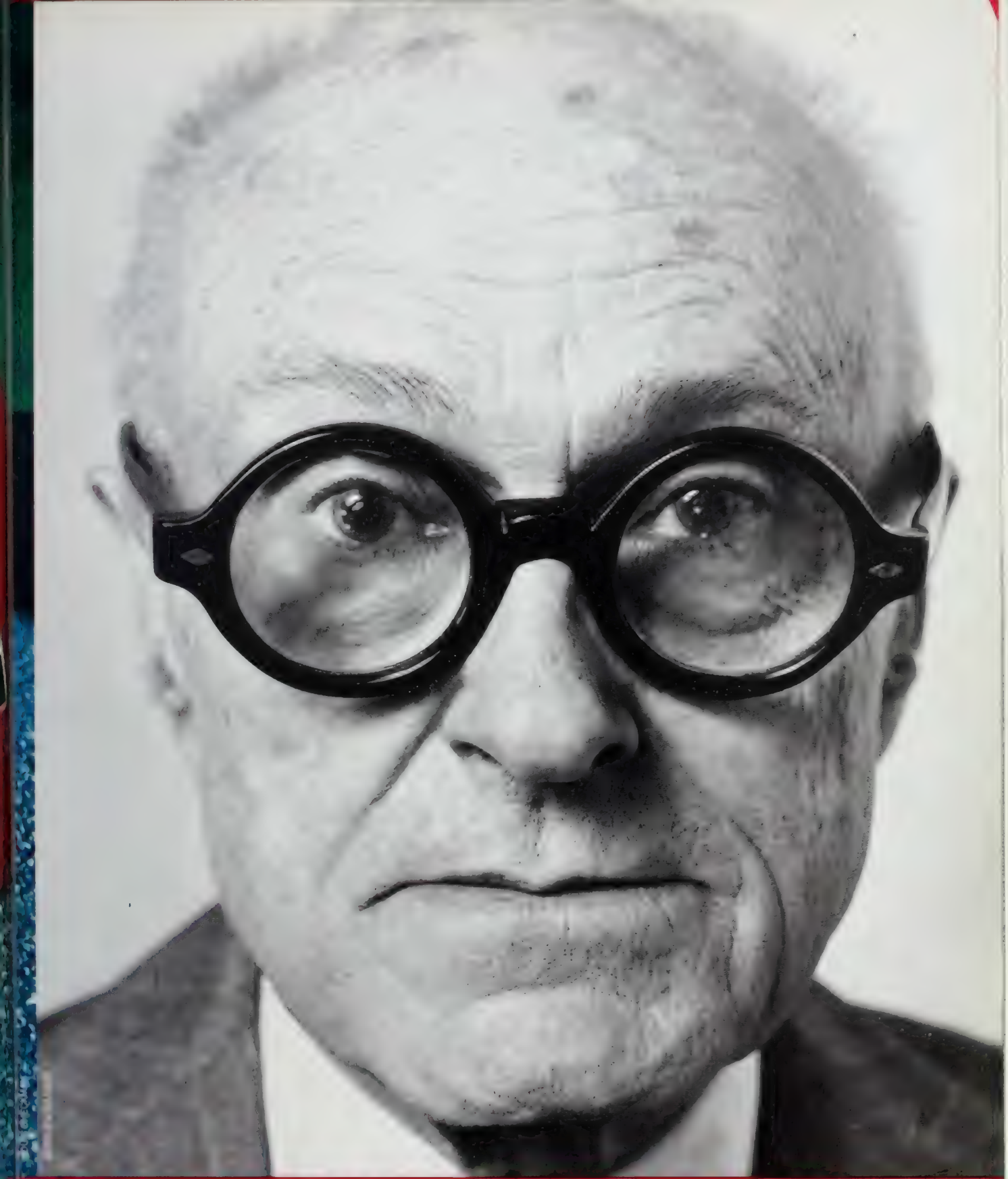
Photographs by FIROOZ ZAHEDI

SHOCK OF THE NEW

At 86, Philip Johnson (*opposite*) is still reinventing himself. *Below*, a scale model of his recent Deconstructivist design for the guest quarters of a private residence in Cleveland, Ohio.



PHILIP THE GREAT



For six decades Philip Johnson has worked hard to stay in the spotlight, but he has also taken pains to keep parts of his life in the shadows—particularly his homosexuality and Nazi sympathizing. KURT ANDERSEN joined the world's best-known architect for a candid view of the Johnson legacy: from the glory of the Glass House and his collaboration with Mies van der Rohe to the tumultuous separation from partner John Burgee and an astounding renaissance at age 86

"I'm not a form giver," Johnson is willing to admi

Philip Johnson is, of course, wearing the famous round black eyeglasses, the ones—the very same pair of frames—he had custom-made from a sketch in the 1930s. They are the only mannered part of his appearance; otherwise, he is sleek and stripped-down, his remaining white hair cut an even half-centimeter long, his dark-blue suit like some gorgeous, loose-fitting skin. His M&Co. watch reads 12:35, and the oldest, most interesting person in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons performs a trot-shuffle toward his regular banquette seat, as he has done almost every day since the restaurant, which he designed, opened in 1959. Donald Trump, a sometime client whose arrival makes Johnson smile and roll his eyes, takes a seat 10 yards to the left; several dozen other members of New York's glamour class are arrayed before him. "There were more *vips* yesterday," Johnson says, employing his customary joke mispronunciation of V.I.P., as he surveys the lunch crowd. "That's not Lew Wasserman, is it?"

The reporter begins breezily, innocuously, suggesting that the first full-scale Johnson biography, seven years in the making, seems certain to make a splash when Knopf publishes it in 1994. "Well," Johnson says, "sex and Nazism can do that."

Full stop.

What?

"Sex and Nazis," Johnson, smiling, repeats evenly, "can do quite well."

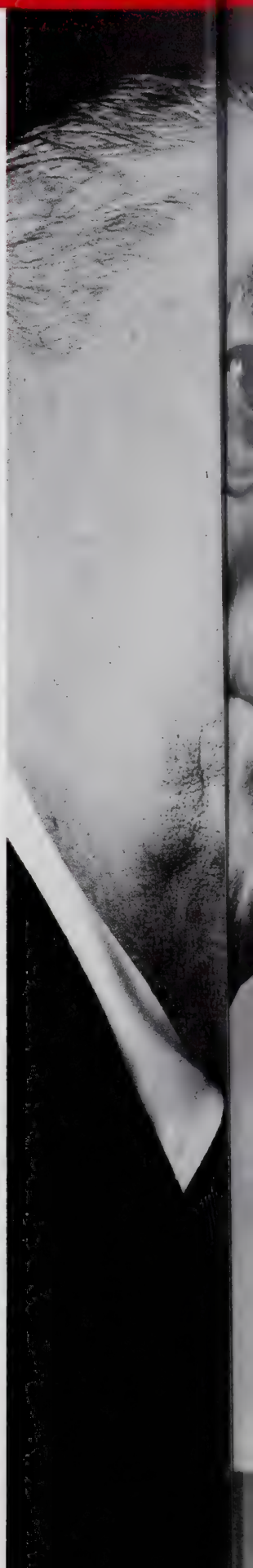
The remark is savage and flip, even by the standards of a man who has repeatedly called himself a whore and his best friend's architectural writing "bullshit." Johnson has made plenty of clear-eyed, unsentimental remarks during his six decades of attention grabbing and power brokering—"I've said some outrageous things and gotten myself a fistful of enemies"—but this la-di-da allusion to his own homosexuality and pre-war Fascism, neither of which he has ever discussed in any detail, is over the top. At 86, after two major heart surgeries ("I have only one artery left, so I can't have any more bypasses"), Johnson says that he has a sense of living "on borrowed time," and that he finds it liberating. "What can you do?" he says about this phase of his life. "You can't mess things up worse. What's to mess up? So you get a lot freer and easier."

There is no more well-known architect in America; taxi drivers and shopgirls recognize him. There is nobody of such pervasive, long-lasting influence in his field—nor in any other, for that matter. In the early 1930s, as the Museum of Modern Art's first design curator, he was the great evangelist for European modernism, and later worked on three of its classic American works—his own Glass House in Connecticut in the 40s, the Seagram building on Park Avenue (with Mies van der Rohe) in the 50s, and Pennzoil Place in Houston in the 70s.

But wait! As soon as he turned 70, he threw it all into reverse: with the AT&T building, his 38-story granite-clad highboy, Johnson single-handedly made the heresy of postmodernism permissible, then ubiquitous. The Transco and RepublicBank towers in Houston, the Crescent in Dallas, PPG's pseudo-Gothic headquarters in Pittsburgh, the IBM high rise in Atlanta, and postmodern skyscrapers in Boston, San Francisco, practically everywhere—all came from Johnson's drawing board.

And then another stylistic lurch: it has been Johnson's octogenarian embrace during the last half-decade that has given Deconstructivism—the dissonant, fuck-you architecture of Peter Eisenman and others—its semblance of blue-chip credibility. "You know," says Eisenman, "when the world was going one way, he'd spin it another way." Philip Johnson is dialectical man, both the Four Seasons Pooh-Bah *and* the trouble-making rebel, simultaneously frivolous and serious about almost everything. And, as architecture critic and *New York Times* culture editor Paul Goldberger says, "he manages to be bitchy and endearing at the same time."

Whom hasn't Philip Johnson known? Where hasn't he been? He met Mies van der Rohe in Weimar Germany, and



STYLES OF THE TIMES

Johnson (*far right*) with Mies van der Rohe in 1955. Between them is a model of their design for the Seagram building.

Photograph by IRVING PENN

"I'm no Mies. I'm not Wright. I wish I were."

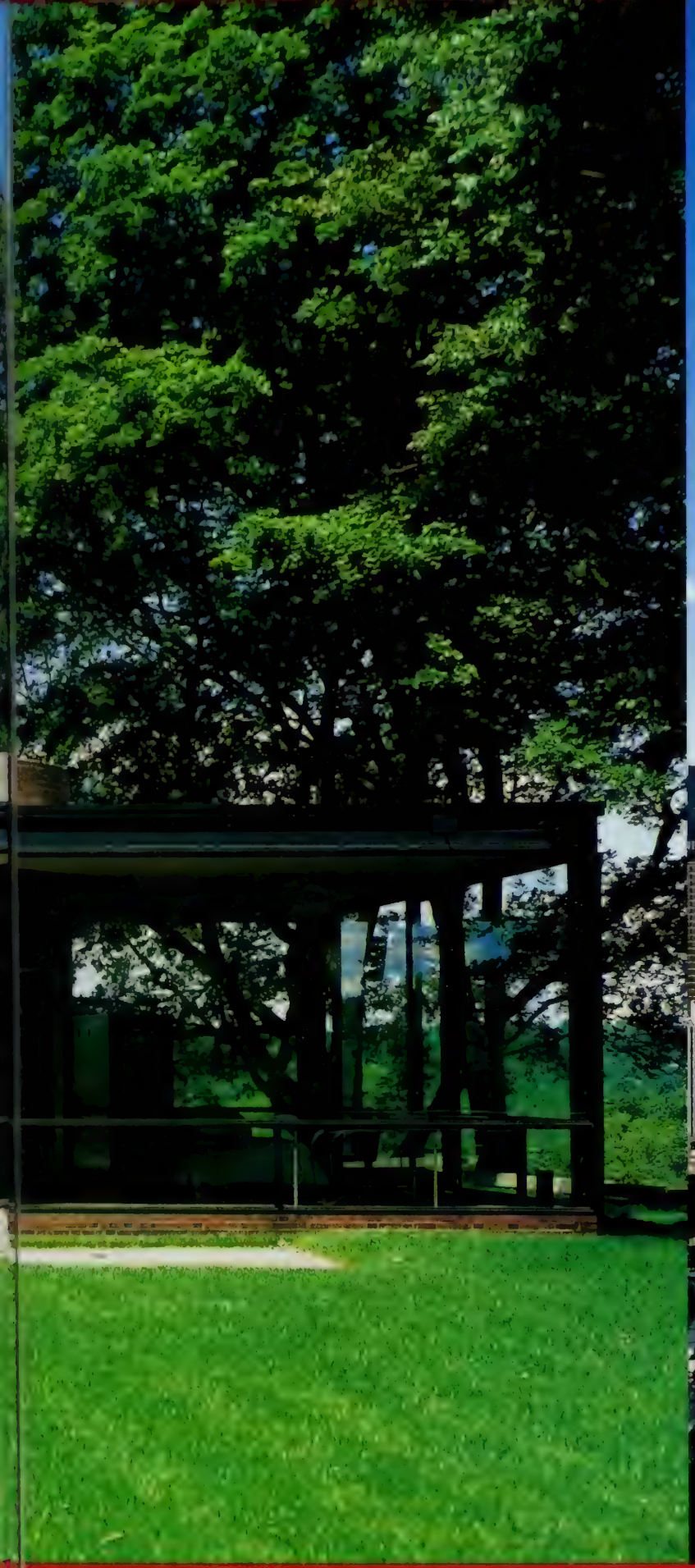




PEOPLE WHO
LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

Johnson and companion David Whitney weekend in one of the most famous homes in America, the Glass House, which the architect built in 1949. *Opposite*, the Chippendale-topped AT&T building.

"You know, when the world was going one way, he'd



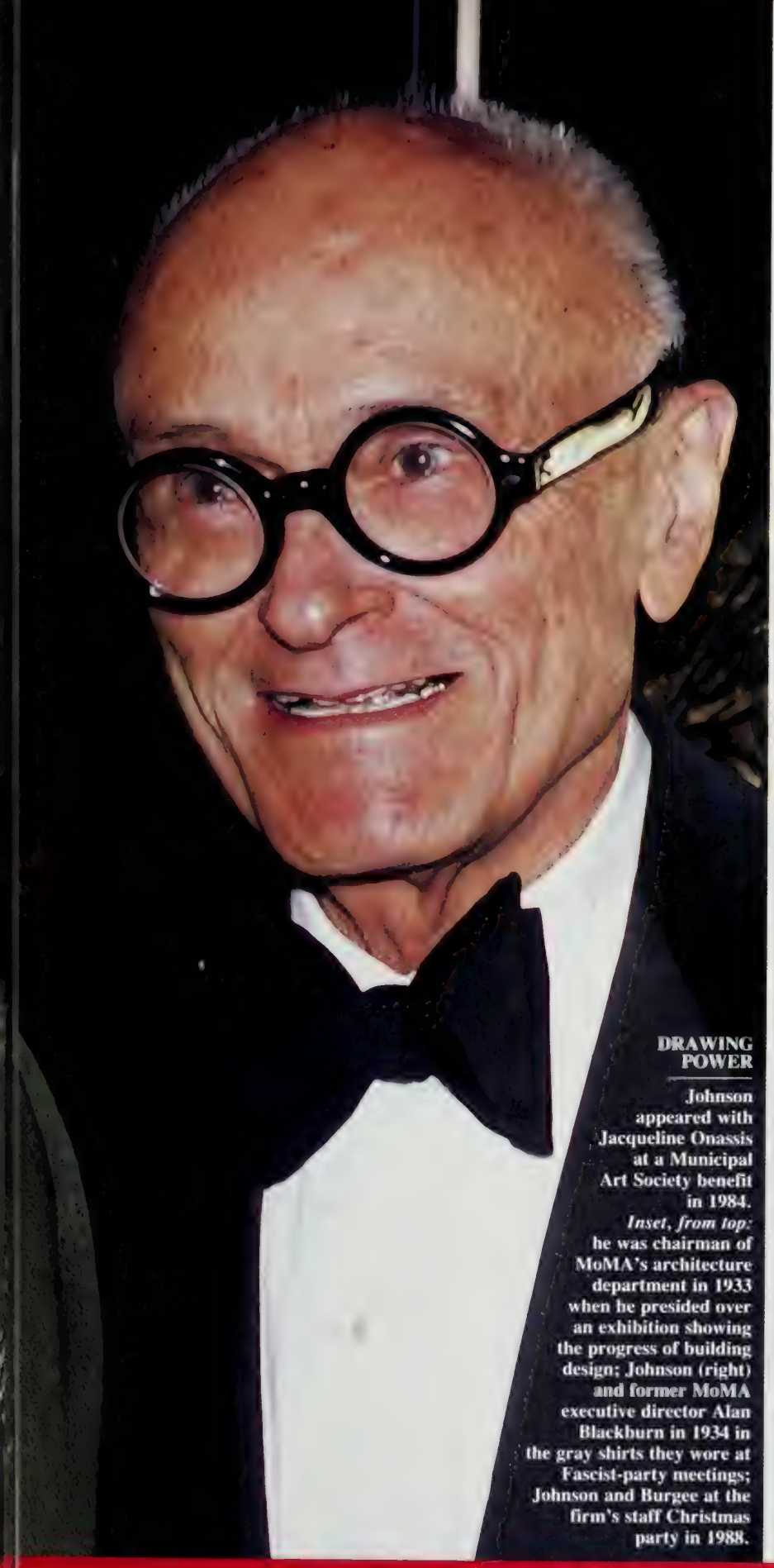


PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY RICCARDO FASOLI; RIGHT, BY PETER MAUSS

spin it another way," says architect Peter Eisenman.



Johnson "was the man who *invented* networking, and he



DRAWING POWER

Johnson appeared with Jacqueline Onassis at a Municipal Art Society benefit in 1984. *Inset, from top:* he was chairman of MoMA's architecture department in 1933 when he presided over an exhibition showing the progress of building design; Johnson (right) and former MoMA executive director Alan Blackburn in 1934 in the gray shirts they wore at Fascist-party meetings; Johnson and Burgee at the firm's staff Christmas party in 1988.

asked him to design his Manhattan apartment. In 1932 he had an important spat with Frank Lloyd Wright over Wright's inclusion in the International Style show Johnson was curating at MoMA. That same year he stood in a field in Germany listening to Hitler. Johnson's huge art collection leans heavily toward work by his friends Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Willem de Kooning, and Andy Warhol. The most celebrated architects of the last decade or so—Michael Graves, Robert Stern, Frank Gehry, Eisenman—are each a significant beneficiary of his patronage. Imagine if Franklin Roosevelt had served a couple more terms as president, and then become chief justice, and then run for the Senate; imagine if George Balanchine were still alive, casually advising Twyla Tharp and collaborating with Mark Morris, or if *Metropolis*, *Close Encounters*, and *Down by Law* were all the work of a single director.

The analogies sound preposterous, but they are apt, although the Balanchine comparison is probably overgenerous to Johnson. For while he has a few fine buildings to his credit, it's his celebrity and Who's Who influence that are profound, not his talent as a designer. Even he admits that. "I'm not a form giver. I'm no Mies. I'm not Wright. I wish I were." He is, Goldberger says bluntly, a testament to "how far you can go without a creative intelligence." And to how many times you can revive yourself and your reputation: Johnson was up in the early 1930s and then down through the mid-40s, up again in the late 40s but down again in the 1960s, up at the end of the 70s, up and down in the 80s.

The latest comeback is of a whole new kind, not a matter of divining the *Zeitgeist* or capturing fashion but of marathon indomitability. After his angioplasty in 1986, he felt wretched. "He was clearly in a depressed state," says Franz Schulze, his biographer, "and he'd talk darkly about the coming end. He didn't travel." His long professional association with John Burgee had started unraveling, and finally dissolved completely last summer. Things looked very bad. "But rather suddenly," Schulze says, "something happened. That constitution kicked in." Lately he has traveled heroically, to Berlin, to Tokyo. Robert Stern marvels at "the

lways managed to create the sense he was essential."

"I'd work for the Devil himself if he'd let me build,

unbelievable amount of energy, always—always, always *on*."

Today, Burgee, who is 59, has been forced into bankruptcy, and works two days a week out of a borrowed conference room, trying to hunt up work. Johnson has a new office with his name, only *his* name, on the door, nine architects working for him, and so many commissions that he is expanding the office. Once again, Johnson is back.

Philip Johnson was born and raised in and around Cleveland when it was booming, a tough, bright, self-confident center of the new, industrial America. The Johnsons were upper-class but not rich, and they were neither Babbitts nor bohemians. His father, a lawyer, belonged to the right clubs and served as a trustee of Oberlin College. His mother, like Wright's midwestern mother a generation earlier, was extremely ambitious for her middle child, and took him on a European tour (including, pointedly, Chartres) when he was 13. The family attended a Unitarian church—"I was the village atheist," Johnson jokes—and when his father, Homer, let his friends know he'd voted for Woodrow Wilson in 1916, his son says, the father "was ostracized in Cleveland society, as you can imagine."

After Johnson headed east for Harvard, his father gave him a coming-of-age gift: the shares Homer owned in a new company he had helped incorporate. The company was Alcoa, and the value of Philip's shares promptly doubled and redoubled and went up some more, making the boy a millionaire by the time he was 20. "I became much richer than my father," he says matter-of-factly.

In Cambridge, however, Johnson, always rather finely tuned, found himself discombobulated, unable to carry on. "It used to be called a nervous breakdown," he says now. "But they didn't have Prozac in those days." The problem was his sense of sexual aberration. "I admitted [my feelings] to the Mass. General doctor. And he said, 'Look, for heaven's sake, get reconciled' that I was a homosexual. I said, '*What?*' It was the reason probably for my breakdown."

He left Harvard distraught after his sophomore year, returned home, rested, saw more doctors, and finally, fatefully, decamped to Heidelberg and Berlin. Weimar Germany: what better place for a young, high-strung, tentatively homosexual aesthete to find himself in 1929?

He would return to Germany year after year through the 1930s, coming to know Mies van der Rohe, Walter Gropius, and the other important architects of that time and place. His knack for meeting the right people had begun at Harvard, where his friends were Alfred Barr, Lincoln Kirstein, and the rich young Edward Warburg, who within five or six years of graduation would, respectively, start the Museum of Modern Art, establish the School of American Ballet with Balanchine, and let the untried Johnson redesign his Beekman Place apartment. Johnson, Goldberger says, "was the man who *invented* networking, and he always managed to create the sense that he was essential."

Johnson had never taken a course in architecture, but he was a buff; he'd been to the Bauhaus and had a manic promoter's energy. So Barr, who Johnson says now was his only close friend, hired (but never paid) him to run the design department of the new Museum of Modern Art. The first thing Johnson did was to start putting together an exhibition of some contemporary architects. Johnson was only in his 20s, but the 1932 International Style show permanently certified a particular take on modern architecture as *the* version. Philip Johnson hadn't just offered Americans a glimpse of an intriguing new movement; he had unilaterally set the terms of debate, named the players, declared the 20th century his.

The Depression was deepening by the day, and all comfortable orthodoxies felt bankrupt, especially as far as Johnson and his fervid young friends were concerned. Functionalism and the machine look were for them an Answer. "That's the most exciting thing that ever happened to me," he says now of seeing the modernist light. It was, he says, "semi-religious. On my part it certainly was. We were so proselytizing and messianic about it."

It was the first of many times he would display what Paul Goldberger calls his "weak spot for simple solutions." But in retrospect it seems that even the messianic devotion to slabs and cubes of steel and glass may not, for Johnson, have been deeply felt. "I suspect," Goldberger says, "he never had the degree of conviction that the architecture presumed." His biographer thinks Johnson was probably no longer a true-believing modernist by the early 1940s, and Johnson himself admits that, around the time he was collaborating with Mies on the Seagram building in the 50s, "that thrill was gone."

Modern architecture in the 20s and 30s came freighted with socialist Utopianism. Despite his weak spot for simple solutions, however, Johnson was never a lefty, like many of his New York friends; indeed, he is by nature a contrarian. But political extremism was virtually obligatory. First he left the museum and became a Huey Long populist, started a Fascist political party, won a seat in the Ohio state legislature, then abdicated and joined up with the right-wing anti-Semite Father Charles Coughlin, and evolved, apparently, into a full-blown Nazi sympathizer.

On this very painful subject he is uncharacteristically disingenuous and vague. In the early 30s, he says, "my Jewish friends [in Germany], I noticed, weren't very enthusiastic about the Nazis, but they were still there." He says he did attend a Hitler rally in 1932, but was unmoved (he was "dazzled," according to the biographer). Many of his closest friends in New York, including Eddie Warburg and Lincoln Kirstein, were Jewish. Did no one in the 30s try to straighten Johnson out? "No," Johnson says quickly, and then rethinks it. "Well, perhaps I didn't let them."

Asked to recall where he lived and precisely whom he saw and what he did between 1934 and 1939, Johnson gets fuzzy. It may be a willful imprecision. "I think that Philip's memory has been affected by what has happened in the past 10 years vis-à-vis the revelations of people's pasts in the 1930s," says Franz Schulze, his biographer. "Paul de Man, Heidegger, T. S. Eliot...all kinds of people whose anti-Semitic statements or whose pro-Fascist statements have come to light. Since I've known Philip, I think he has become a little cagier, a little bit more guarded in his willingness to discuss these *(Continued on page 151)*

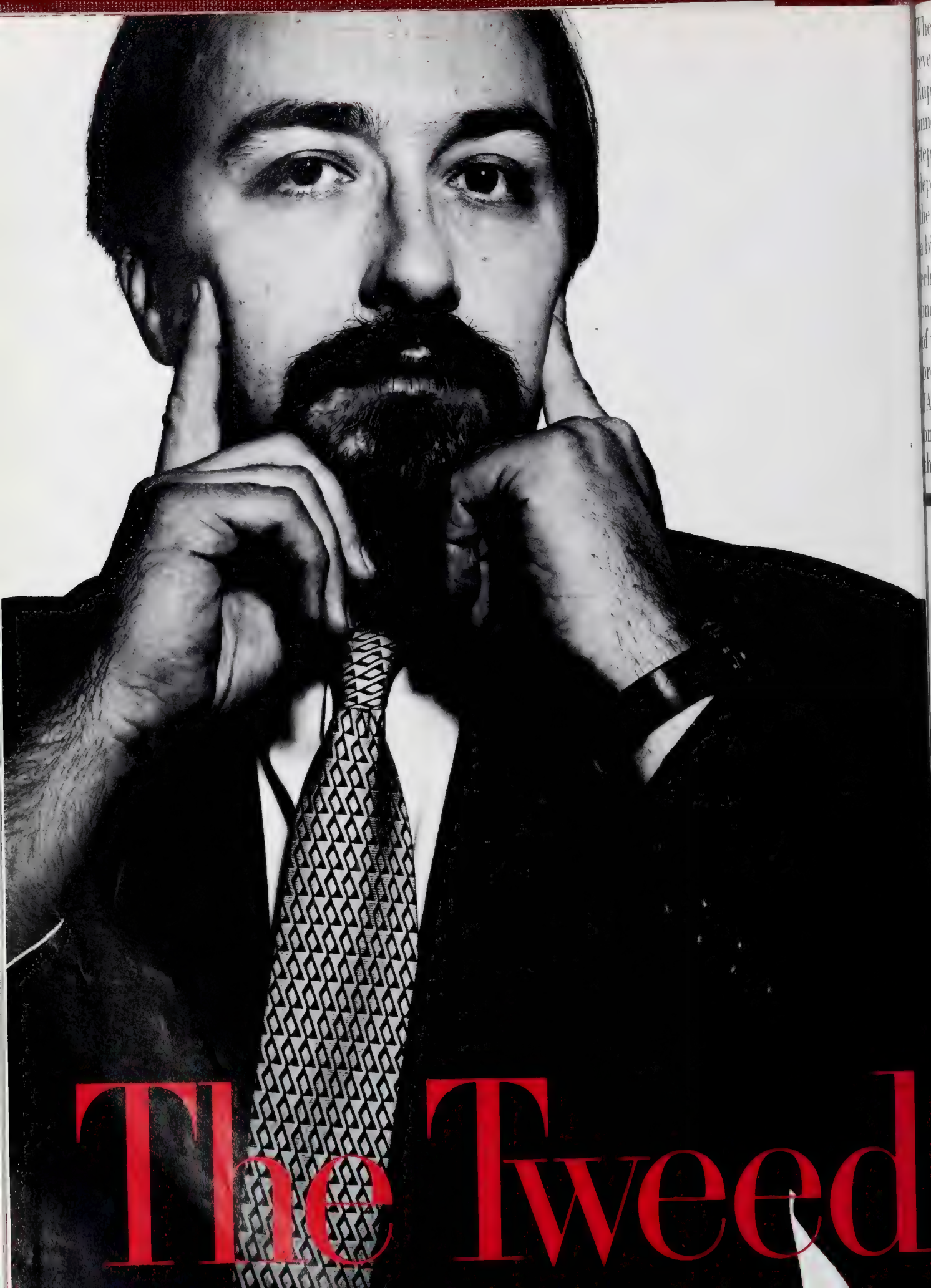
Photograph by JIM RAKETE

says Johnson. He apparently means that literally.



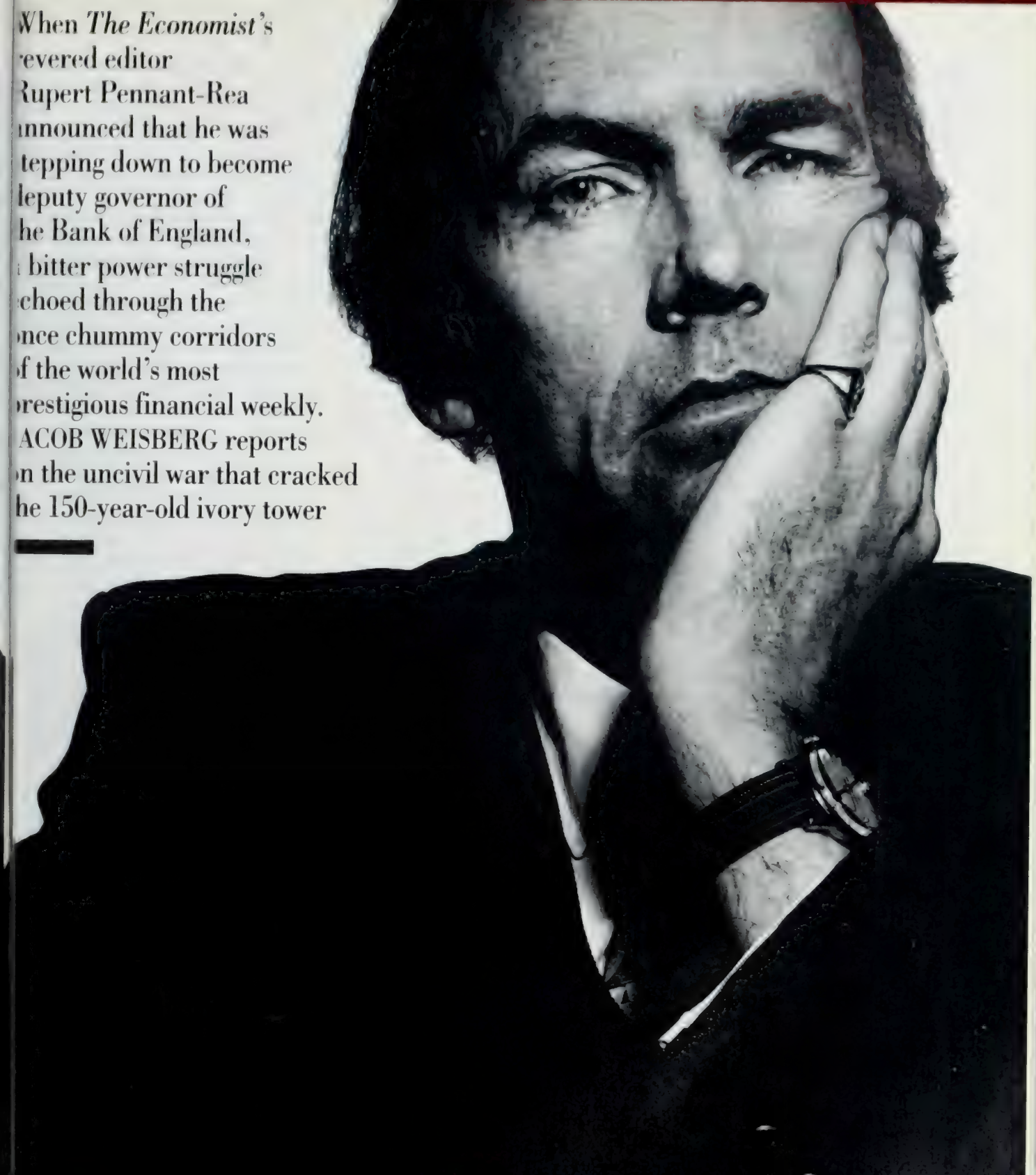
BERLIN AGAIN

Johnson photographed last month in front of the Altes Museum, designed by Karl Friedrich Schinkel, the early-19th-century neoclassical architect. It was Johnson's first trip back to Berlin since 1939.


The Tweed

When *The Economist*'s
revered editor
Rupert Pennant-Rea
announced that he was
stepping down to become
deputy governor of
the Bank of England,
a bitter power struggle
echoed through the
once chummy corridors
of the world's most
prestigious financial weekly.
JACOB WEISBERG reports
on the uncivil war that cracked
the 150-year-old ivory tower

Jungle



Photographs by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE

Free minds, free markets, free-for-all: Rupert Pennant-Rea (*above*), who resigned as editor of *The Economist*, and business-affairs editor Bill Emmott, who was one of 10 colleagues dueling for the job.

Throughout its distinguished 150-year history, *The Economist* has been as lofty and collegial a place as anyone in journalism would ever care to work, the kind of Olympian establishment to which the ink-stained wretches of Fleet Street dream about retiring. The magazine is probably read by more presidents, prime ministers, and chief executives around the world than any other. It has long been a breeding ground for members of Parliament and a powerful influence on No. 10 Downing Street. The positions it takes, on issues from the Gulf War to GATT to the legalization of drugs, change the minds that matter. People take the intellectual leadership of such an organ seriously, perhaps too seriously for its own good. Maybe it was naïve to think that such a prominent publication could remain an ivory tower forever.

In the last four months, the magazine's genteel, glass-enclosed aerie overlooking Buckingham Palace has been shattered by an explosion of backbiting, gossip, and rivalrous animosity. The unseemly behavior was triggered by the sudden resignation of the editor, Rupert Pennant-Rea. For seven years, the universally revered Pennant-Rea commanded a talented group of young writers and editors who were content to beaver away behind a gray façade of authoritative anonymity, writing sharp editorials and dropping incisive comments at staff meetings, where they sit on the floor of the editor's office, literally at his feet. But rather like the death of Tito, the great leader's departure lifted the lid off a caldron, revealing hostilities no one knew were bubbling underneath. An unexpected and unexpectedly nasty succession struggle has subjected the quintessentially English institution to an extremely un-English kind of catfight, turning a place staffers have fondly compared to an Oxford common room into a kind of Euro trading pit—Barbarians at the Gate in Tweeds.

The melodrama began when Sarah Hogg, an ex–*Economist* staffer who is John Major's closest adviser, reportedly prevailed upon the prime minister to name—or, technically, prevailed upon Major to prevail upon the Queen to name—her old protégé and officemate Pennant-Rea as deputy governor of the troubled Bank of England. On Friday, January 22, Norman Lamont, the chancellor of the Exchequer, called the editor into his office at No. 11 Downing Street and offered him the job. Lamont did not have to mention that the position had an added promise: at 45, Pennant-Rea would in all probability be made number one once the chain-smoking 54-year-old governor, Eddie George, departed.

Pennant-Rea asked for time to think; the 10 years he had said he would spend at the magazine wouldn't be up until 1996, and he thought being editor of *The Economist* was "the nicest job in the world." But Lamont told him that he needed an immediate decision. "I was not planning to leave at all in the near term, certainly not in the middle of our 150th anniversary," says Pennant-Rea. "But doors like that don't open very often."

There was barely time to report the news to *The Economist*'s tiny staff of about 50 writers and editors before the government press conference scheduled for later in the day. "It came as a total shock to me," says Mike Elliott, the Washington bureau chief.

The appointment of a journalist to the Bank of England was deemed an insult to the institution by several other magazines. Worse, it was speculated that it was a reward for Pennant-Rea's aggressive advocacy of John Major's policy of entering the European system of fixed exchange rates—a disastrous move that resulted in an estimated loss of $18 billion to the British Exchequer in a single day last September.

But whether or not Pennant-Rea redeems himself in politics, no one would dispute his brilliance as editor of *The Economist*. Most staffers credit him with the magazine's enormous success in the 1980s. Between 1978 and 1992, its circulation skyrocketed from under 150,000, weighted heavily toward Britain, to 510,000 in 170 countries, the largest being the U.S., where it sells 200,000 copies a week. Profits zoomed from nil in 1981 to about $16 million last year, and the North American edition now sells more ad pages than *Time*, *Newsweek*, or *U.S. News & World Report*. Much credit for the boom in the States goes to the magazine's new chief executive, Marjorie Scardino, the eagle-eyed head of North American operations for the past eight years.

Intellectually, *The Economist*'s boom was linked to the era of Thatcher and Reagan—a period marked by the emergence of an international English-speaking business elite, and by the ascendancy of the magazine's belief in "free minds, free markets" throughout the world. But journalistically its success was bound up with the editorship of the man everyone calls Rupert, whose nasal drawl some might mistake for upper-crust British, but which is actually infused with notes of Rhodesia, where he was born, and Dublin, where he was educated.

Rangy, goofy-looking, with a deadpan demeanor, pre-fashionable sideburns, and a greasy comb-over, all of which bring to mind John Cleese, Pennant-Rea left a junior position at the Bank of England in 1977 to join *The Economist* as a writer on international economics. His handwritten test piece on public borrowing, which was his first work of journalism, went into the magazine unedited. By 1981, when he succeeded Sarah Hogg as economics editor, he had evolved from a Labourite into an anti-government, anti-inflation zealot. When editor Andrew Knight resigned in 1986 to become chief executive of the daily and Sunday *Telegraph* (he is now head of Rupert Murdoch's News International), Pennant-Rea won the much gentler succession contest over Hogg, political editor Simon Jenkins, who later became editor of the London *Times*, and Nico Colchester, the foreign editor of the *Financial Times*, whom Pennant-Rea later made his deputy.

The same year, Pennant-Rea solidified his new prominence by marrying his third wife, Helen Jay, a famous 60s beauty renowned for once wearing go-go boots to Buckingham Palace. But Rupert is no radical-chic socialite. Often at work by five A.M., he has been known to fall asleep at dinner parties, and once made it to a reception in Moscow for the opening of the magazine's bureau only to leave after talking to his deputy for 20 minutes. In person, he conveys a sense of seriousness, strong opinion, and wry humor, which are all hallmarks of the newspaper, as it still fastidiously calls itself.

Several top staffers resigned following Pennant-Rea's promotion, not so much out of any antipathy—though some find him forbiddingly aloof—but

because of the then boom in British journalism. *The Economist*'s most talented writers and editors were aggressively wooed by other magazines and newspapers, including *The Independent*, which was just starting up. Pennant-Rea promptly hired younger replacements, expanded the journal's coverage of finance, and started an Asia section. He also added new features, including the three-page "specials" that follow the "leaders" (Brit-speak for editorials), the Bagehot column about British politics (pronounced "Badjit," and named for sainted editor Walter Bagehot, 1860–77), and the Lexington column, which casts an anthropological eye on America.

Even those who find Pennant-Rea a cold fish personally stand in awe of his achievement in building *The Economist*'s international stature and influence. Everyone found it difficult to imagine the magazine without him.

> By the end of the succession battle, *The Economist* reached "a fever pitch of anxiety and neurosis."

Pennant-Rea probably could have handpicked his successor, but when he resigned he announced that the competition would be open, and that he would stay out of it. "People leaving jobs may have strange and deeply irrelevant motives," he explains. Some read Pennant-Rea's recusal as a pointed nonendorsement of his deputy, Nico Colchester, who thought he was heir to the throne. "I suppose suspicious minds interpret abdication in many different ways," Pennant-Rea says with a hint of mischief.



Up the Colonies: Marjorie Scardino, *The Economist*'s new chief executive, who was promoted after spearheading the magazine's remarkable growth in the U.S.

On the following Tuesday, January 26, the directors met in the 14th-floor boardroom, lined with decaying leather-bound volumes of *The Economist*, and settled on the selection process. Applicants were to submit a "manifesto," a 250-word essay on what they would do as editor. Nonapplicants were invited to write the board, stating their opinions on the candidates. A three-man committee would then interview the top contenders and make a recommendation to the full board, which would choose the winner. Sir John Harvey-Jones, a flamboyant 69-year-old management guru who is the chairman of *The Economist*'s board, was named head of the selection committee. Favoring florid ties and salty language, Sir John resembles an ennobled Captain Kangaroo. After retiring as chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, he became Britain's best-known entrepreneur through his BBC television show *Troubleshooter*, on which he bluntly analyzes various British businesses.

Harvey-Jones was reported to favor a name candidate from outside the magazine—perhaps Sarah Hogg, or Peter Jay, a former ambassador to the U.S. who happens to be Pennant-Rea's brother-in-law. But when they declined to show interest, Harvey-Jones was persuaded that a magazine as successful as *The Economist* should make its choice intramurally. The views of the two others—Sir Adrian Cadbury, the hereditary chocolate magnate, and Frank Barlow, the self-made director of Pearson P.L.C., the company that owns the *Financial Times* and half of *The Economist*—were unknown, though Barlow was thought by some to favor Colchester, with whom he had worked on the *F.T.*

Members of the selection committee decline to say how many hopefuls applied, but out of some 50 full-time staffers, 10 acknowledge tossing their bowlers in the ring. "The process had to be fairly open and fairly public," says David Gordon, the paper's former chief executive, who assisted the committee. "There was no way to disguise the fact that a lot of people were interested."

On February 5, a rather lengthy shortlist of nine candidates was posted by the elevators, and the horse race was on. The five strongest contenders were Nico Colchester; Bill Emmott, the Sphinxlike business-affairs editor; Clive Crook, the magazine's economics editor and intellectual boy wonder; Matt Ridley, who left the magazine last year to oversee his family estate and write a book about the evolution of sex; and Mike Elliott, the gregarious Washington bureau chief. (Four lesser prospects included an American, Jim Rohwer, the magazine's Hong Kong chief; Frances Cairncross, the environment editor; Daniel Franklin, the *(Continued on page 162)*

Sean Connery

(Continued from page 107) that *Rising Sun,* with its alarmist vision of a Japanese "invasion" of the American economy, is simply "Japan-bashing."

"It's a dangerous precedent calling [this film] Japan-bashing," Connery says, "because it's not. . . . What it's really about is what's happening realistically in the United States. What Crichton's book was saying was that the Japanese and the Americans were in bed together whether they liked it or not, but there is a culture clash and there has to be a bridge to cross it. A lot of people are inclined to blame the Japanese for the fact that American productivity is lower than theirs. What they should really be doing is like Ross Perot says—they should say, 'Well, if they're that good, why don't we try and match it?' That's what the old American axiom was."

He takes the fact that Crichton wrote the Connor role for him as a great compliment. "I do seem to have become this kind of old guy who teaches or guides," he muses. "It's quite flattering, but I don't think it's true of me. I would like to think that I've learned something over the years, and obviously I have, but as time goes on, it would appear from the mistakes I make that I haven't learned that much."

The director Sidney Lumet, an old friend of Connery's who first met him when he cast him in *The Hill* in 1965, believes that Connery's second wind has had less to do with a change in him than a long-overdue change in public perceptions: "I don't think he's so much grown as an actor. It's more that the estimation of him has finally caught up with what he can do. I always knew his ability. John Huston, when he cast him in *The Man Who Would Be King,* he knew it, too. Sean always had the capacity for giant acting. But it's only in the last 10 or 15 years that people have started saying, 'Oh! He can act!' "

Lumet traces the difficulty back to the days of Bondmania, when Connery's personality was hopelessly eclipsed in the popular imagination by that of the suave superspy.

"The length of time that the Bond image took to break disappointed him. But he knew it would take a long time to break the Bond mold. Christopher Reeve has gone through much the same process with Superman, and he still hasn't quite broken out of type yet. It takes 10, 12, maybe 14 pictures to break the image. In the Bond era, the general assumption was that Sean was this charming sex hulk. Nonprofessionals just didn't realize what superb high-comedy acting that Bond role was. It was like what they used to say about Cary Grant. 'Oh,' they'd say, 'he's just got charm.' Well, first of all, charm is actually not all that easy a quality to come by. And what they overlooked in both Cary Grant and Sean was their enormous skill. They didn't realize they were watching *acting.*"

As a corrective to the notion of the "sex hulk," Lumet's emphasis on Connery's technical abilities is entirely understandable. Connery, too, is sensitive to any underestimation of his acting skill. (At one point, he interpreted something I was saying about Method acting as a suggestion that he has no method at all. "I have a method," he objected fiercely. "I'm a fully trained actor.") Still, it is no belittling of Connery's talent to point out that his greatest strength on-screen is his physical authority. Connery gave a perfectly lousy Irish accent in *The Untouchables,* but it really didn't matter. Typically, it was the conviction of his bearing that made the portrayal of the Chicago beat cop work. Other actors may deliver up foreign accents of painstaking accuracy, but Connery's genius resides elsewhere, in the peculiarly intense quality that he exudes even when he is standing still.

"It's a mysterious thing, really," says Philip Kaufman, director of *Rising Sun.* "Steve McQueen had it. Cagney had it. If an actor has it, it means that he can be taking stuff out of a supermarket freezer and there's something special about it. There's a sense in which people go to films to learn how to behave; the fact is people are very attracted to the way Sean behaves. They have an empathy with him—or they would like to have empathy. They would like to feel that they have his qualities, his grace under pressure."

It is partly, of course, a matter of dimensions. Connery stands six feet two in his toweling socks, and he's Jack Sprat lean. Occasional bouts of abstinence help keep him in shape (his favorite tipple when he is drinking is vodka), but his figure owes most to good fortune. He used to body-build as a young man but long ago relinquished the dumbbell in favor of the golf club (his handicap floats somewhere between 8 and 12). His vast torso still forms a pleasing, equilateral triangle. As Lumet says, "Whatever the width of a doorway, Sean seems to fill it."

Apart from his build, there is also the business of how he moves. Bond producers Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman were not convinced that Connery was right for the role of Bond until they happened to see him from their office window, "striding like a panther" down the street. The difference between Connery and the other actors who had tried out for the part, Broccoli later said, was like "comparing a still photograph with a film."

Connery attributes some of his physical aplomb to the influence of the dance therapist Yat Malmgeren, with whom he, along with actor Anthony Hopkins and the late director Tony Richardson, studied movement for several years. "The dance, to me, is all-important," he says. "The place where you stand, how you use your space, is the number-one priority. How you stand in relation to other people in scenes, how you dance with them—that's what it's all about."

Nonetheless, one suspects that the real source of Connery's power on-screen is not something he ever learned in class.

"He's not just physically big," Lumet says, "he's emotionally large, too. When he enters a room, it's the arrival of his persona, really. It's like those great eyebrows come into the room first, you know?"

Fred Schepisi, who directed him in *The Russia House,* comments, "Sometimes what people are in life doesn't carry to the screen. Sean is one of those rare people whose qualities in life do translate onto the screen. He has a fantastic energy, a bonhomie. He has a largess—and a largeness—which carries to an audience. There is a strength in him, a solidity. There's a rock there, you know?"

The rock in Connery is an admirable but not altogether comfortable thing. He is not a man to affect an amiability that he doesn't feel, or to let his dissatisfactions go unnoticed. His brusqueness is legendary. "He's not the most tolerant person," the British playwright Tom Stoppard acknowledges. "It's a cliché, but he really doesn't suffer fools gladly. He's a capable person, and he expects others to be capable, too."

Sidney Lumet puts it even more bluntly. "Sean can't stand dopes! He's impatient with inadequacy. Things are very simple with Sean—very cut-and-dried. He can smell a fake. He knows in a minute if a director or a cameraman doesn't know what he's doing. He's very bright, and he can't stand people who don't know their business as well as he knows his."

Most of those who have worked with him tend to see Connery's demanding nature as an inherent part of his professionalism. When he is irascible, they say, it

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is as an actor keen to get the best possible results, rather than as a diva eager for attention. "There is none of the star's self-indulgence about Sean," Lumet says. "He's not the type to get angry about the size of his trailer or any of that stuff. . . . If you put him in a crew that's functioning well, there's no one more fun to make a movie with. You're kicking ass, in the best sense."

Movie stars, it must be said, are always being congratulated on their unaffected manners and their simple, unstarry ways. Usually this putative normalcy amounts to no more than not wearing diamonds at breakfast or having gone to the supermarket once in the last decade. In Connery's case, however, the breathless tributes to an unpretentious life-style have more justification than usual. He has, as he puts it, "the normal features of a generous lifestyle," but he generally prefers good value and convenience to status symbols. The style in which his Nassau home is decorated is more bourgie burbs than movie-star swank. He has no press agent and no bodyguards. When he is in London, he likes to walk to his appointments. "I'm very secretive," he says. "I make my own travel arrangements—I go about what I'm doing by myself, and usually I've done it and gone on before anyone would know." He drives an efficient Toyota Land Cruiser ("I can fill the tank and do 600 kilometers on it"). And it's a source of some pleasure to him that the Mercedes he bought 16 years ago is still "like new" and being driven by his brother.

This absence of celebrity posturing makes people far more sympathetic than they might otherwise be to Connery's robust manners. Even Stoppard, who had a temporary falling-out with Connery back in 1989, when Connery was forced by ill health to withdraw from the film adaptation of Stoppard's play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* adds his voice to the chorus defending Connery's rigorous style. "He is tough in getting what he wants. Very tough," Stoppard says. "But I think a lot of what you hear about the rough side of his tongue is really to do with him wanting to get things right and having high standards. I think he's right to have high standards."

This, unsurprisingly, is the way Connery sees it, too. When I asked him if he wasn't perhaps prone to the occasional bout of grouchiness, his face took on a forbidding quality that made me shift about on the sofa. "I never grouch," he said. "I have nothing but respect for everybody and anybody who works professionally—whether it's the clapper boy, the grip, or the carpenter. And anybody who's worked with me would know it. The only problem I have is with arses who create more problems than they solve. I have no ego when I'm making a picture. I expect everybody I'm working with to give 100 percent because I do."

Connery's candor—his determination to say it how it is—is somewhat unusual in a star of his stature, and off the set his forthright opinions have sometimes gotten him into hot water. His sentiments about women, for example, have earned him a reputation for male chauvinism that haunts him to this day. The roots of the reputation lie in an interview that he gave *Playboy* back in 1965. A man, he told the magazine, "has to be slightly advanced, ahead of a woman . . . by virtue of the way a man is built, if nothing else." In spite of this physical superiority, he didn't think there was "anything particularly wrong" with a man's hitting a woman: "I don't recommend doing it in the same way that you'd hit a man," he said. "An open-handed slap is justified—if all other alternatives fail and there has been plenty of warning. If a woman is a bitch, or hysterical, or bloody-minded continually, then I'd do it."

As recently as 1991, Barbara Walters took him to task about this ancient quotation. Connery says that his comments on the Walters show were seen out of context and made to seem more sensational than they were. "They taped two hours of me and only showed 20 minutes. Barbara Walters was trying to get me to say it was O.K. to hit women. But I was really saying that to slap a woman was not the cruelest thing you can do to her. I said that in my book—it's much more cruel to psychologically damage somebody . . . to put them in such distress that they really come to hate themselves. . . . Sometimes there are women who take it to the wire. That's what they're looking for, the ultimate confrontation—they want a smack."

This may be less dramatic than what he appeared to be arguing on the Walters show, but it hardly establishes him as King of the Politically Correct. He agrees that, yes, he probably is a bit of a male chauvinist: "I mean, I like playing golf with men, right? At the club where I play, there's a men's bar and then there's a mixed bar. Women don't go into the men's bar. I think that's perfectly normal. A lot of things are happening now in America, where women are insisting that they become members not as wives but as members, which means they have access to the men's bar. I like a men's bar, where I can sit and talk only with men . . . It's harmless, really. Usually, you've come in from a round of golf and you're talking about the shots you missed, the shots you made. . . . It's just camaraderie."

A sarcastic glint appears in his eye. He is growing weary of justifying what seems to him so achingly obvious. "It's just like—what do they call it? That guy writes about it—you know: bonding. Where they go into the woods and dance and hug."

"Robert Bly, you mean? Do you regard that stuff as idiotic?"

"Nooo," he says, smirking slightly, "if it works, fine. But I can't see me dancing with some hairy-arsed guy with a beard in the woods. I mean . . ." He laughs and then stops suddenly. "Listen! I don't imagine that I couldn't find 50 women who could run Scotland. Of course! They'd be terrific—no question! I think women—yeah! They've got the ability to do things—yeah! I just think you should have the choice of being with them or not being with them."

"Would you prefer women to retain old-fashioned feminine charms?" I ask. "Do you think they should be demure—gentle, quiet?"

"Well, I expect them to be gentler and quieter than me. I mean, there has to be a complementary thing between [a man and a woman] to make a unit. It's like the yin and the yang. A man has a feminine side as well. But I just think that [gentleness] is part of what femininity is."

"Are you aware of your feminine side?"

"I suppose so . . . I mean, I don't wear dresses."

"So how does it express itself?"

"Well, I think when you choose to be an actor you've already made some moves in that direction, because you really have to free yourself a bit to be an actor. You have to be willing to make an arse of yourself."

"To abandon a certain macho pride?"

"Yeah, I think that's pretty accurate."

Appropriately, Connery's wife, Micheline, chooses this moment to arrive from the airport, having just flown in from the Connerys' home in Marbella. Micheline is Connery's second wife. They met in 1970 while he was still married to his first wife, actress Diane Cilento, mother of Connery's son, Jason. Their first encounter took place during a Moroccan golf tournament: Micheline shares her husband's passion for fiercely competitive golf.

A tiny, energetic Frenchwoman a year younger than her husband, Micheline zips

back and forth across the living room, adding her comments to the conversation with much theatrical rolling of eyes and whooping laughter. Connery tells a story about an argument he had some years ago, with a retired colonel in a Scottish public swimming pool. "And zen you said, 'You are a prick!' " Micheline interjects. "Ha! I tought zat you would bote end up in ze sweeming pool!" She doesn't strike me as an easily daunted woman. In fact, she looks more than capable of giving her husband as good as she gets.

Why, I ask, have the Connerys chosen to make their base in Marbella? (They also have homes in Monte Carlo and Los Angeles, but Marbella is where they keep the bulk of their stuff.) This seems an innocent enough question, but Connery imagines some latent impudence: "Why?" he shoots back. "I shouldn't have a place to live, you mean?"

From time to time, Connery exhibits a thin-skinned, touchy quality, a readiness to take offense that can make dialogue a volatile affair. Later on, he explains the difficulty he has in forgiving wrongs done to him: "It's almost impossible to unknow something about somebody," he says. "For example, if I know that you're a shit. . . "

"Did you have to choose that example?" I ask, laughing.

Connery falls silent and gives me a long hard stare. My laughter turns to a nervous giggle, and I make a mental note not to try bantering again. "No, no, I just meant. . . I, I was joking. . . "

He stares at me a bit longer and then, somewhat mollified, he continues. "If I know something about you, it's very hard for me to unknow it."

"You're, um, pretty hard on people?" I suggest, wary now of making waves.

"Well, I'm hard on myself," he replies, "so probably by other people's yardsticks I seem hard with them."

I ask him whether he knows what people mean when they describe him as intimidating or scary.

"No, obviously I don't," he says impatiently. "And it's certainly not a conscious presentation on my part. For example, are you impressed? Are you nervous?"

"Er, yes. Quite."

"Now?"

"Yes."

He rolls his eyes.

"Let me ask you, then, why? *Why* are you nervous? Have I given you any cause? We've been talking for however long and I. . . Do you think I'm aggressive?"

"Yes, a bit. Do people tell you that you're aggressive?"

"Well, my wife says sometimes I am. I don't think so."

"What? You think you're Mr. Sweetie and you're just mistread?"

"Oh, no." He shakes his head vigorously. "I don't think I'm Mr. Sweetie. I don't profess to be Mr. Sweetie."

One formal index of Connery's tough nut style is to be found in his long and byzantine history of litigations. He has spent the better part of his career engaged in one lawsuit or another. In the course of all his battles for the appropriate cuts of movie profits, or for justice from crooked business management, he has, he claims, "put lawyers' children through school." He has audited every single film he's ever starred in, he says, and if he seems untrusting, well, that's because he's been given very little cause to be otherwise: "I've been screwed more times than a hooker! I've been caught out twice with guys who were involved with my finances, and I had to go to court and bankrupt them. It's deep—a deep kind of resentment I have for that kind of betrayal and injustice. I hate injustice. It's the reason why I've sued every one of those film companies. . . . If someone like myself doesn't continue doing it, who's going to? There's a lot of people in Hollywood who don't make an issue out of it, just accept it. It's unfair! It's bent!"

> Is he aware of his feminine side? "I suppose so... I don't wear dresses."

One of Connery's oldest friends, the British actor and producer Michael Medwin, sees this litigious passion as Connery's noble refusal to have his moral sense compromised by fear. "In our sycophantic business, all of us are always slightly cap-in-hand to our employers," he says. "But in some extraordinary way Sean never became like that. He is unique in that sense. I think he's the most lionhearted man. To me he is quite heroic. He has always taken on his employers if he thought they were in fault. He never brownnosed or ingratiated. And what you have to remember is he did that when he was no one, fearlessly and angrily—he spoke up for himself. Perhaps it had to do with his simple background—but for him things were always either right or wrong."

Medwin may well be correct about the influence of Connery's background—although "simple" suggests something rather more picturesque than the cramped Edinburgh tenement in which Connery grew up. When he was a baby, his crib was a bottom drawer. He began delivering milk at the age of nine to help supplement his father's income as a van driver. (One of the places to which he delivered milk was Fettes College, the elite institution from which James Bond was meant to have been expelled.) After he left school, he tried his hand at a variety of jobs—bricklayer, cinema usher, coal man.

"If I were to go back and think of how far I've come," Connery says, gesturing at his surroundings, "how much fame one's had, how much money one's made, how much traveling one's done, one would think—well, it wouldn't be physically possible, considering where I've come from."

These days, apart from the odd golf tournament at St. Andrew's, Connery doesn't go back to Scotland much. Nonetheless, he remains proud of his Scottish roots and keen to maintain links with the mother country.

In 1970 he used the vast fee that he managed to extract from the Bond producers for *Diamonds Are Forever* (a million-dollar guarantee against 12½ percent of the profits) to fund the Scottish International Educational Trust. He has provided generous support for this charity ever since. In recent years, he has also given his public support to the campaign, led by the Scottish Nationalist Party, for an independent Scotland. In Britain's last general election, he provided voice-overs for the Scottish National Party political broadcasts. "I worry about the situation in Scotland," he says, "and I've voiced my opinion for what it's worth. I plan to do more work for the S.N.P. in the future."

Public gestures of this sort assert Connery's patriotism, but his memories of his childhood seem to have as much to do with class as with country. "I still get a charge out of a bath," he tells me at one point. "I still do. When I go to the Grosvenor House Hotel in London, I always lie in the bath—a real bath, you know what I mean? The bath is something special. There was only one bath

Sean Connery

in the whole of our street in Edinburgh, and that belonged to the brewery. There was no hot water in our street.''

The connection between these early deprivations and the attitude he has taken toward fat-cat employers is not difficult to make. Connery's litigious battles are to him only a slightly elevated version of the age-old struggle between worker and exploitive boss.

Another legacy of the ''simple background'' has been a certain amount of intellectual insecurity. Connery was an ''introverted and unsure'' young man, he says. His first foray into acting was as a member of the male chorus in a touring production of *South Pacific*, and it served to make him intensely aware of his academic shortcomings.

He was 20 when he joined the theater company, a rough-looking man with tattoos and gold teeth. (The teeth have long since been prettied up, but the tattoos—''Scotland Forever'' and ''Mum and Dad''—remain.) He had recently been discharged from the Royal Navy after three years of service, owing to stomach ulcers, and he had been working as a laborer. It was while taking part in a Mr. Universe contest in London that he first heard about the chorus part. Suddenly he found himself among people who read Ibsen, and he was awestruck. ''I was so impressed by actors and how articulate they were,'' he recalls. ''How much they seemed to know about everything. I was impressed by most people I met. I was impressed by people that could express themselves. I had no confidence in terms of intellect at all because I'd had absolutely no exposure to it.''

Encouraged by one of the theater company's actor-managers, Connery embarked on a course of self-education. For 18 months, he sat in public libraries, poring over the classics. As a result of this dedicated autodidacticism, his confidence, he says, began to burgeon. ''With the acquisition of all that comes a certain baggage. And suddenly one's got an ammunition to deal with others. And if you have any success in your chosen field, you start to develop more, and with that comes the confidence to have more opinions, to, you know, partake more.''

But this version of his life—as a straightforward leap from ignorance and self-doubt to empowerment and self-possession—is rather too neat. Even though Connery has long since graduated to the classless world of the movie star, his own class consciousness, and the resentments and insecurities that go with it, seems to have remained with him. He has the slightly rancorous right-wing politics peculiar to those who have been brought up at the wrong end of the British class system. His conversation bristles with what the British call ''chippiness''—the state induced by having chips on one's shoulder.

At one point he tells me about being snubbed by Baroness Thatcher when he suggested a plan for reviving the British film industry. ''I approached her about it at the Salzburg Festival, and she gave me a look as if I was asking for a job.'' (He proceeds to parody Thatcher's dismissal, making her sound like one of the hairy old maiden aunts in an Ealing comedy.) ''She was like 'Hwergh mergh, feurghh, wergggh'—some shit. And that was it! End of story!''

It is impossible not to end up enjoying the frankness of Connery's enmities—the steadfastness of his refusal to schmooze. For all his spleen, there is not a trace of actorish angst in him. Connery doesn't flash you ingratiating orange-peel smiles and beg you to like him. He isn't wondering whether he has spinach in his teeth or how his last sentence sounded. In the best tradition of male heartthrobs, he doesn't seem to give a damn. As evening falls in the Bahamas, the half-light of dusk doesn't soften up his features much, and the rock in him shows no sign of crumbling. ''I think that people's faces do express the lives they've led,'' he says, persuaded at last to talk seriously about his looks. ''People who've done quite a lot in their lives have faces that show that. I'm not as old as Hemingway or Picasso were when they died. But I hope I'm on my way to getting their kinds of faces. You remember what Picasso was like?'' He pauses, visualizing the painter's face. ''It's something to do with an appetite—with being alive.'' □

Self Examination

(Continued from page 127) seem almost too good to be true. His curriculum vitae, combining as it does the tony (Oxford) with the boho (drugs), reads like a book publicist's wish list. His very name—with its unlikely concatenation of metaphysical concepts (and its echo of John Self, the debauched protagonist of Martin Amis's *Money*)—has raised half-joking suspicions of contrivance. ''Self'' is in fact a perfectly respectable English surname—apocryphally derived, according to Self, from an elision of the Norse ''Sea-Wolf.'' But that doesn't necessarily satisfy the skeptics. ''O.K. then,'' one literary editor said to me. ''Why 'Will'? He could have called himself Bill, couldn't he?''

But meeting Self, one is struck less by any sense of shrewd calculation or sly career plotting than by the ingenuous enthusiasm. He discusses his writing with a touching *lack* of cool. He was, after all, published for the first time only two years ago, and it was not until then that he gave up his day job, running a trade-magazine publishing company. Like a man who has just purchased a new hat and keeps furtively checking himself out in shopwindows, Self is still both irrepressibly excited and deeply unsure about his new writer persona.

''I feel like a complete baby,'' he says. ''I haven't worked out how best to handle the writing yet, so I've been trying it every which way. I've tried being totally methodical and businesslike about it. I've tried doing it by putting myself in total isolation. A while ago, I was living in Oxfordshire and I would go into my study and sink myself in a cloud of marijuana smoke and have Post-it notes all over the walls and classical music playing. I'd sit there emoting and, you know, *being*...'' He breaks off to laugh loudly at his own childlike posturing.

Another symptom of his novitiate status is the raw, unmediated way in which he responds to criticism. Few writers ever stop caring about their reviews, but they usually end up developing strategies for coping with how much they care. Self has yet to acquire these. He doesn't have the seasoned author's calm, water-off-a-duck's-back shrug: his vulnerabilities are all on show. He broods with appalled intensity over reviews that have ''misunderstood'' him and leaps on the merest hint of disapprobation with hungry dismay. At one point, he grew anxious that I was accusing his writing of ''bad taste.''

''No,'' I said, ''I don't think anyone would call it 'bad taste' exactly...''

''Well,'' he countered rapidly, ''*The Observer* said that I seemed to think 'rudeness is an acceptable mask for tal-


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Self Examination

ent.' " He rattled off the quotation with the casual familiarity of a child reciting a nursery rhyme. "Oh yeah," he willingly conceded when I pointed this out. "I remember all the stuff that critics write. I don't believe people when they say they don't. It's fascinating, isn't it? I mean, it's like someone laughing at your dancing or something."

"People laugh at your dancing?"

"Nah. I'm probably a better dancer than I am a writer."

If Self is unabashedly upset by censure, he is equally candid in his enjoyment of accolade. Praise makes him glow and blink like a traffic light. He was "absolutely thrilled" to appear on the list of the 20 best young British writers. "My wife keeps saying it was only the opinion of a panel of four people, but, you know, as far as I'm concerned, it's nice to have four people who've got that opinion." As for the paeans his first book received from Martin Amis, they made him "just delirious," he says. "It was like four hours of segued orgasm—just fucking brilliant."

There is a boyish finger-clicking like-wow-I'm-just-happy-to-be-here' effusiveness about Self at the moment. In time, with a couple more big book contracts and a few hundred more literary cocktail parties, it will doubtless begin to dissipate. But Self will probably take longer than most writers to grow complacent about his success. It's not that he doubts whether he is worthy of recognition—he is actually pretty clear-sighted about his talents. It's just that he has a very keen sense of how narrowly he missed the boat to obscurity.

"For a long time, I thought I'd never hack it at anything," he says. "When I was 20, I was briefly held to be quite a coming man as a philosopher and thinker. But then it just got to the point where I felt I'd fucked myself with drugs. I was really interested in metaphysics and logic, but I couldn't sit and think about any of that stuff for more than 15 seconds, let alone write seriously. . . . I felt like that Elvis Costello song 'Brilliant Mistake,' you know. He thought he was the King of America. But it was just a boulevard of broken dreams. A trick that's done with mirrors and with chemicals."

And now that it looks as if he may become King of America after all—or a minor literary princeling, at least—how does that make him feel? "Oh, bizarre," he says. "really bizarre. It's brilliant and I'm thrilled—especially about the way my publishers have reacted to the new novel. But the actual business of writing doesn't get any easier. It's a hard furrow to plow, writing fiction in this way—off the back of the drug addiction. The only thing I can compare it to is trying to build a matchstick model of Saint Paul's Cathedral when you're in free-fall. Sometimes, I think of the writing as a catharsis. Sometimes, it seems to be an attempt to make order out of the chaos of my life. Other times, I worry whether it's not a kind of neurotic compulsion." He pauses for a moment to run his big, spidery hands through his hair. "Writing," he says, "can be a kind of addiction too, you know."

Philip the Great

(Continued from page 138) things. To what extent he's flimflamming me, I don't know. I believe that there are things about his past that he hasn't told me. And I can't blame him for that."

Most foreigners in Central Europe in 1939 were eager to leave before war broke out. But Johnson headed straight back to Germany. Again, his reckoning of his behavior seems somehow insufficient. "I went to Berlin to see what a country at war really was like," he says now. That summer, Johnson filed a dispatch from Paris to Coughlin's *Social Justice* magazine. "Lack of leadership and direction in the [French] State," Johnson wrote, "has let the one group get control who always gain power in a nation's time of weakness—the Jews." Two months later, Johnson actually accompanied the Nazi invaders into Poland. "There were not even any Poles to be seen in the streets," he told his American readers, "only Jews!"

He was 33 years old. He no longer had the excuse of youth. Exactly what was the appeal of Fascism? Johnson is not very introspective, even about this most disastrous of misjudgments. "I had always been interested in the German language," he says, and "I was brought up there [in Ohio] with the prejudices of my class and background and all that. I was fascinated with power. But that's an explanation. I can explain it all right; but it's no excuse. I have no excuse [for] such utter, unbelievable stupidity." His Fascist past, he says, constitutes "my terrible guilt. I don't know how you expiate guilt."

In 1940, Johnson abandoned politics in favor, finally, of architecture, returning at 34 to Harvard, where he studied at the Graduate School of Design. He was drafted in 1943, and spent the last two years of the war as a middle-aged army private in Virginia. "It was awfully good for me, you see. I was so goddamned snobbish, such a spoiled brat, really. It was a great experience." After the war he returned to his unpaid job at MoMA (his assistant was 26-year-old Ada Louise Huxtable, whom Johnson later recommended for her job as *The New York Times*'s architecture critic), but he was not happy. "That really was the worst low point. I had money—but I was never as rich as some people think I am. I had no purpose in life."

With his left hand he was curating museum shows, and with his right he was designing buildings, although he was not licensed to do so. One day, an order came from city authorities telling him to stop practicing architecture in the five boroughs. Johnson figures the order was politically motivated. Among his political enemies, apparently, was J. Edgar Hoover, whose F.B.I. compiled a dossier on him starting in the 1930s, according to Schulze, and kept tabs on him as recently as the early 1970s.

But Johnson's unhappiness after the war was due less to the fact that he was practicing architecture illegally than that he wasn't practicing it importantly. And so he took off for New Canaan, Connecticut, where he began designing the Glass House for a lot he owned. Finished in 1949, his impeccable see-through pavilion immediately became one of the most significant modernist buildings in the U.S. (and, along with the Playboy mansions and Wright's Fallingwater, one of America's best-known private houses). The public could not stop chattering about it—in the haute Republican suburbs of 1949 a completely transparent house no bigger than a garage!—and most of his architectural peers granted that it was remarkable. For the first time in his life, Johnson was considered not just well connected but talented.

Which, of course, only enhanced his ability to remain well connected. Johnson likes nothing better than fresh, juicy conversation about architecture and art, smart people saying smart things in smart sur-

Philip the Great

roundings. During the 50s and 60s the Glass House, equipped with a butler and houseboy, became a very chic weekend salon, what Bob Stern calls "a kind of ongoing seminar." Johnson has apparently never conducted much of a social life apart from his work: his lunches and dinners were (and still are) almost entirely with fellow designers, critics, artists, clients, and potential clients. Architects such as Charles Moore and Paul Rudolph would shamble in and out of the Glass House, along with MoMA socialites, bright undergraduates, Abstract Expressionists, Wright, Warhol. One day late in the Pop era, Johnson was complaining to his guests about the problems he faced creating the proper outdoor space beside the library he had designed on Washington Square for New York University: "I think I need a work of art to separate the traffic from the pedestrians." Warhol turned to him. "Well, Philip," he said, "why don't you just put a stop sign there?"

The vodka-heavy open houses were, by all accounts, wonderful. Johnson's architectural reputation, however, was in decline. The grandiose New York State Theater at grandiose Lincoln Center was then his best-known recent work, and even Johnson now calls it "a fossil." "At the end of the 60s," says Franz Schulze, "when a new generation was rising up in American architecture—the [Robert] Venturis, the Moores, the Sterns, the Eisenmans, and so on—Philip was off the pace. All of a sudden, they were ushering in a new kind of revolution and they caught him off guard. He was behind the times for a while. And then he caught up, of course, very cannily."

Eisenman, pretty canny himself, recalls the moment well. "Philip was always troubled by how the people of the intellectual establishment viewed him," he says. "And [in the early 70s] I was somebody who clearly was of that camp who did not regard him that way. I reinvented Philip. In a sense, we were inventions of each other." What he means is that they helped rescue each other from obscurity, Eisenman vouching for Johnson among the young pedants and hipsters, Johnson bringing Eisenman into the world of the Four Seasons and the Century Club.

For his part, Johnson, the perpetual grad student, seemed always to enjoy listening to fresh batches of younger architects and professors declaim and pronounce. Their sheer youth was appealing. But best of all was their quickness, their firecracker ambition and passionate engagement in ideas. They were more like him, he found, than the fogies his own age. "He seemed to get along better with the younger generation," says John Burgee, who was 33 when he joined Johnson in 1967. "He's willing to sit down and listen to almost anybody. Of course, he may dismiss [what you've said] the minute you're gone."

Partly it was donnishness, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, batting around positions for sheer fun. But Johnson's curiosity has never been altogether scholarly or unselfish: by sponging up information about rising stars and emerging styles, by learning of breakthroughs while they are still breaking, he stays close enough to the cutting edge to pass for a pioneer himself. "He has the almost pathological need to be one step ahead of everybody else," Eisenman says. "Philip was always looking, prowling, for young talent. He was like the C.I.A., you know, monitoring activities."

> "Power and respect. That's what he wants most of all. In order to gain these things, he puts on a naughty show."

He prowled, and then he pounced. He got Stern the pivotal job of organizing "40 Under 40," the 1966 show that canonized Stern's generation of young architects, and in the 1980s Stern's considerable work for Texas developer Gerald Hines came because of the Johnson connection. Johnson ran the jury that picked Michael Graves to design Portland, Oregon's municipal building—after Johnson's AT&T, the most influential piece of postmodern architecture in America. He generously subsidized the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, the now defunct Manhattan anti-academy where Eisenman was the director during the 1970s. Recently, he helped get Frank Gehry and Eisenman slots in the 1991 Venice Biennale.

"I never asked Philip for a cent," Eisenman insists, "because he likes to give and not to be asked." Over dinner at the Century Club one night in 1976, Eisenman mentioned that his house had caught fire. "I said, 'Well, the worst thing is it cost me a lot of money.' He said, 'What was it?' I said, 'Twenty thousand bucks.' The next day there was a check for $10,000. He said, 'Consider this a long-term loan which you don't have to ever pay back.' "

As a sort of debased Miesianism prevailed, and skylines all over America were becoming glutted with boxy hulks during the 60s and 70s, Johnson was onto other possibilities. By befriending and promoting Stern and Graves he had climbed onto the postmodern bandwagon early enough to become its putative driver. He was about to become Mr. Postmodern, but he was also encouraging its chief antagonists, Eisenman and Gehry; Johnson was hedging, acquiring shares in Deconstructivism early.

The AT&T tower startled the world, but Johnson's great anti-modern apostasy had not occurred overnight. Indeed, in somewhat revisionist hindsight he had been a neoclassicist way back in the 40s. "Some of the best sketches I made for this," he says now, sitting at the dining table in the austere, rectilinear Glass House, "had archways, stone arches."

In 1976, while recuperating from his first heart surgery—he was out of the office, Burgee says, still amazed by the feat, for just 11 days—he read Stern's biography of the Beaux-Arts architect George Howe. After that he began debriefing Stern more and more for his ideas about pre-modern architecture, and about how old-fashioned materials and decorative flourishes might be revived. In the summer of 1977, Stern remembers, Johnson and he would dine at the Century Club, on 43rd Street, "and we would walk up Fifth Avenue to where he lived on 55th, and talk about the old buildings of New York, just sort of appreciating and reappreciating those old classical-style big buildings."

When AT&T was announced 15 years ago, the brouhaha was intense. Johnson appeared on the cover of *Time* clutching a model of the building. As social historians debate precisely when the 80s began, they could do worse than choose this moment.

"The 80s," Johnson says—remembering the enormous postmodern high rises from Houston to Atlanta and San Francisco to New York, the 80-architect office, the seven-figure annual earned income—"were very good to me."

One or two of those famous, flashy buildings were interesting, respectable, even good. But a lot of the work was the worst sort of designerware—slapdash, coarse, and almost always too large. "His impatience does not serve him well in his architecture," Stern says. "Details are not refined. It's an architecture of ideas, but sometimes not of depth. It's [an absence of] craft. Sometimes it's a little too flip. You can be flip in conversation, but it's harder to be flip with a building."

Worst of all was his and Burgee's proposal to put little mansard roofs on four elephantine new office towers they had designed for Times Square. The project, says Goldberger, who for several years supported it in the *Times*, "showed one of Philip's great weaknesses—his eagerness to please clients. Philip's famous 'I'm a whore' remark is true. By saying it so bluntly, it is obscured, but his weakness is *he really is a whore*." As the whore himself freely admits, "Times Square! I was easily bought. *Four million square feet!* At the back of my neck, a commercialism streak comes out. I think we're all prone. Even Mies just tossed off things."

Mies, however, had no choice but to work for a living. Johnson was rich as a young man, but he has never let his wealth afford him the freedom to turn down work, to do only the projects he really cares about, and to do them carefully. Instead, the hack comes out. "I love all my clients," he says with a Warholian combination of irony and earnestness, and then he offers an unconvincing rationalization. "I *have* been too influenced by my clients, but I think that's a virtue, in that it expresses the way things are in the period."

Whatever the reason, he must work. Maybe it's some residue of the Midwest. "When people come along and say, 'Here's a project,' he does it," Franz Schulze explains, "and it's simply because he likes working. When he ceases to work, he will die." Of Johnson's several self-deprecating stock lines, the one he probably repeats most often is "I'd work for the Devil himself if he'd let me build."

He apparently means that literally. He never met Albert Speer or Hitler, but what if they had offered him design work in Berlin in, say, 1936? Johnson considers



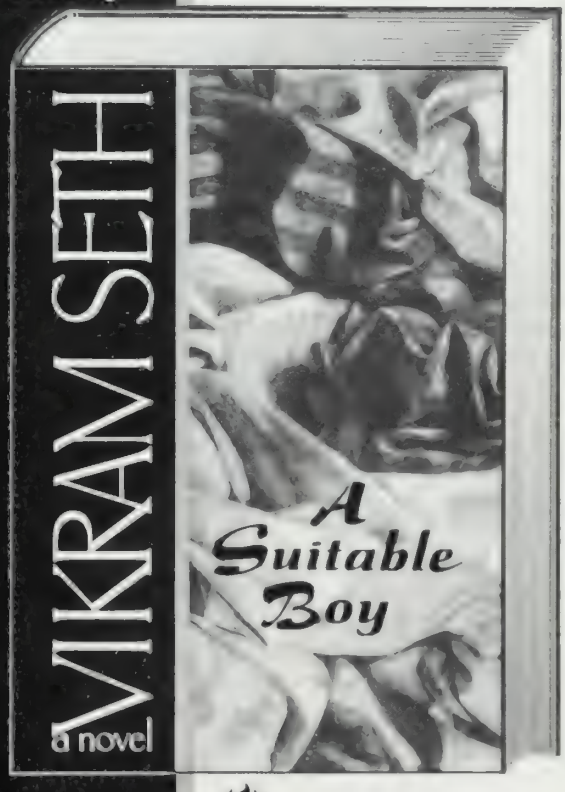
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Philip the Great

his own hypothetical commission from the *Führer*. "Who's to say? That would have tempted anyone."

Johnson's Faustian bargain in the 1980s did not, true to Faustian form, satisfy him in the end. He and Burgee had more work than they could handle—developers discovered that the Johnson name was actually worth something to prospective tenants—but his own designs, to Johnson's eye, "became run-of-the-millish. I felt suffocated and dull—well, I'd hate to go in to work." He calls the office buildings he and Burgee designed in downtown San Francisco "no good."

A generation earlier he had abandoned modernism as it turned into the consensus corporate look, and now he was chucking postmodernism at the very moment of its triumph and ubiquity. Johnson is like a politician who lives to campaign, not to govern. "In the 80s," says Eisenman, "he realized that he had to move it. Deconstruction was that jump that he needed to make. He really wanted to get back to doing something that he found provocative and profane and that would, in a sense, regain his youth."

And so, just like the last time, he brought together some contentious young critics and architects who shared a more or less common anti-Establishment sensibility, and whose work the mainstream found appalling. And just like the first time, he arranged a MoMA show to name, promote, and co-opt the style. The 1988 exhibition, "Deconstructivist Architecture," was not nearly as consequential as Johnson's earlier show. And Decon, with its deliberately off-putting angles, materials, and juxtapositions, will never be as popular as postmodernism.

But Decon was nonetheless the Next Big Thing, and once again Johnson had insinuated himself at the helm, assisted by another glib bit of revisionism. Remember how he realized, after the fact, that he had always been a neoclassicist? Well, it turns out now he's always been a Deconstructivist as well. "I like the feeling of unease in all my architecture. You can't quite get into that island down there," he says, gesturing toward his small lake, downhill from the Glass House. "You can't quite get up those steps. And that bridge"—he nods toward his separate painting and sculpture galleries—"is too thin."

It is one thing for the world, with its pitifully short memory, to let Philip Johnson get away with proclaiming himself a messianic modernist, then an anti-modernist, and now an *anti*-anti-modernist. But doesn't he find his own multiple apostasies somewhat. . . improbable? "I don't think they're apostasies," he says. "I think the world changes."

In other words, he has the perfect impresario's personality. "He is truly a great salesman for anything he wants to sell, either his own ideas or somebody else's ideas," says Stern. "If he wants to sell Bob Stern to somebody, he can make me look like butter. He's amazing. *Amazing*. When he goes after something and advocates it, you believe that he has believed this thing for his whole lifetime, that it's a kind of religious catechism for that moment—this inner zeal, it's amazing to watch." Johnson is by temperament both ideologue and chameleon, an uncommon, paradoxical hybrid from which he derives much of his power. "He didn't invent any of these [movements]," Franz Schulze says. "He transforms them. That's where his genius is. He's a great propagandist, a guy who knows how to sell the product."

Johnson would prefer, of course, that people consider his architecture his genius. "You know, his need for external verification is enormous still," Eisenman says. "Philip is enormously concerned about how history will view him." Alas, history may look askance. Much of his later work seems forced, like academic exercises. Few of his buildings are taught in architecture schools today; a certain diminution is undeniable. He was a rather important modernist, but there are at least a half-dozen more important postmodernists, and now, as a Deconstructivist, he is merely a follower. Johnson, who is bracingly free of self-delusion, seems to acknowledge this. "People say, 'If you'd only stopped practicing architecture and done furniture.' " He smiles and shrugs. Goldberger is one of those people, part of posterity's ungenerous advance guard. "The question," Goldberger says, "is whether any of his buildings are as good as the Glass House. The answer is no." Still, Johnson says there isn't one building he would do differently now. "No!" he says. "*Never look back* is the first principle."

Like Eisenman, however, Schulze thinks that Johnson is overridingly concerned with history, with the admiration and deference of critics and academics and fellow architects. "Power and respect," says the biographer. "That's what he wants most of all. And in order to gain these things, in order to draw attention to himself, he puts on a naughty show for that purpose primarily. But naughtiness is a means, not an end."

Perhaps. But to what end, aside from mischief, does he tell a reporter that family member is "a hopeless alcoho ic," or that Denise Scott Brown, Robe Venturi's wife and partner, is "hard t take" and "a sour apple"? Or that Ge ald Hines, his most important client d the last decade, is "the world's dulle man"? A relative, an architect, a devel oper—how about reaming an architec ture critic while he's at it? "Brenda Gill," Johnson says, "just doesn't lik to work, does he? He's a wonderful talk er. But he doesn't know anything abou architecture. And he never will."

Nor are his closest friends granted im munity from the slashing and burning "The bullshit that architects give out," h says, "is not often as bad as Peter Eisen man's." Eisenman's boilerplate superla tive for Johnson is that he's "the mos powerful architect since Bernini." John son, sensing bushwa, zeroes in unsparingly on his friend's self-service. If he is a latter-day Bernini, Johnson says, that means "a little bit rubs off on Peter. If he can make me still more important, it makes him [seem important]." Told of Johnson's explanation, Eisenman is taken aback. "That's the kind of thing Philip would say. . . . An irreverent thing that he would say because it's a put-down of me, and at the same time it allows him to escape. . . . I mean, the mark of how much he loves you—of course I assume, because who knows how much Philip loves anybody?—is how nasty he will be behind your back."

Frank Gehry, whom Johnson calls his other best friend, has learned never to let his guard down entirely. "I adore him," Gehry says of Johnson. "He's very special to me. And I know he'd trash me in a second. It's a precarious kind of relationship. He's loyal—but he'll say crazy things. It's painful sometimes. The other day I'd just lost a job and he said, 'I'm going to recommend Zaha [Hadid] for this because you have enough work already.' You're always wary." Bob Stern assumes he still has Johnson's respect, even though their architectural approaches have diverged quite starkly. "He will drop a style or a point of view, but he doesn't usually drop the person. . . I *hope* that's true."

The people who run the Museum of Modern Art understand the consequences of crossing Philip Johnson. Although he makes much of the fact that in the 70s he was on the committee that finally chose Cesar Pelli to design the condominium tower next door, and that he lives in the Pelli building, Johnson was nevertheless very unhappy with MoMA when the museum chose not to give him that job, at a time when he needed the

work. In an early will, the Connecticut estate went to MoMA, its scores of major paintings included, now the National Trust for Historic Preservation will get the Glass House. And his art collection will stay in New Canaan, even though MoMA would die for it. "He gave the museum everything he ever promised them," snaps David Whitney, Johnson's longtime companion, to whom he has delegated nearly total responsibility for assembling and managing the collection. "[Former MoMA director William] Rubin had different taste than other people around the museum, so there were certain pictures that he passed up." And Whitney and Johnson have no intention now of letting bygones be bygones and giving the museum another pass. "David," says Stern, "will be a formidable widow."

Back in the 50s, there was talk in New York society that Johnson might marry Eliza Bliss Parkinson, a well-born MoMA trustee with whom he socialized and traveled. In 1977, when Calvin Tomkins was writing a *New Yorker* profile of Johnson, he gave him a draft to read, and Johnson asked that the references to his homosexuality be excised; he was up for the AT&T commission, and worried that by coming out of the closet he would lose "the job of my life." As it turned out, Tomkins did not raise the issue in the article.

How long, Johnson is asked, has he been with Whitney? "Thirty-three years," he says. From another part of the house, Whitney pipes in joshingly, "Thirty-three *miserable* years." Whitney, a pleasant and pleasantly owlish-looking man, is a well-regarded curator of contemporary art. He was a student at the Rhode Island School of Design when he met Johnson, and Schulze says that, while "Philip played around plenty" early on, monogamy seems to have prevailed for some time. "It's a very, very nice husband-wife relationship."

There is no longer a butler or a houseboy. At lunchtime on a Saturday at the Glass House, Johnson, dressed in chinos, black sweater, and brown suede shoes, pulls out an old-fashioned Sunbeam toaster and cuts the crusts off a loaf of supermarket white bread. Philip Johnson, the most powerful architect since Bernini, sits at the dining table, spreading Bumble Bee tuna salad on his little toast squares. A ritualized pause follows many of Whitney and Johnson's meals together. As lunch finished one day, David shot Philip a look. "Damn it," Johnson said, and handed Whitney a five dollar bill. He had forgotten to take his Prozac; the established house penalty is five dollars.

John Burgee is made uncomfortable by the subject of David Whitney. "Philip shows David *everything*. I found it a little difficult because David is *not* an architect. I hated to be confronted with 'David doesn't like this—let's change it.' "

From the start, Johnson and Burgee's partnership seemed a rather simple symbiosis: Johnson was the celebrity designer and flibbertigibbet thinker, Burgee the affable young executive who knew about curtain-wall engineering and employee-benefit plans. "We're such different people," says Burgee, who with his flushed face, boyish haircut, and permanent smile bears a certain resemblance to Howdy Doody.

> "I adore him," Gehry says of Johnson. "He's very special to me. And I know he'd trash me in a second."

According to his understandably self-serving account, Burgee wants it both ways: he says he was not only the respectable, stabilizing front-office man but virtually Johnson's equal as a designer. It was he, sketching on the plane from Houston back to New York, who came up with the idea for the Pennzoil's striking profile. And it was he, along with Johnson, who invented the AT&T building's most salient feature. "In fact, I drew the top on the airplane."

Burgee, Johnson concedes, "is a very good critic. We worked on a lot of things very, very closely. And I know of one or two things where he intervened in the design, and he was right. But he wasn't much of a designer, really." The famous AT&T (now Sony) pediment? He scoffs at the idea that it was Burgee's inspiration. "An oculus is something he wouldn't even know about," Johnson says. David Whitney is blunt about the whole subject. "He didn't design."

Burgee says that the working relationship was terrific, that he "enjoyed every minute we spent together. We had fun, you know? It was incredible fun." But he trails off, his thoughts turning unbidden to the part that wasn't fun for him, that rankled more and more during the 80s. "Philip's shadow is obviously deep. So it was always difficult for me to poke out. And he loves the limelight, so he was never a great help to me to poke out, as you can imagine."

Johnson does adore publicity, and he has always been masterful at attracting it. Even other P.R. addicts are awestruck. "Philip gets a lot of press, doesn't he," Donald Trump said admiringly to a colleague of Johnson's not long ago. But for Burgee the P.R. inequity became unbearable. Even after the firm name became Philip Johnson and John Burgee during the 70s, Burgee complains, "they continually dropped my name [in the press]. I talked to Paul Goldberger, and he said, 'It's just too long.' So we made it Johnson Burgee." Still, Johnson was the one the world was interested in. So again, Burgee says, "I went to Paul Goldberger and Paul said, 'As long as you and Philip do everything double, they'll always zero in on Philip. If Philip will not back off and let you go to parties and groundbreakings on your own, it's always going to remain that way.' "

Around 1980, Burgee delivered an ultimatum, according to Johnson. "He said, 'You're getting all the recognition. So either I leave or you get your name off.' I didn't give a damn what the firm was called or what I was called. I just wanted to do my work. So I said, 'Sure.' " The firm became John Burgee Architects. But Johnson did care, and a few weeks later, after he told Burgee he couldn't stand it ("It makes me sound like I'm dead," he said at the time), Burgee had the publicist Howard Rubenstein come up with yet another name for the firm: John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson.

But the fundamental problem remained. Burgee's hubris made him think he could become a star on his own: since Johnson was not a design genius or even an accomplished draftsman, Goldberger says, Burgee must have figured, why *couldn't* he assume the mantle? He could schmooze and go to dinner parties, too. And while Burgee understands that his association

deftly. "She has good taste for her. It might not be good for someone else."

Another Mackie regular was Georgette Mosbacher, the wife of Bush's commerce secretary. Mackie apparently hoped that she would someday become First Lady, "but she'd be too good-looking," he added.

Few society ladies came to Mackie's fashion shows despite their theatrical flair and themes like "Follow the Sun," for resortwear designed for exotic lands, "Anything Goes," inspired by Cole Porter songs, and "20th Century Legends" (Lucille Ball, Grace Kelly—even Betty Boop). During the Thanksgiving section of his Holiday Spectacular, his models came out, each carrying a turkey and each looking more bored than the last. When the final mannequin appeared, she yawned—and dropped the bird. But *this* turkey stayed glued to the platter—a gag worthy of the old *Carol Burnett Show*. It was entertaining, to be sure (and campy as hell), but it wasn't Seventh Avenue. It didn't sell clothes. It didn't work.

De Natale was, and is, a businessman with an eye for the bottom line. Like everybody in the Greed Era of the 80s, he knew that anything with a designer name was marketable, and everyone who was anyone was making licensing agreements. But not Mackie. "Part of it was that no license was ever good enough for Ray Aghayan," Nest noted. "So a lot of things were turned down."

The main problem with the early licensing attempts at the Mackie company was lack of organization. There were less-than-successful and sometimes repeated launches of Mackie furs, Mackie eyewear, and Mackie jewelry. When it was introduced in 1985, the first of what would be two fragrance launchings received substantial press fanfare. But the fragrance eventually failed. Aghayan maintains it was because the licensing firm never made good on its promise to push it, but Irwin Alfin, founder and chairman of Alfin, Inc., has said that "demand for the fragrance did not justify unusual expenditures." Others believe Mackie simply did not have sufficient name value.

In 1987, Aghayan decided to go in a new direction and opened the sportswear line Bob Mackie Knits, so named because the original concept was to do only glamorous sweaters. (In the end this line was licensed out as Bob Mackie Collection II.) The financing for this expansion was obtained from a trucking company called Consolidated Carriers, which was well-known to the garment industry for transporting goods from sewing shops in Chinatown and elsewhere to Seventh Avenue.

But the company was also well-known to law-enforcement authorities, who in 1988 began a successful sting and undercover operation aimed at showing Consolidated was Mob-owned. Based on that investigation, Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau brought members of the Gambino family to trial in 1992, accusing them of anti-trust violations and extortion. This included using Consolidated to strong-arm the fashion business with, among other tactics, a pair of beefy enforcement guys known as "the Bruise Brothers." After a month of testimony, two of the sons of the late Mob boss Carlo Gambino, Thomas and Joseph, made a plea bargain in which they were forced to sell Consolidated and agreed to a $12 million fine in exchange for no prison term.

Mackie himself confirms the Gambino loan and claims he was never bothered by the idea of doing business with the Mob. "The Gambinos were wonderful, lovely, absolutely terrific people," he told me. Seeing the look of disbelief on my face, he shook his head. "No, *really*. I adored them."

According to Nest, De Natale helped arrange the loan. Often, De Natale's wife, Catherine, who was Mackie's executive assistant, spoke of times she and Guido had spent with Joey Gambino and his wife, Arlene. Nest, for one, remembered her telling the story "that Gambino would have to leave the house if he wanted to talk because everything was bugged."

Meanwhile, according to sources, there was noticeable friction developing between Aghayan and De Natale. It stemmed from the fact that Aghayan was trying to tell De Natale how to run the business. Though De Natale had evidenced considerable competence over seven years, Aghayan decided he could do a better job. So in 1989, Aghayan convinced Mackie that they should buy out De Natale's 50 percent share of the company. (Aghayan disputes all of these points.)

It is indisputable, however, that Aghayan moved up from vice president of Bob Mackie Originals to president of the newly formed Bob Mackie Originals, Inc., in the transition. Like the old company, the new one consisted of the couture line and the nine-month-old sportswear label. When Nest took over the knit company in 1989, he says, he found it in total chaos. At first, almost every store that had carried Bob Mackie couture accepted the sportswear line. But then things just ran amok. When Nest arrived, there was hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of overpriced stock lying around. "Shitloads of this stuff everywhere. We never had a reorder; we barely had an order." And what was ordered was shipped late. (In the end, the only way that the company received any money for it was as a tax write-off: they liquidated it by donating it all to the Seventh on Sale benefit for AIDS in November 1990.)

Because the knit company was unraveling, the Mackie company's payments to the Gambinos fell behind. So Arlene Gambino began coming up to the 22nd floor at 550 Seventh Avenue and picking out clothes. ("I would really appreciate it if you would not mention her name in the story, because that's going to cause a lot of trouble," Aghayan asked recently. When told that this was impossible, he replied, "Well, good luck!")

On her visits to the 22nd floor, Mrs. Gambino was ushered into the showrooms and hidden behind closed doors with no one allowed in except for the patternmaker. Her visits, however, did not go unremarked upon by staff members. "Arlene was handled basically like royalty," Anne-Marie Gabalis recalled. "All the dresses would be sent in for fittings, which was basically celebrity-type treatment, like for Ivana and the other clients." By all accounts, the Mob wife was "the nicest woman"—sweet, unassuming, attractive, kind. And although she was not the usual sort of couture customer, neither pedigreed nor celebrated, she nevertheless had impeccable taste in clothes. Each season, she rarely failed to pick out the best of Mackie's collection, which then was made for her in size 4–6.

But a new problem developed: Arlene wasn't buying enough to pay off the debt, and the Gambinos had to cough up the $12 million fine for the settlement of the trucking case.

After the trial ended, "Tommy Gambino immediately called Aghayan that next morning at nine o'clock and said he needed the money that was owed by Mackie and to start paying up," recalled Nest. Then there was a stroke of luck: a Gambino-family wedding and just in time, according to Nest. "We had not a nickel to give them. Thank God, the thing that kept them off our backs was this wedding."

The Gambino women came in one after the other to pick out clothes. In turn, Nest subtracted the price of each dress from what was owed. In this way, Nest kept the Gambino people from showing up in person to demand the dough. Before this, whenever the company was late on a payment, "a Gambino representative would visit the 22nd floor...to demand payment. He would rub against one of the pretty women in the office, rub her tits and rub a little on her knee, and by the


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Bob Mackie

time he finished getting his rubs off, then he'd leave and he'd be happy without collecting any money," recalled eyewitness Nest. "It was always very funny."

What is not funny is Nest's contention that the Gambino family is still owed money by the Mackie organization, maybe as much as a quarter of a million. "I honestly don't know. I don't think so," Mackie conjectured. But Aghayan declared emphatically that the Gambinos no longer have any involvement with the company.

When Aghayan took charge of the company, it became evident to some employees that he was no Pierre Bergé. "I never saw him do one thing on the business side of it," recalled Nancy Freund, an executive intern who worked closely with Aghayan, Mackie, and Nest. "His desk was a disaster. He was just disorganized and unprofessional. And he delegated work and it never met his standards. If it wasn't his idea, then it wasn't a good idea. So how can a business succeed?"

Some employees charge that the little money that was coming in was going to pay for Aghayan's lavish life-style. For instance, before making the move to New York in 1989, Aghayan wanted to rent an apartment for himself and Mackie (in the company's name) that would be "suitable." He decided on a $4,000-a-month rental belonging to Ivana Trump's family in Trump Plaza. Nest says that almost immediately Aghayan began running three, four, even five months behind on the rent. (Aghayan insists it was only two months behind.) Ivana Trump felt sorry for Bob Mackie. "Like many other companies, he was having financial trouble. He was restructuring his company, and I waited until he got his finances straightened out," she said through a spokesperson at Ivana Inc.

Nest has other memories of the apartment: Aghayan, he said, "wouldn't make a bed. We'd have to scrounge up the money to pay the maid." Aghayan also thought nothing of running up restaurant bills, like the time he spent $800 at the Rainbow Room to see the McGuire Sisters. (Aghayan says that the McGuire outing was not charged to the company.)

Eventually, according to Nest and other former employees, Aghayan devised a solution to the rent crisis: he would trade clothes to Ivana for rent. One of Mackie's few paying customers was now getting freebies. Aghayan denies that Ivana received trade-outs. "She pays for her clothes," he said. "We are renting one of her apartments, and we certainly have to pay our rent." Ivana also denies the trade-off. "Business was business," she said, "and personal was personal."

Nest, however, also claims that when the Mackie company couldn't pay its garbage-removal bills with Morris Carting of Brooklyn he arranged for a Morris employee to pick out clothes for the owner's wife. (An employee at Morris Carting would say only that "Mr. Morris knows nothing about a barter. . . . We had a lot of trouble with payment, but now the only back fee that remains is one month of removal.")

Celebrities who still wore Mackie soon got wind of the company's money woes. When Diana Ross was doing a show at Radio City Music Hall in 1991, some of her costumes were Mackie designs. She received a bill that was, according to Nest, "way, way out of line. . . . It was a matter of greed and desperation."

Desperation was running rampant. So important was it for Mackie when Liza Minnelli suddenly turned up at one of his fashion shows that he wouldn't start without her being seated—which meant that Nest had to run into the bathroom and literally drag her out. Then "she didn't buy anything, didn't order anything, and didn't even pay attention," Nest noted.

Even those fashion people who love and respect Aghayan do acknowledge that he should never have taken over the running of the company. "Ninety percent of what I know about fashion I learned from him," explained Toni Spadafora. "But there's no doubt that Ray was a better designer than he was a businessman."

Anne-Marie Gabalis says she questioned Aghayan's business acumen to his face when her work was directly affected. "The fabric suppliers would tell you it would have to be C.B.D.—cash before delivery—because of the notorious nonpayment or extremely slow payment of sometimes six months to one year later, and the checks being regularly bounced," she recalled. "Sometimes the suppliers would call me up and beg for money. . . . It was a constant revolving-debt situation. Everything was out of control financially."

Because of the company's troubles, Nest tried to step in. "Richard was holding the place together. Everybody knew it. He was making sure that things were done in a businesslike way," Gabalis declared. Spadafora agreed: "When it came to the nuts and bolts of the business, I always felt that if I really needed something right away, then I could call Richard Nest and at least get an answer and know what to expect."

The office might have shut down without Nest. Once he claims he was lending his personal money to the company to ease its cash crunch. Too often, it fell on Nest to try to put in $10,000 on a Thursday to meet Friday's payroll. "It became almost a weekly thing," he recalled. "Some weeks I was paid back. Some weeks I wasn't." At one point, Nest says, he lent money to the Elizabeth Courtney operation for back payroll taxes which had gone unpaid. On another occasion, he had to write a personal check to post a routine bond so that Mackie's fashions could cross the border into Canada for a show benefiting the Canadian Cancer Society.

The amount? A mere $1,305.

Aghayan, who says he knows nothing of all this, was apparently most concerned with protecting Mackie from the bad news. From all accounts, the constant refrain around Mackie offices at 550 Seventh Avenue was "Don't tell Bob."

"Ray never told him anything. The idea was to keep Bob in the dark," recalled Gabalis. Several times, Spadafora, who worked most closely with Mackie on a day-to-day basis, says she got into arguments with Aghayan when he asked her not to divulge various goings-on to the designer.

Still, Mackie was well aware that business was awful, and the pressure started affecting his moods. Usually, the stress showed if he was tired, which he was—constantly—because of his hectic schedule of designing and personal appearances. One morning, for instance, Mackie walked into the New York offices and noticed fingerprints on the front doors. Normally sweet and sunny in disposition, he immediately threw a tantrum, "picking things up, throwing them, screaming, stomping up and down like [a child]," Nest said. "And he walked into me and he said, 'You seem to fucking like running things. Why the hell is this happening?' "

But usually it was Aghayan, not Mackie, creating tension. "He threw fits for no reason," said Nancy Freund. "He did nothing but walk around and smoke and yell at people. He scared the poor sewers and the cutters and tailors to death."

Aghayan is described by sources as having an almost Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde personality, and his mood could turn on a dime. I saw that happen during my interview with him when my questioning grew too pointed. Seated behind his desk at Mackie's offices, the usually charming Aghayan seemed to change before my eyes. "It's always odd when people try to really know as much as they can when they think there is trouble," he said with considerable annoyance. "I always find that sort of vulgar." Weeks later, Agha-

yan tried to get me to drop this story altogether, saying he was contacting his attorneys and would sue me if the piece contained some of the subject matter we had discussed. In the next breath, Aghayan boasted that "I can get any story killed I want to at *Vanity Fair*."

While the office staff loved it whenever Mackie was around, Aghayan "was constantly pitting his employees against each other through rumor or gossip," Gabalis noted. But the atmosphere was fraught all around. There were many antagonisms, personal rivalries, and even warring camps, like some of the women executives against some of the gay men. Nancy Freund summed up the women's feelings about those men. "They're jealous of each other because one person's closer to Bob than the next, and jealous of each other's positions, and they're jealous of women clients who come in because they would rather wear the dresses."

Other battle scars existed between Nest and Aghayan. At one time they were close confidants, but by June 1992 their relationship had deteriorated to the point where Nest's position was eliminated, ostensibly for financial reasons. Nest claims that Aghayan was the reason. Aghayan labels Nest "a crazy person." Mackie's assessment of Nest was less harsh: he complained mainly that "Richard wasn't a discreet person," and accused him of insensitively leaking the news within fashion circles that Mackie's 32-year-old son had contracted the AIDS virus—a charge Nest denied. (Robin Mackie died of complications from AIDS in March.)

"Richard was best friends with Ray," said Gabalis. "And now, of course, they're enemies. Richard knows too much."

Nest—a Georgetown graduate, with an M.B.A. and an LL.B.—didn't just know the inside workings of the Mackie business, but was also the primary eyewitness to Aghayan's personal follies.

First, there was Aghayan's purported obsession with psychic phenomena. Nest and others maintain that Aghayan fell under the influence of Marlene Papp Aksoy, a much-married woman of exotic heritage who was as beautiful as she was sweet. After beginning in the L.A. workroom 12 years ago, Aksoy soon was working directly for Aghayan and in 1989 followed him to New York. According to Aghayan, Aksoy told him that she had studied under Carroll Righter, a well-known syndicated astrologer. "I know Marlene thought she had psychic ability," Mackie told me, "but nothing she ever predicted came true, as far as I could tell."

Nest says that he sometimes remained in the room when Aghayan called in Aksoy and closed the door. On these occasions, Nest contends, Aksoy pulled out a deck of ordinary-looking playing cards which she kept in a special gold-colored cardboard box and read like tarot cards. "She said she preferred to read a playing card than to read a tarot card. She saw more of what was going on by reading that," Nest recalled.

Barbara Edelstein, a Mackie saleswoman, said that Aksoy once read her fortune, too, with the same deck of cards.

As business grew worse, Aghayan's interest in psychic forecasts seemed to become more obsessive. Soon, Nest claimed, Aghayan was calling Aksoy into his office for card readings almost hourly. He was also making weekly visits to Lydia Bazzoli, a pay-by-the-hour psychic living in uptown Manhattan. At the same time, Aghayan began faxing his handwriting to a Los Angeles psychic by the name of Beverlee Dean. "As things got worse in the early part of '92, he would fax her his handwriting four and five times a day," Nest recalled. "And sometimes he would fax mine—I knew it or didn't know it—just to get a reading on what was going on." Sometimes, Aghayan also had the cards read for Nest. "He had to know what was happening for me because it affected him," noted Nest, who says he never hid the fact that he didn't believe any of it. Still, he says he would take his own car and drive Aghayan to storefront fortune-tellers "one after the fucking next, and next."

One time, another Mackie employee consulted a different tarot-card reader because she was nervous about the Mackie company's shaky finances. When the employee relayed to Aghayan that the reader had told her to "hang in" because things were rough but going to get better, Aghayan immediately asked the employee about setting up a consultation for him about the business. Meanwhile, when Toni Spadafora announced she was retiring from the company, Aghayan told her, "The cards say you won't leave the company."

"Well, Ray," she replied, bemused, "I *am* leaving the company."

Aghayan denies that he let any psychics influence his business decisions. He even says he knows nothing about the garlic packets, and claims that he never let his interest in things mystical or magical become obsessive. "We have a good time. You can't plan your life on that." He did acknowledge, however, that "I'd love to meet one who really does it right."

Within months, the next shoe dropped. So did Richard Nest's jaw. For he had received a call at the office from Aghayan, who was home sick that day, informing Nest that at exactly seven P.M. an Armenian Catholic priest by the name of Armen Gharapetian would be coming from St. Ann's Church at 110 East 12th Street to the 22nd floor and that, together, Nest and Marlene Aksoy were to let him in.

When the priest arrived, sporting long grayish hair and a close-fitting black cassock, he wandered around the showroom. "He said prayers and sprinkled holy water in the various parts of the offices that Marlene felt contained evil," Nest recalled. In all, the rite lasted about an hour and a half. And its purpose? "Marlene Aksoy said it was to exorcise the Devil," said Nest. But Gharapetian says that he performed "a rite of blessing" on the Mackie offices. Aghayan maintains that a cousin of his had hired the priest. But Gharapetian says he doesn't know any of Aghayan's relatives. He says "a beautiful black lady" (the description suggests Marlene Aksoy) was the one who contacted him, told him where to go, and met him at the offices. The priest says he left three vials of holy water at the Mackie company "to use on objects—something new."

With all this going on, it was supremely ironic that Mackie's newest Las Vegas–themed couture collection—including creations entitled "Helldorado," "Pair O Dice," and "Queen of the Strip"—was hailed by the fashion press as his best ever. Suddenly, it seemed to everyone that Mackie was really hitting his stride on Seventh Avenue. That year, Mackie shipped nearly $5 million worth of couture, his best effort since starting in New York. But the business side of Mackie's operation was a mess.

By February 1990 "the idea of checks bouncing on a regular basis was hardly unusual," Nest said. "Checks bounced to the Gambinos even," he recalled. "Checks bounced to everyone. It was very frightening. It was more than frightening. It was horrifying. I paced the floors all night."

Still, the company piled up more unnecessary debt. An outside firm was hired to care for the six plants in the office foyer at a price Nest says was $75 a week. Aghayan admits that he felt none of his staff could water the plants properly. And former staffers still chuckle when they remember the Great Computer Caper day that March, when boxes and boxes of computer equipment suddenly arrived at the offices. Unfortunately, no one knew how to use the equipment. In the end, the office staff realized that the system was not compatible with its needs, and Mackie's firm was stuck

with at least $65,000 worth of equipment, purchased on an installment plan.

Because of its money troubles, the Mackie organization was trying to jump-start its licensing again. The company made an excellent deal for representation by R&V International licensing agents. But the commission was large. R&V would get from 20 to 25 percent of all of Mackie's licensing revenue off the top on what was an exclusive contract. Immediately, R&V was up and running with Bob Mackie watches, Bob Mackie handbags, Bob Mackie gloves. The pinnacle was its securing Bob Mackie Boutique, a line of $900-to-$2,000 mass-produced ready-to-wear evening gowns, through Herbert Rounick's organization (known on Seventh Avenue somewhat propitiously as HeRo). For that, Rounick received 94 to 97 percent off the top of sales.

Suddenly Bob Mackie gowns were available at major department stores seemingly everywhere. But in truth, when people said, "I have a Bob Mackie gown," it meant they had a HeRo gown. Not only was Mackie's limping couture business hurt, it was all but destroyed, especially when an even cheaper ready-to-wear line was introduced in 1992 under the label Bob Mackie Evening.

But by then the Mackie office had already sold half of all its licensing rights in the company to Toronto-based Riviera Concepts, which had launched Mackie's second perfume attempt. These steep commissions and profit splits meant that when an estimated $6 million in ready-to-wear was shipped, the Mackie company's final cut was only about $115,000—not even enough to pay the rent at 550 Seventh Avenue. So, to keep the operation going, the company had to borrow money from its licensers. Nest says that night after night, for hours on end, Aghayan would call his answering machine, muttering, "What are we going to do? What is going to happen?" They were even so desperate that they thought the unthinkable: could they go to their longtime clients and beg for loans?

Aghayan, who denies such phone calls, claimed it made sense to ask Cher for money, for instance, because "at one point, a long time ago, we did a lot of stuff for Cher because things were difficult for her. . . . And so, in return, we were kind of in trouble and she helped." In fact, Cher gave Mackie $100,000 as soon as he asked her. "The plan was to pay it back in $10,000 increments monthly," said Nest. Her accountant was constantly calling and asking for the money. A Cher associate said, "It is a shame that this loan has come between Cher and Mackie, who used to be the best of friends."

As generous as Cher was Carol Burnett, who had bought company stock which had been privately offered when Mackie and Aghayan bought out De Natale in 1989. Since then Burnett's accountants have repeatedly asked for information on the business, according to Nest. Burnett also lent the company outright as much as $25,000, almost all of which has been repaid.

Meanwhile, Pia Zadora had been having her clothes made at Elizabeth Courtney, sometimes by Mackie personally. So there was talk of hitting up her multimillionaire husband, Meshulam Riklis. But first Riklis wanted the Mackie organization to give him a business plan demonstrating that it knew how to run the company. "Then I will take care of you," Riklis said. But Aghayan "never even responded," recalled Nest. "Because there was no way that he knew how to run a business or could show Riklis this." Aghayan denies the entire episode, and Zadora, through a spokesman, had no comment.

Arlene Gambino wasn't buying enough to pay off the debt. But then a stroke of luck: a Gambino family wedding and just in time.

That October, *People* "Insider" columnist Mitchell Fink was the first to print that "Bob Mackie's finances are apparently growing a bit threadbare." Aghayan admitted recently that "we were certainly in hot water about eight months ago." Meanwhile, many of the specialty stores which carry Mackie couture have been vanishing in the recession, while others have changed management or gone into Chapter 11. One bright spot has been a recent order for Mackie's couture by Barneys. "But they ordered it all in black, even though I showed it all in color," Mackie said woefully. "But you can't do an all-black collection. You . . . you . . . *do*."

All this has made Mackie start to regret he ever got into the couture business in the first place. "Basically, it was something that I never intended to do. And I did it. . . . It's a very hard business. And it's really a dinosaur of the fashion business," he said sadly, picking at his food. "But that's how I learned to make clothes. I don't know how to do it any other way. But I hate giving it up. It's like failing. I'd like to keep going with it. But let's face it, it's not realistic by today's world."

Meanwhile, life goes on. This winter, for the fourth straight year, Aghayan was in Los Angeles costuming production numbers for the Academy Awards. (He won an Emmy for it in 1992.) The Mackie company is currently working hard to find a white knight and to cut costs. Mackie's Manhattan operation has also moved not once but twice this year, in search of cheaper quarters. As for Mackie, in addition to *Gypsy*, he recently designed a small fall couture collection with "hardly any sequins." He's also talking about moving to Manhattan so that the company can reduce its L.A. overhead.

During my last conversation with Mackie, over Sunday brunch at the Hotel Bel-Air, I sensed that he has finally realized that he is in tough financial shape. He even declined to show me his Beverly Hills home on the grounds that "it's not looking its best. The couches need reupholstering." "The pressure is on him," Nest noted. "He has worked very hard, and he certainly has the name recognition that should allow him to be able to buy something. But he doesn't have any money at all."

And yet, Mackie can't bring himself to blame Aghayan, or anyone else for that matter, for his current deplorable state of affairs. "We'll see how things go," he says quietly as we prepare to leave the hotel and fetch our cars from valet parking. Mackie soaks in the gorgeous 75-degree air of a sun-filled March day in Los Angeles as we talk about an impending blizzard in New York. "What I'll miss most about life in Southern California is my car," he says suddenly.

With that, the attendant arrives with Mackie's out-of-date butterscotch Mercedes. Mackie doesn't have any cash with him to tip the valet, and starts for the front desk to cash a check. I offer to pay. Humbly, he accepts. As he slides behind the wheel, he locks eyes with me. "Be kind," he implores.

The Tweed Jungle

(Continued from page 143) Britain editor; and John Grimond, the foreign editor. The only known internal candidate who didn't make the cut was David Lipsey, a writer for the Britain section.)

The Economist's tower on St. James's Street and the British press began buzzing with speculation about the contest and its implications for the soul of the magazine. There were various ways to make sense of the shortlist, which was laced with overlapping loyalties, friendships, and past connections. The most obvious interpretation to those on the inside was that it represented an upstairs-downstairs power struggle between the 13th and 12th floors. Though many of the nine semifinalists have worked on both levels, the two floors are quite distinct. The 13th is where the foreign and domestic political staff resides, as well as the editor, Pennant-Rea, and his deputy, Colchester. The 12th, which houses the business writers and editors, is an independent duchy run by Emmott. The 13th is more British. The 12th is more American.

The 12s view the 13s as woolly-headed liberal academics who don't understand economics. The 13s stereotype the 12s as bloodless techno-heads and libertarian ideologues. This is not entirely surprising, since the 12th is intellectually and stylistically dominated by the brilliant, impish Clive Crook. Crook is 38, but looks more like a teenager in the gray flannel slacks, white oxford-cloth shirt, and blue pullover sweater that are his only known costume. This utilitarian consistency, which is often mocked on the 13th floor, is admired by Crook's disciples, who are younger, more energetic, and intellectually cockier than their colleagues upstairs. The Crook set generates the hard-line editorials on economics and trade. Crook himself is famous for calling points made by 13 "ludicrous." One 13 says, "When he starts using the word 'ludicrous' you know you're getting him rattled."

Some say there is no rivalry, only paranoia; others say there is intense and mutual rivalry; still others contend that the 12s resent the 13s, but not the other way around. In any case, almost everyone rooted for his own floor. Almost every 12 wrote in on behalf of Crook and/or Emmott. But "there was no group solidarity on the 13th," Mike Elliott says. "There were too many 13th-floor candidates in the game for Nico to be the favorite."

Another way to analyze the race was through class. Though *The Economist* is an informal place, relatively free of the more egregious forms of British snobbery, the selection committee was an unknown quantity. Perhaps they might look to the top of the social tree, occupied by Matt Ridley, the debonair son of Viscount Ridley and nephew of the recently deceased former secretary for trade and industry, Nicholas Ridley. The 35-year-old Etonian, who is due to become a lord himself, ran for editor from his 9,000-acre estate in Northumberland. Other pedigreed choices included Johnny Grimond, also an Etonian and son of a peer, and Frances Cairncross, daughter of Sir Alec Cairncross, a former head of the government economic service. None of the rest was so well-bred, though Colchester is regarded as a bit of a toff. Elliott and Crook, whose father is an engineer, speak with the least plummy accents, with Elliott's regarded by some as intentionally downmarket. Almost all, however, are Oxonians—and four of the top candidates are, coincidentally, alumni of Magdalen College.

Some thought age would be decisive. The list broke down into the fortysomethings (Colchester, Cairncross, Grimond, Rohwer, and Elliott) and the thirtysomethings (Franklin, Crook, Emmott, and Ridley). Past example and the culture of the place recommended the young ones. The last editor hired who was older than 40 was Donald Tyerman, chosen more than 30 years ago and not remembered as one of the magazine's brighter lights.

All these factors were in play when Lipsey, the 10th man, started taking bets on the outcome. Nico Colchester was the favorite at 13 to 8, followed by Emmott at 15 to 8. In descending order the rest followed: Crook 9 to 2; Grimond 10 to 1; Franklin 12 to 1; Ridley 14 to 1; and Elliott, the dark horse, at 20 to 1. No bets were laid on Rohwer and Cairncross.

Lobbying was, for the most part, English, which means one couldn't be seen to push too hard, or even to desire the prize. "I did not feel I was being intensively lobbied," says David Gordon, whom some viewed as a possible kingmaker. "It was all done with great decorum." But there were hints of what is known as "canvassing." Ridley set his book project aside long enough to make appearances at the office. "Put me in your letter," he told one correspondent, "and I'll make you deputy editor. Of course, I've told that to 10 others."

Emmott says he encouraged people to write to the board, though not necessarily on his behalf. "I never said vote for me." Most of the other candidates take the same line, though many in the bureaus felt their petitions were a bit more pointed. Elliott says he told his ideas for the magazine to about 10 people.

The 40 nonapplicants took their role as advisers to the board seriously. In fact, the letters seem to have been more of an emotional outlet to make staff members feel influential, and perhaps a reverse vetting process to avoid "appointing a megalomaniac or tyrant," as one board member puts it. "I didn't really pay any attention to the letters," admits Barlow, one of only three people who ever saw them. "It's a dangerous mechanism."

What followed was an excruciating waiting period. Applicants prepared as best they could. Mike Elliott, on leave from the magazine to write a book about America, staged a mock interview at his home in Bethesda, Maryland. Nico Colchester went over sample questions based on his manifesto, and tried to schmooze the committee members, which was permitted under the rules. Barlow met with him and listened to his case; Cadbury told Colchester he didn't know any of the candidates, and preferred to keep it that way; Harvey-Jones didn't respond. During the height of the suspense, Pennant-Rea vanished to Zimbabwe for several days to negotiate *The Economist*'s adoption of a black rhino, part of a project intended to prove the efficacy of free-market wildlife conservation.

It was a good moment to be away from the building. By the end of February, after the candidates had been hanging on tenterhooks for more than a month, the offices reached what Elliott said at the time was "a fever pitch of anxiety and neurosis. None of those involved is doing terrifically good work. No one is in a good state of mental health." Elliott ran into Harvey-Jones by chance at a conference in Palm Springs, California, a few days before the semifinals. Harvey-Jones quickly scurried away after a polite word.

For many of the applicants, March 4 recalled nothing so much as an Oxford viva voce, a stern academic examination by gray eminences in black robes. The nine candidates were summoned, one at a time, to the boardroom upstairs. They made their presentations, and answered questions from the triumvirate. Ridley alone says he was grilled—on why he had left the magazine. Colchester stressed the need to make *The Economist* more accessible to nonbusiness readers. Emmott, who focused his manifesto on himself, talked about expanding the magazine's coverage of the emerging capitalist world, especially Asia and Latin America. Elliott said the magazine's brightest prospects for

"The day I leave I will be brokenhearted. The only job I ever wanted was to be editor of *The Economist*."

circulation growth were still in the U.S. "We should think of selling 350,000 in North America," he said. "Then we should scratch our heads and see if we can't sell half a million."

At the end of the day, the short shortlist was posted. Two names were left: Emmott and Colchester.

The unmagnificent seven were crestfallen. "Clive [Crook], Jim [Rohwer], and Mike [Elliott] are pissed about it being a setup," according to one of the others. "The rest of us were there for decoration. They had two favorites in mind."

Elliott felt that the interviews were perfunctory, that the minds of the board had already been made up. "It was a kind of nothing interview," he says. "There was a great deal of suspicion that the fix was in. And it will take a lot to shake that belief. I still don't know how I fucked up—if I did."

Here are the best guesses about why the other top contenders were knocked out: Ridley had demonstrated insufficient commitment to the magazine by leaving. Crook seemed more an independent spirit than a manager. Elliott was too outwardly brash and American in style; his boasts about lunch at the White House don't go down well in London, where some sneer that he has gone native in the Colonies. Rohwer, who talked himself into thinking he was a serious candidate, never really was.

Pennant-Rea is adamant that the board had no preconceptions. "That is quite wrong," he says. "The people picking didn't know the candidates. Going into the process, they were quite open-minded."

"The seven who were disappointed may feel it was obvious it was going to be Nico and Bill," says David Gordon. "Well, it was not obvious to the directors."

The final showdown was described by the London *Evening Standard* as "The Demon and the Don." The goateed Emmott does bear an amazing resemblance to V. I. Lenin, and his long march through the institution is regarded by some as having been inspired by him. "He's an apparatchik who worked his way up the Communist Party ladder," says one of his unhappy rivals.

Emmott, now 37, was in fact recommended to the magazine at age 24 by R. W. Johnson, a left-wing Magdalen don. Ironically, Emmott, like other of Johnson's protégés at the magazine, soon became a rabid free-marketer. He is, in fact, a quintessentially Thatcherite figure, legendary for his eagerness to practice social Darwinism on the staff. Emmott's big break was a posting to Tokyo in the 1980s. After his return in 1986, when Pennant-Rea made him financial editor, he wrote *The Sun Also Sets*, which forecast Japan's economic decline and was a great success in a country obsessed with what foreigners think about it. In 1989 he became business-affairs editor, a job at which he excelled. Then, in 1992 he went on leave to whip into shape a subsidiary called Business International, a New York–based financial-information service purchased by *The Economist* which had become bloated and wasteful. As editorial director, Emmott streamlined its publishing operations, demonstrating an Attila the Hun style of management in the process. Not coincidentally, this troubleshooting stint ingratiated him with Harvey-Jones. "It probably brought him some Brownie points with the executive directors," says Barlow.

Colchester, by contrast, is 10 years older, less clever, and less scheming. If Emmott is a Thatcherite, Colchester brings to mind the less frenetic, less money-mad days of the Labour 70s. Though not exactly donnish in demeanor, the balding, affable Londoner is much more laid-back than many of his younger colleagues, and provides a certain ballast to the ship. Colchester is often outwitted by Crook and his disciples in meetings. One colleague calls him "too willing to express views on subjects about which he is not fully informed." But he is better liked personally, if less respected professionally, than Emmott.

His conventional instincts are the result of a more typical career in British journalism. Colchester was Bonn bureau chief of the *F.T.*, then its foreign editor. Pennant-Rea recruited him as deputy; the appeal for Colchester was that he would be designated successor. "It was a bit of a gamble, actually," he says.

In the final round Crook rooted for Emmott, while Elliott and Ridley boosted Colchester. It was impossible, however, for them to have any influence. Lipsey's odds had the two even on March 9, when Colchester and Emmott made their final presentations to the full board.

Colchester talked again about the need to make the magazine more accessible. "The diet is very concentrated and daunting," he said. "I'm aware of too many people saying, 'Wonderful paper, but I haven't got time to read it, really.' " He has suggested executive summaries, digests, and other devices to allow people to "see what they don't have to read." These sounded like a case for dumbing down the magazine, which no one favored. But for the most part, he argued that the magazine was doing quite well and should be left alone. The board viewed him as the candidate of continuity.

Emmott stuck to his themes about the emerging market for *The Economist* and the need to change with the times. The board viewed him as the more radical candidate. "Emmott saw the need for considerable change," says Barlow. "Nico was steady as she goes."

After the interviews, there were no final questions, and the candidates left the room. "The chairman asked everyone to give his view," Barlow recalls over a breakfast of kippers at the Savoy. "It was by no means unanimous." Barlow won't say whom he voted for, but others believe he was for Colchester. "Bill Emmott suffers fools less gladly than Rupert," Barlow says. "And Rupert wasn't particularly patient with the staff."

But the two most important votes, Gordon's and Harvey-Jones's, were for Emmott. Pennant-Rea was silent. But "had Rupert felt we were making a ridiculous mistake," Barlow notes, "he would have said so."

At 4:30, smoke issued from the chimney, and the conclave dissolved into a press conference. Harvey-Jones told reporters it was "a close contest." He gave away little more about the decision. "Our editors tend to last a long time," he added. "We tried to take a fairly long view." Perhaps age had made the difference after all.

The second, and surely final, failed shot at the job he has always wanted was

The Tweed Jungle

devastating to Colchester. A colleague who talked to him afterward describes him as "bereaved, crushed."

"The poor bugger's very upset," another candidate says. Indeed, three days later Colchester was still unable to discuss the selection without choking up. "It was brutal, *brutal,*" he stammered, biting his lip.

Pennant-Rea's recusal, Colchester tells me, "of course is reflected in the board's attitude—'Curious this chap didn't strike the editor as being convincingly superior.' The board might conclude that, even if it wasn't what Rupert meant.

"The opinions of younger staff, who aren't involved in the process, can be freely canvassed, freely expressed," he complains, "whereas the arguably more important opinions of the people at a high level in the organization couldn't be canvassed and couldn't be freely expressed, because they were competing, or had close friendships at that level which colored their judgments." Intermittently, he tries to be magnanimous in defeat. "I still think I should be editor," Colchester says. "Therefore, the process took the wrong decision. But it took the wrong decision for the right reasons.

"At moments like this," he adds, "the phone starts ringing, and other people start offering things. I'd be an idiot if I didn't consider these offers." The signal was clear for Emmott to ask him to remain as deputy. "I'm here until he decides to ask me to leave. Indications are that he won't want me to. But we haven't talked it through yet."

Downstairs, Emmott was celebrating his departure from the 12th floor with champagne and a round of toasts. But even amidst the empty bottles and plastic cups, he remained profoundly cautious, sounding as schematic and distant as an *Economist* leader. "In general, the changes will be driven by two basic points. One is that competition for *The Economist* is essentially its own relevance or irrelevance." The second point is "that big areas of the world that have shut themselves off politically and, most particularly, economically from the market economy of the U.S., Western Europe, and Japan are now rushing to rejoin that market economy."

One departure has already been announced: Mike Elliott is leaving to become diplomatic editor at *Newsweek*. He had been staying at *The Economist* largely in hopes of succeeding Pennant-Rea. "The day I leave I will be brokenhearted," Elliott says. "There will be floods of tears. The only job I ever wanted in the world was to be editor of *The Economist*."

If Colchester leaves, as many think likely, the smart money says his replacement will be Crook, though a 12th-floor dynasty might spook the rest of the 13th. The only other resignation so far was not one of the jilted suitors. On March 31, chief executive David Gordon announced he was leaving to head ITN, the news division of Britain's Independent Television network. He had been headhunted while he was helping *The Economist* pick a new editor.

Gordon is succeeded by his protégée, Marjorie Scardino, the magazine's North American business chief. She was chosen over two other internal candidates in a competition she calls "more humane" than the editorial free-for-all; it took five days instead of seven weeks. "I think we learned something from the editors," she says. The Texarkana-bred Scardino, who is the first woman as well as the first American to head the company, is married to Albert Scardino, former press secretary to New York mayor David Dinkins. The two founded the critically acclaimed (but commercially unsuccessful) *Georgia Gazette* in Savannah. Others at *The Economist* expect her to go global with her ideas on expansion. Scardino has masterminded the company's investment in several American publications, including Capitol Hill's newspaper *Roll Call,* which she wants to clone with a Brussels-based European Community version.

The editorial staff is still waiting to find out what Emmott plans to do. As one editor put it, "He keeps his cards incredibly close to his chest. We have no idea what he thinks." Publicly, all Emmott has said is that he will keep the magazine "resolutely upmarket at a time when other publications are tending to move downmarket."

But the civility of the place has, at least temporarily, evaporated. Crook recently wrote a long farewell letter to his mentor, Pennant-Rea, which discussed how unhappy he and other senior members of the staff remain. "There is a fair amount of bitterness that the process was a farce," says one staffer, "which meant six weeks of unnecessary anguish."

"It is imperative," says Pennant-Rea, "that we renew the unbureaucratic, unhierarchical debate that is a hallmark of working here." His valedictory address, with a rare byline and even rarer author's photo, finished with a flourish: "I pass *The Economist* on into excellent hands, knowing that the value of its history has seldom been more relevant. In 1843, we were founded to campaign for free trade and against the folly of the Corn Laws. In 1993 the struggle goes on."

At the first editorial meeting after the selection, there is a display of business as usual. Thirty-five London-based editors and writers, young men in open-necked shirts and women without make-up, for the most part, crowd into the editor's office, with its spectacular, panoramic view across the heart of London, and find places on the radiators and floor.

Crook, as usual, is perverse and pointed, attacking the week's conventional wisdom about the sins of the head of the BBC. Colchester stares at the floor, nervously running his fingers across his scalp and saying little. Emmott wears a Cheshire-cat smirk and says nothing at all. Pennant-Rea, two weeks away from leaving for his new post, lets the debate go on for a while before declaring there will be no leader on the BBC. Everything is the same as ever, only completely different.

Emmott's *Economist* will not change much outwardly, or very rapidly. But the new editor inherits a weekly that despite its financial success has real editorial problems, and some looming commercial ones as well. The reality is that it will be hard to expand further without becoming more like other competitive, profitable magazines and less the eccentric ivory tower that generations of serious-minded British journalists have cherished. A bigger staff won't fit in the editor's office.

Perhaps the greatest problem, however, is the gap between the strength of opinion and the depth of knowledge it is based upon. *The Economist*'s breezy, decisive style is easily digestible and often a pleasant read as well. The official byword is "simplify, then exaggerate," as Geoffrey Crowther, editor from 1938 to 1956, used to say.

But when the topic is something that one knows anything about, it becomes clear that the magazine often strays disturbingly far afield, and the imperious tone becomes hollow. Take a recent leader arguing against special legislation to protect gay rights in America. This is fine, except the premise is that gay rights are covered by the 14th Amendment, and the Supreme Court has never ruled that the 14th Amendment protects homosexuals' rights. The reason for gaffes like this is that the foreign leaders tend to be written in London by editors who think of reporting as a grubby business, and with no input from the field. A recent survey of the Japanese economy by

Crook is characteristically lucid but betrays no hint of the author's having been there.

The reporting in the international section is often extremely weak, partly because of a heavy reliance on stringers—*The Economist* still has no bureau in the Middle East or Latin America. As a result, it almost never breaks news. And the writing often sags as well, under the weight of *The Economist*'s own bag of hack tricks, like ending a piece with the phrase "Words to remember." It sometimes reads as if the same person wrote the whole magazine.

Anonymity, to which all swear fealty, encourages this—no one is ever ashamed to have his name on anything. The lack of credit may breed collegiality, but it drives many of the cleverest away. The roster of writers who have left recently to pursue greater glory under a byline includes Andrew Marr, the previous Bagehot, who is now Britain's top political columnist at *The Independent*, and Anne Applebaum, who recently left to become foreign editor of *The Spectator*. "Anonymity is a drawback for everybody," says one writer, who prefers to remain anonymous.

The magazine also remains visually stunted, its covers often ugly, undecipherable cartoons, like a recent Helmut Kohl in a broken-down Mercedes, his head looking nauseatingly like a swollen peanut. Perhaps its largest problem, however, is one of nationality. Increasingly, its readers are not Brits but Americans who like the magazine's elevated British tone.

The harshest version of this was argued by James Fallows in the *Washington Post* "Outlook" section. "There are certain English products whose quaintness is put on mainly for export purposes—they're the equivalent of Ye Olde Tea Shoppe style tourist traps, which the locals avoid," he wrote. "Something similar is going on with *The Economist*. . . . It is disdained by the very Englishmen whom many American readers would most love to emulate, the secure upper and upper-middle classes."

Indeed, in London, *The Spectator* is the in magazine with the chattering classes, and *The Economist* is regarded as a tedious, Americanized hybrid. "I am not a dedicated reader of the *Economist*," Roy Jenkins, who was offered the editorship in the 1960s, wrote in his memoirs, "regarding it as essentially a journal for foreigners."

These foreigners are lured by *The Economist*'s snob-appeal direct mail, which makes a subscription sound like membership in a London club. But they don't want the ins and outs of British politics; there is a recognition, at least on the part of its senior staff, that it indulges in parochial issues at its peril.

But to fold the Britain section into Europe, something Emmott will have to consider, would make it even more irrelevant at home. Already, Andrew Neil, editor of *The Sunday Times* and former Britain editor of *The Economist*, publicly calls its domestic coverage "poor." And giving up on Britain would be risky, though the U.K. is responsible for less than 20 percent of its circulation, it generates nearly a third of its advertising revenue.

The editors dodge this bullet by arguing that what matters is not *The Economist*'s Britishness but its foreignness. "Any paper has to have a personality," says Pennant Rea. "We are British in ours, but international in subject matter and approach. There's nothing particularly virtuous about Britishness. If it was based in Australia, it would be produced as it is now."

The Economist in Australia, however, is still unthinkable. The magazine has always been one of the great bastions of what critic Dwight Macdonald called "amateur journalism," which is produced only in London. Macdonald meant amateur not in the pejorative sense of being second-rate but rather in the sense of writing that was spontaneous, sophisticated, and ironic, produced more for love than money.

Nobody at *The Economist* knows whether the magazine will continue in this tradition, and again become a journalistic oasis where one can opine at leisure on the issues of the day. The power struggle has cast a long shadow, which will hang over the magazine's sesquicentennial, a luminary-laden bash that will be held at the Reform Club in September, and linger long afterward. One irony may be noted by Mrs. Thatcher, Alan Greenspan, and the other invited guests: the stiff dose of competition *The Economist* always prescribes for others didn't do *it* any good. □

Hillary Clinton

Continued from page 116) wife and the mother of his children was proud to call herself "Mrs. Frank White." Soon, he was calling himself Governor White. Before Clinton launched his campaign to unseat him, Hillary Rodham was answering to Mrs. Bill Clinton. But she was actually going tri-moniker. Like many women, she used her full name some of the time, part of it some of the time, and mumbled something the rest of the time. Her press secretary and her law firm insist that she always signed three names. But in the campaign, press releases and schedules often used just Hillary Clinton. Aides insist she was still I.R.C. when she signed something (one of the more intimidated staffers is sure of this because he always thought it meant Her Royal Clinton). At campaign stops, Bill Clinton introduced his wife as Hillary, and now he introduces the health-care czarina as Hillary Rodham Clinton. While the polls are against her on this, she will avoid impeachment hearings as long as she forgoes the hyphen.

The Clintons have hardly had time for dinner together; the president has been working in his office every night until one A.M. But together with Mack McLarty they work out a deal where his schedule will allow him to be upstairs for dinner at 7:30. No one likes eating in the imposing dining room, so Hillary has a white table and wicker chairs sent up from Arkansas. In Little Rock, everything happened in the kitchen—potluck suppers, marathon Trivial Pursuit games, the pinochle the Rodhams love. McLarty remembers, "You would be over there and it wouldn't be surprising if you set the table, pulled the leftovers out of the refrigerator, and cleaned up. And that was after he was elected president."

The private-quarters kitchen in the White House is too small for that, but it works for family breakfasts and dinners. After dinner, the Clintons read, work, watch television, and make phone calls. It takes weeks to get phones that can direct-dial (the Bushes went through an operator), but now there are his-and-her versions.

The house is filled with guests: Diane Blair (Hillary's friend from the University of Arkansas) and her husband (the general counsel of Tyson Foods), the Thomasons (Harry several times), Susan Thomases (several times), and all the family. Whenever word gets to Hillary that friends are coming to town, she insists they stay at the White House. "It's the only way she's sure she will see them," says Verveer.

At the end of the week, the Clintons slip off for a private dinner at a friend's house on 16th Street. The president is giv-

en Ross Perot ears, and Hillary is given a black cone-shaped hat and toasted as the Wicked Witch of the West (Wing).

On Tuesday morning, January 26, Hillary catches the 8:30 shuttle to New York, nailing the window seat and eating the cheese and apple in the plastic basket. "She likes to eat and doesn't gain weight and hardly exercises," says Verveer. She's ecumenical but prefers Italian and Mexican. The president fixes her eggs with jalapeño peppers on the weekends. One Christmas she served black beans and chili as part of a buffet. She carries Tabasco sauce wherever she goes.

At P.S. 115 in a poor Manhattan neighborhood, Hillary bends over a child's desk and recalls how her father quizzed her on the multiplication table. She rewards the winner of a multiplication bingo game with two silver happy faces and a kiss in the middle of his forehead.

After this piece of classic First Lady theater, Hillary races downtown for lunch with Jacqueline Onassis in her apartment across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Nibbling salad, they do not talk of hats or headbands. As she departs, Hillary abandons her no-hug policy for an embrace in the lobby.

She moves on to Chemical Bank's midtown headquarters, where she is to receive the Lewis Hine Award from the National Child Labor Committee. She breaks stride to ask an aide to see if more people can't be invited to Sunday's first official White House dinner. Arriving at the plush 50th-floor conference room, Hillary slips away to call Chelsea, whom she had dropped off at school that morning for her second day of eighth grade.

Hillary also squeezes in calls to several members of Congress, including House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, House Minority Leader Robert Michel, and Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole. Dole had recently fretted over whether the president would be able to fire his wife as he could other aides, and wondered whether there could be a full and frank discussion of ideas around her. Rostenkowski had asked, "Is Mrs. Rodham Clinton starting to take over the White House?" and Michel said, "I could always ask my wife, I guess, to come be my representative." When Hillary doesn't make it to Annapolis for a meeting of the Republican caucus, one senator cavils, "We made it out here, why didn't you?" She explains that neither the local police nor the Secret Service would let her go, because of the heavy snow. When the meeting is rescheduled on the Hill, three times as many people turn out.

WEEK TWO. On January 27, Hillary holds her first health-care task-force meeting in the Old E.O.B. (steps across a driveway from the White House), in a stifling-hot, standing-room-only office on the second floor. The turnout is excellent, and includes the president and vice president. Warren Christopher or Donna Shalala should be blessed with such attendance. Hillary sets the tone: "I don't want you to think because I'm the president's wife it's not O.K. to tell me what you think. I want everything on the table."

Consultants to the health-care task force travel to Washington to ponder price controls and bunk in cheap hotels, on pullout couches, and in sublets. They quickly find that a meeting with the president seems like a hoedown compared with the brisk no-frills directness of an encounter with H.R.C. An overorganizer—Hillary read 43 First Lady biographies and several Elliott Roosevelt mystery novels to learn about life in the White House—she has a plan consuming umpteen pages of charts, graphs, calendars, tickler files, and checkoffs, along with a tollgate strategy which requires each group to pass its findings through ever narrowing checkpoints.

Everyone worries about the self-imposed 100-day deadline. One White House aide is sure they'll make it. "H.R.C. will do as much work as anyone, and she will see that everyone works as hard as she does. With her, you can't jive, you can't temporize, you can't play any games. You do, you're dead."

But there is a false drama to the secret deliberations, since a memo to participants says that the job of the task force is to make the argument for a managed-competition plan; a single payer, as in Canada, is not seriously considered. While the oxymoronic "managed competition" means doctors and pharmaceutical companies will take a hit, it more or less preserves the piece of action the powerful insurance companies have, except that they now may be forced to cover people who aren't disgustingly healthy.

At the end of a bad week—the gays-in-the-military issue exploding on the heels of Zoe Baird's withdrawal—Hillary suggests a get-together of the whole White House staff in the East Room. It quickly turns into a pep rally. McLarty introduces Tipper Gore, who introduces Hillary, who says, Hey, it's just been a week. Al Gore rises to boogie, or try to, and jokes about his dancing ability.

When Clinton takes the floor, however, he lights into his aides for leaking information to the press. It's the reverse of the perception that Hillary always plays the bad cop. In fact, she is more often the mother hen. "Are you getting enough sleep?" she asks the younger staff. "Maybe you should stay home tonight." She sometimes force-feeds bagels to visitors to her office and urges her staff to go home for birthdays, anniversaries, and holidays. White House consultant Paul Begala says that for almost everyone "it's much easier to turn to Hillary than the president. She has no temper. I've never heard her raise her voice." When Begala's wife was eight months pregnant, Hillary and the governor insisted he go home for a month with full pay. "This is the most important thing that will ever happen to you, not the election," Begala recalls her saying. "The Clintons inspire loyalty because they give it," he says. "I would throw myself in front of a truck for them."

January 30. On the first trip to Camp David, Hillary is still upbeat. There is a touchie-feelie quality about the meeting of Cabinet members and top White House aides, with nametags and facilitators and getting-to-know-you stories. The president recalls being teased about being a fat kid. Hillary tries out "Mr. President." After several references, she stops and says, "This is going to be hard and awkward for me, so let me just say 'Bill' when I need to." But no one has heard the president addressed in public by anyone since as Governor or Bill. "Hillary tells everyone, and I mean *everyone*," says Begala, "to call her Hillary."

The next day, they head back to the White House to watch the Super Bowl with Governors Ann Richards (rooting for Dallas) and Mario Cuomo (for the Buffalo Bills). Chelsea sits on the floor with Socks.

With an official White House dinner that evening, the First Lady has no time for football. Home-ec Hillary goes into high gear: she consults with the kitchen staff and checks out the pink tablecloths, the red Reagan china, the tulips. She is a different First Lady from the one in Arkansas, where she would breeze in at the last minute for an official dinner, moving around name cards, perhaps, but otherwise leaving the arrangements to the pros.

Hillary's spurt of domesticity comes exactly one year after the wifely perfor-

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mance on *60 Minutes*, when she helped rescue the imperiled Clinton candidacy. Then, she came across as a determined, hard-talking, *g*-droppin' woman who was standing by her man, though without a lot of charm or grace. Tonight she is Hillary transformed, dressed for dinner in a black turtleneck number by Donna Karan that says, in a sexy whisper, "I am not Barbara Bush." Since the dress has already been knocked off in ready-to-wear, it also says, "I am not Nancy Reagan." To the aides who are afraid of her, however, it says, "I am Hillary, hear me roar; I'm more important than Al Gore" (a song that would soon become popular on Washington, D.C., radio stations).

The next day, the First Lady gives her first postinaugural interview, to Marian Burros, a food writer for *The New York Times*. She has granted the audience on the condition that they keep the talk to household hints and favorite recipes. "We are big broccoli eaters," Hillary declares. About the president's much-lampooned eating habits she says, "You know, he gets an unfair rap. An occasional trip to a fast-food restaurant is not the worst of all possible sins."

A few days after her culinary interview, Hillary is her old self again in a black suit, heels clicking on marble floors as she sweeps past white marble busts of dead white men on Capitol Hill. She doesn't carry a briefcase but a black purse so large she would be asked to check it at the airport. In the L.B.J. Room, 25 Democratic congressmen listen intently. H.R.C. shares top billing with Senator George Mitchell. Up here in the last pre-feminist stronghold in the land, where men are members and women are wives or trouble, they are having a little difficulty getting used to such a powerful First Lady. There has been a lot of grumbling, especially about Mrs. Rodham Clinton (Dan Rostenkowski's name for her) calling men by their first names.

Hillary seems to be an irresistible target for unfriendly fire.

The jokes:

The president got his taxes done early but couldn't send them in, because he couldn't find the head of household to sign.

Clinton is finally getting a feel for things in Washington. Now, if we can just figure out what to do with her husband.

Saturday Night Live's Opera Man: "Ag-gressiv-ah. Hillary power trip-ah. El presidente es pusso whip-ah."

David Letterman comparing Bill and Roger Clinton:

Bill—Can recite Declaration of Independence by heart.

Roger—Can stop electric garage door with his head.

Bill—Secret Service code name is Eagle.

Roger—Secret Service code name is Boss's oser lay other bray.

Roger—Terrified of Hillary.

Bill—Terrified of Hillary.

A half-true joke: Chelsea goes to the school nurse because she has a headache. The nurse wants to give her an aspirin but has to have parental consent. Chelsea tells the nurse, "Call my dad; my mom's too busy." (What she actually said, according to the president, was that "I was easier to get on the phone—but that's because I'm more likely to be in one place.")

> With Hillary, says one White House aide, "you can't jive, you can't temporize, you can't play any games. You do, you're dead."

Of course, it's safer to make Hillary the object of the concerns about the presidency. If he turns out to be a jerk, the country suffers; if she does, it's a good parlor game. And many people may fear having more than one person wearing the pants in a marriage as much as they fear having more than one president, especially men who like the pants-allocation system just the way it is.

Susan Faludi, the author of *Backlash*, thinks that "the rusting social order has its shorts in a knot over Hillary not because she's an independent woman but because she is unapologetic about it." She's taken off the mask of the demure wife without putting on a hair shirt. She is not a long-suffering Eleanor Roosevelt, an overbearing Edith Wilson, a pill-taking Betty Ford, or an overthin, grandchild-averse Nancy Reagan. She doesn't sit silently at Cabinet meetings like Rosalynn Carter. She brings her own agenda.

WEEK THREE. On *Meet the Press*, Robert Novak, the Prince of Darkness on the Sunday-morning talk shows, blames the two failed attorney general selections on the First Lady's insistence that the job be filled by a woman. He fulminates about "the hidden hand of Hillary Clinton trying to play Bobby Kennedy at the Justice Department, but unable to get the job on a de jure basis because of the anti-nepotism law." Four days later, when asked at his Rose Garden announcement of his nominee for attorney general what influence Hillary had on the selection of Janet Reno, the president answers, "None."

February 10. The Detroit town meeting. A focus group sponsored by a marketing firm turns knobs during the president's question-and-answer session. The favorable ratings move steadily upward during an answer by Clinton on health care—until he mentions his wife's role. Then the dials turn down. They go back up when he starts talking about health care again.

Hillary has spent much of the first three weeks with Chelsea, helping her to adjust to a new city and a new school, to life without her grandparents or friends nearby. Except for those few days when she is traveling, Hillary goes upstairs at 4:30, when Chelsea gets home from school. On a snow day when Chelsea is home, Hillary stays with her all day. Various people come up and join them. Chelsea has introduced her parents to Game Boy, and now Hillary tries to pry it out of her hands.

The family has taken to the movie theater and bowling alley. When Mary Steenburgen, the actress from Arkansas who is a close friend of the Clintons', stays in the White House to celebrate her birthday, she and Chelsea race downstairs. The whole family has watched Steve Martin in *Leap of Faith*, plus *Groundhog Day*, *Home Alone 2*, *Aladdin*, *Benny & Joon*, *A Few Good Men*, and *Falling Down*. The White House swimming pool is ignored except by Steenburgen, who gets up at 6:30 A.M. for a swim in freezing weather. As she comes back in, the president is leaving for his jog, and Hillary is seeing Chelsea off to school.

WEEK FOUR. February 11. Hillary and Tipper travel to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for a town meeting on health care. As always Hillary is in command of the ses-

sion, asking pointed questions and giving away little—she keeps details about how the plan is being developed close to the vest. "If her husband plays poker," says Representative Mike Synar of Oklahoma, "he ought to take her with him."

The next day, the First Couple visits a clinic in Arlington, Virginia. The trip is a reminder that they are hardly ever together during the day anymore. (Verveer says, "Hillary will stop by the Oval Office on the way back from a meeting if she thinks he might be there, but he's so fully scheduled there's almost no time.") The president takes up the fight Hillary has pre-picked for him with the drug companies for gouging profits out of sick people. They make a good team; the sum of their anger is greater than its parts. They dandle babies to make clear whose side they are on.

A *Time*/CNN poll of 1,800 adults finds that 56 percent of respondents have a favorable impression of the First Lady. A Gallup poll shows that 67 percent of 1,001 Americans surveyed have a favorable opinion of her—two points better than her husband scores on the same question. No one asks about Al. At the Gridiron dinner, Bob Dole thanks his former Senate colleague for his efforts. "The vice president puts in long hours at the White House working on the environment. And, Al, the lawn looks great."

February 14. Valentine's Day at the Red Sage restaurant. Even on a romantic outing, the president can be the date from hell, talking to everyone but the girl he brung, which in this case means attending to the waiter, the Secret Service, the aide with the nuclear codes, and an advance person. Before going to the downstairs dining room, he U-turns into the bar for a round of flesh-pressing. Finally alone, they have "painted soup" and the lamb baked in herbed bread. They exchange gifts and touch each other more in two hours than the Bushes did in four years.

WEEK FIVE. February 17. The president's State of the Union speech will be delivered and broadcast live tonight at nine. The pressure is intense: after his 10-minute address from the Oval Office two days earlier, the stock market suffered its biggest one-day drop in 16 months. At lunchtime, the president is pre-spinning news anchors over grilled chicken in his private dining room while Hillary works on the speech in the Roosevelt Room.

At this stage, the address is nothing more than scraps of paper scattered the length of the table. "Hillary is making about a dozen different assignments to people," an aide recalls later. "[National Economic Council head Robert] Rubin's section is so full of jargon that she has to take him in the other room and do her 'If it's a tax, call it a tax' routine." Another aide calls Hillary "the detox center for bad writers." Paul Begala admits his section on health care was too soft and unfocused. "Hillary stitched health care back into the speech as an economic issue," he says. "She was the calm in the eye of the storm."

But when the president joins them, one aide notices for the first time a flash of irritation directed at his wife. "It was a small thing—looking a second too long when Hillary was speaking—but she knew enough to back off." The aide adds that, in addition to being his most ardent cheerleader, Hillary is Clinton's toughest critic—able to tell him things few people are willing to now that he's president.

At 6:30, Clinton rehearses the speech in the movie theater on the ground floor. At 8:30, the First Couple climbs into the limo and they pencil-edit the last draft on the way to the Capitol. In front of the camera, he ad-libs about a quarter of the speech. It is hailed as a breakthrough success.

Hillary thought it would be a great idea to invite Alan Greenspan, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, to sit beside her during the speech. This eye-popping sight attracts almost as much attention as the president's words. Two days later, Greenspan will testify favorably about Clinton's economic plan before Congress.

Back at the White House, Clinton gets everybody up to the third-floor solarium for a party. Hillary misses most of it because Chelsea needs help with her homework. When the First Lady arrives around midnight, the president is trying to round up a crowd for a movie, but everyone is too tired. Instead, he talks Hillary into watching a rerun of the speech on C-SPAN.

On February 21, Hillary appears at Alice Tully Hall in New York for a benefit to raise money for a sculpture of Eleanor Roosevelt to be placed in Riverside Park—America's first memorial to a First Lady, other than the collection of gowns in the Smithsonian. Hillary remarks that she has had many conversations with Mrs. Roosevelt in her head during the past year—"one of the saving graces that I have hung on to for dear life." She says she asked her predecessor things like "How did you put up with this?" and "How did you go on, day to day, with all the attacks and criticisms that would be hurled your way?" Her comments are a departure from the campaign, when she told *Time* magazine that she took criticism grounded in fact seriously but not personally and ignored the rest. "If I worried about every time anybody said something nasty about me during the last year, I would be incapacitated."

In a public appearance in his home state, Wyoming congressman Craig Thomas refers to the First Lady as "Hillary Baby." When it is reported on network news, he claims, "I meant no disrespect." A reporter at *The Washington Post* coins the phrase "Billary," one president, two heads, one headband. He makes no denial about his intention.

WEEK SIX. Along with six Cabinet members, H.R.C. is sued in federal court by three industry groups seeking to open the health-care meetings. The White House counsel fights back, arguing that the sunshine laws, which state that government meetings with an outside adviser must be open, weren't passed to protect the country from the First Lady.

Another First Lady comes to visit. Hillary and Betty Ford talk for two hours about mental health and substance abuse and the small world of First Ladies. They have their pictures taken under Mrs. Ford's portrait.

The president seems to be thriving, careening from one wildly adventurous project to another—a new town meeting, a new crisis, a new summit. The major aides—Mack McLarty, George Stephanopoulos, Paul Begala, Bruce Lindsey—are tied up with devising the economic plan and getting it through Congress, then with the timber summit, then with the Yeltsin summit. Hillary is left to the single, brain-crushing task of health-care reform and its *Mission: Impossible* deadline.

There is a performer in most elected officials, including First Ladies, a leaning toward the light. Nancy Reagan was an actress, Betty Ford a dancer. They took to their parts. Hillary, on the other hand, is a behind-the-scenes player; she would be happy if she were never on-camera again and never had to sit for another photo shoot, especially if it means sitting still for a makeup artist. She attacks her job with determination and decades of experience. At public hearings for the health-care task force, she is never at a loss for either information or sympathy. What kind of health insurance do you have? How much do you pay? A rapt student, she has not yet been asked a question that she couldn't answer. Like most staffs, hers

prepares talking points for her, which she almost never uses. Says Verveer, "I ask her, 'What do you need us for?' She always comes up with something to make us feel better."

The Gores and the Clintons relive the salad days of the campaign bus tour by going out together to a Jerry Jeff Walker performance at the Birchmere, a club in suburban Virginia. They eat at RT's, a Cajun restaurant, where the Clintons order the pasta jambalaya. The veep orders his favorite meal: potato skins stuffed with barbecued chicken followed by pecan-crusted chicken with rock shrimp. The evening raises the question of whether jeans are age-appropriate for a vice president, even when going to a country-music concert and eating Cajun food.

WEEK SEVEN. Hillary loses the lawsuit against her. The judge rules that she is not a federal employee, which means that task-force meetings to gather information must be held in public. The White House claims it is "gratified" by the ruling, which is a "stamp of approval," because they now claim not to have held any meetings which if they had held them would have had to have been held in public. Despite being gratified by the decision, the White House will appeal the ruling several weeks later.

The Clintons have yet to take a weekend off. There's always something—Zoe Baird, Boris Yeltsin, the economic plan. The president goes golfing twice in Manassas, but it's so foggy he can barely see the ball. Chelsea has friends over to watch movies and spend the night, and for her 13th birthday, friends from Little Rock fly up. Hillary takes them all out to see a revival of *Jesus Christ Superstar* at the Warner Theatre.

When Steenburgen visits, Hillary tells her how homesick she is for friends and the ease of her old life. Steenburgen says that, unlike the Hollywood types she knows, the Clintons want to hold on to the prosaic quality of their lives, to avoid the rarefied atmosphere and the dependence that comes when someone is always there to take care of the details. Hillary stops by the grocery store near Chelsea's school one day to pick up things that used to be in the cupboard in Little Rock, like peanut butter. But she has only $11 cash, and the store doesn't take credit cards. She charms the clerk anyway, signing an autograph on her way out.

WEEK EIGHT. At the health-care meetings, everyone has a woeful tale about getting sick, and Hillary manages to listen to each saga as if it were the first one she'd heard. Just as she seems to be flagging and the discussion starts to drag, she will lift her head off her hand and lob a live one. To a doctor whining about onerous government regulation, she retorts with thinly veiled anger, "Why the medical community in this country can't help us figure out what will work . . ." Deep breath. "It's frustrating . . . this is just one example of what really should be solved by the medical community." For a woman of her control, this is the equivalent of mowing the doctor down with an Uzi.

While the pundits and the medical establishment and men in general seem to enjoy taking potshots at Hillary, the less privileged root for her at clinics in Virginia, farm halls in Iowa, auditoriums in Florida, and hospitals in Pennsylvania. The people who line up after the hearings for a word, an autograph, to shake her hand, and the 100,000 people who have written to say they think she is doing the right thing seem to appreciate her core of unbendable steel. Her husband can be as oversensitive as a car alarm, anxious to please the last person he talked to, split the difference, find a way up the middle. But she acts like someone who will stick to her guns. Says her close friend Steenburgen, "Like all of us, Hillary would prefer to be liked, but she's secure enough to risk not being liked if that's what it takes."

In Slater, Iowa, she allows herself a rare moment of self-reflection, saying that she's been at the job of drafting a health-care-reform package for six weeks, but "actually it feels like six years." Yet she seems indefatigable. One day she has only a single official item on her schedule—a discussion of health care with five female senators—but she holds 30 other meetings.

On March 16, she gives one of many teas in the White House, this one for 10 First Ladies from the Western Hemisphere. The event recalls the exchange she had with Jerry Brown during the campaign. When he attacked her law practice as a conflict of interest in a state where her husband was governor, she shot back, "I suppose I could have stayed home and baked cookies and had teas." Less reported was her next sentence: "The work that I have done . . . has been aimed . . . to assure that women can make the choices . . . whether it's full-time career, full-time motherhood, or some combination."

The Clintons have taken a very different approach toward their daughter from the Carters, the last First Family that came with a child. When Amy Carter was pawed by the press and overexposed and came across as precocious and pampered, Rosalynn Carter said, "My children have grown up in public life. Amy was two when we were in the governor's mansion. I don't worry about it." Chelsea, however, was kept so sheltered that, during the campaign, some focus groups didn't think the Clintons had a child.

What Hillary can't let pass is a segment on *Saturday Night Live* which made fun of

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 6: Photographs, top to bottom, by Jim Rakete, Michael Geissinger, Roxanne Lowit.
Page 12: Photographs, bottom left and right, by Marina Schiano; robe from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.
Page 64: Photograph from Sygma.
Page 70: Photographs, top, from WOC/Sipa; bottom, from Sipa.
Page 74: Photograph from Reuters/Bettmann.
Page 80: Photographs, left, by Max Aguilera-Hellweg/Onyx; right, from Rex USA.
Page 84: Props styled by Millie Falcaro for Network Representatives; hair, makeup, and grooming by Mathü Andersen.
Page 86: Photographs: Top, jackets from the Stussy Union, L.A.; styled by Jill Sokolec for Célestine; grooming by Jeanine Greville-Morris for Cloutier. Bottom, grooming by Denise Markey.
Page 88: Photographs: Top left, by John Strickler/Sygma. Top right, styled by Jerri Sokolec; hair and makeup by Barbara Sansone for J. Zingarelli.
Page 90: T-shirt and jeans from all Gap stores; styled by Lee W. Moore for Visages Style; grooming by Caroline Keenan.
Page 94: Photographs, top, hair, makeup, and styling by Angie Heon; bottom center, by Marina Garnier; bottom right, by Oberto Gili.
Page 103: Robe from Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.
Page 105: Suit and shirt from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills.
Page 106: Suit from Emporio Armani, N.Y.C.; shirt from Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., all Neiman Marcus stores, and Louis, Boston.
Pages 108–9: Photographs, left, from Photoreporters; right, from Sygma.
Page 117: Painting photographed by Bruce M. White, N.Y.C.
Pages 118–19: Photographs, left to right, by Albert Ferreira/DMI, Roxanne Lowit, Nick Elgar/London Features.
Page 122: Photograph from Photoreporters.
Page 128: Vest, pants, and mules from Gianni Versace, Beverly Hills; ring from Luna Felix, Beverly Hills; mariachi band provided by Mariachi Express & More.
Page 129: Dress from Fred Segal, Santa Monica, and I. Magnin, Beverly Hills; shoes from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills.
Pages 130–31: Photograph, left, courtesy of Philip Johnson Architects.
Pages 132–33: Photograph © 1955 (renewed 1983) by the Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Page 135: Photograph, right, from Esto Photographics.
Pages 136–37: Large photograph by Sonia Moskowitz; insets, top to bottom, from A.P./Wide World Photos, from U.P.I./Bettmann, by Dorothy Alexander.
Pages 140–41: Grooming by Kate Best for the Artist Group.

Chelsea's "awkward stage." The Clintons try to explain to her that "unkind and mean things are said by people who are either insecure or going for the laugh or going for the nasty remark—whether it's on a playground or on a television set."

WEEK NINE. The Clintons' pincer movement on the Hill is having an effect. Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole kills press reports that Hillary blundered when she had the temerity to call him Bob. "Last time I checked, that was my name," he says when asked about it. And he calls her Hillary. On *Larry King Live*, Dole says he would support changing the so-called Robert Kennedy nepotism law to make an exception for H.R.C. "If the president asked me to try to change the law, I'd probably do it...I'm impressed with her." When asked by a colleague about his softening on Hillary, he says, "Well, I'm used to smart women [he's married to Red Cross president Elizabeth Dole]. At least Hillary doesn't ask for blood."

On Friday, March 19, Hillary is hosting a lunch for 25 campaign and White House staff, laughing her head off as they relive the Keystone Kops sequences of the primaries, when an aide comes in and whispers in her ear that her 82-year-old father has had a stroke. "Her face, which was all smiles and crinkled eyes, went slack," remembers one guest. "It literally turned to putty." Hillary asks Melanne Verveer to pack up what she will need from the office. Before leaving, she spends time with the president and McLarty, who realizes for the first time how much she's been carrying on her own and how tired she is.

Hugh Rodham's stroke defines the ensuing weeks. "The impact on her is unfathomable unless you know how close the Rodhams and the Clintons are," says Skip Rutherford, an old friend from Arkansas who hopped on the plane with her and listened to Chelsea and Hillary relieve the anxiety with stories about birthdays and Christmases and softball tournaments.

WEEK 10. Everything shuts down as Hillary sits by her father's bedside in Little Rock. Her mother and two brothers are there, along with Chelsea, who is on spring break from Sidwell. The only aide with Hillary is Lisa Caputo, her press secretary, who traveled with her during the campaign and is so close to Hillary that she is like a younger sister. Even though the hospital has set aside a room for the Clinton family and she has access to a phone, a fax, and overnight mail, little work gets done.

Susie May, the Clintons' Little Rock neighbor and close friend who got hours and hours of Hillary's solace over coffee after Alzheimer's disease hit her family, says she let Hillary know she was there if she needed her, but honored her request "to spend the time alone with family." One of the few outsiders Hillary sees is Harry Thomason, who flies in on a private plane for the day and insists on getting Hillary and her mother away from hospital food for a night. They go to the Faded Rose for dinner and have such a good time that Harry hopes the other patrons don't misinterpret the momentary relief from grieving.

> Hillary was scheduled to throw out the first ball for the Chicago Cubs. But after her father's stroke, she said it would be too heart-wrenching.

The only other break Hillary takes is to watch the Oscars with the president, who has come for an overnight visit. They have been movie fanatics since their days at Yale, where they patronized a theater in a cineast's garage. Hillary loves the Liza Minnelli song that is part of Oscar night's tribute to women, and phones her right then and there. When Minnelli calls back, she tells Hillary she will be in Washington to perform in June, and the First Lady invites her to stay at the White House.

Hillary's sense of humor is intact. Billy Crystal keeps his invitation to visit the White House on April 14 despite a joke the comedian made at her expense while hosting the Oscars. After the award fo best supporting actress had been presen ed, Crystal cracked, "Now that she's wo the Oscar, Marisa Tomei has asked me t announce that she wants to be known a Marisa Rodham Tomei."

WEEK 11. As her father's illness drag on, there is pressure on Hillary to give u the vigil. Who knew how long it woul last? And she is much the worse for sittin in the hospital 12 hours a day. On April 1 the White House has to announce that th health-care-reform plan is unlikely to mak its 100-day deadline.

On April 4, after two weeks in Littl Rock, Hillary and Chelsea return to th White House, just before the presiden comes back from the Vancouver summi with Boris Yeltsin. The next day is base ball's opening day. If her father hadn't had the stroke, she would be throwing out the first ball for the Chicago Cubs at Wrigley Field. No presidential spouse has eve thrown out an opening-day pitch at a ma jor-league baseball game in the 83 years since President William Howard Taft began the ritual, but this was to have been the gift of a child to an ailing father. Hillary tells friends it would be too heart-wrenching to go through with it.

On Tuesday, H.R.C. makes her first trip since her father's hospitalization, to a long-planned event at the University of Texas in Austin, where she draws an unusually large crowd of 14,000 people (the largest since President Bush spoke there in 1991). Hillary has no prepared speech. She begins by noting the obvious, that she and Ann Richards have on similar outfits, and adds, "I suppose the only thing left for me is to get a hairdo like that. You know, I'm actually due for a new one, and I figure that if we ever want to get Bosnia off the front page all I have to do is either put on a headband or change my hair and we'll be occupied with something else."

No one is better at staying on message than Hillary, but rather than talk about managed competition or H.I.P.C.'s, Hillary speaks philosophically of the questions that face the dying: "When does life start? When does life end? Who makes those decisions? How do we dare to impinge upon these areas of such delicate, difficult questions?" She quotes from an article she carries around with her, an interview with Lee Atwater, George Bush's campaign manager, who died at age 40 of brain cancer. "My illness," he said, "helped me to see that what was missing in society is what was missing in me—a little heart, a lot of brotherhood," and to see that we must "speak to this spiritual

vacuum at the heart of American society, this tumor of the soul."

One cure for the tumor of the soul, Hillary says, is to "be hopeful again . . . to see other people as they wish to be seen and to treat them as they wish to be treated, to overcome all of the obstacles we have erected around ourselves that keep us apart from one another, fearful and afraid, not willing to build the bridges necessary to fill that spiritual vacuum that Lee Atwater talked about." Even the Secret Service agents are misty-eyed.

The next night, her father passes away.

WEEK 12. She wasn't kidding when she said she was due for a haircut. Cristophe cuts her hair before she leaves for the funeral in Little Rock. He is taking advantage of his new celebrity to open a branch of his Beverly Hills salon in Washington—much to the dismay of backup hairdresser De Bakey, who sniffs, "This Cristophe, he is trying to take credit for my work."

During a service conducted by the same minister who married them, the Clintons sit by Hugh Rodham's flag-draped coffin. When the president rises to speak, he says, "I suppose it is enough to say we got along." Clinton fondly recalls the debates among the Rodham family. "Lord, they loved to argue. Each one tried to rewrite history to put the proper spin on it. It was a wonderful preparation for politics." Rodham was a conservative Republican whose daughter started out as a Goldwaterite and ended up a Clinton Democrat. He had been sick for a long time, and the president says how grateful he is that Hugh Rodham got to see his daughter recognized by America. "We thank God for his good last year," he concludes.

The next day, Hillary's father is buried in his hometown, Scranton, Pennsylvania. The family goes to Camp David for Easter Sunday, the first day off since the inauguration.

The White House Easter Egg Roll waits for no one, and by five A.M. Monday there are young aides out on the lawn steeling themselves for the event. Hillary has expanded it this year to the Ellipse (the stretch of grass beyond the South Lawn) and restricted staff to only four tickets so that it will be truly open to the public. She is more animated than she has been since the inauguration, but afterward she goes up to the family quarters instead of returning to work in her office. According to a senior aide, Hillary is drained.

In the early morning on Tuesday, the president takes time away from Bosnia and the troubled stimulus package to smell the flowers with his wife. Bill and Hillary can be glimpsed walking through the crab apples and magnolias now in bloom on the White House lawn. On this first warm day of spring, they have lunch together on the patio outside the Oval Office.

WEEK 13 AND BEYOND. Death and taxes are life's two inevitabilities, and on April 15, waiting to the last minute, the Clintons write a check for the $4,085 owed on their $290,697 income. The president says we "took a pretty good lick," paying $70,228 in all. In the breadwinning department, the First Couple has traded places. Last year she made most of the money—$203,172 to her husband's $34,527. This year she will earn nothing, and the president will bring home the bacon with $200,000.

By Friday, Hillary is feeling well enough to travel to Lincoln, Nebraska, and Billings, Montana. She speaks to Native American tribal leaders about health care, and on Saturday she gets up at five A.M. for a meeting with a Great Falls health group so that she can be back to spend the weekend at home.

Health care loses its warm and fuzzy connotations as the enormous bill for keeping more Americans healthy looms. "What about VAT?" is the question of the week after H.H.S. Secretary Donna Shalala blurts out that a value-added tax is being considered to pay for the health-care program. The administration does its "everything is on the table" routine to cool the discussion. Still, this is the first alarm bell on the health-care tab, which could do a lot more damage to the Clintons than Senator Bob Dole's filibuster on the stimulus package. In fact, Dole, who had softened considerably on Hillary, goes formal again, complaining about not being consulted sufficiently on health care. "We haven't heard zip, not since Mr. Clinton stood right here and talked to 35 of us," he gripes.

The Clintons plan their first weekend away together that is not to the Little Rock hospital or Camp David, but unfortunately they will not be alone. They will retreat, along with Senate Democrats, to historic Jamestown, Virginia, to consider the fate of the nation. Before they leave, gay leaders, who complain that the Clintons are ignoring them, are placated with a first-ever meeting in the Oval Office with the president, who explains, "Presidents act and decide, they don't protest or march."

Back in Washington, Hillary prepares to give her first commencement speech as First Lady, at the University of Michigan on May 1, the 101st day of the Clinton administration. It is an auspicious occasion for reflection and renewal, for the graduates and for Hillary.

She gave her first commencement address in 1969, the first student ever to do so at Wellesley. The college president, Ruth Adams, introduced her by saying of the graduating class, "There was no debate . . . as to who their spokesman was to be . . . Miss Hillary Rodham." In her speech, Hillary spoke of "the courage to be whole, to try to mold an entire person . . . living in relation to one another in the full poetry of existence." She concluded with a poem written by a classmate. "And you and I must be free . . . not to kill ourselves with a nameless gnawing pain / but to practice with all the skill of our being / the art of making possible."

The Coke-bottle glasses and bell-bottoms may be gone but not the lofty idealism. Back then the graduates of Wellesley dreamt that Hillary would go from being president of the student government to president of the United States. Instead, she became the wife of the man who would become president. But she has taken a place at the innermost circle of the White House, and taken charge herself of the most far-reaching social reform since the New Deal—all while coping with the death of her father. In her first 100 days, Hillary Rodham Clinton has already made more of the role of First Lady than anyone could have imagined. □

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Planetarium

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

It may be just a quickie side trip, because Mercury in aspect to Mars will last only a couple of days, but the swift transit of Mercury through Gemini this month should put your wheels back on the tracks and jolt you out of the chaotic state you've been in for the last year. You've been rather angry lately, and feeling empty and dead. With Jupiter going direct in your 5th house at the end of May, and with Mars in Leo in your 3rd all June, you will feel fresh and alive again, moving forward, loving passionately, acting perkier than Dracula after a full pint of freshly drawn O-negative.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

You probably feel like a pizza sliced into eight pieces that everybody's grabbing at. With Venus in opposition to Jupiter and aspecting the Uranus-Neptune conjunction, the politics of divided loyalties has been taking a lot out of you. But not quite everything. With Mars in Leo till June 23, you will not run completely out of steam, or money. Chew a few Rolaids and dare to gamble away even more of your security. Jupiter direct on May 31 promises you a nice lap to lay your head in, so get over your worry seizures and just thank God you're not George Steinbrenner—another Cancer. He doesn't get a minute's rest.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

If you're thinking that certain people and problems are out of your life forever, you're wrong. With Saturn about to retrograde into your 7th house until October, you can expect a few teensy issues that need to be ironed out. People will definitely hold you to vows and promises you made while passion was hot and ink was wet. Luckily, you're not a passive wimp these days. Now that Mars is out of your 12th house and into Leo, and Jupiter is going direct in Libra, all you have to do is douse yourself with some testosterone-scented cologne and come up with a few new tricks.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

Virgos preach herbal tea in public and then shove God knows what down their gullets when they're alone. That's because they've been pushed over the nervous edge lately, what with ridiculous work loads and bosses who exhibit multiple-personality disorder. Mercury in aspect to Mars should help restore you. Oh, by the way, with Mars in your 12th house and Saturn dangling its little toe in Pisces, your humanness is beginning to poke through that mantle of detached professionalism you usually hide behind. You know the story: UNSHAKABLE NURSE FALLS FOR PATIENT. Upon hearing this, Virgos shriek "Oy!" and head for the junk food.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

It's time for Libras everywhere to take a good look at the great Gene Kelly scene in *Singin' in the Rain*. If you have to ask *which* scene, you definitely need major therapy. Of course, you still have issues of abandonment to worry about. And there's the ongoing need to curb your nauseating ability to pretend everything is peachy when you're really ready to kill. Even so, be prepared to twirl that umbrella, splash around in puddles, and put a little sunshine into your heart. Granted, in the movie Gene Kelly has just solved all his problems and fallen in love, but forget that part for now.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

Mars in your 10th house all May and June will have you rocking 'n' rolling, throwing your weight around, and adding a grandiose touch of Louis Quatorze to everything you do. It will be hard for people around you to imagine that you've been living so long all by yourself on an island of your own making. Don't be sad, though. The isolation has made you mysterious as well as successful. There's another vibe now, too: Jupiter in your 12th house. Because of it, you'll yearn for intimacy and the sensation of someone's tender breath behind your ear. But an even weirder thing will happen. You're going to want to forgive people!

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

You've been so good lately, juggling finances and being a sport even while rubbing your sore bottom after certain people have abruptly jumped off the other end of the seesaw. And you've been very grown-up about certain other people who take and take and give nothing back. Well, put all that behind you. Mars is coming to your 9th house. Get out a map of someplace you haven't been. Take a trip. If you have to wheel yourself in a basket, get your butt to a high promontory where you can see the sky around you and all the little creatures crawling on the ground down below—and thank heaven you're not one of them.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

Not a single word will be said this month about your fraying nerves or sputtering glands. Moreover, with the current Uranus-Neptune conjunction, you should be getting used to hovering between greatness and total collapse. After Jupiter goes forward on May 31, make deals. Feel pride in your accomplishments and broaden your horizons. Jupiter may help silence the screams you hear from your checkbook every time you take out your pen. Here's a hot tip about Mars in your 8th house: passion will melt your icy façade and roar once again within you, like a dinosaur that has survived 65 million years inside a glacier.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

A generally healthy person blessed with an average allotment of narcissism can self-obsess for just so long. But extreme cases have to be screamed into a relationship. As Saturn begins its final retrograde through Aquarius between now and the fall, it would be wise to take a good long look at yourself, scary as that might be. Mars is also transiting your 7th house for May and most of June. That means you're not alone in this world! As you stare at your sagging face in the mirror, there's a pounding on the door and a voice calling, "Hey, you in there! Somebody else has to use the bathroom, too!"

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

Saturn is coming into your sign this month. Although it stays there only for the month of June, it will certainly give you a preview of what lies ahead when it returns to Pisces in 1994. For evolved Pisceans, this is a joyous, if sober, time. Parenthood or a new professional position will give you serious responsibilities, ask you to provide a better role model for others, and demand that you set realistic limits (which you expect from other people but which you hate more than anything in the world to do yourself). Unevolved Pisceans, on the other hand, may be getting warnings from their doctors.

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

For what must seem like years but is actually only a few months, your life has been a crazy scene. There are Arians who thought they could stabilize their lives simply by getting married or buying their spouse an expensive peace offering (as if anyone could tame a wild horse with one lump of sugar—it's laughable). As Venus now moves to square Uranus and Neptune, what was supposed to happen back in March, and didn't, will. Affairs will explode. With Mars in Leo, and Jupiter in the solar 7th house, every living Aries will want to put love back into his life. This is a better time for a wedding than March *ever* was.

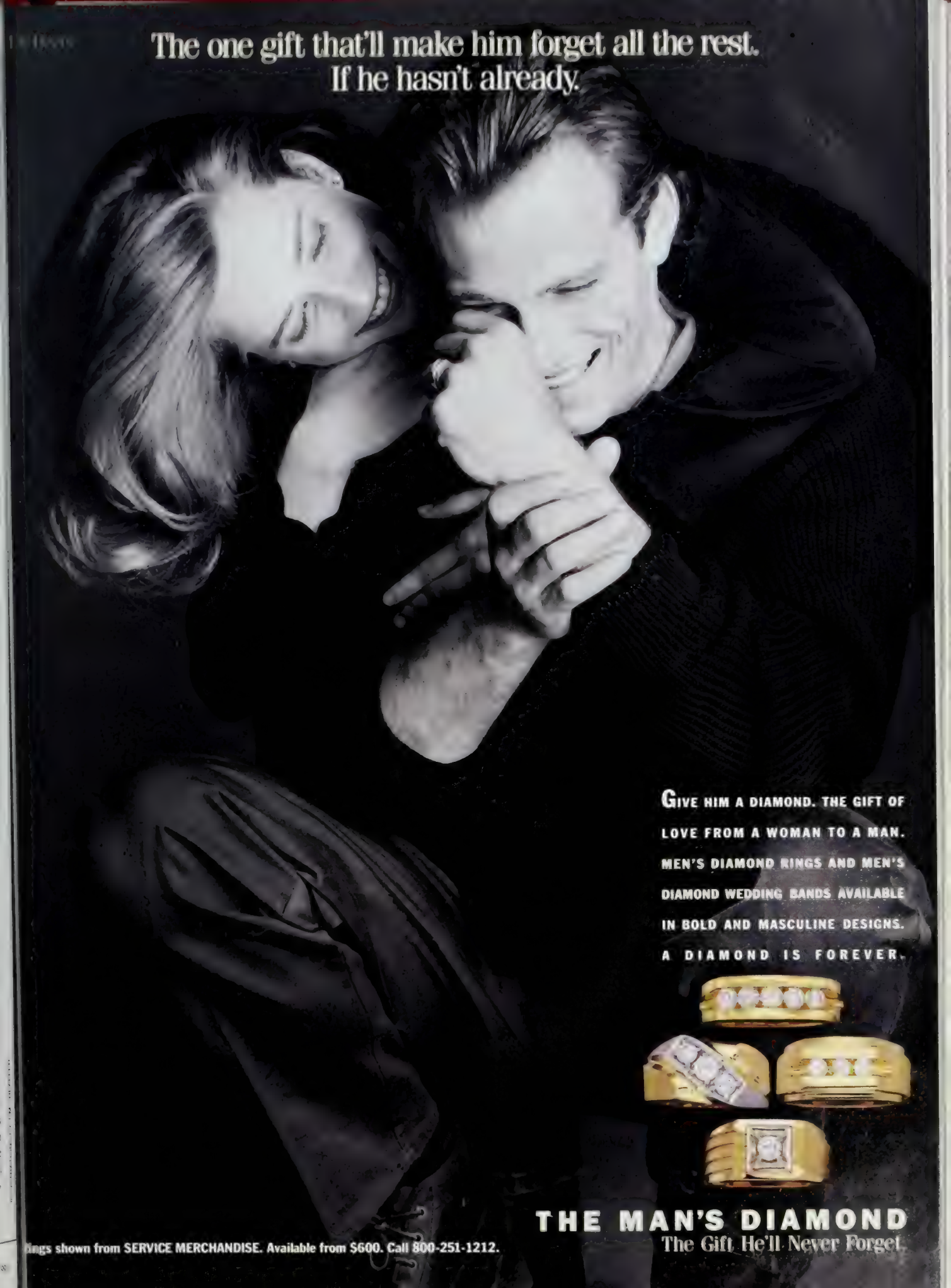
TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

Although you'll soon feel the old squeeze intensely, especially between May 14 and 20, you'll be able to recognize it for what it is: pressure, pressure, pressure. What do people want from you, anyway? How many more chunks can the vultures take? To complicate matters, this month Mars in Leo is squaring the sun in Taurus and squaring Pluto in Scorpio. Try not to see this as just more hassling. It can actually be quite energizing, and can mobilize you into creative action. Don't fall into the familiar Taurus trap and end up like a deer on the highway staring into oncoming headlights.

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By Michael Lutin

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Vanity Fair, 1934



Cole Porter

Thanks to naïve recordkeepers at Worcester Academy, June 9 will be recognized as Cole Porter's centennial. Actually, Porter slyly skipped over a couple of birthdays as a Worcester squid, and it's really his *102nd* this year. But there should be no quarrel. Cole, after all, was a marvel of self-invention—a master of his own myth. And like a good mythmaker, he spread it around. The virtual inventor of high life in the American Century, he blazed the trail to the French Riviera, chic-ified the Waldorf Towers, and sailed around the world, bringing back a priceless gift: "Begin the Beguine." In a jukebox jumble of tunes, a Cole Porter song is always the smartest and most nicely reasoned. From the achingly bemused strains of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" ("I saw you there one wonderful day. / You took my heart and threw it away") to that desolate lover's "warning voice" in "I've Got You Under My Skin" (" 'Use your mentality, / Wake up to reality' "). And Porter's couplets, of course, are nonpareil. "The royal set, sans regret, do it," in "Let's Do It." "Whistler's mama" comes together with an "O'Neill drama" in "You're the Top." The last Cole Porter song was written 35 years ago, but his genius remains omnipresent. Stop to listen sometime: at the movies or on TV, to the person humming on the street, "In the roaring traffic's boom / In the silence of my lonely room / I think of you night and day."

Photograph by HORST

93 July

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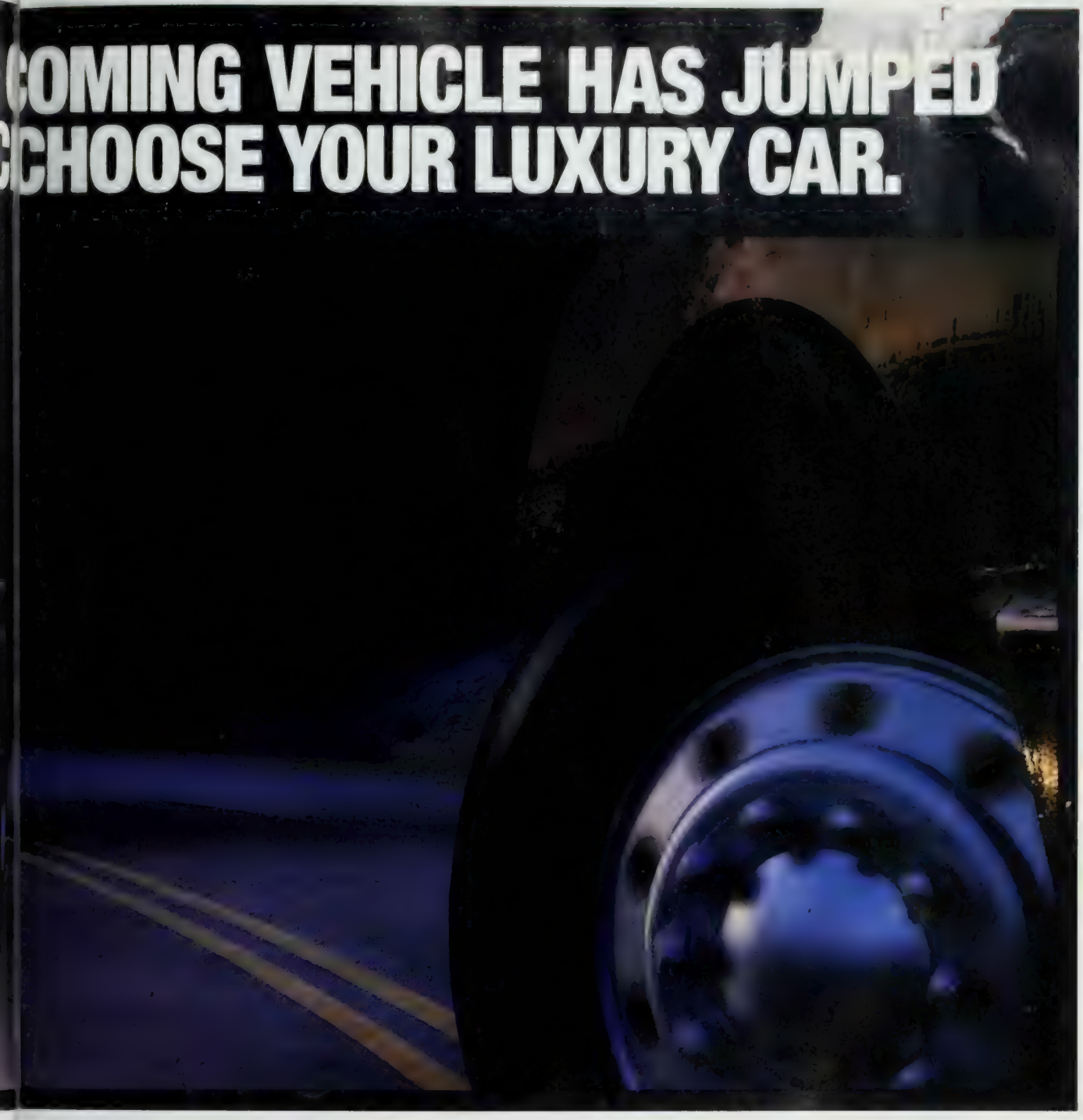
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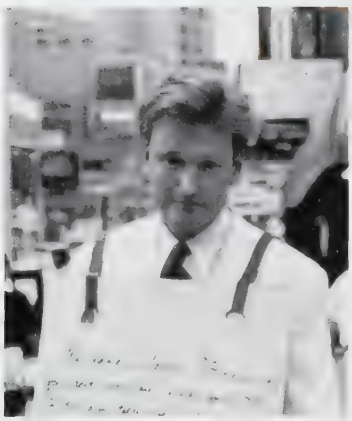
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VANITY FAIR

Volume 56 Number 7 July 1993



Do you know me?
Page 72.



Working title,
page 100.



Oxford blues,
page 108.

Features

The Fugitive Star: Harrison Ford has carved his next heroic role out of the upcoming film version of *The Fugitive,* but the reluctant icon shows David Halberstam that he also knows the importance of building a good bookcase. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **66**

Educating Conan: NBC is betting the late-night ranch and several new Armani suits on Conan O'Brien. Lynn Hirschberg talks to the instant celebrity. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **72**

Perennial Rose: Robert Risko pays tribute to Rose Kennedy, the Great American Matriarch, on her 103rd birthday. **78**

The Last Place on Earth: Has the world shut its eyes to the death of a nation? In the Sudan, Roger Rosenblatt finds an army of boys marching to nowhere, and misery without end. Photographs by Sebastião Salgado **80**

Single White Phenomenon: Jennifer Jason Leigh walked on the sleazy side to prove her acting depth. Now, Kevin Sessums reports, she is ready to show her range, from Robert Altman's *Short Cuts* to a screen turn as Dorothy Parker. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz **92**

Fluxus Redux: Mark Stevens spotlights the almost forgotten rebel art group—reunited for Josef Astor's lens—whose work is on its way to a retrospective at the Whitney Museum. **98**

Royal with a Cause: Prodigal heiress Francesca Thyssen has settled down with a Habsburg husband and a new mission. Bob Colacello follows the onetime party girl from Switzerland's Villa Favorita to war-torn Zagreb. Photographs by Eric Boman. **100**

Eton Made Him: Well-bred, well-schooled Darius Guppy had a plan for success that, as Brian Masters discovers, caught his upper-class family and aristocratic friends completely by surprise. **108**

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Style: As the Pressman family takes Barneys into uptown enemy territory, Jesse Kornbluth assesses the retail magic behind New York's hippest clothing store. **36**

Dispatches: On the scene in Rome and Milan, Michael Sheridan finds political blood running in the streets. **46**

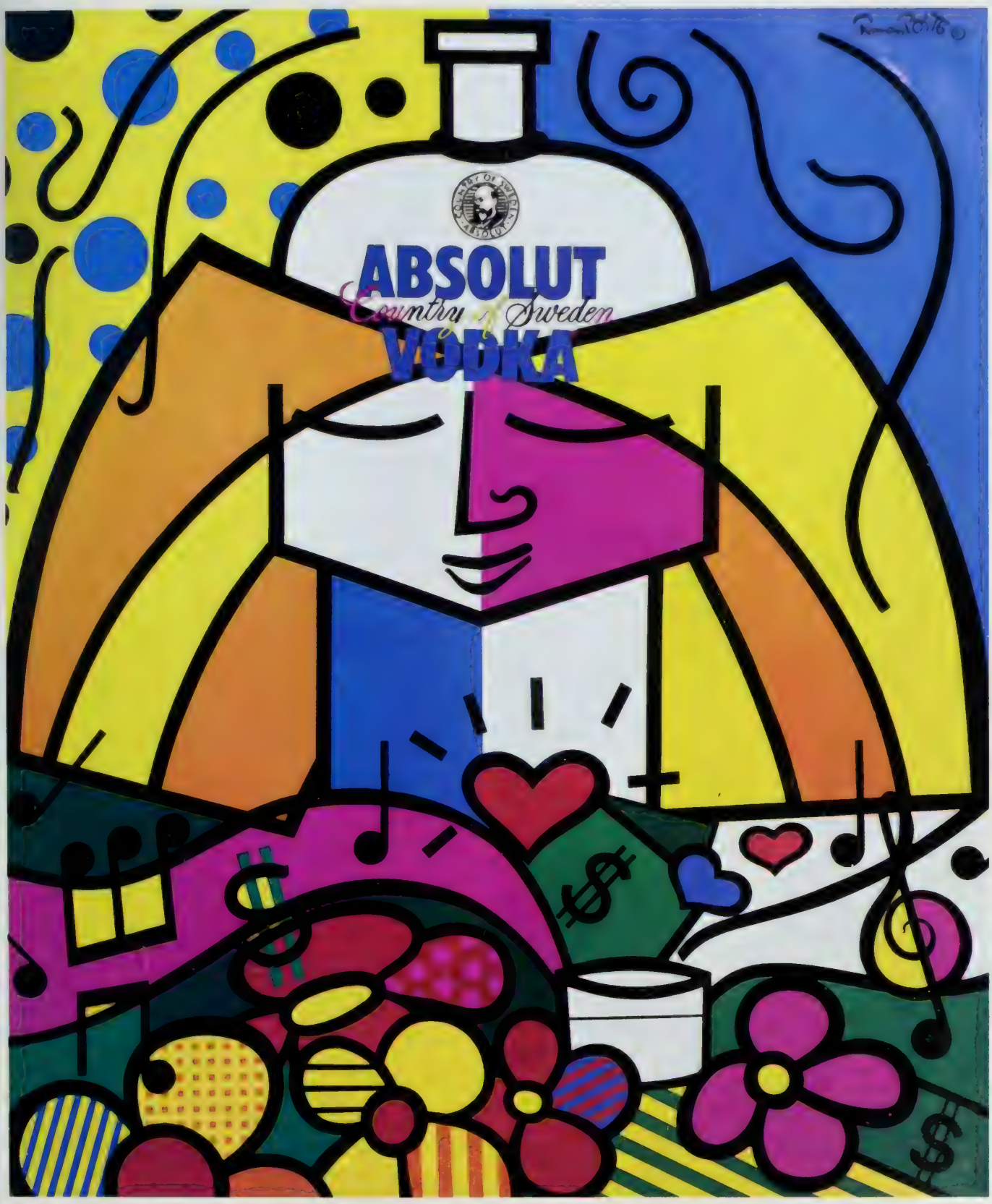
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Patricia Arquette's *True Romance;* the very Abel Ferrara; Rykiel swell; Brad Gooch, model writer; Susanna Kaysen breaks in with *Girl, Interrupted;* rap v. rock: getting hip to hip-hop **55**

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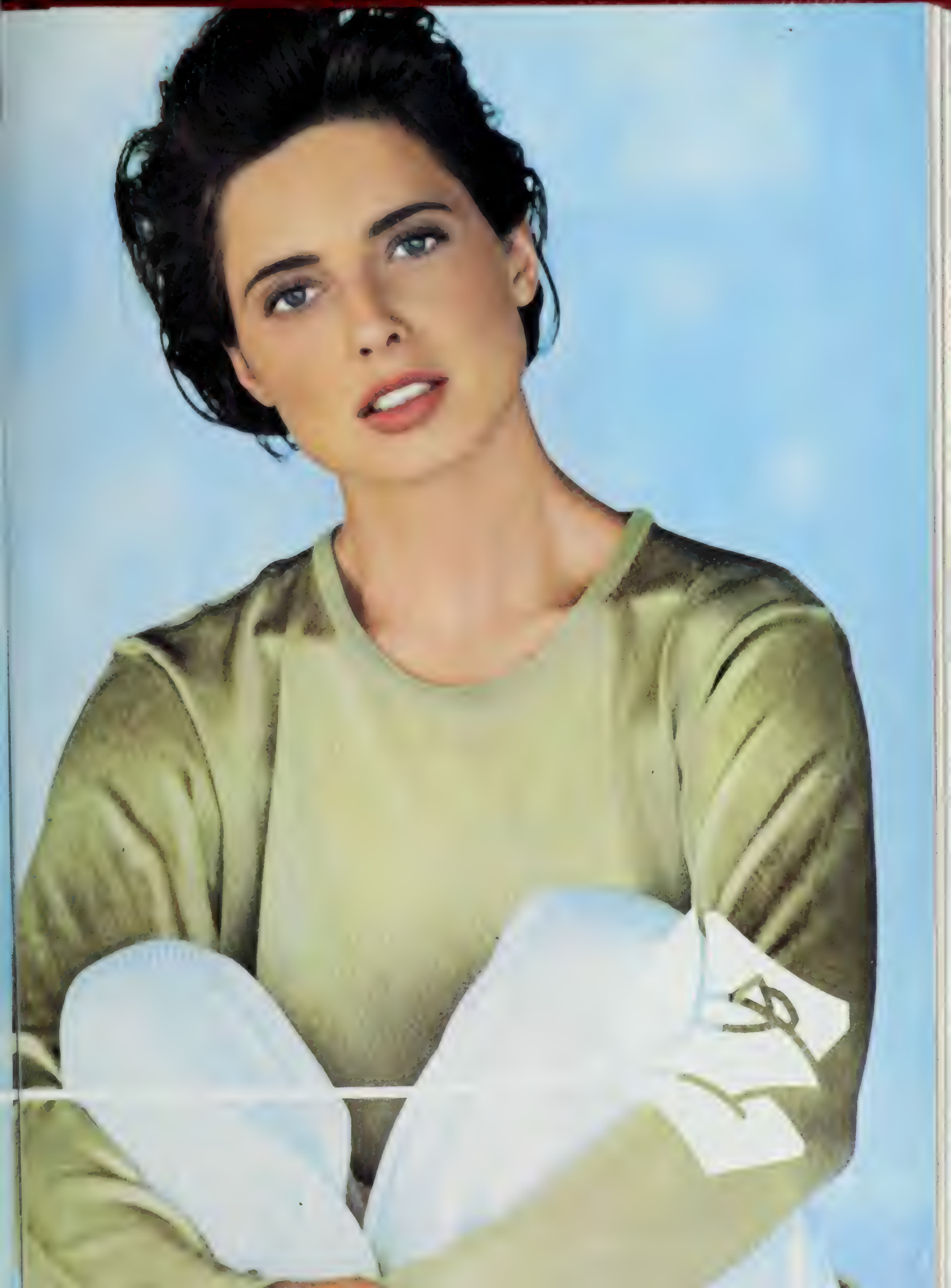
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Editor's Letter

The Boys' March



Somalia, Bosnia, and now the Sudan. Is the world willing to hear about another country facing extinction?

Battered by famine, disease, and a civil war that has gone on for 27 of the last 37 years, the Sudan and its civilization are essentially coming to an end. The situation has acquired a particularly haunting human face: tens of thousands of young boys who have been wandering the country—in some cases for years—in an attempt to somehow march away from death. The story that *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Roger Rosenblatt and photographer Sebastião Salgado have come back with (''The Last Place on Earth,'' page 80) is the first extended report on the catastrophe to appear in a U.S. publication. What they have documented for *Vanity Fair* is almost beyond belief.

Salgado (whose memorable black-and-white images have been collected most recently in *Workers: An Archaeology of the Industrial Age* and are currently on exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art) has undertaken many assignments in Africa during his 23-year career. ''But this was by far the worst I've seen there,'' he says. ''The Sudan is as bad if not worse than Yugoslavia. It is a drastic, dramatic situation.''

Rosenblatt, the author of the prizewinning *Children of War*, a 1983 account of his conversations with children in war-torn countries, was also stunned by what he saw. ''I've been to the most troubled of places—Beirut, Northern Ireland, Lebanon, Cambodia,'' he says, echoing Salgado. ''This by far was the worst. *And no one is looking*. A few days in the Sudan and you begin to absorb a unique desperation. You are overwhelmed by the dignity of these people, who are *dying*. The boys had absolutely no food and no supplies, yet they put out benches for us to sit on and talk with them. The end of the earth is really the embodiment of civility.''

Because the war-ravaged Sudan is so inaccessible, Rosenblatt and Salgado entered the country illegally, hiring a small plane to fly them from Kenya to the tiny village of Nimule. Even though relief workers and at least one journalist have been murdered, Rosenblatt says he never felt endangered: ''What you see when you get there hits too suddenly for you to feel danger. The hardships in covering this story seem very trivial compared with what you *see*.''

See for yourselves.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Model Ford



ON THE COVER
Harrison Ford wears a suit by Giorgio Armani. Shirt by Comme des Garçons. Tie by Donna Karan. Belt by Paul Stuart. Shoes by J. M. Weston. Grooming by Richard Keo for Bumble & Bumble. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.



Man on the run Harrison Ford is traveling faster than ever, *left*. Annie Leibovitz and Ford do a bookends pose, *above*, in New York during the *V.F.* photo shoot. Ford's essential charm lies in his ability to go from ''ordinary citizen of the republic'' to ''lonely American avenger,'' according to David Halberstam's story on page 66.

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Business reply card copy
RSVP cards for party
Projects in progress
Our capabilities presentation
My calendar
Microsoft Excel
QuarkXPress
MacWrite
Filemaker Pro
Files from my Macintosh
A baby book I'm making
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Vehicle hour records
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Idea memo to other stations
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Projected vs. actual overtime
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Bob Cockrell's performance review
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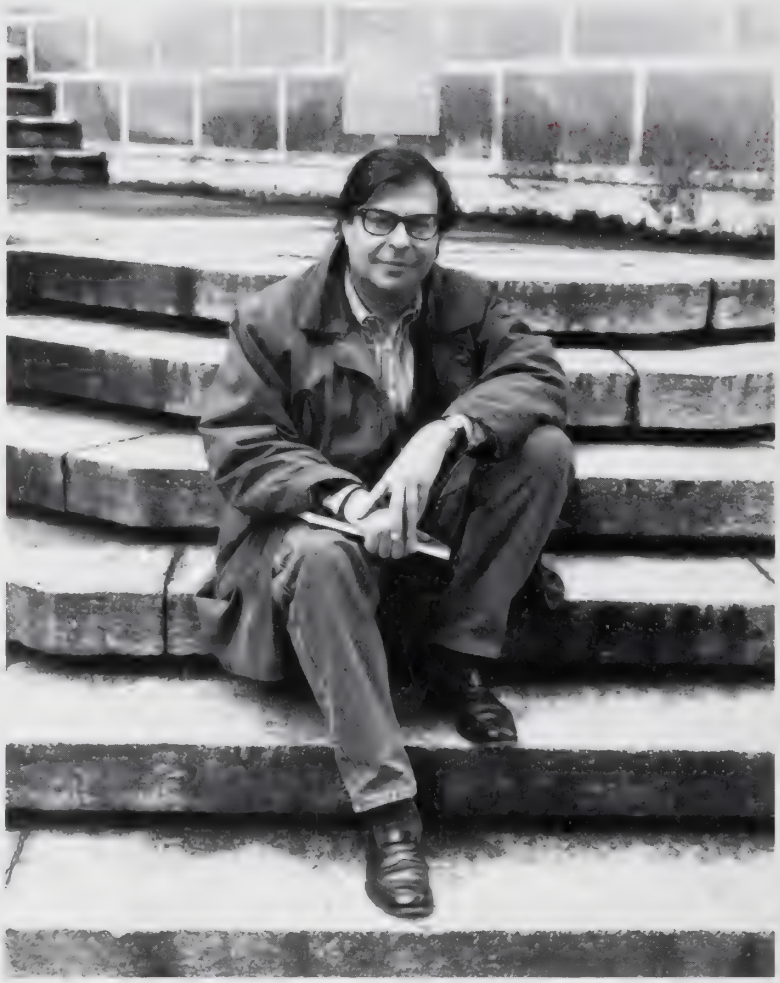
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—Cosmopolitan

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—Glamour

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Contributors



ERIC BOMAN

Bob Colacello at the Thyssen family's Villa Favorita in Lugano, Switzerland. A V.F. special correspondent and the author of Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up *(HarperPerennial), Colacello regularly covers the international social and cultural scenes. This month, he reports on Francesca von Habsburg's new life in the art world, page 100.*

Eric Boman is working on a series of still lifes for a show in New York. His photographs have appeared in American, British, and French *Vogue*.

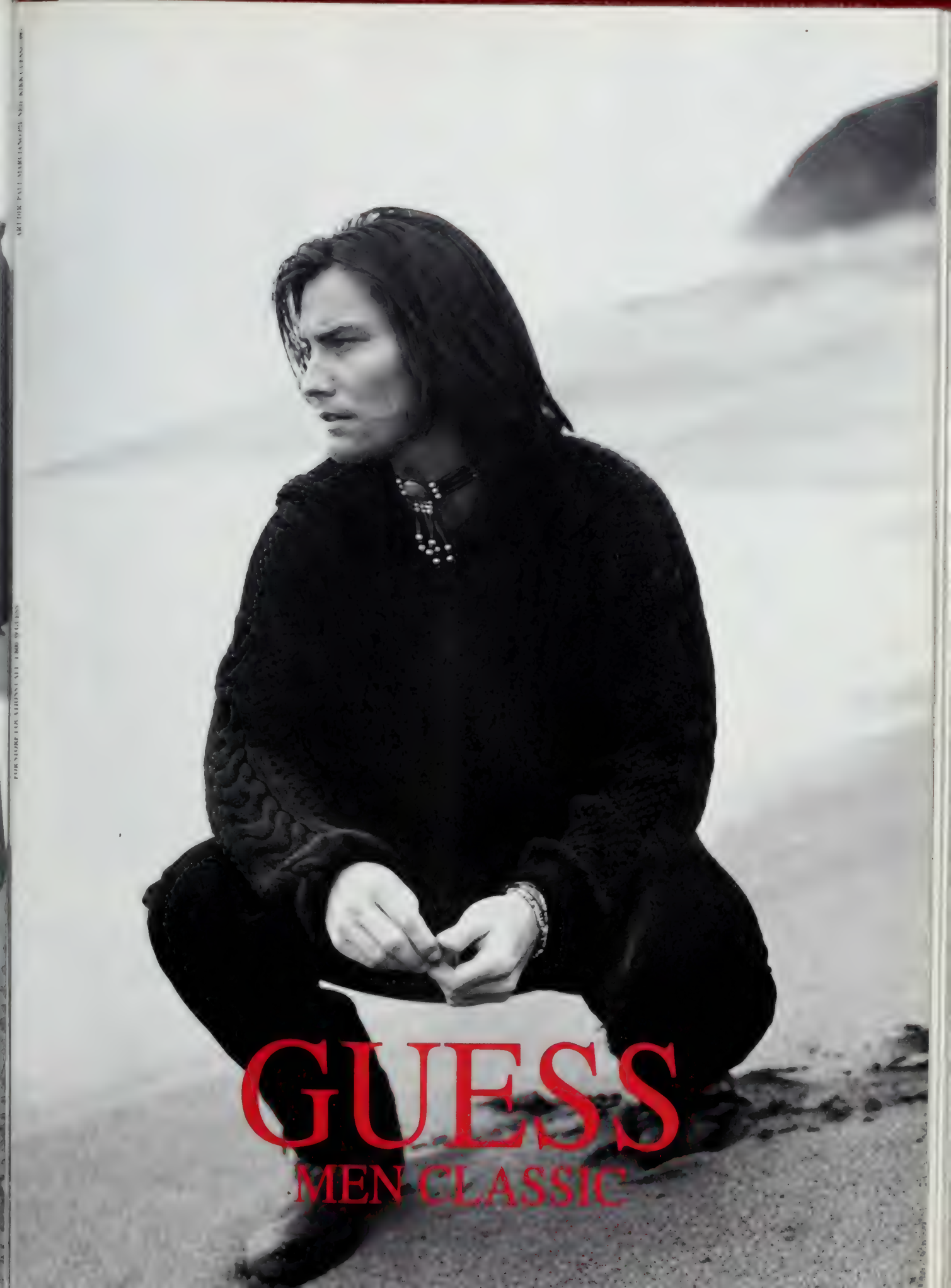
David Halberstam's book *The Fifties* is just out from Villard. "This is one of the few times I've written about an entertainer," he says of this month's cover story. "A mutual friend said that I'm the ideal person to be Harrison Ford's biographer, because we have the same edginess."

Lynn Hirschberg frequently covers the media for *V.F.* "Conan O'Brien is a phenomenon—an extremely talented unknown plucked from obscurity and thrust into the limelight," she says of her subject. "It's rare that you get to see a person metamorphose into a persona. A week in Conan's life is like watching a celebrity version of time-lapse photography."

Christopher Hitchens's latest book, *For the Sake of Argument*, is out this month from Verso. *(Continued on page 16)*

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Contributors

(Continued from page 12)

Jesse Kornbluth is writing the screenplay of his book *Highly Confident: The Crime and Punishment of Michael Milken* (Morrow) for Robert De Niro's Tribeca Productions. "Tolstoy was wrong: happy families are not all alike," he says of his report on the Pressman family. "The Pressmans are so diverse they seem like the cast of a hip TV series: a sprinkling of iconoclasts who nonetheless love and respect one another."

Brian Masters, who lives in London, is the author of *The Shrine of Jeffrey Dahmer* (Hodder and Stoughton). He is currently at work on a translation of Voltaire's *Traité sur la Tolérance*.



Lynn Hirschberg on NBC's late-night sensation Conan O'Brien, page 72.

Roger Rosenblatt is working on a collection of his journalistic pieces from the past 17 years for Random House. He will appear this summer at the Guild Hall's John Drew Theater in East Hampton, New York, in his one-man show *Bibliomania*, a comic celebration of books.

Sebastião Salgado, the award-winning photographer, was originally trained as an economist. In 1970, during a tour of Africa, he began his serious work in photography and soon took steps to change careers. His latest book, *Workers: An Archaeology of the Industrial Age* (Aperture), will be out this fall. An exhibition of the photographs will tour the U.S., Europe, and Asia.



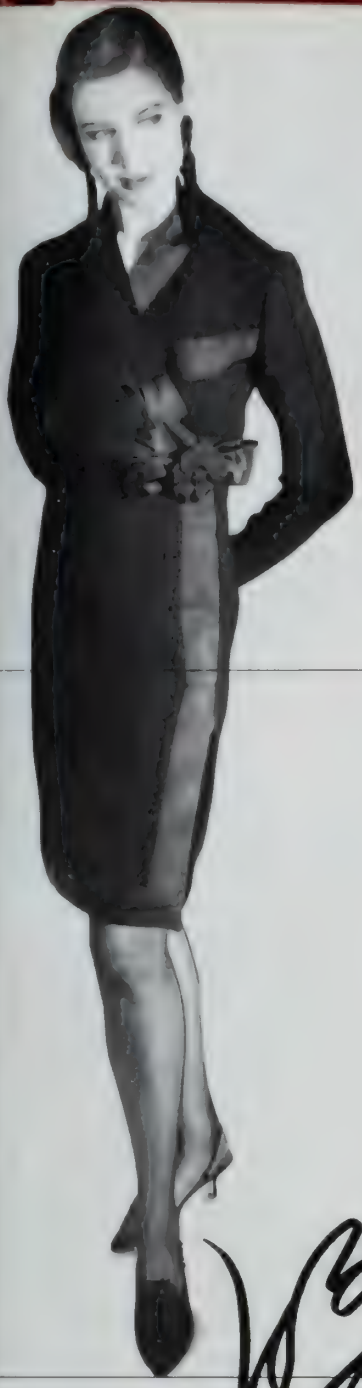
Sebastião Salgado photographs haunting scenes from the civil war in the Sudan, page 80.

Kevin Sessums is at work on a novel, *Porterhouse*, for Random House. He will appear this fall in the mini-series of Armistead Maupin's *Tales of the City* for Britain's Channel Four.

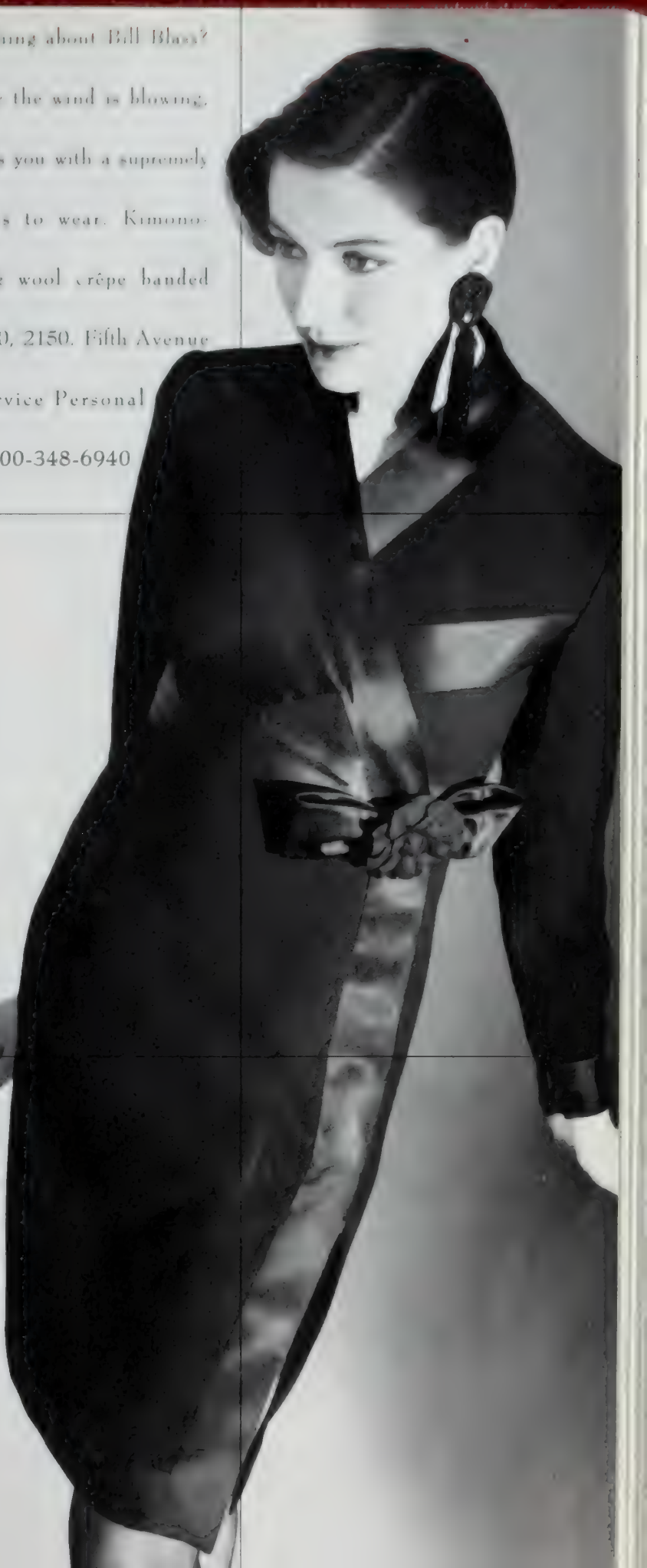
Michael Sheridan spent most of the last 12 years as a foreign correspondent in Rome, Beirut, and Jerusalem. His book on Rome will be out next year from Weidenfeld & Nicolson in the U.K. Of his piece on the scandals convulsing Italy, he says, "Some people say the Middle East starts at Rome, but I've always preferred to think that it ends there."



Roger Rosenblatt travels to the Sudan, a civilization on the brink of extinction, page 80.



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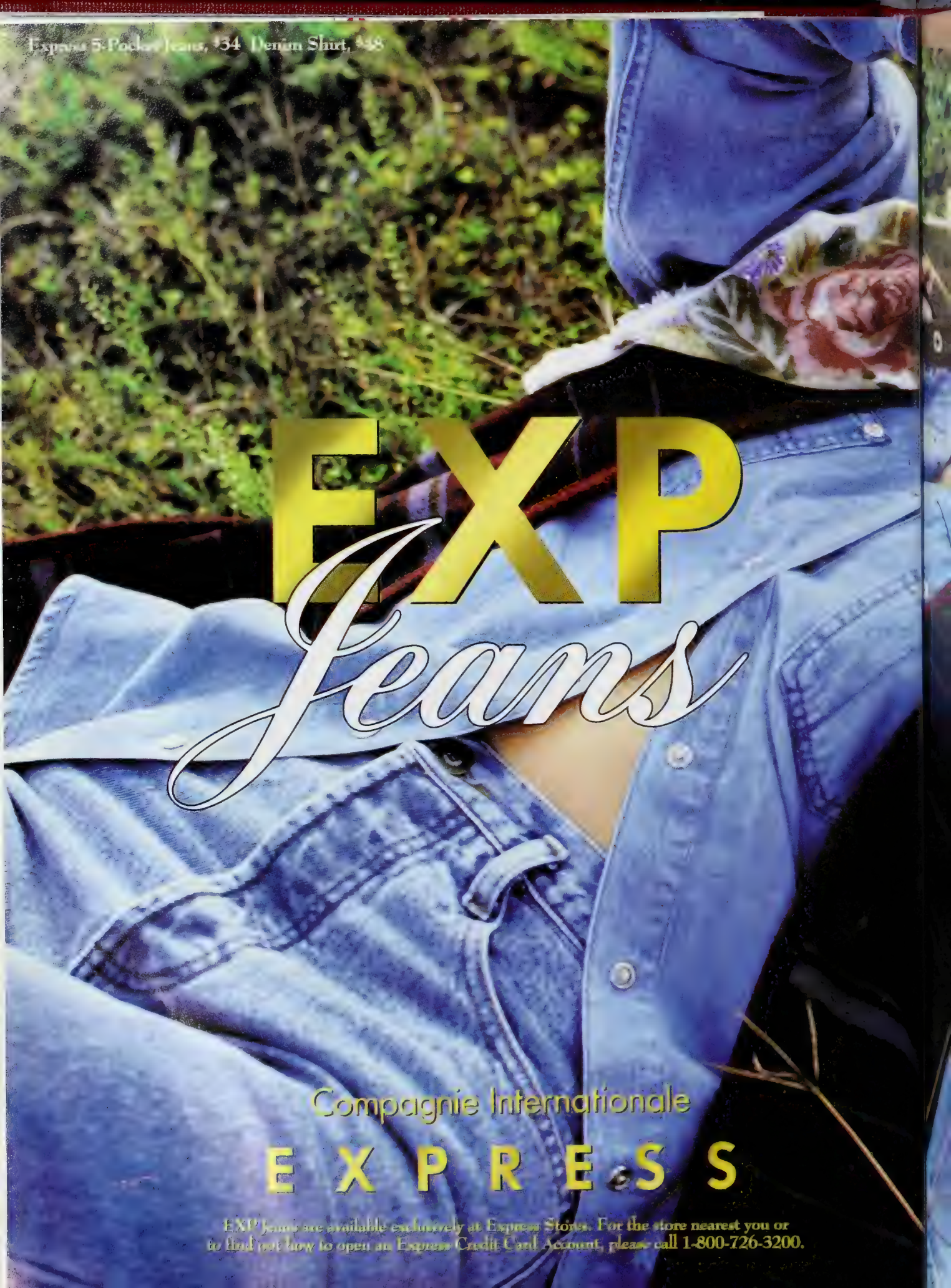


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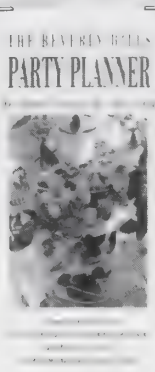
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Letters

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Vanishing Act

I found your article "The Gentleman Vanishes," by Dominick Dunne [May], exceptionally interesting, as I knew "Lucky Lucan" and his wife, Veronica. Like myself, he is a life member of the Saint-Moritz Tobogganing Club. In that context I smiled when reading, "According to the House of Lords registrar, he remains alive." Until this last year, the Saint-Moritz Tobogganing Club annual report continued to list Johnny as "LUCAN, The Earl of"—with no address. One last comment: the caption for one of the photos of Lord Lucan mentions his presence at "the Crystal Ball" in Saint-Moritz. Actually, it is "the Cresta Ball." I doubt if any of the Cresta Run riders who knew him will ever forget him.

GEORGE R. TURPIN
Longboat Key, Florida

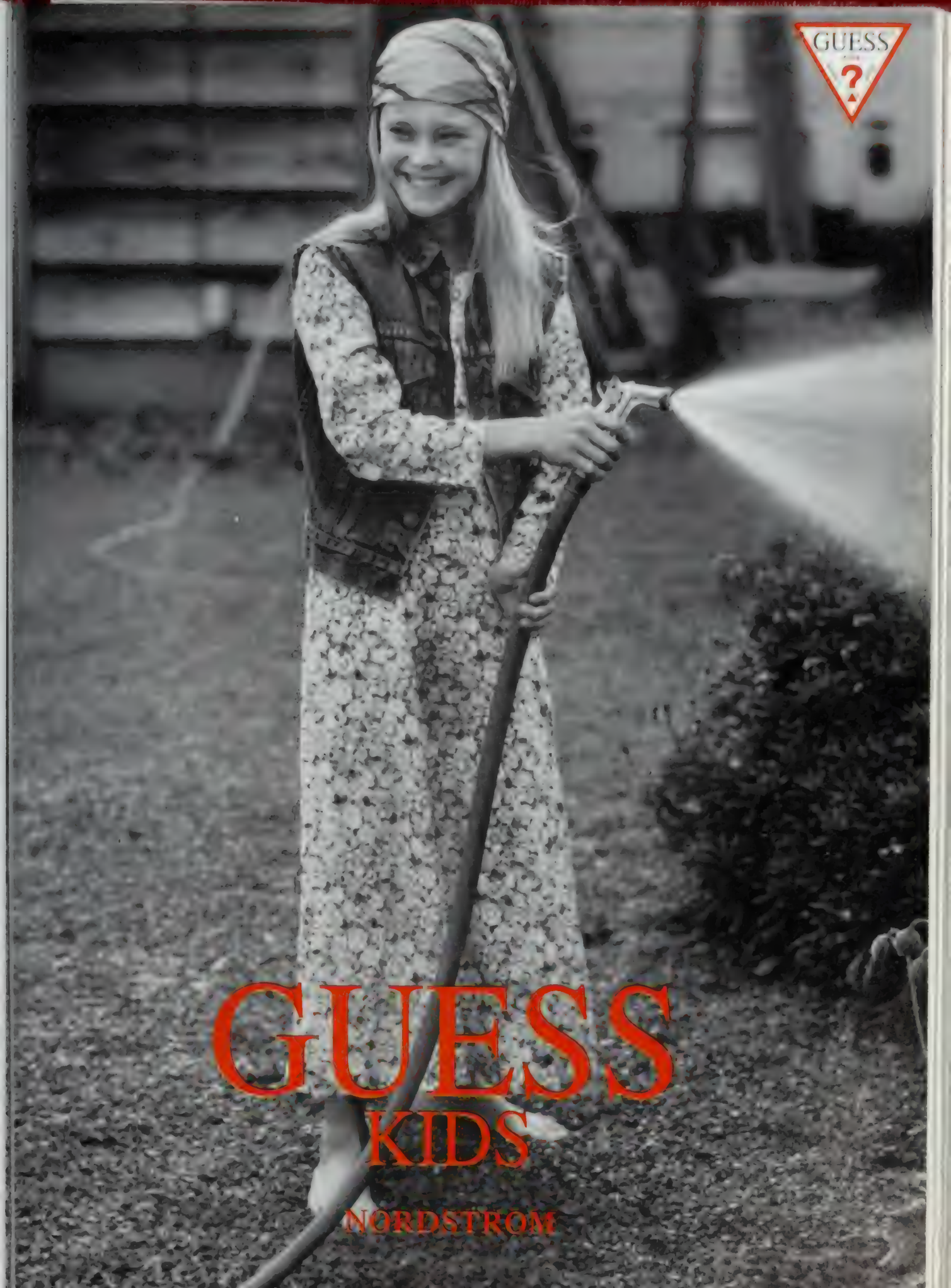
Gay Strides

As a heterosexual, I'm ashamed that so many Americans discredit the claims of the homosexual community and want to deny equal protection under the law ["The Gay Nineties," by Luisita Lopez Torregrosa, May]. Gays and lesbians are the last group of Americans which it is socially acceptable in some circles to openly hate. The people portrayed in your article are credible leaders who can help to change the insensitive way some Americans treat homosexuals.

ISABEL STRONG
San Antonio, Texas

I find it interesting that each person interviewed wanted to be the gay movement's leader but was still looking for the Jesus/Martin Luther King Jr./J.F.K. of our movement. My feeling is that all of these people have the position, the power, and the type of ego needed to be our leaders now. We should not sit around waiting for the second coming of Harvey Milk, but work with what we have. We don't need a messiah as much as we need an N.A.A.C.P. My request to each of these people (if I ever had the chance to make a request) would be to work together with the common goal to build *one* organization that we all can turn to and work within for understand-




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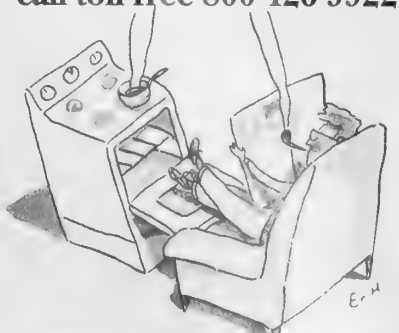
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Letters

ing, support, and solidarity. "Build it and they will come."

MICHAEL C. ECCLES
San Francisco, California

Continental Divide

Please forward this message to Julie V. Carr of New York City:

I'll trade you my Andie MacDowell–covered issue for your Bill Clinton [March]. See, I believe you were in the lucky half. No offense to Ms. MacDowell.

PAMELA D. BURGE
Yorktown, Texas

This is in response to Julie Carr's letter, in which she wanted to know if anyone had complained about not having Bill Clinton's mug on his or her March issue of *Vanity Fair*. I for one was rather disappointed when my March issue arrived. Living on the East Coast I was looking forward to seeing the president on the cover of *Vanity Fair*.

LIZA REICH
Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

Knocking Woody

I was appalled by your May "Spotlight" of Woody Harrelson ["Wild and Woody," photographed by Firooz Zahedi]. While he is described as a "lost boy, leaking sensitivity at every joint," I question which sensitive joint urged him to pose for this photo straddling another of society's faceless females. How much longer must I be pelted with images of women used merely as props to validate male sexuality?

HEATHER GATTUCCIO
Raleigh, North Carolina

Unfinished Business

Your pestering piece by Gail Sheehy, "The Unspeakable Passage—Is There a Male Menopause?" [April], annoyed the hell out of me. The problem with this society is not the oppression of women but the erosion of masculinity going on everywhere—in the movies, on the tube, and on all the silly radio talk shows. If a man can't get it up, God help him. It's a failure, he knows it, and a deep plaintive cry goes up from him in a way women will *never* understand. The essence of a man's strength—evident throughout history—is in what he cannot and will not talk about. Proof positive of this is that the most intact and removed men (those furthest from "sharing") are the very men strong women go wild over.

WILLIAM H. WISNER
Laredo, Texas

Perhaps the finest article to come out of *Vanity Fair* was in the April 1993 issue. Gail Sheehy's article on male menopause not only revealed the truth about a deeply hidden and well-kept cultural secret but also gave convincing, factual evidence.

When my husband began to have symptoms, I hurriedly went to the library and found only two books on the subject. After discussing, or trying to discuss, this subject with a doctor, he told me it happened only to "some men," and he refused to give even the specter of it any validity.

This "male menopause" is more real and devastating than the physical symptoms of the female menopause. What it does is take the heart and soul out of men. And the worst part is that it's patently denied.

Thank you for giving Gail Sheehy's article a major place in your magazine. Maybe it will save some marriages.

KAREN McMILLAN
Seattle, Washington

In Sharon Stone's novel lament of the repression of women throughout history ["Stone Goddess," by Kevin Sessums, April], she claims, "Tamara de Lempicka invented Cubism, not Picasso, not Braque. *De Lempicka*."

Tamara de Lempicka was all of nine years old when Pablo Picasso painted *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* in 1907—the definitive beginning of Cubism. De Lempicka did not pick up a paintbrush until 10 years later, and her first documented paintings are from the early 20s.

BRIAN ABERCROMBIE
Los Angeles, California

Bravo to Christopher Hitchens ["D.W.E.M. Seeks to R.I.P.," April]. Unfortunately, his uncharacteristic attack on the barbarians of P.C. and demonstration of perfect literary sensibility contained one important flaw: neither is John Cowper Powys forgotten, nor was he English. He was *Welsh*. Perhaps it is time for Mr. Hitchens to come home.

WYNN WHELDON
London, England

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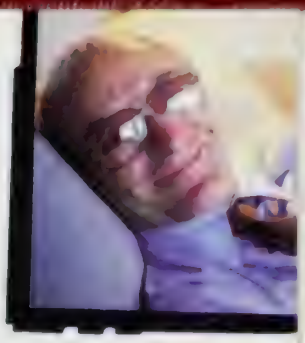


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Pack men: ***Top to bottom,*** **soldiers in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where rape is part of the arsenal; members of the Lakewood, California, Spur Posse; defendants in the Glen Ridge, New Jersey, sexual-assault trial.**

CALL OF THE WILDING

The age-old ugliness of men in packs has exploded recently—in Bosnia, in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, and in Lakewood, California. What moral circuit is shorted when a man takes part in group rape and violence?

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Here is George Orwell, in his much-forgotten novel *Coming Up for Air,* describing an eight-year-old Iron John. The lads have been off playing truant and having a few laughs in the woods. Look out, everybody:

> Sid Lovegrove said he knew how babies were born and it was just the same as rabbits except that the baby came out of the woman's navel. Harry Barnes started to carve the word **** on a beech tree, but got fed up with it after the first two letters. . . . Then Joe found a late thrush's nest with half-fledged chicks in it in a blackberry bush. After a lot of argument about what to do with them we took the chicks out, had shots at them with stones, and finally stamped on them. There were four of them, and we each had one to stamp on.

"And it's a wonderful thing to be a boy," concludes Orwell's character, "to go roaming where grown-ups can't catch you, and to chase rats and kill birds and shy stones and cheek carters and shout dirty words. It's a kind of strong, rank feeling, a feeling of knowing everything and fearing nothing, and it's all bound up with breaking rules and killing things."

"Thank God I'm a man," he adds, "because no woman ever has that feeling." Orwell is such a byword for gentleness and decency these days that it's a mild shock to find him coming out as a guy in this way. Elsewhere in the novel, bunches of youths taunt a mentally retarded boy into a frenzy, teach one another to jerk off, and gang up on oldsters who aren't swift enough to retaliate.

The only mercy is that no impressionable or simpleminded girl crosses their path. Publishers in the 1930s and 40s might in any case have scrupled to print what happens on such occasions. For a full-frontal on that question, we had to wait for Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn,* which was the subject of a famous 1967 court case on obscenity. Do you recall what befell the happy hooker named Tralala when she got drunk in a bar full of men? At first she went along with the fun, but then, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear:

> Another tooth was chipped and the split in her lips was widened and everyone laughed and she laughed and she drank more and more and soon she passedout and they slapped her a few times and she mumbled and turned her head but they couldn't revive her so they continued to fuck her as she lay unconscious on the seat in the lot and soon they tired of the dead piece . . . and the kids who were watching and waiting to take a turn took out their disappointment on Tralala and tore her clothes to small scraps put out a few cigarettes on her nipples pissed on her jerkedoff on her jammed a broomstick up her snatch . . .



Recall the baseball bat and the broom deployed (one with a makeshift condom rolled thoughtfully over its tip in a hysterical parody of correct behavior) by the young lions of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, when they had talked a lady of limited I.Q. into their basement rec room. It appears that the same sort of thing will always tend to happen once a certain line has been crossed—a sort of travesty of sex, at once pitiful and hateful. The awareness of this is powerful but unwelcome, and in "normal" times is dealt with by denial or prudery, or by the use of platitudes about boys being boys.



These, however, don't appear to be normal times. Apart from the Glen Ridge trial and the revelation of a kind of sexual numbers racket being run by a gang of jocks in the high-school community of Lake-

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wood, California, there has been the suggestion that women are in appreciably more danger of domestic violence on Super Bowl Sunday, that beery idyll when the nation's menfolk declare their independence and husky solidarity. And over everything has come the stench of Fascism from Bosnia, where the pogrom and the pack rape are logical twins and instruments of policy and where, once again, we've had to confront the fact that there are always enthusiastic volunteers for such arduous duties. Describing the captured motel where Bosnian women were held for the use of his fellows, a Serbian militiaman told John Burns of *The New York Times* that it was "never a problem. You just picked up a key and went to a room." It's impossible for me to picture being the occupant of the room, waiting for the next key to turn in the door. But it's not completely impossible to imagine the jokes and winks that passed between the jovial guards. ("Try the one in No. 16...")

Behind this is the haunting figure of the droog: the full-grown kid who has worked out the connection between sex and violence and thus need never be bored again, or stuck for recreation. So frightening were the droogs on-screen that Stanley Kubrick himself pulled *A Clockwork Orange* from the theaters in England for fear of imitative crimes. Look up Anthony Burgess's original novella if you wonder why. The subject matter was so high-octane that he had to devise a new language in which to render it.

Billyboy and his droogs stopped what they were doing, which was just getting ready to perform something on a weepy young devotchka they had there, not more than ten, she creeching away but with her platties still on, Billyboy holding her by one rooker and his number-one, Leo, holding the other. They'd probably just been doing the dirty slovo part of the act before getting down to a malenky bit of ultra-violence. When they viddied us a-coming they let go of this boo-hooing little ptitsa, there being plenty more where she came from, and she ran with her thin white legs flashing through the dark, still going "Oh oh oh."

Then it starts to get nasty. And it has that in common with all the testosterone dramas that have been on the psychic screen of late, whether it's the scorekeeping or the bat inserting or the gallantry of the Serbian soldiery. One lesson seems to be that men and boys behave worse—a good bit worse—when they travel in packs.

In his stunningly candid book *Among the Thugs*, Bill Buford, editor of the literary magazine *Granta*, relates the sheer lawless ecstasy of all-male soccer violence, and puts it right up there with sex and drugs as a consummation: "They [his fellow hooligans] talk about the crack, the buzz, and the fix.... One lad, a publican, talks about it as though it were a chemical thing or a hormonal spray or some kind of intoxicating gas.... I am attracted to the moment when consciousness ceases: the moments of survival, of animal intensity, of violence.... What was it like for me? An experience of absolute completeness."

"With just two of you, there was some chance of restraint. But with three or more—well..."

Remember that cat you chivvied, that fatso you reduced to hot tears, the old lady's tin roof that resounded so satisfyingly to the fusillade of marbles and half-bricks? (You know who you are, *hypocrite lecteur*.) Not even knowing I was writing this, one of my dearest male friends reminisced with a mixture of disgust and nostalgia: "With just two of you, there was some chance of restraint. But with three or more—well, then it was the firecracker in the dogshit next to the newly washed car. And that was only kid stuff—for starters." One ought in honesty not to omit the mud hurled at freshly hung-out laundry; the doorbell, rung incessantly, of the newcomer down the street; the late-night telephone calls to people with embarrassing or silly names ("Is that Mrs. Winterbotham?"—screeches to follow); and the letting air out of tires.

Nor was this always on the *American Graffiti* side of good clean sabotage and pranking. I recall with a special qualm the way that we would pick on the biologically unfit. Indian burns to the brat with Coke-bottle specs. Snapping wet towels for the hopelessly chubby. Exquisite surprises for the lad whose acne just wouldn't clear up. Elaborate, booby-trapped courtesies for the startled girl with fat calves. A ghastly instinct for the weak spot (including our own, of course, since we were naturally terrified of girls and really needed that safety in numbers). In other words, fear of the locker-room sadists tempted one to side with the victor. Because if someone *else* was the target, one's own turn might not come. A guilty but inescapable, and self-preservative, thought, of the kind that might also help school one for survival under Fascism.

Peter Ustinov, in his novel *The Loser*, has a very gripping account of how this kind of upbringing turned a nice German boy into a real Nazi: "For nearly a year the men in Hans's unit behaved as soldiers tend to do under the conditions of war and occupation; *far more lenient, approachable and gentlemanly when alone than in the mass*." (Emphasis mine.)

An unobjectionable observation on the face of it, but one with an obvious and ominous counterpart:

> They raped the girls because it was manly, and they were always at pains to prove their manhood to each other. This forced them to pretend that an organized platoon assault on a defenseless creature of unknown personality, stretched hideously on the floor, gave them considerably more pleasure than it actually did.... It was, in the final analysis, a victory of the nerves and stomach over the terrible possibility of adverse criticism by friends, and had very little to do with lust.

This detail adds the necessary element of true wretchedness and inhuman misery to the scene. Imagine (if you can) the Bosnian woman, already homeless and starving and quite possibly bereaved, as she finds herself surrounded by a troop of stinking, urgent, raucous militiamen. Impossible, you might think, to darken the shades of that picture. But it doesn't lessen the horror and shame of her ordeal to guess that several of the men are quaking inside. What if I can't? What if the priest was right and I *do* go to hell? What if it was *my* sister? And drowning all this out, or dulling it to a stupid throb, the thought: But what will the boys say if I go soft? Or *queer?*

This last speculation, by the way,

French mustard is a lot like French romance. The more variations you try, the better it is.



goes some distance toward explaining why blunt substitute instruments feature so often. It's not infrequently the best the chaps can come up with. The Central Park jogger had twigs in her vagina, but no semen attributable to those who had savaged her, and several of the Glen Ridge boys left the room when things got ugly, almost certainly from mixed motives of revulsion and embarrassment. Some feminist theorists who compare the penis to a species of heat-seeking missile are being too flattering as well as too harsh. Still, I did once read a survey of college kids where they were asked if they would commit a rape if they knew they would not be caught. Even if one allows for practical-joke answers, an amazingly high number (35 percent) said yes, so it's clear that the fantasy has power even if the reality is a sordid disaster.

Robert Hughes, arguably the world's greatest living macho Australian art critic, told me of the atmosphere in his set at Sydney University in the 1950s. He had noticed that parties were carefully segregated, with the boys clustered round the beer keg in the main room and the girls chatting in the kitchen. In order to mingle with the more intriguing gender, he had to forsake the chaps and drift nonchalantly kitchenward. After a while, he was taken aside by a brace of his chums. "Look, Bob, we hate to say it, but there's been talk. Some of the lads have noticed that you're hanging out with the girls . . ." Then, all in a rush: "Look, mate, don't get us wrong, but we worry you might be a bit queer." The raw logic of the male, king of rational beasts. What do men want? One hardly dares ask.

As an unremitting realist, Hubert Selby included female witnesses, and much female applause, in his awful depiction of the rape and desecration of Tralala—girls who were glad to see a slut getting what she'd asked for. I've seen men and boys, when egged on by other men and boys, do things they wouldn't have done alone on a bet or a dare. But that's nothing to what they'll do when there are babes or chicks to be impressed, and some females appear to be born with this knowledge.

This comes in more on the violence than the sex side of the ledger—many juvenile-gang fights start over insecurity about girlfriends—but it seems probable that the unseen audience in the male cranium is female a lot of the time. Tell a soldier that he's defending the honor of the womenfolk and that's when he feels he's been given a one-year moral pass to do *anything*, and to do it with a fierce sense of moral justification. In 1914 it was pretty girls who handed out white feathers in the streets to young men not in uniform, as if to say: Are you so feeble that you will not kill strangers in my defense? And it is invariably rape stories that are used to get war fever going and to criminalize the enemy.

We would pick, like instinctive Nazis, on the biologically unfit. A ghastly instinct for the weak spot.

A male friend of mine was once raped in Beirut by a jeepload of Syrian cops. During a later rape controversy that occurred in the press—one of those trials where the judge just doesn't get it—I suggested that he write about his experience as a means of telling our sex (or gender) what it feels like to be on the receiving end, so to speak. I promised him anonymity—or I was going to before he practically spat in my eye. He never forgave me for even *knowing* about it, let alone referring to it.

I realized then, if I hadn't before, that the male ego is more fragile than many women believe, and that the idea of safety in numbers is necessary partly for that reason. The humiliation of men by men, in prison or in battle or in the army or on the street, is designed to cut them off from the pack and the herd for good, to be a crude version of the "selection" process that worried Darwin and thrilled the Nazis. And who will risk being an outcast for the sake of some other vulnerable creature?

Well, quite a few people. A colleague of mine once told me that he mentally divided his friends and acquaintances between those who would and those who would not shelter him if the storm troopers came. Many people play a version of this push-comes-to-shove game in their own heads, often asking how they themselves would measure up.

Recent American history is richer in these tests than many people realize. I know a man named Bob Kholos, now a well-known Democrat in Oregon, who was once encouraged to throw an already battered Vietnamese prisoner out of a helicopter. He'd seen it done before, and he also knew what could happen off base to those who didn't play along. His buddies were watching. It was his turn—his full initiation into the brotherhood. The prisoner was watching, too. Just then, a message came over the radio that this particular captive was wanted for a special interrogation. Kholos says he's still visited by the realization that he doesn't know for sure if he'd have faced down his buddies or not.

Another friend, Ron Ridenhour, did have to find out. He suffered every kind of ostracism for blowing the whistle on the mass rape and murder at My Lai, 25 years ago this spring. I asked him what it had been like to meet the scorn of fellow grunts. He responded by telling me quite a different story, which I asked him to write down.

It was one night in the summer of 1967. We were all lying in our bunks right after lights out in advanced-infantry-training school at Fort Ord, California, when it started.

"Hey, man," came the first call out of the darkness down the bay, "let's get us some nigger nuts tonight."

"Yeah," came back an answer from a bunk at the other end of the hall, "let's cut that motherfucker's nuts off."

Their intended target, a man named Wheeler, was tall, thin, black as could be, and sullen. Just pissed off all the time. When I think back about it, maybe I'd have been pissed off, too, if I was him, being the only black man in a platoon of Texas crackers. All these guys, with the exception of a single Chicano, were white. They had gone to the same high schools, knew the same girls, had the same friends, went to the same hangouts.

Later, I came to think of it as an object lesson in the way mob violence starts rolling. When everybody is feeling surly, sometimes it only takes one person to say it out loud, put it out there in the way that most everybody is feeling.

It can also take only one person to put a stop to it. Just as "the air in that barracks was alive with an a cappella incantation for a group castration of Private Wheeler," Ridenhour heard himself say that the lynching crew would have to come through him first, and that was enough to take the steam out of things. As he modestly points out, this may have been the result of his own prestige as a good-ol'-boy tough Texan, but then, that was the very currency that was being debased.

Nothing in Ridenhour's background had prepared him to stick up for unpopular blacks or uncounted Vietnamese civilians—rather the reverse—but he was fully capable of doing so and of recognizing some internal prompting of integrity. Most guys are aware of this, too. Bullying and sadism are infectious all right, but so can their antidotes be. Guts and testicles, furthermore, are involved in the decision to refuse barbarism and conformism, more so, in fact, than they are in the resigned, essentially impotent agreement to play along. So it's not necessary or desirable to criminalize testosterone in order to have O.K. opinions about all this. (Concerning testosterone, by the way, I reserve my position except to say that I don't know where we should all be without it.)

According to an authenticated report, President Clinton gathered his Cabinet at Camp David in the first week after the inauguration and, with the aid of professional "facilitators," urged those attending to "share" and "trust." Starting the session with a bang, the Leader of the Free World moistly confided that he had been overweight as a child, and been given a hard time as a result. Well, it takes a lot to make me cry, especially considering that Clinton is *still* too fat and now has a nice house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The whole ploy was too much in keeping with his increasingly sickly likability campaign. It would have been more courageous and indeed more ice-breaking if, instead of talking about his experience as a victim—any self-pitying barfly can do that—Bill had reached deep inside himself and recalled the wrenched pigtails and blubbering short-asses that could be charged to his own account. It's no good being like the shifty kids who made their excuses and crept out of that Glen Ridge basement while the baseball bat was being fingered. It's men, not women, who need to practice saying "No." ❑



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MASTERMINDING THE STORE

Gene and Bob Pressman transformed Barneys from a respected men's store to a hip mecca for shoppers in the know; now they are taking the family business uptown—and igniting a major retail war

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

On Madison Avenue at 61st Street, there's a construction site sheathed in Mylar, a giant Christo-like object waiting to be undraped. At Seventh Avenue and 17th Street, the address that the world still thinks of as Barneys New York, there's a large framed rendering of the finished building, a creamy limestone monument to merchandising that must, without fail, open on September 8. But just months before Barneys' $100-million-plus uptown flagship was to be christened, the work in progress bore scant resemblance to the vision.

And yet the store's co-president, Gene Pressman, was the very picture of unconcern.

There were no reports or updates on the new store in Pressman's briefcase—but then, there was no briefcase. In fact, there was nothing in his office to suggest what Pressman does for a living. On the floor, a box of boxing gloves. On the walls, French posters. The only printed matter on the 1920s Adnet Deco desk, with its discreet accent of green Hermès leather, turned out to be a Sotheby's wine catalogue.



The Medicis of merchandising: From left to right, Bonnie and Gene Pressman, matriarch Phyllis, Nancy Pressman Dressler, patriarch Fred, Liz Pressman Neubardt, Bob and Holly Pressman.

ERIC BOMAN

"Because," Pressman said, "they know I'm a pigeon."

This isn't charming self-deprecation. Gene Pressman keeps 14,000 bottles in his Peter Marino–designed wine cellar, and they're not for show. "I have Bordeaux with hot dogs," he cheerfully confessed. The moralist in me suggested that was an expensive, even wanton habit. "I don't put prices on wine, *they* do," Pressman retorted. "Look at it this way: wine appreciates in value, it's legal, and you can get a buzz. Not many pleasures take on those characteristics."

Like, for example, fashion. Once upon a time, we were so enamored of clothes and the designers who made them that, if we could, we would have worn our jackets label side out with the price tags dangling from the sleeves. No more. The watchwords now are "quality" and "value," which is perhaps why Pressman suddenly leaned back in his chair, raised a leg, and modeled a classic loafer done in a soft natural leather.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Oh, easily $250," I guessed. "Maybe $300."

"Would you believe $150?"

"No," I said, because his loafers were, to be truthful, dramatically nicer than my $86 Weejuns.

"That's because they're Barneys' private label, made in Italy. What else do you think is our own?"

The navy cardigan. The jeans. The blue oxford button-down.

"Wrong! The sweater is Mr. Armani's," Pressman said. Before I could suggest that he wasn't his store's best customer, it was turnaround time. "Who made that?" he asked, pointing at my starched white shirt.

"Brooks Brothers, all-cotton, $48. Bet you can't deliver it at that price."

Pressman's expression told me he couldn't. But he wasn't about to concede defeat. "I swear to you," he almost hissed, "I will make a customer out of you yet."

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It's a line he's used before. And will again, for Gene Pressman is one of those relentlessly positive souls who see only triumph for themselves and their enterprises. His family is rich—rich in a quiet way that suggests their fortune is larger than you could ever imagine—and he is tall, handsome, charming at will, and volatile as hell. The combination is dangerous; his smile conveys equal measures of entitlement, ruthlessness, and sunlight. There are more than a few merchants who read hubris into the decision to place a 230,000-square-foot outpost of Barneys in the heart of a milieu that doesn't exactly lack for specialty stores. And there are a number of designers who aren't inclined to give Gene Pressman the love—or submission—he clearly craves. And so, unsurprisingly, these merchants and designers have turned the corner of Madison and 61st into the retail equivalent of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

LAUREN, ARMANI SNUB BARNEYS, SPARK A FUROR, read the first front-page declaration of hostilities, in *Women's Wear Daily*. And "furor" understated the case. Losing Ralph Lauren was no surprise—his wares are distributed elsewhere in New York, and he's building a sophisticated Polo Sport shop across the street from his East 72nd Street retail mansion—but Barneys was the store that introduced Armani men's wear to New Yorkers in the mid-1970s. Barneys executives could remember sitting at the master's knee as he sketched just–for–17th Street men's clothes and chatted about fabrics and trends. Now here was Armani fleeing for the hills, and an unnamed Armani executive saying, "We don't think they've done such a good job with women's wear, and we're not that impressed with the branches they've opened."

If this coverage enraged Barneys' copresidents, 42-year-old Gene and his 39-year-old brother, Robert, they had a better reason than wounded pride. The *WWD* story of Armani's flight from Barneys, they knew, was completely wrong. Did Armani want to leave Barneys? Yes. Was he going to? No effin' way. Just a few weeks earlier, a Swiss tribunal had ended Armani's long dispute with Barneys by affirming a 1979 contract that required the designer to continue selling to every Barneys store in New York and the store being built in Beverly Hills. Since the arbitrators' decision was not put in writing, and was shared only with the contending parties, the list of possible sources for the *WWD* article was, shall we say, small. The incentive for Barneys to leak a false story was smaller. Curious. Very curious.

"What's the name of that Seventh Avenue designer who hates me so?" Diana Vreeland once asked. "*Legion,*" replied her good friend Baron Nicky de Gunzburg. That was pretty much the message *WWD* delivered about Barneys in the next installment of its ongoing soap opera, which appeared two days later and began, simply, "It's war."

So what if Armani was, as his terse statement declared, stuck with Barneys? Other designers were bailing out from the new Madison Avenue store. *Au revoir,* Chanel, Saint Laurent, and Lagerfeld. Good-bye, Mizrahi, Tyler, and Oldham. For several chilling weeks, even Calvin Klein, whose men's line debuted at Barneys and who was so supportive when Barneys opened a branch in Chicago just a year ago, was on the "undecided" list.

Why would designers shun the biggest specialty store to be built uptown since Bergdorf Goodman opened its doors at Fifth Avenue and 58th Street in 1928? "We're already well represented and well supported uptown," said Isaac Mizrahi, speaking for many. "We feel we'd be oversold in that area if we were to sell to Barneys, but we plan to continue to sell to Barneys downtown."

Top-tier retailing is a contact sport, but Bergdorf, Saks, Bloomingdale's, and Charivari don't really welcome more contact.

That's the polite and correct approach. The reality may be a bit rougher. Top-tier retailing is a contact sport, and Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale's, and Charivari, all near neighbors of the new Barneys, don't really welcome more contact. Rumor has it that Bergdorf—which was the most profitable American store of the 1980s and is not quite so profitable now—took a lead role in a campaign to force designers to choose sides.

Some believe this was a simple, old-fashioned "You sell to us, you can't sell to Barneys" proposition. Others suggest that there was a modern, corporate spin on that message, and that representatives of Harcourt General, which owns both Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman Marcus, told designers, "If you make an exclusive deal with Barneys and don't sell to Bergdorf, you can also forget about selling to Neiman." Either way, the campaign—if it happened—was widely applauded. "What I don't understand is why they waited so long," a veteran retailer told me. "Anyone would do it, even though it's restraint of trade and completely against the law."

Bergdorf Goodman, unsurprisingly, was shocked, shocked by the accusation. "We're constantly analyzing our strategy and discussing our plans for the future; those conversations don't start on Tuesday for Friday," noted Bergdorf chairman and C.E.O. Burton Tansky. "It's possible—it's probable—that we started talking about changes in our neighborhood two years ago. But we respect the designers' choice to sell to whomever they wish. The designer has to make the choice. We're not involved."

At Barneys, the Pressman brothers, while clearly relishing the publicity, were struggling to maintain the above-the-fray posture that is the trademark of their gossip-ridden, vendetta-fueled business. That the Madison Avenue store was still a concrete shell didn't seem to bother them as we walked through its skeleton in late April. In Chicago, they reminded me, they went from a hole in the ground in January to a functioning store on Labor Day. Ignore what you see now, they suggested. Grok the vision.

"Long before we had this opportunity, we had to convince these designers to come down to 17th Street," Gene said over the whine of buzz saws.

"The 'war' didn't start two years ago," Bob interjected. "It started when other stores started to take us seriously—but our motivation *isn't* other stores."

That is clear from the merchandise mix. Barneys has all the designer names to be found elsewhere, but selects from each line the most idiosyncratic items. "They're fearless—the *daring* of their buying," one of New York's most celebrated fashion watchers gushed. "Barneys is simply the most *modern* approach to dressing." It's not just the Barneys edit of designer goods; of equal importance is the ability of Barneys' merchants to showcase new talent. And it hasn't hurt that the renovated 17th Street store calls no attention to itself. On those pared-down floors, the clothes are the show.

But Barneys' ability to stock a store is

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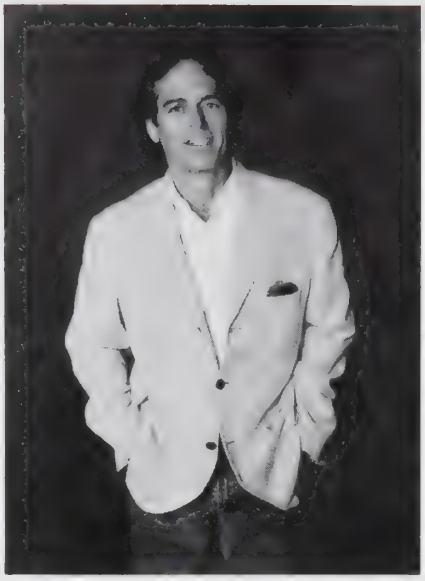
not, the gossipmongers say, why the Pressmans are moving uptown. In their version, it's all about Gene Pressman's fixation on women customers. Gene, they say, is a buccaneer who could never be satisfied with a store that is, if oddly located, nonetheless the premier men's emporium in America. That Barneys, after all, was his father's achievement, not his.

Gene had been instrumental in bringing architects Peter Marino and Andrée Putman in to streamline the old building, and Gene had been the force behind the women's store, and Gene had connected Barneys to worthy social and art causes. But none of that mattered. And nothing would matter to Gene, it was said, until he established Barneys as the sine qua non for both sexes, until he'd corralled the rich uptown crowd and the tourists, until Barneys was, in short, Bergdorf Goodman. In this analysis, Pressman, over the years, became so obsessed with Bergdorf—a store occasionally described in Barneys' offices as "Burger King"—that he wouldn't rest until he had an uptown address of his own, the closer to his rival the better.

"It's *not* about ego," Gene fairly shouted when I trotted out this theory. "If we wanted to talk about ego, our family could have an island—"

"Several islands," said Bob, who oversees Barneys' finances and who usually plays down the Pressmans' wealth.

"—and our own golf courses!" added Gene, a golfer who has played most of the world's great courses and dreams of launching "a hip golf resort" in the South. "Don't forget, we don't have to show a large corporation we're doing a good job. *We own our business!*"



Betting the store: Gene Pressman was the force behind the move uptown.

"They're fearless—the *daring* of their buying. Barneys is simply the most *modern* approach to dressing."



Design for selling: Architect Peter Marino's vision in limestone for the new Barneys building at Madison and 61st.

The legend of Barney Pressman has it that in 1923 his wife hocked her engagement ring for $500 so he could open a store. Credit her with shrewdness, for Barney's merchandising idea—"We buy Bankrupt, Auction Stocks, Showroom Samples of Standard Makes! No Junk!"—was a boon to men who cared more about bargains than style. The idea worked splendidly. But despite its success, Barney's son, Fred, proposed a different concept in 1946. Drop discount, he argued. Stress vast selection and great service. Climb the food chain.

Barney Pressman's response was unusual for a parent, even more unusual for a founder: he let his son have his way. "Barney always said, 'It's Fred's store,' " recalls Phyllis Pressman, Fred's wife of 44 years. "I once asked him, 'Why do you say that? It's *your* store.' Barney said, 'Because it's going to be Fred's store.' "

And so it came to pass that if you were a New York boy on the verge of your Bar Mitzvah, a suit from Barney's Boystown was as central to the experience as a fountain pen or savings bond; a decade later, you returned for your wedding suit. But Fred Pressman still wasn't content. He was the first retailer to advertise on local television. He expanded the store. He introduced Armani to American men. He bought up enough real estate in the store's neighborhood to make a second fortune. And, in the shadow of the business, he and Phyllis raised two sons and two daughters.

Gene, the firstborn, was such a handful that Phyllis held off on another pregnancy for three years. As her boys grew, relations between superactive Gene and his more self-contained younger brother did not bode well for any future collaboration. "I sometimes used Bob as a punching bag," Gene admits. But when Gene turned 13, Phyllis got the first clue that the boys might be a natural team. "Gene played guitar in a band, and he asked me if he could have the sophomore dance at our house and if his band could play," she says. "When I agreed, he decided he should get paid. That night, he set nine-year-old Bobby up with a table, a chair, and a cashbox, and Bobby collected the money and stamped the kids' hands."

Bob went on to become the only member of his business-school class to announce that he planned on a career in retailing. Gene, however, was going to be a rock musician or film director—some kind of artist, anyway. "I was a kid from the 60s," he says. "There was little pressure to do anything but have a conscience." So college was, for him, "four years of vacation." He followed it with a few months in Hollywood, where, to his discomfort, he was not an overnight success. Only then did he consider a career at Barneys. "Fred was a good father," he says. "He had faith we'd have good judgment. If I came, he wanted me. Fred's not the Great Santini."

Gene started in the warehouse, then moved up to the selling floor. But no man, as Samuel Johnson wrote, is a hypocrite in his pleasures—and Gene was a man who loved women. Although Barneys was still an all-male bastion in the early 1970s, he haunted the street floors of Bloomingdale's and Bendel's on Saturdays, thrilled by the hip customers. Soon he was attending fashion events ("Gene appeared in Paris with a good tan and a ponytail and the first pair of jeans ever seen at a ready-to-wear show," a competitor recalled) and urging his father to consider women's clothes.

In 1976, on the very day Fred in-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC BOMAN

ELIZABETH ARDEN



Sunflowers

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stalled a sliver of a shop for women, Gene upped the ante and asked for a full store. When Fred agreed, he sealed Barneys' fate. "Barneys was the answer for men who weren't shoppers, but women are shoppers, not buyers," explains Geraldine Stutz, the former president of Henri Bendel. "In the 70s, there was what was known as a 'B-line'—from Bendel's to Bloomie's, with Bonwit's and Bergdorf and everything else in between. If you wanted a blouse and you went to Madison Avenue, you had 12 places to shop. If you wanted a blouse and went down to Barneys—and they didn't have it—you went home. The Pressmans, having gotten into the women's business, discovered that they needed to be where women shopped."

They almost got there in 1980, when the Genesco corporation decided to unload Bendel's. Unaware that Stutz was not only interested in buying the store but had the right to the last bid, the Pressmans came in low, only to see Stutz walk away with a prime 57th Street location for a measly $8 million. Back on 17th Street, they retrenched and remodeled. Bob married Holly Pearl, a Wall Street investment banker, and started a family. Gene began dating Bonnie Lysohir, a model he first encountered on a fashion-show runway.

Bonnie made one tactical error in their courtship: she insisted Gene cut his ponytail. Fred, who has worn the same kind of tie for 30 years and yet cherishes all forms of rebellion in others, had just one question for her: "Whyever did you do that?" But she scored a greater tactical victory. "In our first three years together, Bonnie left about five times," Gene says. "She was smart; she insisted that we'd never live together. So we got married."

Marriage stabilized Gene. Sort of. He bought Bugsy Siegel's former house in Westchester. In that Tudor mansion with its Gatsbyesque views of Long Island Sound, he installed a kitchen big enough for a restaurant, stocked the garage with a '62 Aston-Martin and a '52 Gull Wing, and added a pool worthy of Hollywood. The furniture and art reflect his passion for Vienna ("a Buck Rogers city"), the Wiener Werkstätte, and Warhol's Factory, but there's no great respect for formula: exercise equipment pokes out from behind a Deco screen in the living room, and the dominant feature of the library is the biggest television set I've ever seen. "There are Peter Marino snack tables—I think they're ebony and ivory—in front of that set," a friend says, "and I'm sure they've seen a beer can or two during baseball season."

Signs of Gene's passion for sports were absent the night I visited; the dominant design touch was an easel set in the foyer so that the Pressmans' young son could indulge his artistic impulses while the older generation entertained designer Romeo Gigli. Usually, though, the only difference between Pressman and his two children is size. "He's like a big kid with lots of groovy toys," says Kevin Dornan, an old friend.

An obsessive kid, though, and a haunted one. Until recently Gene drove his Porsche to work, giving it such punishment that he burned out one racing clutch after another. When that ride didn't provide enough thrills, he'd stroll down to his dock, jump in his speedboat, and make it to the city in less than half an hour.

Two entities in our universe can make right-angle turns: U.F.O.'s and Gene Pressman. A while back, he walked into a designer's office and reportedly announced, "I'll take the line, but at 25 percent off. I'm Gene Pressman and we're talking about Barneys." The designer's representative pointed to the door. Pressman caved in. "I've seen him flip out," a friend confirms, "but his 'volatility' only comes out when it's deserved."

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The most delicious story of his off-the-cuff decision-making involved the rental of a summer house in the Hamptons. He was supposed to take pictures of the best possible houses, show them to Bonnie, and then they would reach a joint decision. But his camera failed him. No problem, he told his wife: he'd found a wonderful house and rented it on the spot. She asked what the rooms were like. He didn't know. He hadn't bothered to go inside.

The decision to expand Barneys, and in particular to expand uptown, was somewhat more considered, he insists. He brooded. He paced. He walked down the hall to the executive gym and punched the bag to maintain his 31-inch waist. Nothing soothed him—"I fired myself several times," he says. And eventually he realized that the 17th Street store, however celebrated, wasn't enough.

In 1986, when yellow ties and red suspenders were flying out of stores and fortunes were being made transforming lawyers and bankers into dead ringers for English earls, Barneys was grossing around $60 million a year on 17th Street. But that store was well located only for men who worked downtown, the large gay community of Chelsea and the Village, and suburbanites who loved the free parking. Uptown continued to beckon.

Even in a decade drunk on debt, the family code was immutable—there wasn't to be even a sip at that trough. "We'd been brought up to think that borrowing money is bad and that managing for quarterly results is wrong," Bob Pressman explains. Bob and Gene had also been brought up to believe that expansion was wrong. But just as Barney had turned the store over to Fred long before most fathers would have stepped aside, Fred had given operating responsibility to his sons. "Don't say that's a testimony to great parenting," Fred begs. "Some of it has to be a way of abdicating responsibility and then being a second-guesser."

Fred was somewhat relieved, therefore, when Bob hired Goldman Sachs—the last great private partnership on Wall Street—to explore a long-term strategic alliance. Almost three years later, Goldman suggested a meeting with Isetan, a fourth-generation family-run company that, with more than $2 billion in sales, was one of Japan's most profitable retailers. Did Isetan know much about Barneys? Of course. Its chairman, size extra-short, had bought suits there.

The initial get-together was held in Hawaii, and included a round of golf. Bob Pressman, a golf virgin, shot a 90 on the first nine holes—and was congratulated by the Japanese and his golf-addicted brother for achieving the worst score ever recorded on that course. In the marathon negotiating session that followed, though, Bob scored a hole in one: a joint-venture real-estate partnership that would see Barneys invest south of $100 million while Isetan put up between $125 million and $200 million to own 75 percent of all Barneys stores in Japan, 25 percent of Barneys' smaller stores in America, and 50 percent of the real estate in Chicago, Beverly Hills,



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and the uptown location in New York.

"A good idea," Fred Pressman said. "But how do we know they're really in it for the long term?"

"Is a 499-year contract long enough?" Bob asked.

Negotiating the agreement with Isetan was a breeze compared with getting the uptown site they wanted. "A lot of people felt that if Barneys couldn't get a superior location the threat to their businesses would be reduced," Michael D. Fascitelli, head of the real-estate department of Goldman Sachs, explains. "There was an undercurrent in merchandising circles, as if certain people were talking the deal down to landlords."

In Los Angeles, the campaign against a Barneys outpost seemed more overt. "I had a deal with Saks Fifth Avenue—though not in writing—that I'd buy their Beverly Hills building so they could build a new one," says Arthur Gilbert, a Los Angeles real-estate magnate. The Pressmans were thrilled by the possibility of acquiring the old site, a prime Wilshire Boulevard location. Saks wasn't. "Saks said, 'We can't have Barneys,' and flew the coop," Gilbert recalls. "I told the Pressmans, 'You'll get into Beverly Hills whether they like it or not—how about a location right next to Saks?' " (Saks says it wasn't able to make the deal because its owner at that time wouldn't approve it.)

Thanks to such resourcefulness and to Isetan's cash, there are now 13 Barneys stores across America and 1 in Japan. With the opening of 660 Madison Avenue this fall and the Beverly Hills store next to Saks in 1994, the Pressmans will have essentially doubled the size of their business in two years. At a time when most merchants are in retreat, the Pressmans see only blue skies. Stocking the same merchandise nationwide that they have on 17th Street—up to 50 percent private label, with a generous selection of carefully edited designer goods—they project sales volume of $350 million to $400 million in America this year, and another $100 million in Japan.

Competitors find the percentage of private label shockingly high and the sales figures hallucinogenic. The branch stores, they contend, are not profitable now and are not likely to be anytime soon. The women's department, they say, has never made money. Barneys' business, they conclude, still rests on the 70-year-old shoulders of Fred Pressman, its chairman—in the end, they insist, Barneys is still all about suits.

"A fellow from Armani couture came in one day when Fred was looking at a new shipment of ties from England," Barneys general merchandise manager Peter Rizzo recalls. "Fred asked, 'Have you ever seen such a beautiful tie?' Then he spent 45 minutes explaining why. At the end, that man knew everything there is to know about ties."

Fred Pressman is a retailing legend. He will hate that sentence, for Fred has, by his own design, always been practically subliminal. He dresses like a literature professor who once, long ago, bought some good tweeds. When the curtains at his home need replacing, he has Peter Marino make exact copies. Like his father, he says the store belongs to his sons, and implies that his role is titular. Outside Barneys, competitors don't quite buy that. Even his wife has a little trouble with it. "Fred," Phyllis says, "is the orchestra leader."

If the rumor mill has any insight, the orchestra hasn't been playing in tune of late. According to those stories, Fred routinely storms out of meetings with Gene. The plan for the uptown store, it is said, reflects the disharmony: above the first floor, there is no passage between the men's and women's shops. "That's because Fred demanded equal space," the scandalistas whisper. "We wanted to duplicate the downtown store," Gene insists. "I don't think men like to shop in a women's store."

"It's *not* about ego," Gene fairly shouted. "Our family could have an island—" "Several islands," said Bob.

The rumors go further, suggesting that the purported spats have delayed the opening, doubled the budget, and caused Isetan to cut off the cash. "Silly stuff," Bob retorts. "I've built 13 stores. Wouldn't you think I've learned something by the 14th? As for Isetan, in December we joined with them to buy 14 more floors at 660 Madison to rent out as office space. If they're pulling the plug and cutting off our cash, why would they do that?"

Fred's explanation for the rumors of family feuding is equally direct. "I only ask to meet with Bob and Gene when I don't agree with something they've planned," he says. "I make my case, and it turns out they've already made up their minds. They're nice about it, but I walk out upset. I say to my wife, 'I have to take more time off.' Then I realize how lucky I am—my sons have found a common enemy. And a day or two later we talk again."

The facts may dispel rumors, but they also reveal vulnerability. With 25,000 "sleeves" to 3,500 at Bergdorf's men's store, Barneys should immediately become the dominant men's emporium uptown. In the women's department, though, Barneys will be challenging the nation's most accomplished retailers—and success will be more problematic.

This was brought home to me by a chat I had with Stanley Marcus, another legendary merchant. The chairman emeritus of Neiman Marcus walked through 17th Street not long ago and felt as if he were back in the old days, when stores were customer-oriented rather than profit-driven. "The Barneys sock department—I know no store anywhere in the world that has such variety and display," he told me weeks later, still amazed by the Barneys experience. "Most stores regard socks as a commodity. They roll them up and sell them in a corner. Barneys has six showcases, a definitive statement beyond anything I've ever seen."

Great praise for Fred Pressman and his team. But Marcus didn't say a word about the women's department. And on that department, skeptics say, the Pressmans have bet the store.

If the Pressmans are, as their rivals wish, in trouble, you'd never know it. That's not just because theirs is a private business and they are consummate optimists. It is, in large part, because customers get the refreshing feeling that Barneys New York is in the art-and-advertising business—oh, and on the side they happen to sell clothes.

One reason for this is that eight of the key decision-makers are Pressmans, and they are all arts-obsessed. In addition to Fred, Bob, and Gene, there's matriarch Phyllis, who runs Chelsea Passage, the extremely successful housewares-and-gift department that allows her "to roam the world looking for beautiful things." Bonnie, Gene's wife, covers women's shoes, accessories, and cosmetics; Holly, Bob's wife, presides over boys' wear.

Sisters Liz and Nancy—mercifully, both have made their mother proud, and perhaps relieved, by marrying doctors—buy baby clothes and women's European ready-to-wear.

They all live north of New York City, in Westchester or Greenwich, within 10 minutes of one another. They all collect something. And they all agree that the best way to promote Barneys is to make their stores into cultural destinations, not merely places to shop. "In a funny way, the tail wags the dog at Barneys," says Anne Livet, who has coordinated several art events for the Pressmans. "They believe that art is good for the store, even if they don't exactly know how."

That means sending Levi's jean jackets to almost a hundred artists and then auctioning the customized artwear at a Barneys-sponsored AIDS benefit—with Madonna as a surprise model and Gene as one of the biggest single buyers. Or celebrating the opening of the Tokyo store with a show, curated by artist Joseph Kosuth, of art that had been faxed to Japan. Or sending Peter Marino off with Fred Pressman on a tour of European stores so extensive that Marino, looking at three full books of architectural photos they'd taken, would say, "In picture-taking, we outdid the Japanese."

It also means, when Barneys launched a TV campaign for the women's store, choosing bad-boy columnist and poet Glenn O'Brien and, later, Ronnie Cooke, a founding editor of *Details*, to create advertising copy that often omitted prices and, on occasion, the merchandise as well. Under the guidance of former vice president of advertising and marketing Neil Kraft, Lauren Hutton became a centerpiece of Barneys ads, starting a rage for "older" women. A "real people" campaign, shot in part by Annie Leibovitz, presaged the Gap's poster ads by a season. Before Corinne Day became the new "hot" photographer, Barneys hired her for a campaign featuring models wearing clothes they'd slept in.

Mostly, though, it means putting Simon Doonan, an Englishman who admits that he "can't tell the difference between Halloween and Valentine's Day," in charge of display and advertising. In 1986, Doonan did some projects in New York that led to a short profile in *Interview*. Mallory Andrews, head of publicity at Barneys, saw this blurb and dragged him in, whereupon Gene Pressman promised him a diverse experience, with a lot of irreverence. Doonan tested that pledge by dangling condoms from the Christmas trees. "People got pissed off—I don't know why," he says. But he didn't hear a word from the Pressmans.



Rags and riches: Bob (*far left*) and Gene Pressman flank their father, Fred, and founding grandfather Barney in December 1979.

In 1990, Doonan created displays for the 17th Street windows that set clothes in tableaux of broken glass, ripped shag carpeting, and cigarette butts. "Are you going to do windows like this uptown?" Fred Pressman asked. "Good question," Doonan replied. "I don't know."

If Doonan softens his approach for an uptown audience, he will be bucking the trend. Barneys Madison Avenue is supposed to be downtown by other means. The store attempts to convey the open, airy feeling of a loft, and Peter Marino's architecture is said to be so understated that design is no more than a whisper. If product is ever the main event, it will be at Barneys.

Expect some novel touches. In Chelsea, the Pressmans anchored the neighborhood by backing Pino Luongo in Le Madri, a restaurant so enticing it too became a "destination." Over the past three years, they've opened six more restaurants; they'll add a seventh, as well as a catering department, at the new store. Here, though, the presence of art will be stronger than at other restaurants: downtown-come-uptown. And there will be a spa: Radu at Barneys. And because old is new again, there will be a greatly expanded Boystown.

Most of all, there will be designer duds, those linchpins of modern merchandising. But even in the throes of designer warfare, the Pressmans are committed to doing that dance in their own style. "Givenchy is an old friend of the family," Gene told me as we walked the empty floors of the uptown store, "so we thought, If we could get into his archives and take designs from his *Breakfast at Tiffany's* period and update them in Barneys' colors—black, brown, and blue—they'd be incredible. And we have. The clothes are made in Hubert's couture rooms, but they'll sell for less than couture prices."

Although the Pressmans promise more treats, they aren't inclined to reveal them now. Fear of the competition is part of it: "People go to school on us, and unfortunately we never get checks in the mail," Gene said. But the greater part is pique. "I don't care what *WWD* writes," he added. "I care what the customer thinks."

What he wants the customer to think, of course, is that the age of the designer as status symbol is over and that the specialty store as urban mall died with the 1980s—he hopes to make the world safe for the private label and the unpronounceable unknown.

But reinventing the formula for successful retailing is almost too abstract a goal for Gene Pressman. What he wants most immediately is to make Barneys seem more like a feisty challenger than a pushy wannabe. "Our underdog mentality is a wonderful thing," Gene admitted. "It never gets your ego disjointed. Uptown, a lot of stores have done business by accident, by virtue of geography. Now we'll see."

We'll also see if his sister's description of their last family vacation has an element of prophecy. That trip took them to the Caribbean, and an evening at a casino. Personal style is revealed by our gambling as much as by our clothes, and Liz Pressman Neubardt couldn't help but notice that in the behavior of the Pressman males. "At the casino, Bob wants to win and leave before the odds catch up to him," she told me. "Fred watches." And Gene? "Gene wants to play one more"

FRED R. CONRAD







Bread and circuses: Leading lady of Rome society Donatella Pecci-Blunt with her husband, Count Ferdinand, at the opening of the opera season at La Scala (*far left*); a demonstration against government corruption at the Viareggio Carnival (*left*); Giulio Andreotti on a visit with Pope John Paul II last year (*below*)

REVOLUTION ITALIAN-STYLE

As the Italian government collapses amidst a sprawling corruption scandal, the country is swept up in a grand opera of accusation, confession, and penitence. Among the reluctant cast are former prime minister Giulio Andreotti, Fiat boss Gianni Agnelli, and Olivetti chief Carlo De Benedetti

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

"Look, the French had a revolution," says the Contessa Donatella Pecci-Blunt. "Other countries had their revolutions. In Italy we never had a revolution. But now we have one. And this *is* a revolution. One led by the magistrates. And I personally am for this revolution."

This leading lady of Rome society has demonstrated her convictions by taking the most revolutionary step a hostess is capable of. She has closed the doors of her political salon in the 16th-century Palazzo Pecci-Blunt, a stone's throw from the Roman Forum. Throughout the last decade, politicians of all persuasions swanned through her marble ballrooms, drank Campari under the curving, frescoed ceiling of her loggia, and dined in regal style, looking out on hot summer evenings at the Renaissance garden and fountains in her courtyard. But now, she declares, she has no desire to mingle with the men—and they are all men—who led Italy into its current crisis. "I stopped giving parties for the politicians more than a year ago," says the Contessa firmly. "I had had enough, and the climate had changed."

Even in the wild and tangled history of the Italian peninsula, these are extraordinary times. So it comes as only a mild surprise to listen to a contessa speak approvingly of revolution as her footsteps echo through the empty, gilded ballroom. We end up in a tastefully appointed sitting room. French landscape paintings adorn the walls; a black-and-white photograph of J.F.K. and Jackie Kennedy, signed with warm best wishes from them both, reposes among silver-framed family pictures and portraits of distinguished gentlemen in full evening dress and decorations. Coffee is served


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by a linen-jacketed servant. In the cool high-ceilinged chambers of the palazzo, the clamor of Roman traffic has receded to a distant murmur.

The paparazzi laid siege to this place for many seasons, waiting outside its vast portals as the bulletproof limousines rolled up for another soirée, while government succeeded government and crisis followed crisis without noticeable effect. Italian politics had nestled into a fur-lined rut: the national debt piled up, the standards of public services eroded, and corruption infected every level of government and business. But there was always another glittering gala to go to, and the twilight of modern Rome, it seemed, would last forever.

"We usually had a selection of people from all parties in the house—Communists, Christian Democrats, the others," remembers the Contessa, whose second husband, Count Ferdinand Pecci-Blunt, is related to Pope Leo XIII. (The Pecci family sagely married into American money many years ago, adding the "Blunt.") "Sometimes we gave parties for 200 people. Hundreds of people are all very well, but sometimes it's more interesting just to have eight for dinner, don't you think?" asks the Contessa. It depends on who they are, I reply. She throws back her blond tresses and smiles indulgently.

The joke currently making the rounds in Italy is that V.I.P. stands for *visti in prigione*—"seen in prison."

A frequent visitor, she recalls, was Giulio Andreotti, the man who was seven times the prime minister and who epitomized the *ancien régime*—"a fascinating figure, a statesman for 40 years," the Contessa judges, "but bad, bad."

Since her last glittering, politician-starred evening, the scandals of business corruption in the North and Mafia corruption in the South have convulsed the country. Andreotti is currently under investigation for possible links to the Mafia—an unthinkable circumstance just a few months ago—and many others on the Contessa's guest list are in various states of disgrace. In fact, the joke currently making the rounds in Italy is that V.I.P. now stands for *visti in prigione*—"seen in prison." Those who have managed to preserve their reputations so far are keeping a low profile. The ruling class in Southern Europe has always known when it is time to disappear from public view, to check on its foreign bank deposits and open up its property in Kensington or the canton of Geneva.

"People had become tired of it all," explains the Contessa. "Nothing ever changed. So much talk, then nothing. For 20 years the Italian people were asleep, just like they were asleep for 20 years under Mussolini. Now they are awake."

In Canto 21 of Dante's *Inferno*, the pilgrim writer and his guide to the descending circles of hell, the Roman poet Virgil, pause to observe a pool of boiling pitch in which a group of corrupt officials writhe. A winged devil leaps past them to toss a sinner, a politician from the Tuscan city of Lucca, into the bubbling morass. "Push him below," the devil commands two cheerful demons, "while I return to the city for more of them—'tis well stocked...for in that town they turn 'no' into 'aye' for cash."

Late-20th-century Italy is providing a coda to the 14th-century poem. The powerful and corrupt are once again being cast from their lofty positions and consigned to the torments of the damned. The scale of the judgment is still epic. At the time of this writing, 1,367 arrest warrants for corruption have been issued. At least 263 members of Parliament are under investigation. Almost 900 local officials are facing indictment. More than 1,500 businessmen accused of paying off political bosses have been hauled in for questioning. Six Cabinet members have resigned and three former prime ministers and two former foreign ministers have been implicated. The leaders of the Socialist, Republican, and Liberal parties have all offered their resignations. Eight of those touched by the scandals have committed suicide.

Italy is now undergoing the most profound change witnessed in any Western European country since the death of Franco and the transformation of Spain from a Fascist state into a constitutional monarchy. Simply put, the Italian Republic founded after World War II has collapsed and a second republic is struggling to emerge in its place. For the first time ever, a new prime minister has been chosen from outside the party apparatus—Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the head of the Bank of Italy, the equivalent of the Federal Reserve—to preside over the transition. The parliamentary system that has stood for the last half-century will be destroyed within the year. The old regime, dominated first by the Vatican, then by the Christian Democrats, is in its death throes.

"It is a revolution without guillotines," declared the Milanese daily *Corriere della Sera* after the historic April 18–19 national referendum. More than 82 percent voted to change the electoral system, and more than 70 percent wanted to abolish public funding of political parties, to shut down the Ministries of State Participation, Agriculture, and Tourism, and to end the practice of the government naming the chief executives of many Italian banks.

Constitutional rebirth is not unheard of in Europe. The French, it should be remembered, are now on their fifth republic. But the current chaos in Italy seems to have provoked a confusion that runs deeper than mere politics—it has sparked a national identity crisis. "All of us must reflect on what the Italian identity really means," the great film director Federico Fellini told Italian reporters recently. "And we must reflect on the fact that what is happening has been brought about by ourselves too. In our daily life we have created complicity and compromises, we have made demands and betrayals." A local paper in Fellini's home province summed up his views in scathing terms. Italians were all responsible to some extent. They were "crafty, servile, content to take favors from the powerful, illegally or otherwise. Now we are spitting in the plate from which we've fed for years," the paper concluded. "It's neither beautiful nor dignified."

In fact, the reformers—ill-organized, bombastic, and bitterly divided—display little genius for power or pragmatism. The political situation is so complex that few Italians themselves understand it. This is, after all, a culture for which the word "Byzantine" is inadequate; in Italian eyes, Byzantium was merely an afterthought to the Roman Empire and an antechamber to the Renaissance.

Of course, there is a grand conspiracy theory buzzing through the country; no Italian scandal would be complete without one. The fashionable version of the Plot casts the United States in the role of the villain. Since the U.S. no longer needs Italy as a strategic ally against Moscow and no longer fears a Communist takeover

in Rome, conspiracy theorists explain, Bill Clinton's administration and Wall Street power brokers are undermining Italy in a Machiavellian effort to prevent Europe from uniting in a powerful economic and political bloc.

Andreotti himself has repeatedly denounced "a skillful campaign of denigration abroad, especially in America." His ally, the foreign-trade minister, Claudio Vitalone, spoke of "a destabilizing conspiracy hatched in foreign circles." Vitalone's next speech to an American group was awaited with intense interest. Unfortunately, he did not remain in office long enough to deliver one.

The conspiracy theorists are never short of ammunition. On the day that Andreotti was called before a Senate hearing on his alleged Mafia connections, C.I.A. director James Woolsey landed in Rome. In the overheated atmosphere of the Italian capital, Woolsey's appearance—on what American officials said was a long-planned, routine visit—set off a wave of speculation. Woolsey's distant predecessor William Colby was left to deflate the Italian press by telling them that "Clinton's problems are the federal deficit and Yeltsin. No offense, but he's dedicating no energy to Italy."

Nothing will dissuade some Italians from the notion that an unholy alliance between the American press, international finance, and the Clinton administration is somehow at work. But it is refreshing to report that the Italian public is not so easily diverted. Politicians are now routinely booed in the street and face shouts of "*Ladri! Ladri!*" ("Thieves! Thieves!") When the former foreign minister Gianni De Michelis presented himself recently at the offices of the Venice magistrates conducting an inquiry into his financial affairs, he had to dodge a crowd of jeering onlookers by jumping into a speedboat and racing off through the Grand Canal.

De Michelis, the portly Venetian socialite who has become a symbol of sleaze and cheerful decadence, faces a raft of inquiries that would daunt a more fainthearted hedonist. But his vacationing style apparently remains uncramped. People in Italian high society like to tell the Tale of the Two Giannis, which took place last Easter when De Michelis flew to Istanbul in the company of a stylish young lady at the same time as Gianni Agnelli, the fabled head of Fiat. "Agnelli was applauded by Italian tourists whenever he came into a restaurant," recalls a member of the Agnelli party. "People were asking him to step in and save the country. But when De Michelis came in, people were shouting, 'Don't give him a table, he's a crook.'"

Agnelli is due to step down soon as head of Fiat and already there is speculation that he might move into politics. But even Agnelli, the wealthiest and most powerful industrialist in Italy, has been touched by the copious scandals. In mid-April, a conference of Italian businessmen convened in Venice's neoclassical opera house, the Teatro La Fenice. The venue was surrounded by armed security men, and police launches floated along the Grand Canal. The prime minister was in attendance. Agnelli, with his entourage of bodyguards and hangers-on, stalked in. The Avvocato ("the Lawyer"), as he is universally known, saluted his admirers with customary regal verve. The famous wrinkled tan was undiminished, the mane of white hair swept back, a formal suit worn in a relaxed fashion that confirmed his position as the undisputed arbiter of style in Italian business. The audience, as usual, hung on his every word. But Agnelli's words were far from the normal placebo he administers on these occasions.

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"We have all made mistakes," he admitted. "People can reproach us now for the difference between what we said and the way we behaved. . . . Even in Fiat there were improper dealings with the political system." Agnelli insisted, however, that "the heart of Fiat is a business engaged in free and energetic competition in the marketplace." Everyone in the audience could easily break Agnelli's code: We competed fairly in the private sector and when it came to public contracts we behaved like everybody else.

But this was a historic speech—the head of the greatest industrial combine in Italy confirming that the system that ran the country was rotten to the core. Not only that, but Agnelli also spoke of "mistakes" in the conduct of Fiat's operations—mistakes of a nature which Fiat had furiously contested when they were first suggested. "We have the possibility—and the need—to turn over a new leaf," concluded the Avvocato.

There was a private aspect to this self-confident performance. "I have never seen Gianni Agnelli quite so nervous and worried about his company's future," says a close friend of the Fiat chairman. The Italian magistrates have not spared the highest politicians in the land, so some fear the Fiat chief himself may not be immune from embarrassment. In New York, Henry Kissinger inquires anxiously after his friend's welfare. "What's going on?" Kissinger recently asked a visiting Italian aristocrat. "I can't work it out from the newspapers."

Agnelli's mystique may be the last to doubt to crumble. His *mea culpa* was not enough for his critics. Why did Fiat discover this new sense of public duty so late? Did Agnelli really go along unknowingly with Italy's corrupt business practices for all those years? And did Fiat not, in fact, benefit enormously from a market protected by government decree and from hidden state subsidies ladled out by the very same politicians who, we now learn, were luring it into "mistakes"?



Driver's seat: Gianni Agnelli (center) has been able to steer Fiat through the scandal's most dangerous curves.

One week after the Agnelli speech, his strategy became clear. Early on a rain-swept Saturday morning, a Fiat corporate limousine arrived at the Milan offices of the magistrates in charge of the corruption inquiry. Out stepped the hatchet-faced chief executive of Fiat, Cesare Romiti, carrying a document that eager Italian television reporters would christen "a time bomb." It was Fiat's account of its dealings with the politicians, of donations to parties, payments

to officials, and various other sweeteners. Obviously, Fiat had struck a deal with the authorities.

Not long afterward, another icon of Italian business, Olivetti chief Carlo De Benedetti, decided to come clean. On May 16, he spontaneously went before magistrates to testify that his company had paid about $7 million in bribes for public contracts and political protection. "In the last 15 years in Italy, there has been a political regime which has abused and extorted from the economy," complained De Benedetti, who only the week before denied having paid any bribes at all.

Romiti was even more unctuous. In an extraordinary letter published in *Corriere della Sera*, he combined the skills of Byzantium and the Catholic penchant for repentance. Preaching corporate sanctity like a reformed alcoholic extolling the joys of temperance, he praised the magistrates and piously urged businessmen to confess all. Oh yes, and though Romiti himself was exceedingly vague about Fiat's sins, the company has since announced it will introduce American corporate standards of ethical conduct.

Now, *that* is Byzantine.

Former foreign minister Gianni De Michelis had to dodge a crowd of jeering onlookers by jumping into a speedboat and racing off through the Grand Canal.

The honorable Giulio Andreotti—seven times prime minister of the Republic of Italy, high-ranking minister in most of its 50-odd Cabinets since World War II, devout acquaintance of five Popes, and close associate of American presidents from Eisenhower to Bush—appears in the corridor of his palazzo in the center of Rome.

At 74, Andreotti looks as sharp as ever, with his hair brushed back neatly, his bright eyes shining behind thick glasses, and the corners of his thin mouth twitching upward in a half-smile of perpetual irony. But in these stressful weeks the politician they call the Old Fox has acquired a patina of fatigue, as if he cannot quite accept that, after decades of immunity, his number is finally up.

Watching him step down the marble-floored hallway with the practiced dignity of the elder statesman, it is hard to believe that he could be, as his accusers assert, the Mafia's political Godfather in Rome. Could this venerable figure really have shaken hands with Ronald Reagan one week and kissed cheeks the next with the infamous Capo di Tutti Capi, Totò Riina? This is the shocking story told by a Mafia informer who claims to have seen him arrive for a secret rendezvous in Palermo where he allegedly embraced Riina, a wanted man sought in every town and village in Sicily and the most powerful criminal in the country. It is as if it were revealed that George Bush had been pals with John Gotti.

Andreotti is famously imperturbable, but not tonight. What does he have to say about these latest charges? His brow furrows, the eyes harden. For the first time in more than a decade of observing the man, I see Andreotti visibly lose his cool. "Not only am I stupefied by the calumny of these lies," he snaps, "but I'm stupefied by their very stupidity." (Riina, who is now on trial in a maximum-security courtroom in Sicily, has not yet volunteered his version of events. In an age of informers, it seems that at least one man will uphold the tradition of *omertà*.)

In his private life, Andreotti will undoubtedly prove to be of little interest to the new generation of rip-away-the-veils biographers; his personal affairs seem beyond reproach. But his political life is another story. He enjoys the unusual distinction of being the only European politician who is commonly referred to as "Beelzebub." The elder statesman protests. "I'm neither an angel nor even half a sinner. Well, perhaps I am a sinner, but not in politics and certainly not with the Mafia. In this, why, I am more than an angel!"

In his hour of trial, Giulio Andreotti has turned to the shelter he knows best: the Catholic Church and the strange nexus of priestly influence and political power that gave birth to his career. Early in the morning, when the center of old Rome still slumbers in a halo of Baroque peace, his hunched figure can be seen ascending the steps of the Gesù, the mightiest Jesuit church in the city. Inside he kneels in prayer beneath the fresco by Gaulli that depicts the Triumph of the Name of Christ. His bodyguards, a lineup of bulging linen jackets and hair gel, sit idly in the pews behind their master; a bulletproof Fiat Croma waits outside. ("I do not want anybody to send me to paradise before my time," he once said.)

A civilized understanding existed between Andreotti and the Deity for at least four decades. It was appropriate that Andreotti, who deftly balanced religion and statecraft, worshiped at a Jesuit church. While Catholicism preached the merits of confession and redemption, the Jesuits refined the doctrine that the end may on occasion justify the means. And devout politicians like Andreotti learned to confess in private and to maintain control in public. "Power," he once observed, "exhausts only he who does not possess it."

In Andreotti's long life, the odor of incense has always been tempered by the whiff of brimstone. Born in Rome, he found shelter in a protected clerical niche within the Vatican during World War II. Shuffling in his black suit amid fusty library shelves and dark chapels, he made acquaintances that were to last a lifetime.

He emerged in 1943 after the fall of Mussolini. Italy found a new political force in the Christian Democrats, and the young man found a mentor. He took his first government post under Premier Alcide De Gasperi in 1947, while Ronald Reagan was acting in *Stallion Road* and Margaret Thatcher was an undergraduate in the chemistry laboratories at Oxford. In one incarnation or another Andreotti has been in almost every government since: undersecretary, foreign minister, minister of defense, minister of finance, and prime minister, cleverly weaving the skein of alliances and appointments that supported every coalition government.

If any ghosts rustle in the somber aisles of the Gesù, they are probably old friends, for the Old Fox has outlived them all. It is curious, in fact, how much of Andreotti's career can be written through other people's obituaries. There was the sibylline, silky-voiced, corrupt Aldo Moro, murdered by the Red Brigades, who had kidnapped him; Andreotti and Moro's other rivals invoked principles of state to explain why a man who had been prime minister of his country was abandoned to Marxist executioners. There was the ascetic, tormented Pope Paul VI, an intimate friend of Andreotti's, dying on the rack of illness, his heart broken at the close of that convulsive decade in Italian history, the 1970s.

One cannot forget the crooked Sicil-

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ian financier Michele Sindona, hailed by Andreotti as "the savior of the lira," who died from poison placed, some claim by his own hand, in the morning coffee served to him inside a maximum-security prison in Italy. And Roberto Calvi, the criminal head of "the priests' bank," Banco Ambrosiano, who was found one gray dawn hanging beneath the arches of Blackfriars Bridge in London. Asked today about these two epic frauds, Andreotti half smiles slyly and says, "Well, I must say that I met Mother Teresa far more often than I met Calvi or Sindona."

So it went, decade after decade, with Andreotti rendering daily thanks to the Deity for granting him victory over all his foes, for preserving him from death and disgrace, and for conferring on him a measure of influence over his contentious nation. No other European politician in the second half of the 20th century epitomized his country more than Andreotti did Italy. His wily genius put Machiavelli in the shade.

Intrigue, religion, and violent death swirled around Andreotti almost constantly with no apparent effect until March 12, 1992, when gunmen ambushed his friend Salvatore "Salvo" Lima in a lemon-scented suburb of Palermo. He leapt out of the car and tried to run away, but they chased him down the street and finished him off as he lay on the asphalt, choking on his own blood. The message, to those in the know, was clear. Dozens of mafiosi sentenced to long terms in prison had just failed to win their appeals. In a changing political climate, it was no longer possible to "adjust" the convictions through compliant judges. After years of mutual understandings, Lima had failed to deliver his part of the bargain.

Lima, a white-haired dignitary with the beady eyes of a hood and the arrogant style of a *capofamiglia*, was the boss in Sicily of Andreotti's faction in the Christian Democrats. Now a formal 58-page document from magistrates in Palermo asserts that the Mafia helped to deliver votes in western Sicily to Andreotti through Lima—in return for certain favors, some of which had lethal consequences.

"Well," responds Andreotti carefully, "there may have been a kind of 'live and let live' for a time with the Mafia. But my government pushed through the most drastic series of measures against Cosa Nostra. It might have been that we could have been more attentive, but this problem of the Mafia and politics is extremely delicate. In the whole period I knew Lima, I never had any firm reason to believe, never had a single idea, that Salvo Lima led a double life or that he served the interests of the Mafia. I always said when he was still alive—and more so now that he is dead—that he had nothing to seek pardon for."

The Mafia, evidently, disagreed.

"I have never seen Gianni Agnelli quite so nervous and worried about his company's future," says a close friend of the Fiat chairman.

In Milan, there is at least one small advantage to the current disorder. You can now walk across the piazza from La Scala, into the great covered Galleria, and enter the most exclusive restaurant in the city, Savini, where you will be shown obsequiously to a prime table of your choice without a reservation or a personal relationship with the management. No circumstance more perfectly captures the collapse of arrogant, spendthrift power in the economic capital of Italy.

Savini, a lush confection of red velvet banquettes and linen tablecloths of virginal white, is the place Socialist mayor Paolo Pillitteri entertained his lieutenants. Legions of businessmen, fixers, chairmen of state companies, mid-level executives, their wives, mistresses, and children, trailed in and out. Each politician ruled a certain table. Some chose discreet corners of the rambling restaurant. Others opted to flaunt it in the middle of the main dining room, where bribes were agreed upon over the golden-flecked risotto. Fittingly, there are no prices listed on most of the menus; by the late 1980s the ruling elite of Milan dwelt in a world where prices were irrelevant.

These days, conversation at table can take a rather unusual turn. "Those people are all going to prison, although they don't know it yet," predicted an Italian magazine executive at lunch, arching an eyebrow toward our neighbors. The jailbirds-in-waiting munched placidly through their scaloppine. At a table screened by pillars, the head of an aeronautics firm held forth to two respectful listeners. He faces unpleasant questions over the sale of helicopters to the Belgian army. "He's going to prison, too," added the executive. (Indeed, about two weeks later, he did.)

While Andreotti and the Christian Democrats reigned in Rome, Milan was controlled by Bettino Craxi and his Socialist Party. But Craxi's version of Socialism turned out to mean little more than equality of plunder inside the apparatus of government. Like every potential adversary of the Andreotti web, he and his party were inexorably drawn into its celebration of public office, like the Renaissance Pope who remarked that since God had granted him the papacy it was now time to enjoy it.

Together, Andreotti and Craxi were the most important men in Italy through the last decade. Both prime ministers, both influential in business and politics alike, they presided over the country's loudly proclaimed economic resurgence. And between them they "carved up the tart," as Italians say, allocating ministries and city mayorships, deciding which company would get state contracts or who might be appointed ambassador to Washington.

Craxi's undoing came with the fall of an underling, Mario Chiesa, who was arrested in February 1992 on charges of corruption. Chiesa's sordid story has spilled over into magazines and a recent book by Italian journalist Marcella Andreoli, who spent hours recording his memories after his conviction. It is the most complete picture yet of how the system worked on the inside. The portrait of Craxi is one worthy of satire. The former prime minister, hailed by *The New York Times* in 1986 as "a maestro," emerges as an oaf with all the manners of Mussolini. ("I did not like Craxi," says the Contessa Pecci-Blunt, "and he knew that I did not like him. But, my goodness, how some of these other women threw themselves at his feet!")

When the Chamber of Deputies later saved Craxi from prosecution on corruption charges by upholding his immunity as a Parliament member, Romans surrounded his vine-clad luxury hotel and shouted, "Shame! Kill yourself!" Craxi and his entourage subsequently took temporary refuge in France, and the former prime minister admitted that he was worried about his safety.

Craxi's nemesis, the magistrate Antonio Di Pietro, has become something of a folk hero in Italy. Di Pietro and his

team of magistrates belie Pellini's hard-eyed opinion of Italians and Italy. Di Pietro, a tall, burly figure permanently encased in a sober suit, works with his key assistants in a Spartan set of rooms on the fourth floor of the Tribunale, a five-minute walk from the Piazza del Duomo but a world away from the expensive comforts of Savini.

The Fascists built the Tribunale in monumental tribute to their own idea of popular justice. Its marble halls are thronged with lawyers, defendants, guards, anxious families, and the frantic group of courtroom journalists who cover the doings of Di Pietro and his men. Di Pietro is too smart to give formal interviews, but his bodyguards know the journalists and are relaxed. One of them, a thuggish youth, sports a bow tie in the pattern of a 100,000-lira note. A typical nonconversation with the magistrate goes like this: "Will there be any developments today?" "There might be. Hang around." "Have you issued new charges against Andreotti?" "We are working on a whole set of inquiries."

Di Pietro grew up in the countryside of Molise, a province of central Italy. "They're as tough as old boots there," says Andrea Pamparana, a television reporter who follows the prosecutor every day. "He's like a hardheaded *contadino*, a peasant, in the sense that he takes no nonsense. He just goes on and on."

Di Pietro is, quite clearly, neither the most intellectual nor the most politically aware of his little group of magistrates. That may be the secret of his dogged success. Already, many see him as a future minister of justice.

One man who is seen as a future prime minister is Mario Segni, the one-time member of Andreotti's Christian Democrats who left the party in disgust and promoted the historic referendum overturning the existing parliamentary system. Segni, the son of Antonio Segni, Italy's president in the Kennedy era, is the most attractive new politician on the scene. People like the fact that his wife, Vicky, is modest and quite the opposite of the women around Craxi. The Italian press even calls her "the anti-Hillary" to describe her reserved approach.

Segni does not hide the reality that anyone who inherits the mess left by Andreotti and Craxi will have a gruesome job. "The Italian system changed from a welfare state into a handout state characterized by parasitism and connections," Segni says. "The problem we will have in Italy in the next few years will not be to destroy the welfare state but to adapt it. The state and the old parties had extended themselves into every part of the economy and taken away responsibility. The principle of responsibility has been forgotten in Italy. Now Italy has to change. It doesn't have a choice."

How did Andreotti, Craxi, and the Italian ruling class carry off their act so successfully for so long? Because somehow, in its own charming, maddening way, the system worked—at least for those who were part of the nomenklatura. Somehow, Italy prospered materially while retaining its unique national identity, complete with a creaking bureaucracy, a bankrupt public sector, absurd shopping hours, and strictly regulated standards for the manufacture of spaghetti. It is, perhaps, the country in Western Europe that has most carefully preserved its own language, music, philosophy, and literature against the onslaught of transatlantic culture.

The trains, it is true, frequently do not run on time. The national airline, Alitalia, is a disgrace. The telephones would exasperate the inhabitants of Lagos. The public hospitals can be scenes of bedlam. The legal system owes more to Kafka than to Justinian. Companies often present accounts according to whim, and for years on the Milan stock exchange, insider trading was business as usual. As for the state-owned banks, or the post offices, or government departments, anyone obliged to conduct business with them had best go equipped with an absorbing novel and boundless faith in Saint Jude, the patron saint of lost causes.

Andreotti himself treated all this as a joke. One of his most famous sayings was that "there are two kinds of lunatics in an Italian asylum. The first thinks that he is Napoleon. The second thinks he can reform the state railways."

None of this, however, is proof that the Italian system was inefficient. Quite the contrary. It demonstrates that the system worked with perfect efficiency in the interests of those who shared in it. If an aging relative needed hospital treatment, then an arrangement could be made to provide the best. A telephone is required in less than six months? An acquaintance in the state monopoly can probably be found—if you have the right connections.

Corruption does not deserve forensic analysis but cultural inquiry. Leonica Orlando, a brave and honest man who became mayor of Palermo on an anti-Mafia ticket, once sat in the Bourbon splendor of his office and explained that the problem in Italy was one of the old *cultura dell'appartenenza*—roughly speaking, the mentality that sought security in groups against a hostile outside world and an indifferent state.

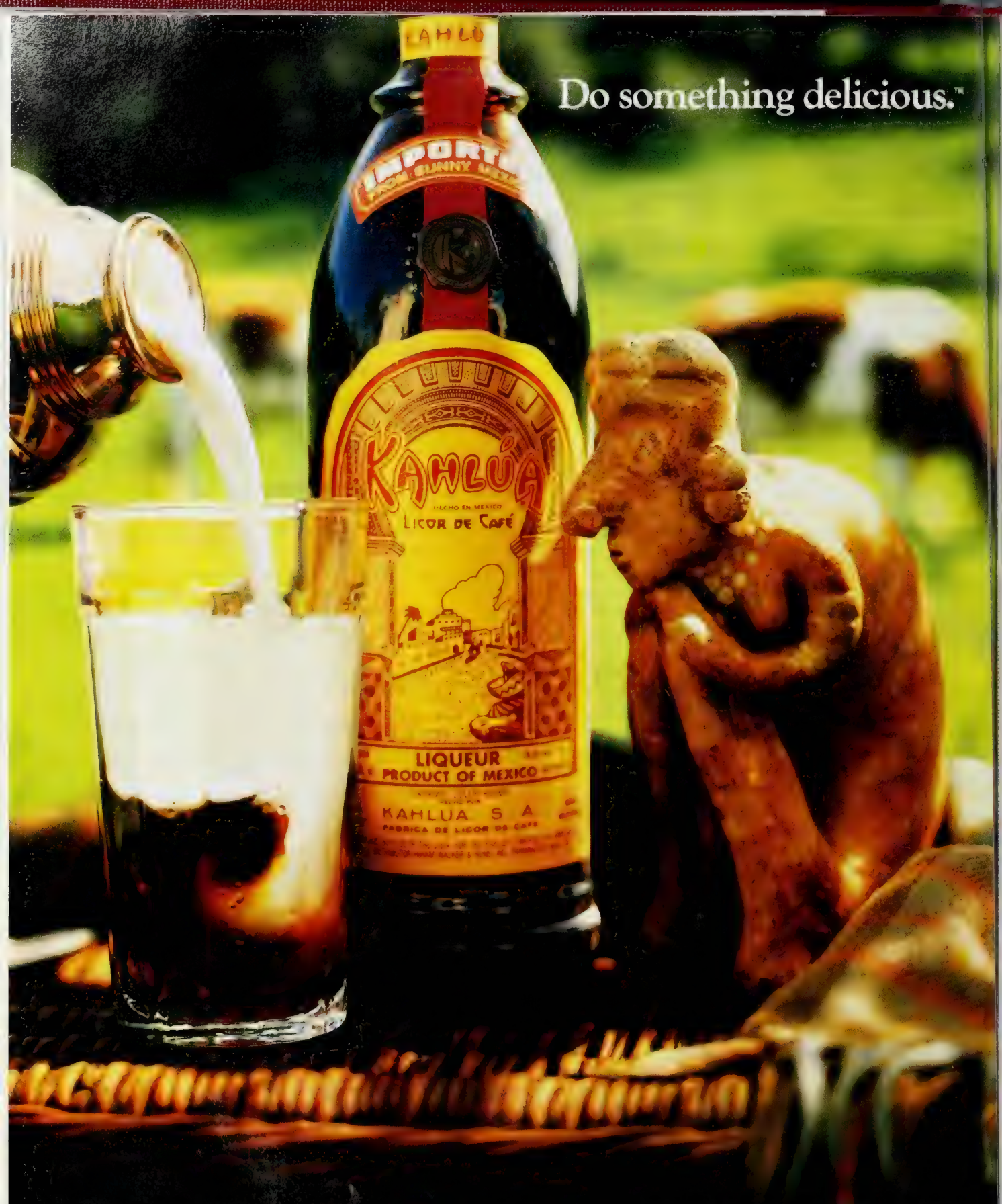
"Power," former prime minister Giulio Andreotti once observed, "exhausts only he who does not possess it."

"Then you naturally graduate to the *cultura della raccomandazione*, where nothing can be achieved without a 'recommendation,' and here in Sicily the final form of that is the Mafia," he said.

His point was that this ancient mentality lingers on, far from the somnolent villages of Sicily, in the boardrooms of Milan and the salons of the capital. Driving in from the Palermo airport to the scene of a singularly bloody assassination, a group of journalists once asked their taxi driver about the Mafia. "Mafia?" snorted the man. "You tell me—you come from Rome, don't you?"

It may be, however, that the current crisis will result in a true change in the country's fundamental nature and consign the universal system of corruption to the past. It may be that it will also tear the country apart. The Lombard League, which preaches the need for sweeping reform and almost total autonomy for the North, is the fastest-growing party in the country. In the South, the collapse of an economic system that lived off of government debt may result in massive unemployment and disorder.

Still, in a country that believes in the afterlife, there is always hope for salvation. "Italy has been through very troubled times before and has always come through them," reflects Andreotti, who might also be speaking of his own situation. As Dante could have told him, only by passing through purgatory can the pilgrim reach the gates of paradise.



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Vanities



Arquette de Triomphe

"She's cute, she's sexy, she's sexually available in a nonchallenging way." That's **PATRICIA ARQUETTE** talking about Alabama, her character in Tony Scott's violent new film, *True Romance* (Warner Bros.). Alabama was easy to get ("I think there's only so much in the well of human emotions"), and yet "there are qualities she has that I only wish I could have." Oh, about that violence: it's O.K. "People *are* becoming desensitized," Arquette admits, "but [screenwriter] Quentin Tarantino gets you emotionally involved with the characters *before* he kills them."

Arquette, who says that she would be happy as a midwife, lives with her four-year-old son, Enzo, in Hollywood. For now. "We're trying to get to the point where we can go off and live in the woods. He loves horses." Maybe he does, but Mommy's just been cast as the wife of cross-dressing Z-movie-maker Ed Wood in Tim Burton's upcoming film. Pastoral pleasures, it seems, will just have to wait.

—GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by STEPHEN DANELIAN

Tapes from the underground: what record execs would rather hear than demos



On the record—unwittingly: Linda McCartney, Orson Welles, and Tommy Lasorda.

The record industry would have bootleggers keelhauled if it could, yet music-biz types, eager to break the tedium of the office, tour bus, or studio, have been trading illicit tapes for years: Linda McCartney's electronically isolated, gloriously off-key vocals on a live "Hey Jude"; radio personality Casey Kasem's apoplexy over a dedication to a dead pet ("*I want somebody to use his fuckin' BRAIN to not come out of a goddamn record that's UP-TEMPO and I gotta talk about a fuckin' dog DYING!*"); Buddy Rich excoriating his musicians; Tommy Lasorda, Orson Welles, Jerry Lewis, and Colonel Sanders caught with their figurative pants down.

Now things are reaching critical mass. Excerpts from those tapes and from underground tapes of prank calls are being sampled by bands (Kasem by Negativland, Rich by Firehose), lifted as song and record titles (Prime Minister Pete Nice and DJ Daddy Rich's "Rat Bastard," Radiohead's *Pablo Honey*), even turned into comic books. "It's an odd new trend, for sure," confirms Gumball band member Don Fleming (who himself owns a bootlegged *five-hour* version of the film *This Is Spinal Tap*).

Record producer Paul Kolderie defines two basic tape categories: "Music" and "Hostility." (He cites the Buddy Rich as an example of genre straddling.) "Hostility" usually means prank calls. Someone in Los Angeles has lately been mining the heavy-metal help-wanted ads, posing as a lead singer (one "Marky St. James," who "fuckin' played with Excalibur, played with fuckin' Matrix") and, more cruelly, *auditioning* singers on the phone ("Are you pretty good with your falsetto? Can you demonstrate a little bit?"). And practically any recent male college graduate can quote the Jerky Boys' prank calls, once extensively bootlegged but now distributed by Select Records for those who appreciate the comic potential of, say, phoning up sushi bars . . . and then asking for work . . . *in a Japanese accent!* A second volume is planned.

On the heels of that comes the official release of a private argument between belligerent, drunken roommates, taped through the thin walls of a San Francisco apartment building. Eight hours of "Raymond and Peter" have been distilled onto one CD, *Shut Up Little Man* (Ectoplasm). Imagine, maybe, *The Odd Couple Goes to the Bowery*. The two fight over everything. Ruined dinners. Lost rent checks. *Wheel of Fortune* (that one ends in a scuffle). Pete even calls the cops to file a complaint against Ray, whereupon Ray threatens to "proffer both charges." ("*Both?*" Pete screeches. "Federal . . . and civil," Ray replies with aplomb.) It should be depressing; somehow, it's grimly fascinating, full of lighthearted moments ("Heh heh heh. You fuckin' piece of shit. Heh heh

Illustration by RISKO

heh") and tenderness (a sincere-sounding "I don't wanna kill you!"). And dialogue worthy of Beckett or Mamet.

Peter: "Giggles! GIGGLES! Giggles, dirty little man! You always giggle *falsely*. You don't have a decent giggle in you."

Raymond: "I am a decent—"

Peter: "Shut up, little man."

Raymond: "I am a decent fuckin'—"

Peter: "Shut *up*, little man. You are not."

"The legalities are intricate," admits an Ectoplasm spokesman, adding that Ray and Pete eventually realized they were being taped, that Ray died last year, and that Pete knows about the CD but is past caring. In the age of C-SPAN, satellite feeds, camcorders supplying trial evidence, movies like *Feed*, and TV shows based on home-movie high jinks, immortalizing a couple of guys boozing on the other side of a wall doesn't seem so shocking. Famous for *only 15 minutes?* Not when a CD can hold 74.

---

7 Rmmates, All on Vu

Fans of MTV's *The Real World*, which last year housed a bunch of strangers in a New York loft and let the cameras roll for three merciless months, now have a sequel to goggle at. This time MTV has tossed the lab rats into a brightly painted, multi-level playpen in Venice, California, and stocked it with props: Rollerblades, pool table, treadmill, fishtank, Jacuzzi, cool-looking oversize signs with stuff written on them. The kids (Aaron, Beth, David, Dominic, Irene, Jon, Tami), being of a certain age (18 to 25), have brought along their own identity-declaring props: a cowboy hat or an attitude or a cool-looking oversize shirt with stuff written on it. They'll need them: on the Venice boardwalk, even trailing a camera crew doesn't guarantee attention.

"If it's something that we think is interesting or has potential for a story line, we go after that," says Lauren Corrao, the MTV vice president who oversees the series. So when Irene, the last to arrive, complains that "Beth decided what bed she wanted, and Tami decided, and I had no choice but to take the last bed," you can practically see the story arcs dancing in the creators' heads.

Mary-Ellis Bunim, who co-produced with Jon Murray, says that 100 hours of film are shot for each 22-minute segment. For every "I didn't call you trash!"/"Yes you did!" exchange viewers relish, there are zillions in the raw footage that are no more compelling than "My stomach feels really empty too right now"/No response. It's story editor Bob Fisher's job to screen more than 2,000 hours of the latter and find the former. "After a while you forget you're watching them on TV," he says. "I feel I know these kids as intimately as their best friends or their parents."

In the end, it's a video—all quick cuts, odd angles, and telling moments, punched up with music and interview snippets to shape the story line. *Less* real, of course, than the raw footage, with its miles of banal chitchat and long, spellbinding takes of Beth's cat staring back at the camera. But there's no market for that—not until one of the kids marries Paul McCartney, takes a call from the Jerky Boys, or starts drinking heavily and moves with a roommate into a thin-walled San Francisco flat. Then the real fun begins. —G.K.

Briefly, Abel Ferrara



Onetime Occupation: Genre filmmaker. (Raw, dark, lurid films, the kind you'd see in Times Square.)

More Recent Occupation: Genre-transcending filmmaker. (Raw, dark, lurid films, the kind you'd see in Cannes.)

So, Abel, How'd It Go Over There in Cannes? "You got every lowlife in the world there. It's like Vegas-on-the-Sea."

Age, Provenance: Forty-one; half-Italian, half-Irish.

Survivor? Yes. Survived growing up in a tough Bronx neighborhood in the 50s. Survived unfavorable comparison to Martin Scorsese at the hands—sorry, thumbs—of Gene Siskel.

First Feature: *Driller Killer* (1979); banned in England.

Last Feature: *Bad Lieutenant* (1992), starring Harvey Keitel; banned in Ireland.

Next Feature: *Body Snatchers*, starring Gabrielle Anwar, Terry Kinney, Billy Wirth, Meg Tilly, Forest Whitaker. "We decided to remake a movie. *Why?* Who the fuck knows? Right now, it's a success. Until people see it."

Next One After That: *Snake Eyes*, starring Keitel, Madonna, James Russo. "It's gonna coincide with my marriage to Madonna. Don't tell my wife that."

So, What Was It Like Working wi— "She was fine. Harvey, on the other hand... Working with Keitel is like joining the Foreign Legion." —*G.K.*

BOB GIZZI



A Rykiel of a daughter: Nathalie Rykiel.

Quelle Rykiel

"I'm completely different from my mother—we're complementary," insists Nathalie Rykiel, daughter of couturière Sonia, who this month celebrate the fashion house's 25th anniversary with an exhibition at Paris's Orangerie du Palais du Luxembourg. "My mother is an artist, frail and red-haired. I am more Slavic. I like to organize people." But she happily abandoned dreams of directing movies in 1976, when her mother "offered me a big present—to model in her shows." Now retired from the runway, Nathalie, 37, instead stages the shows and oversees the creation of the secondary line, Inscription Rykiel, and the children's collection, Sonia Rykiel Enfant—a division she inaugurated while pregnant with the elder of her two daughters. Even her husband, Simon Burstein, has been conscripted, as the firm's general manager. "I've never rebelled against my mother," Nathalie says. "And I hope it's not going to happen late in life!" —AMY FINE COLLINS



JOHN HUBA

Boho Brad

Male models are not always so vacuous as they are made out to be. Take Brad Gooch. Following his stint on the runways a decade or so ago, this soft-spoken heartbreaker produced, in short order, a Ph.D. thesis on T. S. Eliot, an acclaimed volume of poetry, a collection of short stories, and *Scary Kisses*, a wry novelistic look at the modeling world. Now, after five years in which he almost (but not quite) vanished from Manhattan's downtown nightlife circuit, Gooch has brought forth *City Poet: The Life and Times of Frank O'Hara* (Knopf), the first biography of the polymorphous-perverse genius around whom the New York artistic and literary worlds of the 50s and 60s constellated.

A mordant wit who likened his technically daring poems to unmade telephone calls, Frank O'Hara burned with a hard, gemlike flame on which the whole bohemian *galerie* of the era—including Willem de Kooning, John Ashbery, Allen Ginsberg, and above all Larry Rivers, with whom he had a long and fitful love affair—lit their cigarettes. When, in 1966, the drunken poet was struck dead by a jeep on Fire Island at the tender age of 40, universal gloom descended, and author Gooch makes you feel it. A dashing, dishy, magisterial biography, *City Poet* is also, it must be said, a work of model scholarship. —JIM HOLT

PLAYBILL



This was the perfect trip. A Broadway extravaganza! We saw 3 shows and ate to our hearts' content. First, we had the best Thai food, then saw "Crazy For You". Gershwins music and the dancing were amazing! After the show we had some cheesecake and walked back to the hotel. The next morning we slept in and then did miles of walking and shopping - from 5th Ave to Shubert Alley (great souvenirs) to Central Park. Then we had a great steak dinner on Restaurant Row and saw "Guys and Dolls". The sets, the costumes, the music! I'm still singing the songs. The next morning while we were having bagels and cream cheese, we thought, we could use a little "Jelly's Last Jam". (So we called the box office and got great seats.) Another major hit!

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100 YEARS IN TIMES SQUARE

We found out this is Broadway's 100th anniversary and there's lots of great stuff happening, like "Broadway on Broadway", a free outdoor concert, right in Times Square, with all the stars doing numbers from shows, current and classic. And exhibits, all over The City, of great Broadway stuff from stars to productions. We got so excited, we already made reservations to come back. (At least I have time to diet between now and then.) Broadway, the shopping, the restaurants - It's great to be back in The City!

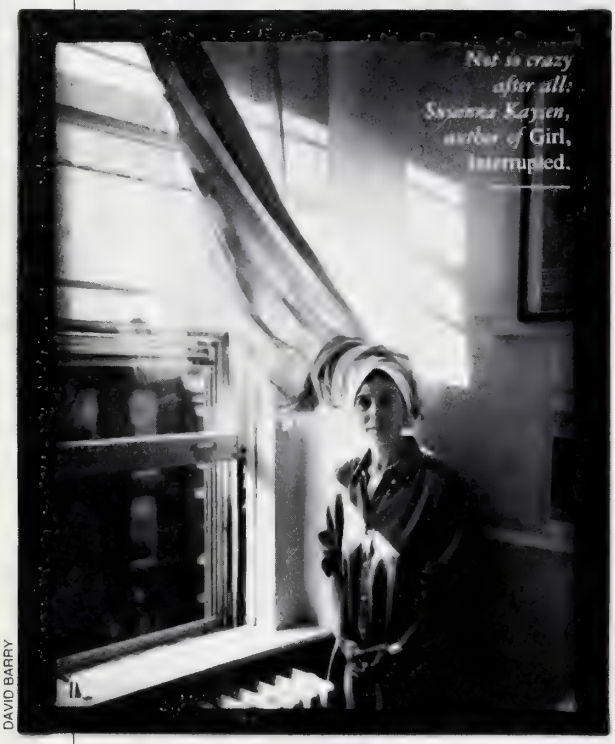
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Kaysen Point

When author Susanna Kaysen was 18 years old, her life began to unravel. She was living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a commune of students and hangers-on and working at a series of meaningless jobs. Despite a childhood spent in the academic enclaves of the East Coast—her father was a professor of economics—she was not headed for college. "I always hated school," she claims. "I had no attention span and no tolerance for being wrong." This was in 1967. "I was terribly unhappy," she says now. "I didn't have any structure to rebel against. I didn't have anything to *do*."



Not so crazy after all: Susanna Kaysen, author of Girl, Interrupted.

DAVID BARRY

What she ended up doing was going to a psychiatrist. After a brief interview, he made a phone call and escorted her out of his office and into a waiting cab. The cab took her to an exclusive private mental hospital outside of Boston where she spent most of the next two years. This period of confinement is the subject of her third book, an eloquent and unexpectedly funny memoir called *Girl, Interrupted* (Turtle Bay).

Kaysen, now 44, still lives in Cambridge. Her apartment is a bright and airy perch on the top floor of a house at the edge of Harvard Square. The author of two novels, Kaysen is a slim, meticulous woman of carefully defined tastes and scathing wit. Her wardrobe consists primarily of voluminous cashmere sweaters and tiny Italian sandals, and she peppers her conversation with passionately held opinions and historical and geographical facts and figures. "I only talk about the things I know well."

In *Girl,* she writes, "Back then I didn't know that I—or anyone—could make a life out of boyfriends and literature." After years of struggle, she seems to have achieved the life she always wanted. "I never get dressed unless I have to. I stay in my nightgown and read books on my sofa. Any other kind of life demands more energy than I've got."

Kaysen started writing her first nonfiction book while working on her second novel. The short, disjointed pieces that came to her "almost automatically" gradually developed into a cohesive whole. Kaysen went through the grueling process of reading 350 pages of medical records from her stay at the hospital, excerpts from which are included in her memoir. "I wanted to contrast the clinical viewpoint with the subjective experience, to expose the depressing detachment of the medical language," she says.

The success of *Girl* is causing more than a few interruptions in Kaysen's life. Her phone has been ringing steadily, and the technology-shy author has even purchased an answering machine. "A friend told me I'm waiting for Scott Fitzgerald to call up and ask me to dance. The truth is, I think he's right." —STEPHEN McCAULEY

Night-table Reading



Richard Ingrams *(editor of* The Oldie*):* Lolita, *by Vladimir Nabokov (Vintage). "It's a good lesson for people to write about sex without being obscene. It isn't pornographic at all, and it has wonderful descriptions of America."*



Lady Kier Kirby *(singer-songwriter of Deee-lite):* Food of the Gods, *by Terence McKenna (Bantam). "It explores the importance that natural hallucinogens played in our human evolution."*



Julian Niccolini *(manager, the Four Seasons):* The Prize, *by Daniel Yergin (Simon & Schuster). "It's about the oil cartel and the epic quest for oil, money, and power. I like to know who controls the incredible amounts of money and power."*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

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Rap 'n' Roll

Yo! Hip-hop's huge. *And* a musical universe unto itself. It's made the crossover from black to white. But will it ever grip the rock generation? A primer...



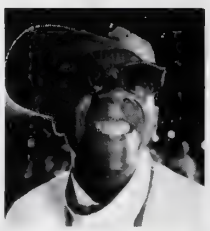
Queen Latifah

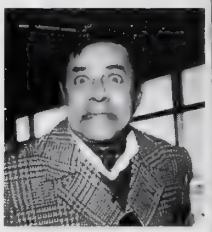
ARTISTS





Run-DMC = The Rolling Stones
Ice Cube = Axl Rose
Gang Starr = early Chicago
Prince Be of P.M. Dawn = Donovan
NWA = The Sex Pistols





Flavor Flav of Public Enemy = Jerry Lewis
Treach of Naughty by Nature = Bruce Springsteen
D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince = Herman's Hermits
Speech of Arrested Development = Michael Stipe





Kris Kross = Menudo
2 Live Crew = Aerosmith
MC Lyte = Indigo Girls
Hammer = Billy Ray Cyrus





Bushwick Bill = Sammy Davis Jr.
Kurtis Blow = Bill Haley
The Beastie Boys = The Eagles





TLC = The Go-Go's
Biz Markie = Frank Zappa
Scott LaRock = Brian Jones
Sister Souljah = Sinead O'Connor





Ice-T = Jimi Hendrix
KRS-One = Sting
Chuck D = Bob Dylan

SEMINAL ALBUMS

It Takes a Nation of ons to Hold Us Back *(Public Enemy)* = London Calling *(The Clash)*

Licensed to Ill *(The Beastie Boys)* = Back in Black *(AC/DC)*

Raising Hell *(Run-DMC)* = Led Zeppelin II *(Led Zeppelin)*

aight Outta Compton *(NWA)* = Never Mind the Bollocks *(The Sex Pistols)*

Feet High and Rising *(De La Soul)* = Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band *(The Beatles)*



Aretha Franklin

Also...

D.J.'S AND V.J.'S: Fab 5 Freddy = Dick Clark ● Frankie Crocker = Murray "the K" ● Ed Lover and Doctor Dre = Rowan and Martin ● Bill Bellamy = Casey Kasem

FASHION: Phillies Blunt T-shirt = Hard Rock Cafe T-shirt ● L.A. Raiders jacket = Harley-Davidson leather jacket ● Gold chains = Tattoos ● Eight-ball jacket = Spandex trousers ● Fila tracksuits = John Travolta's seat from *Saturday Night Fever* ● Fade = Mop-top ● X Large Store = Gap

IMPRESARIOS: Russell Simmons = Phil Spector ● Andre Harrell = Brian Epstein ● Rick Rubin = Andrew Loog Oldham ● The Shocklee brothers = Steve Albini ● Sean "Puffy" Combs = Bill Graham

PUBLISHING: Nelson George = Robert Christgau ● Jon Shecter of *The Source* = Young Jann Wenner ● Jonathan Van Meter of *Vibe* = Middle-aged Jann Wenner ● *The Source* = *Spin* ● *Vibe* = *Fame*

BAD HABITS: Forty-ounce bottle of malt liquor = Heroin ● Marky Mark's 1988 racist incident = Eric Clapton's 1976 racist incident ● Slick Rick's jail term = David Crosby's jail term

NOVELTY HITS: "My Adidas" (Run-DMC) = "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'" (Nancy Sinatra) ● "Christmas in Hollis" (Run-DMC) = "Jingle Bell Rock" (Bobby Helms)

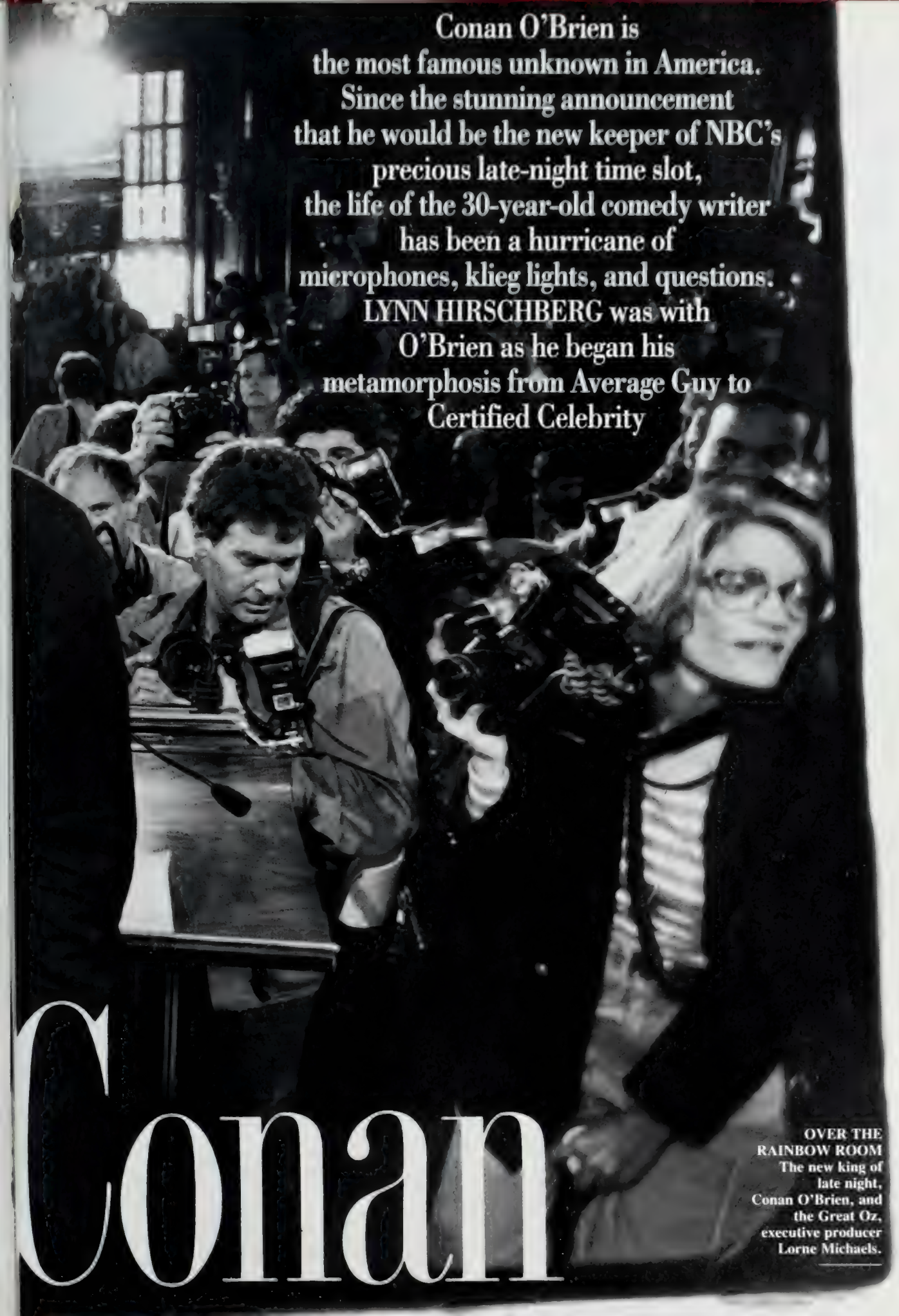
MOVIES: *CB4* = *This Is Spinal Tap* ● *Who's the Man?* = *The Blues Brothers* ● *Krush Groove* = *Can't Stop the Music* ● *Breakin'* = *Perfect* ● *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo* = *Rock 'n Roll High School* ● *Boyz N the Hood* = *Easy Rider* ● *House Party* = *Risky Business*

HISTORICAL MOMENTS: The KRS-One/P.M. Dawn tussle = The Axl Rose/Kurt Cobain tussle ● Flavor Flav's bringing his children onstage in their pajamas = Pete Townshend's smashing his guitar ● The City College mêlée of 1991 = The 1979 Who concert in Cincinnati ● The 2 Live Crew/Broward County, Florida, flap = Jim Morrison's exposing himself in Miami ● LL Cool J's appearance on MTV's *Unplugged* = Elvis's televised 1968 comeback concert

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER

Nature Study, 1984. Bronze. Polished patina. 30 x 19 x 15 inches/76.2 x 48.2 x 381 cm. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
Legs, 1986. Rubber. Each leg 123 x 2 x 2 inches/314 x 5 x 5 cm. Collection of the artist
© Philip Morris Management Corp. 1993





Conan

Conan O'Brien is the most famous unknown in America. Since the stunning announcement that he would be the new keeper of NBC's precious late-night time slot, the life of the 30-year-old comedy writer has been a hurricane of microphones, klieg lights, and questions. LYNN HIRSCHBERG was with O'Brien as he began his metamorphosis from Average Guy to Certified Celebrity

OVER THE RAINBOW ROOM The new king of late night, Conan O'Brien, and the Great Oz, executive producer Lorne Michaels.

CONAN! CONAN! CONAN! CONAN! LOOK THIS WAY! CONAN, COULD YOU LOOK OVER HERE!?! TURN THIS WAY, CONAN! CONAN, OVER *HERE!* CONAN! It's five P.M. on May 3, and Conan O'Brien, the 30-year-old heir to David Letterman's 12:35 time slot on NBC, is being greeted by the press at the Rainbow Room, 65 floors above Rockefeller Center. Seconds ago, O'Brien emerged rather unceremoniously through a back door (''Can't take the kitchen,'' he explained, ''they tried that with Bobby Kennedy''), flanked by NBC heads Warren Littlefield and Don Ohlmeyer, and was immediately engulfed by a sea of 40-odd photographers, clicking and flashing and shouting CONANCONANCONAN in a frenzied state.

''They should have prepared him for this,'' says Gavin Polone, O'Brien's agent. But, contrary to Polone's concerns, O'Brien doesn't look unhappy. In fact, he looks remarkably comfortable—he turns and smiles and turns again with the poise of a seasoned politician. ''One thing we have to get straight,'' O'Brien says while the bulbs pop, ''is my name. It's pronounced Co-*nin,* not Co-*nan*.''

He's a lot calmer now than he was a few hours ago—not to mention how extreme and exhilarating and up and down and great and bizarre the last seven days have been. O'Brien found out exactly one week ago that NBC had picked him, a highly regarded comedy writer (*Saturday Night Live, The Simpsons*) with virtually no performing experience, for the coveted Letterman job. Since then, his life has shifted into high gear in a manner that really has no show-business parallel—his ascension from unknown to famous person has been nearly instantaneous. Fame usually builds gradually for a comedian—you start out as a stand-up and guest on *The Tonight Show* and make an appearance on a sitcom and then maybe, just maybe, you get your own show. But O'Brien leapfrogged all those steps, and from the moment he received the call from his agent seven days ago (''You got 12:30!'') to the press conference this evening, his life has gone, in a flash, from private to public. Everyone wants to know, *Who is Conan O'Brien?*

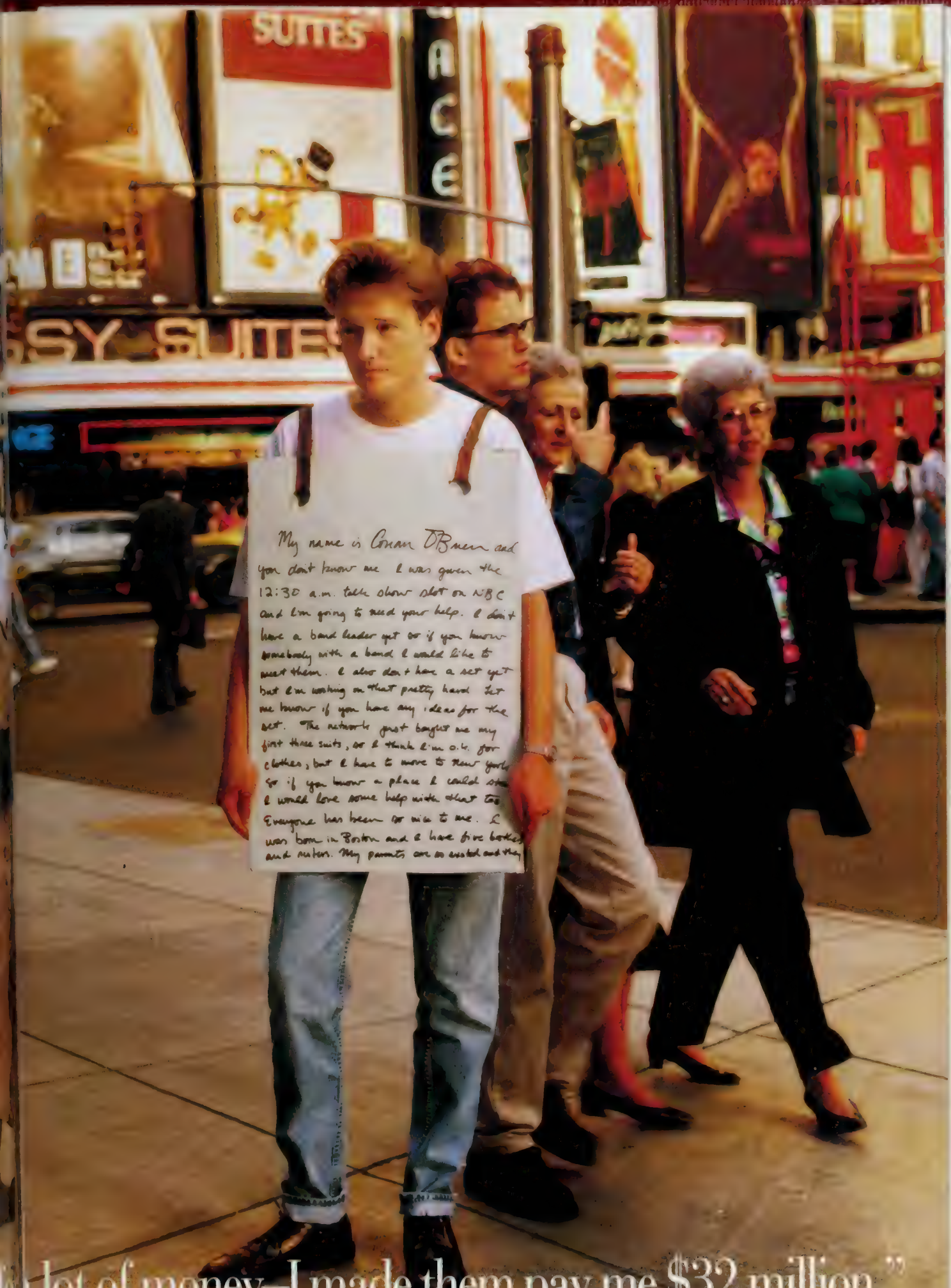
The prospect of that query has been on O'Brien's mind for the entire week. NBC sent him a list of questions that might be asked today (''What do you think makes you ready for this gig?''), and he tried to watch a tape of the press conference Letterman gave when he left NBC for CBS. O'Brien wasn't nervous exactly—he's not the nervous sort—he simply wanted to be prepared, to do really well at this thing. ''Conan is very determined,'' says Jeff Martin, an old friend and colleague. ''It sounds corny, but he strives for excellence. He's focused.''

The press conference was so huge in his mind this afternoon that he walked up Fifth Avenue to clear his head, and went inside a church. Although he was raised Roman Catholic, O'Brien hasn't been to confession ''since *CHiPs* was on the air'' and hasn't been to Mass on any kind of consistent basis in years. ''I really had this urge,'' he says. ''So I just walked up the steps into this big, beautiful church. I walked inside and I sat in the pew and said, 'Somebody help me!' That kind of thing. And then I pick up a missalette and I see it's an Episcopal church. I was in the wrong church! I didn't even get that right. And it was like 'O.K., sorry. I'll go now. Bye.' I felt that God was going to be saying, 'What are you doing here? You don't deserve this job! I'll destroy you in three weeks!' ''

But now, several hours later, standing on a podium in a natty black Armani suit, O'Brien looks as if any and all gods are on his side. The photographers have backed away to the sides of the room, and O'Brien is taking questions from the zoo of 200 journalists who are facing him. He explains his name and his credentials and makes jokes about his unknown status. ''Do I feel any pressure?'' he responds at one point. ''Yeah, this news conference is slightly bigger than the ones I was having a month ago.''

Three or so questions in, Stuttering John from the Howard Stern show (who doesn't seem to stutter anymore) starts to dominate the proceedings. ''Have you ever had a homosexual experience?'' he asks. ''Not yet,'' replies O'Brien without missing a beat. ''But, hey, life is moving so fast. Anything's possible.'' He is asked about his salary. ''I held out for a lot of money—I made them pay me $32 million,'' he jokes. ''No, let's just say I'm going to have to get a day job.'' He is asked if he felt slighted that the show was first offered to Garry Shandling, who turned it down. ''I'm realistic,'' he says.





lot of money—I made them pay me $32 million."

"I narrowly beat out Norman Fell."

At this, Warren Littlefield, who is standing near the enormous buffet of shrimp and smoked salmon, laughs loudly. He looks over at *Saturday Night Live* executive producer Lorne Michaels, who will also executive-produce O'Brien's show and is the man who anointed O'Brien for this spot. Michaels is sipping some kind of pink drink, and is watching O'Brien with paternalistic intensity. Michaels smiles and nods from time to time, as if to say, My child has not disappointed me. Littlefield, meanwhile, is more openly enthusiastic and definitely more surprised. "He's doing great," he says, sounding almost giddy. "This is going to work."

O'Brien continues to field questions about the nature of the show ("It won't be a breakthrough show, done underwater, with me painted blue and flying dogs") and whether or not he'll have a sidekick or a band ("Kool and the Gang will definitely be involved"). When the questions turn personal ("Do you have a girlfriend?"), he gets a bit less humorous.

Unlike a seasoned stand-up who has withstood the jeers of drunken idiots who believe they're funnier than the guy onstage, O'Brien is unused to certain kinds of inquiries, especially when they're vaguely hostile. Usually he deadpans his way out of any question, but sometimes he answers with abject sincerity ("I'm doing this show to make my brothers laugh"). He isn't slick—his defenses are not fully constructed. You can see his public persona taking shape, and this afternoon the mask isn't yet on all the way. He's still just this tall, gangly guy who is funny and smart and got lucky and will work really hard. It's a Jimmy Stewart movie come to life—Mr. O'Brien Goes to Hollywood. "Are you living out your dream?" somebody asks. "Well," O'Brien says, "there *is* something almost frightening in getting exactly what you want."

After the press conference ends, O'Brien, his agent, Polone, and two security men from NBC head downstairs to *Saturday Night Live*'s offices on the 17th floor. "That was the most fun hour I've had in years," O'Brien exclaims. "When I was riding up in the elevator to the press conference with Don Ohlmeyer and Warren Littlefield, no one was saying anything. They were kind of looking at me like, You'd better be funny." He pauses. "Well, it went really well," says one of the security guys. "And you know who wants to do your show? Don Rickles. He was in the building yesterday and he said he likes you. He's a fan."

Before O'Brien can respond to this suggestion, the doors open on *S.N.L.*'s floor. Immediately, O'Brien, who worked here for three years, is mobbed. "Hey, man, congratulations!" says Rob Schneider, a cast member of *Saturday Night Live*. *S.N.L.* employees seem to spend most of their time mingling in the hallway, and when they see O'Brien, there is much embracing and handshaking and hail-the-conquering-hero kind of salutations. Out of nowhere, Chris Farley, a large and, apparently, enthusiastic fellow, charges into the hall and tackles O'Brien, almost knocking him to the ground. They throw their arms around each other and head off to talk.

Polone walks down the hall to Robert Smigel's office. Currently a writer at *S.N.L.*, Smigel has collaborated a great deal with O'Brien. At *S.N.L.*, they cowrote such memorable sketches as the Tom Hanks/Jon Lovitz girl-watching piece and the infamous nude-beach scene in which the word "penis" was used 60 times. In 1991, they collaborated on a TV pilot called *Look Well*, about an ex–television actor who believes he can really fight crime. "It starred Adam West [Batman]," recalls Warren Littlefield. "It was very funny, but how can I say this—a little of Adam West was plenty." Most recently, they co-wrote (with Kevin Nealon and Dana Carvey) the upcoming *Hans and Franz* movie, which is, surprisingly, a musical. Although the deal has yet to be ironed out, O'Brien wants Smigel to be the producer of his new show. "Smigel is key," says O'Brien. "He has so many great ideas."

Smigel's office, like Smigel, is a bit unkempt. There are piles of newspapers and magazines and a box containing a half-eaten marble cake left from Passover. There are notes from years ago taped to the walls, and a bulletin board that has schedules pinned on top of schedules on top of schedules. Smigel, who has a soft, sweet manner, sleeps here most Tuesday nights, which are particularly busy for *S.N.L.*, and has to clear off much debris for Polone to si on his small, ratty couch. "What a home run," Smigel says exuberantly t Polone. "Conan was great!"

Like Smigel, O'Brien values wor over tidiness. With very few excep tions, the world of comedy writers—the *S.N.L.*-Letterman-*Simpsons* axis—is composed of messy men who wen to good schools (usually Harvard) an have spent every day since graduatio hanging out in cluttered offices writ ing funny stuff. "They're like 15 year-olds with a million dollars," says Brandon Tartikoff, former head of NBC Entertainment and Paramount Pictures. "And they're still pulling all-nighters. You get the feeling they haven't discovered girls."

Professionally, O'Brien fits that profile (although he is socially well adjusted, which immediately distinguishes him from most of his colleagues). He grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, and went to Harvard, where he "comped" to get on *The Harvard Lampoon*. "Comping" is a grueling process in which an aspirant submits pieces, and criticisms are written directly on the manuscript by each *Lampoon* member. They can be brutal. "Conan was good from the start," says Jeff Martin, who was then president of the *Lampoon* and went on to write for Letterman and *The Simpsons*. "You could tell right away."

After submitting a parody of a generic Norman Lear–type sitcom in his freshman year, O'Brien was asked to join the *Lampoon*. In 1983 and '84 he was elected president for a historic two consecutive terms, something that hadn't happened since Robert Benchley in 1912.

After graduation in '85, O'Brien moved to Los Angeles with his then partner, Greg Daniels, and quickly got a job on HBO's *Not Necessarily the News*. "We shared an apartment and a car and an office," O'Brien recalls. "We used to wake up in the morning and then drive to work together and our desks faced each other and it was tough. My girlfriend had broken up with me and I wasn't eating and I remember thinking, My job is to be funny."

He stayed at *Not Necessarily the News* for almost two years and began performing with the Groundlings, a popular comedy group in L.A. that launched the careers of, among others, Pee-wee Herman and Jon Lovitz. He also acted in some industrial films, spe-

"I felt that God was going to be saying, 'What are you doing here? You don't deserve this job! I'll destroy you in three weeks!' "



MEDIUM COOL
Conan O'Brien, a host of expectations.

cifically for a company that sold musical instruments. In 1987 he started writing for *The Wilton North Report*, a famous TV failure that stayed on the air only four weeks. (It was replaced by reruns of Joan Rivers's show.) "What I learned from that experience," O'Brien says, "is that it takes a lot of really smart people working very hard to do a crappy show."

After *Wilton North* bombed, O'Brien moved east to write and, he hoped, perform occasionally on *Saturday Night Live*. He met Smigel, who began his career as a stand-up comedian, and they started writing together. During the 1988 Writers Guild strike, Smigel and O'Brien mounted some of their sketches (including the nude-beach/"penis" sketch) as the *Happy Happy Good Show*, co-written with *Saturday Night Live* writer Bob Odenkirk, in Chicago and Los Angeles. "It was so funny that you had tears in your eyes," recalls Polone, echoing the opinion of everyone who saw it. "You just could not stop laughing."

O'Brien left *S.N.L.* after three and a half years. "I'm restless," he explains. "I was just tired of that same thing. I quit *Saturday Night Live* and I was lying on my friend's couch. I was thinking, What the hell am I going to do now? And I got the call: 'Do you want to be on *The Simpsons*?' 'Yes I do.' That easy. I just wanted to play on that team. *The Simpsons* is like the Olympic basketball team—they're all top-of-the-line people and they're all in one room."

He quickly became the hit of the room. "He was always putting on a show for us," says Martin. "The actual doing of *The Simpsons* is sitting with the same eight guys and we're getting out of shape and pale. It's the end of our youth in that room. And Conan would make us laugh. He was great—Conan's the guy you'd want to fix up with your sister. You root for him."

The Simpsons was eager to keep him on staff, but with his 30th birthday approaching, O'Brien was looking for another career change. He wanted to perform. "My plan was," he recalls, "I'm not going to renegotiate. I'm going to get off this road and get on the other road. I always thought, There's something here that I'm not using. And when you know you can do something and you're not doing it, it's hell. So I said 'I just have a feeling I'm not going to finish out my contract here' to a writer on *The Simpsons* named Bill Oakley. He bet me 50 bucks." O'Brien pauses. "Yeah, he paid me."

O'Brien had already confided his performing ambitions to Smigel. "We had talked about him hosting a show," Smigel remembers. "But we didn't know exactly what that show would be." Smigel pushes aside some papers on his desk. "Conan's got the perfect personality for a talk-show host," he continues. "He's the most spontaneously funny person I know, and he's incredibly smart and likable."

As if on cue, O'Brien appears at the office door. Smigel jumps up and hugs him. "What a home run!" he says again. "You were great." They chat for a moment about Stuttering John and Howard Stern and how well everything went, and O'Brien says he has to leave and will call Smigel later to discuss his involvement with the show.

On the way out, O'Brien intersects with Lorne Michaels and his wife, Alice, who is wearing a checked blazer and is carrying a tiny navy handbag. Michaels and his wife are an oasis of civility in a land where *(Continued on page 132)*

SPOTLIGHT

Perennial Rose

The myths that Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy helped create have been at least partially shattered, but her own legend lives on, like the matriarch herself, at the very center of this century's American history. Few can match her record of survival. Tragedy, innuendo, glory, agony—she has witnessed and endured all the possible cataclysms of public and private life.

This month, she celebrates her 103rd birthday. When she was born, Boston was back streets and Brahmins, warring pols and rarefied airs. Her father, John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, was a customs clerk. By the time she was 5, he was the only Democratic congressman from Massachusetts; by the time she was 15, he was mayor of Boston. Rose Kennedy was never a stranger to politics.

Today, Boston is high-tech and high rises, and Rose Kennedy is frail and never seen. The truth about her is as elusive as ever. To some, she remains the archetypal loving mother and long-suffering saint. To others, she summons more ambivalent associations: steely determination; maternal coldness; vast, unquenchable ambition. Who will ever know the secrets she still clings to?

Like a few of her offspring—long gone, their images youthful forever—Rose Kennedy is frozen in time. But not as a young girl. Rather, we remember the grieving woman, head held high as the cameras flashed, consigning her sons to rest. She is the mother of an era's memories.

Illustration by RISKO

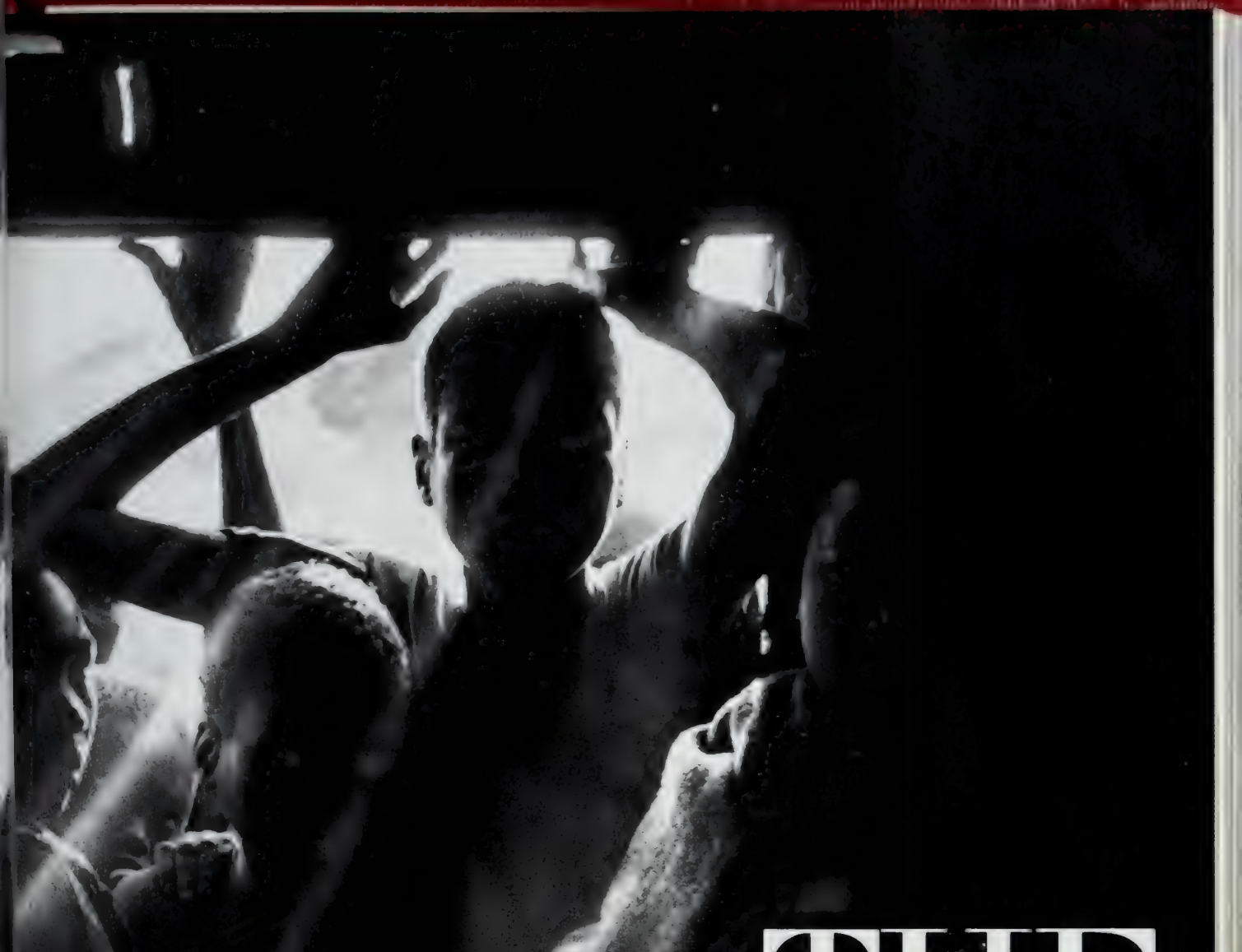


ROSE
KENNEDY

Tragedy, innuendo,
glory, agony—
she has witnessed all the
possible cataclysms
of public life.



A handful of the boys who have walked thousands of miles through southern Sudan in search of sanctuary.



THE LAST PLACE ON EARTH

In the ravaged beauty of southern Sudan, writer ROGER ROSENBLATT and photographer SEBASTIÃO SALGADO found a world ending without even a whisper

In an epic trek that has gone virtually unnoticed by the outside world, tens of thousands of young boys have been wandering through the apocalyptic wasteland of southern Sudan. They are orphans, their families killed in the world's most neglected civil war, and they are part of the vast legion of survivors desperately searching for refuge as their civilization dies around them

If there were such a place as the end of the earth, southern Sudan is how the terrain would look: thorn trees erupting at lonely distances from one another, flattened at the top as if by an invisible hand; *Balanites aegyptiacas*, desert-date trees, which look like poor relations of weeping willows, overdressed mourners at a grave site; cactus trees—huge, aggressive things—poking their spikes at the sky; trees with thick trunks that appear to be made of cables tied in a Gordian knot. Gray bushes like rolls of industrial wire mix with the tall, gray-silver grass on the yellow land. Dry, dry; cracked pieces of old pottery. The shards of dead branches stick out in frantic directions like bones broken through skin.

What is happening to the people here mirrors the landscape—a continuum of isolations, each causing its own lethal consequences. The sum total of all the isolations is leading to the destruction—the silencing—of an entire civilization. This silencing has been taking place within a region of the largest country in Africa, the region itself larger than Texas, and one of the most inaccessible places in the world. Here the White Nile extends its arms into the Sudd, Arabic for barrier—one of the world's largest swamps. Only snakes and malarial mosquitoes thrive and multiply. Otherwise, there is nothing but emptiness and danger. If this sounds like Somalia, it *is* Somalia—with the differences that the Sudan is much harder to get help to, and too few people are trying. Southern Sudan is isolated from everything except the elements that are killing it.

There was a time when the mere mention of Khartoum, the country's capital, evoked images of billowy tents, Arabian horses, languid evenings, and that strange, flip, Kiplingesque heroism—pith helmets, the white man's burden, General Gordon, and the unsetting sun. Oppressive as colonialism was, at least it brought the country 160 years of relative stability. Since becoming the first sub-Saharan African country to gain independence, however, the Sudan has been at war for 27 of its 37 years of existence.

Khartoum and northern Sudan are now ruled by the Revolutionary Command Council of Lieutenant General Omer al Bashir, who seized power in 1989. The government is fighting the Sudanese People's Liberation Army, under Dr. John Garang, which controls the countryside in the underdeveloped southern half of the nation. There are also internecine wars within the S.P.L.A., one of the more brutal being that between the Dinka tribe majority and the Nuer tribe.

No side has a claim on morality in these wars. When military convoys lose vehicles to rebel mines, they usually burn the closest village and murder its inhabitants. Soldiers routinely rape women displaced from their homes by the fighting; the S.P.L.A. has also been accused of rape and kidnapping. Both the government and the S.P.L.A. have menaced relief operations and blown up trucks carrying food and medicine. The government has amputated the limbs of prisoners of war; so has the S.P.L.A.

Yet nearly everyone agrees that the Bashir government has been the main persecutor in the wars. Muslim fundamentalists armed and inspired by Iran, they are the theocratic cleansers of their country—a twist on the ethnic cleansers in Bosnia. They seek to "Islamize" the Sudan—as indeed Iran may seek to Islamize the entire Horn of Africa—by converting or killing off all the Christians and animists in the South. Their weapons are famine, political repression, the torture of dissidents, and outright slaughter.

This latest, four-year phase of the civil war has been the most vicious and costly, with countless numbers dead, their bodies plowed under by bulldozers in communal graves, and a total of four million people displaced. The region is a map of upheaval and uprooting. If a stranger were to take an aerial view of southern Sudan, all he would see would be the continuous movement of children and adults in an anarchic silence.

The central figures in this mass and bewildering migration are the boys of southern Sudan—100,000 or more, aged 6 to 15, who have embarked on a long, unending journey of escape. The boys were tending cattle in the fields, as is the custom, when the government troops marched into their villages and slaughtered their families. From a distance, some saw their parents and sisters murdered; others learned what was happening, and ran.

From village after invaded village they fled—one, five, hundreds. They banded together in groups of thousands and tens of thousands. They were occasionally accompanied by adults, who were also escaping government soldiers, but most of the time they were on their own. The boys walked barefoot 200 or 500 or a thousand miles for weeks, often months, to find camps where they would be safe—a modern re-enactment of the long marches of exile in the Books of Exodus and Lamentations.

On these treks, which have lasted for four years, the boys sleep under thorn trees or in the high elephant grass,



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Southern Sudan is isolated from everythin

xcept the elements that are killing it.



Ayen,
a woman of 23
(*opposite*), lives under
a tamarind tree near a
tuberculosis clinic.
At the Ame camp
(*this page*),
there are a handful
of medical assistants,
42,000 people,
and an epidemic of
meningitis.

where they can hide. In the daytime they walk in the relentless heat; at night they protect themselves from the semi-desert cold with a single blanket, if one is available. For food they eat leaves, roots, wild grass, berries, rats occasionally. One group reports eating wild cassavas, but they didn't know how to cook them. Boys began vomiting and writhing in pain. Fifteen died and were left on the road.

Many drown attempting to ford the swollen rivers in the rainy season. Many contract diseases from insects and from one another. Many are bitten by scorpions and snakes. Wounds cut to the bone and become infected. Those who do not die en route to the camps often die a few days after they arrive.

When government planes bomb their camps, the boys move on again. The pilots fly at altitudes too high for accuracy, but sometimes the bombardiers get "lucky." Often, the boys—most of them Dinka—are attacked by rival tribesmen. They are also hunted by hyenas, who work in packs to trap a boy; the others scramble up a tree and can do nothing but watch as the hyenas tear at and devour one of their number.

They have fled from villages such as Aweil and Wau in the Southwest, where one of the first government massacres occurred, and from Kadugli in the north of the region, and Ignessana. They have trekked east into Ethiopia, where they encamped until the ruler, Colonel Mengistu, was overthrown. So the boys fled back to the Sudan, to Magus just north of Kapoeta. When Kapoeta was taken by government troops, they fled again.

They went south to Narus, then east into Kenya, where many remain today. Others escaped to neighboring Zaire, Uganda, or the Central African Republic. But most of the boys remained in or returned to southern Sudan, in camps superintended by the Sudan Relief and Rehabilitation Association (S.R.R.A), the humanitarian wing of the S.P.L.A., the largest of which is Palotaka.

Since 1989, these boys have been in continuous aimless motion, like children spun around blindfolded in a party game—living by their wiles, moving from camp to camp, hunted, terrified, hungry, ill, benumbed. It is difficult to say which has been more of a hardship, being refugees in another country or being continually displaced in their own. Philip Thon Leek, the director of the Friends of African Children Educational (FACE) Foundation, observes that "to be displaced in one's own land is like being lost in one's own house. You are sure you belong there, but you don't know exactly where. Or perhaps you are no longer sure you belong there, but you *are* sure you do not belong anywhere else."

And yet the plight of the lost boys is but one element of the disintegration of the entire region. Wherever one looks in southern Sudan, civilization is coming apart—in the area in which it is said that civilization originally came together. To return to the theme of isolations, the people of southern Sudan have been isolated from their villages, their culture, their education, their sense of hope, community, and dignity. They have also been isolated from the outside world, which hardly notices they are on the brink of extinction.

For years, no protests against Khartoum were made by the U.S., Britain, France, Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, the European Community, or the U.N. The international press, which fastened on Ethiopian starvation in 1984 and 1985, said almost nothing about the Sudan. The American government has provided only intermittent humanitarian aid to the Sudan, either because it is loath to interfere with a sovereign government (this is how the political situation in the Sudan differs from Somalia) or because there is no obvious geopolitical advantage in doing so in the post–Cold War environment.

Representative Frank R. Wolf (Republican, Virginia) recently returned from a fact-finding mission to the Sudan and reported the contents of a declassified State Department document to the House of Representatives on May 17. He described massacres and the selling of women and children into slavery by Khartoum. Wolf pleaded, "Where's the Congress on this issue? Where's the Clinton administration on this issue? Where's the media on this issue?"

The end product of the Sudan's isolation is a region in which silence—a vast and consuming silence—is encroaching like a season of its own, on top of the dry and rainy seasons. From time to time the silence of southern Sudan is broken by gunfire or by bombardments and, at the more benign extreme, by occasional songs of camaraderie and the faint murmurs of individual, if ephemeral, achievement. But the silence is fathomless and overwhelming, this being the end of the earth, and eventually, give or take a few years, unless there is help from the outside, there will be no more sounds from this region.

Southern Sudan is the end of the earth not because the people are forced to eat leaves or live in huts or dress in rags, or because they have no electricity or phone lines or infrastructure, or because they are evicted from their homes or lose sight of their families forever or die of every disease that invades their territory, or because they have no medicines to combat those diseases, no books for their education, or because they often have to crawl on a sere and pitiless earth for a sip of water, or even because they are perpetually hunted by those who want either to own their souls or to bury them. Southern Sudan is the end of the earth because all these things are happening and nobody seems to care.

At the Aswa hospital, someone has painted a sign on a wall for the benefit of the American ambassador, who recently paid a visit. The sign reads, THANK YOU FOR COMING TO SEE US DYING OF DISEASE AND INJURIES.

That fairly well describes the condition of the residents of the Aswa hospital, which was built in 1983. With a 60-bed capacity, it holds anywhere between 450 and 600 patients, which means that most of the patients lie on straw mats between the beds or sit propped up against the walls of the corridors.

The walls are cracked and yellowed. The roofs leak. Windowpanes are broken. Mosquito netting has been torn

The boys were tending cattle in the fields

out of the windows, so have most of the wooden frames. The water pipes are rusted. The sewage system is broken. Some of the ceilings have been eaten away by termites. The electrical appliances are in general working order, but many switches and wires are missing. Wounds are routinely stitched with strands from the tails of giraffes. Once, a package marked "Sterile" was opened at the hospital and a rat jumped out.

The number of patients at Aswa varies according to the number of war wounded at any given time, and, of course, according to the rate of the dying. Most of the wounded patients survive, but one person per day dies of malnutrition. Patients come by the hundreds from displacement camps in the villages of Ame, Atepi, and nearby Aswa itself, suffering from malnutrition and a number of related diseases, and from fatigue as well, since many who were driven from their homes have walked as much as a hundred miles to get to the hospital. After the killing of three foreign relief workers and a journalist, only one agency, Norwegian People's Aid, under the direction of Helge Rohn, stayed to provide food and medical supplies to the hospital and to the area.

A good deal of surgery is performed here, but until recently not by surgeons. The hospital's first Sudanese doctor was not trained in surgery; he is better at amputations than at abdominal work. He has been joined by a Sudanese surgeon trained in Egypt and by a volunteer surgeon from Norway on a three-month mission. The Norwegian surgeon has just arrived, and while he has served in other beleaguered parts of the world, the look of amazed horror on his cheerful farm boy's face says as much about the hospital's conditions as the hard evidence.

At the moment there are 104 war-wounded in the hospital. Each surgeon performs no fewer than 12 operations a day, yet the doctors agree that the wards in which the war-wounded are kept are by far the best parts of the hospital." The new Sudanese surgeon points to a corner. "Even *he* is in better shape than most of the starving." The "he" is a 20-year-old sleeping on the floor, half his head wrapped in gauze to cover the place where a bullet entered his right eye and came out his left ear. "His right side is paralyzed and he will be mute for life, but he will survive," says the surgeon.

An 18-year-old named Atek is on the mend. He was shot in the left leg, which he stretches out in a splint. His black-brown skin gleams and looks healthy against the bright-blue sheet on his cot. His hair glistens with beads of sweat. "First the cows of my village were taken by the soldiers," he says. "Then the houses were burned down. I saw my brother killed, and then my sister—they killed her too. They did not see me watching, so I escaped.

"I walked alone. Two months. When I got to the border of Ethiopia, there were many children there. Three hundred of us. But there were troubles for us in Ethiopia as well. They rejected us, so we had to come back to Sudan, to Kapoeta. Then the enemy came to Kapoeta. And again they killed people and took the town."

"How were you wounded?" I ask.

"On the road near here."

"Were you fighting or shot as a civilian?"

"I was fighting." Most relief workers in the area know that the S.P.L.A. is taking teenagers like Atek out of the camps and training them as soldiers—turning the victims of the war into warriors. In the camps themselves, however, there is no evidence of military training.

"So by the time you were 18 you had a gun?"

"Yes. I was taught to defend myself."

"Did having a gun make you feel like a man?" I ask.

"Yes."

"So does having a gun make a man?"

"Yes," says Atek. "Definitely."

Atek is lucky compared with John, who is lying with his back against the wall in a corridor. At the age of 38, John looks to be at least 60, and the position he has assumed gives him the angle of a vacationer lounging on a chaise. I would be surprised if he weighs 80 pounds, though he has to be six feet tall. He is dressed only in a blue bathing suit that might be a small boy's, and is slipping down at his hips. John's legs are thinner than most men's wrists. He complains of diarrhea, chest pains, and weakness. His headaches come and go.

"Do you remember when you felt better, John?" one of the doctors asks.

"I will never feel better," says John, anticipating a placating remark.

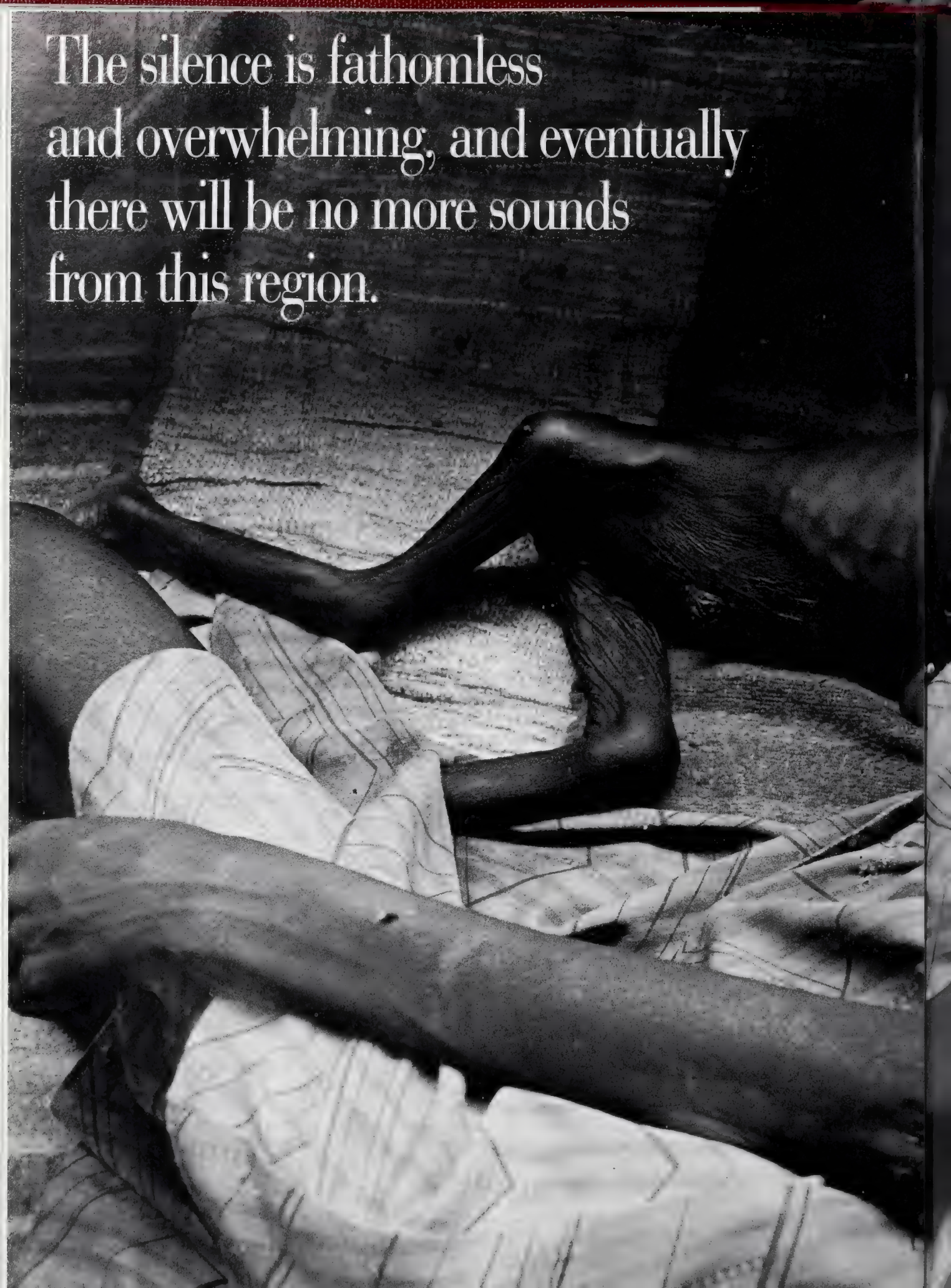
The principal diseases in the hospital and throughout the region, are malaria, typhoid, dysentery, meningitis, and those related to diarrhea. Kala-azar, a wasting disease carried by sand flies, has so far been located mainly north of here, but it is characterized as a spreading epidemic. The diseases that still claim the most casualties are related to hunger.

A few yards down the corridor, a six-and-a-half-month-old baby suckles at his mother's empty breast. The mother looks at her child in his futile exercise, looks at her own flattened nipple, looks up at me as if to illustrate her plight, then back to the suckling child. His mouth makes a hushed dry gasp against his mother's breast. The Norwegian doctor tells me the baby is unlikely to survive the week, and even if he should manage to live, he will be brain-damaged from the hunger.

The same prognosis is offered Philip, an orphan of two and a half years whose father was killed in the war and whose mother was killed in a car accident. In spite of his age, Philip is the size of a newborn—but without the fat or the suppleness. People in the West have seen pictures of hundreds of babies like Philip, from Ethiopia and, more recently, Somalia. In person, they appear less like undersized babies than fully formed people of a different, diminished species. His knee joint fits easily in the circle of my thumb and index finger, and his foot measures short against my thumb. But a baby like Philip is also different to the touch. His skin does not feel like a human being's skin. Drained of normal subcutaneous fat, it feels like paper, heavy typing paper. Rubbing his back is like rubbing a page of a book.

Philip has not been able to take any food for days except sugar and water. His eyes are veiled with a thick film,

hen the troops slaughtered their families.

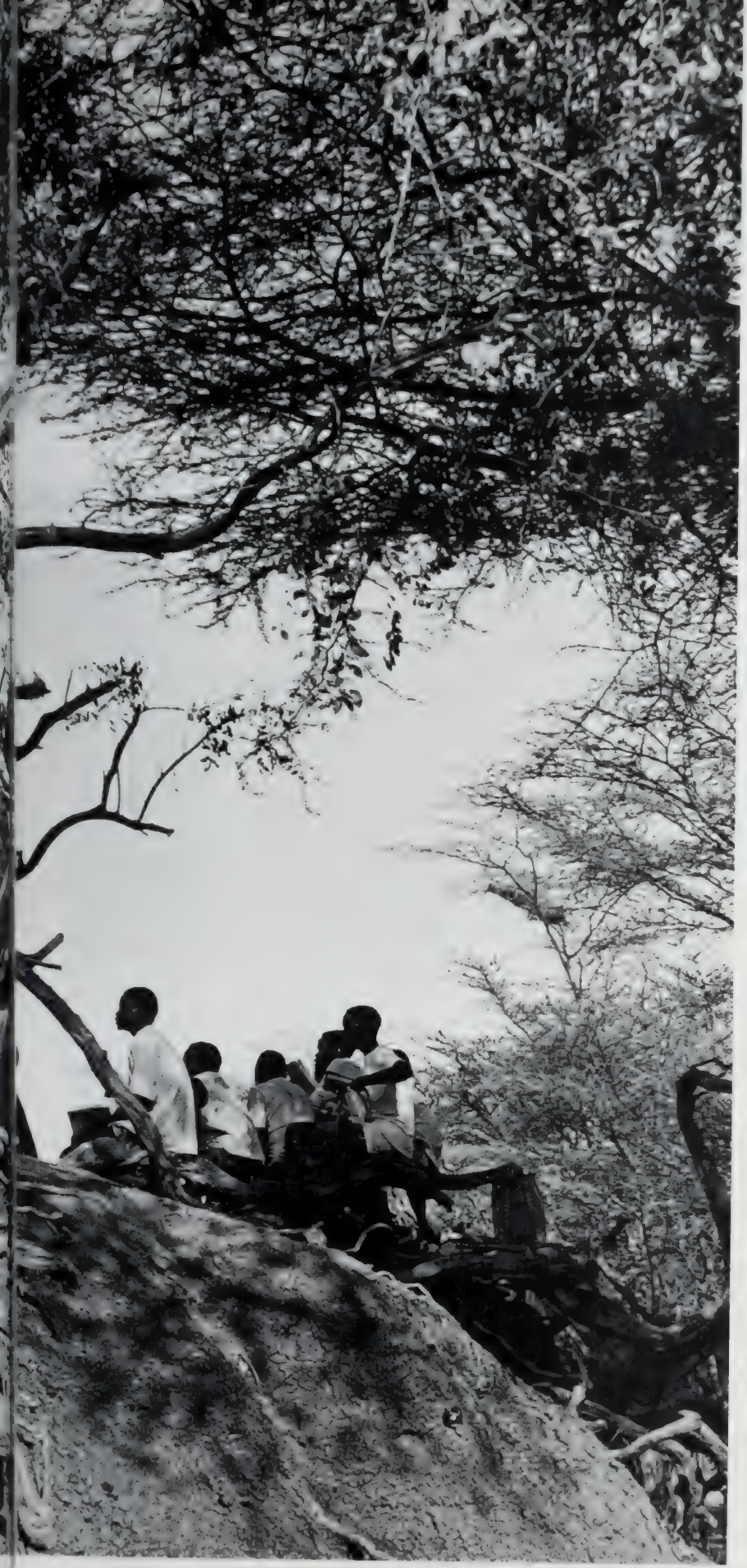

The silence is fathomless
and overwhelming, and eventually
there will be no more sounds
from this region.



A mother and child at a displacement camp in southern Sudan.



"To be displaced in one's own land is like being



ost in one's own house."

indicating a constant dizziness. He moves his tongue in and out spasmodically as if attempting to taste the air.

"What you must realize about a boy like Atek," says a man in his mid-50s who is visiting the Aswa hospital, "is that he has lost forever the grounding of his culture."

"And what is that?" I ask.

"Cows. The boy said it himself. Cattle. Cattle in the Sudan provide the basis of families. Cattle connect parents to children. Cattle are pledged in marriage arrangements. Now a boy like Atek thinks that the center of culture is guns. It is all turned upside down." The man looks less angry than wistful. A Dinka, a pastoralist, he has almost an inborn reverence for cattle.

"Life was more serene when you were growing up," I suggest.

"More under control, certainly. I grew up as a Christian in the North, and we were told to be afraid of Arabs, but nothing like today."

"Were you afraid of wild animals?"

"Not all animals. But lions, surely. All the kids were afraid of lions."

"Are there still lions in the Sudan?"

"Of course. But children are a lot more afraid of people today than of lions." He chuckles. "Today the lions are afraid of the people."

It is six o'clock on a Sunday morning in the camp of Palotaka, a three-hour drive from Aswa along a road composed of rocks and potholes, some two feet deep, on which time has no relation to distance. At present there are 4,000 boys in the camp. Girls, too, went on some of the treks, but when they reached places of refuge, they were located by the elders in separate camps; some rejoined their families. Many girls, of course, who were captured by the Bashir fundamentalists when their parents were killed were forced to convert or were killed themselves.

One of Palotaka's boys, an 11-year-old named *(Continued on page 114)*

Boys at school at the Kakuma camp in Kenya, where 11,000 Sudanese orphans have taken refuge.

Single White Phenomenon

With a series of explosive performances, Jennifer Jason Leigh has exhibited an offbeat star quality that has made her one of the hottest actresses of her generation. KEVIN SESSUMS found her reaching for the next level as she tests her talents in three very different, very high-profile roles: as a phone-sex operator in Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*, as a screwball comedienne in the Coen brothers' new film, and, most remarkably, as the legendary wit Dorothy Parker

"She will be a standard," director Robert Altman says, using a term usually reserved for a ballad made distinct by many different voices. He is escorting me into a screening of his next film, *Short Cuts*, a three-hour opus about Caucasian life in a terrifyingly self-absorbed Los Angeles, a city he accuses of ethical cleansing. "She'll be someone who other actresses will someday be measured by," Altman adds. Liza Minnelli rushes past us and, with her apologetic breathlessness, grabs a seat behind a graying Harry Belafonte. Altman smiles the ironic smile his films frequently elicit, then remembers what he was talking about. "Ah...Jennifer," he says with a sigh, all irony receding. "She's a killer in this part."

Jennifer is Jennifer Jason Leigh, and her part in *Short Cuts'* *Nashville*-like ensemble is that of a phone-sex operator who works out of her home and fulfills her customers' most intimate fantasies while changing her baby's diaper or cooking her husband's dinner—neither aroma nor arousal flaring her nostrils. It is a dead-on, deadpan portrait, imbued with the quiet nobility of those uncannily American women weary of the latest wild frontier. Leigh has created a gallery of these ladylike lowlifes, including the whores with hearts of gold in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *Miami Blues*, and *The Men's Club*, the narc with a love for cocaine in *Rush*, and the mousy psychotic who borrows her roommate's

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO



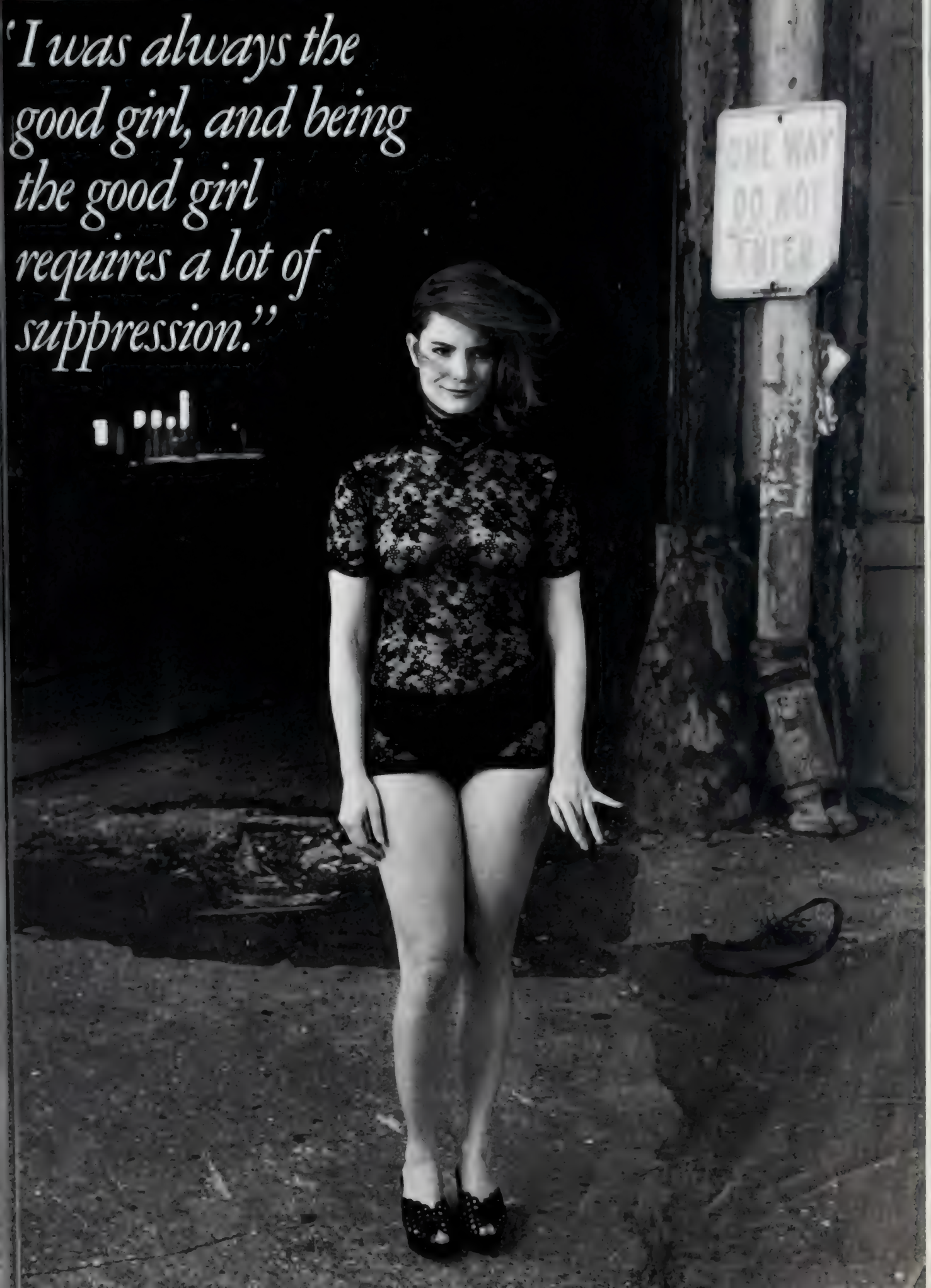
SHORT CUTS

Leigh has become famous for playing ladylike lowlifes.



FAST TIMES

Leigh is a born child of Hollywood. "I grew up two blocks above Hollywood Boulevard."


'I was always the good girl, and being the good girl requires a lot of suppression."
ONE WAY
DO NOT
ENTER



"I just bring some kind of truth to that persona

identity as well as her sense of style in *Single White Female*.

"I got the feel of the character in *Short Cuts* by meeting all these women—and men—who do it," Leigh tells me at City restaurant in Los Angeles the day after the Altman screening. Famous in the film community for the exhaustive research she does for each of her portrayals, Leigh smokes cigarette after cigarette, which she blames on her upcoming role as chain-smoker Dorothy Parker, the legendary critic, writer, and lethal wit. "I met a guy who also does it as a woman—he's this heavy-metal guy in the Valley," says Leigh, laughing at the incongruity not only of the sex operator's gender-bending performance but also of her current preoccupation with the more literary communication skills of Parker. Like Leigh's Tralala, the woman in *Last Exit* who hangs out with the coolest guys on her block and challenges them at their own game, Dorothy Parker hung out with *her* street's gang, those fellows on 44th—Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Kaufman—who formed the Algonquin Round Table, and added a bit of tralala all her own to the male trappings of that well-tailored tribe. Purchasable phone sex—a species of conversation not yet imagined at the time of their gatherings—would have been an interesting subject on which the Round Table could have offered up various fierce opinions. Leigh's: "The men are so incredibly sincere on the phone while they're jerking off, and the people doing it couldn't give a shit. It's all in a day's work, basically. It still infects their psyche, though. It can't help but do that."

And how about hers? Why does she choose such out-of-kilter and courageously lurid roles? "I just look at them as human beings and bring some kind of truth to that person we have very preconceived ideas about. We're all fascinated with darkness, because we're all afraid to live that, but if we have a chance to witness it, we will. I do think that people's sexuality is one of the ways in which they are defined. But it is a very private way. So to show that private behavior in a film—if it's not just a fluffy love scene that's made to make the actors look beautiful in golden light—you can really show something about a person's longing or their lack of feeling or their desperate want to connect. There is just something in that you cannot see in another part of their life. Those are just the best acting parts out there. A lot of times women are either saddled with playing the executive, which is too boring, or the girlfriend, which is simply to prove that the guy is straight. That has no interest to me."

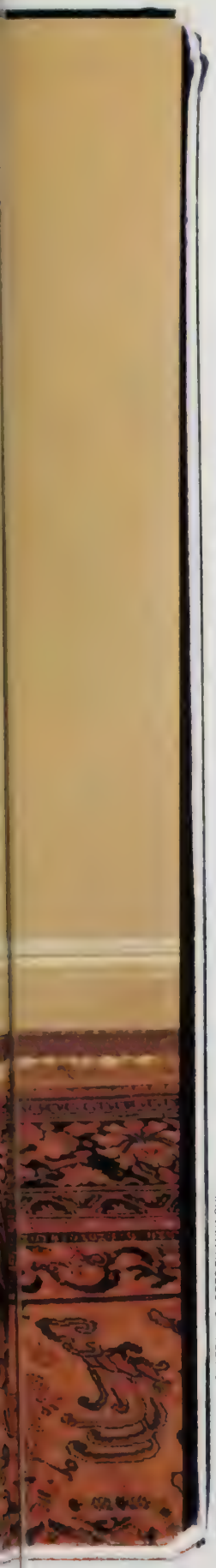
But are these parts, involving characters who are sexually exploited by others, or violently raped, the politically correct roles for a young actress to be accepting as she builds her career? (In *The Hitcher*, Leigh is tied to two diesel trucks and torn apart.) "I make my own judgment calls," she says. "So, no, I think that these women exist in society, and they are just as heroic and they go through just as much shit and they have just as much to say about the conditions of women in America as any other woman in America. I think it's kind of immoral to say that we shouldn't show prostitution on film. It's a part of our culture. If we can portray it honestly, or have a film that has something original to say about it or shows it in some light that isn't exploitive, then that's interesting to me."

It is interesting to her family as well. "I don't look at her as my daughter when I'm watching her on-screen," says her mother, writer Barbara Turner, who discloses that Leigh was painfully shy as a child. "I look at her as an actress. The sexual parts don't bother me. It's the violence that gets to me. I'll admit, when that happens I'll turn away from time to time."

Leigh's older sister, Carrie Morrow, now living in Minnesota, is the person whom many of her earthier performances may be loosely based on. Growing up, Leigh was always the "good girl," by her own definition, and Carrie, who at one point worked as a carny barker, was the wild one. "My older sister was always very, very *gut*, very emotional. Everything came out. I was just the opposite. I was someone who saw things come out, but then became very, very intuitive. I really formed myself by watching Carrie in a certain way." Leigh's character in *Rush* was based to some extent on Carrie's problems with drugs. Now *(Continued on page 137)*

RUSH

"She'll be someone who other actresses will someday be measured by," says Robert Altman.



CHIFFON CARDIGAN BY ISAAC MIZRAHI. SHORTS BY ANNA SUI.

e have very preconceived ideas about."

Fluxus Redux

By the late 1950s, art had climbed up on a pedestal. Jackson Pollock was a saint. Criticism was developing a worshipful tone. The rich mobbed around, buying their way in. Invoking the spirit of Dada, a group of irreverent artists began looking for something different. In 1961 the artist-impresario George Maciunas called their search "Fluxus." Less a movement than a state of mind, it celebrated the inexpensive and the ephemeral, the quick-moving rather than the museum-bound. Maciunas described it as a fusion of "Spike Jones, vaudeville, gag, children's games, and Duchamp."

Because Fluxus did not make things for museums, museums did not make Fluxus. Fluxus became, despite its influence on subsequent art (including Pop, performance, and conceptual) and artists (such as Joseph Beuys), the least acknowledged force of the last 30 years. Now Elizabeth Armstrong and Joan Rothfuss of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis have put together a fresh and startling exhibition of the style, which travels to the Whitney Museum in New York this month. Like John Cage, who found more music in everyday sounds than in violins, Fluxus sought to make "concerts of everyday living." Its artists arranged contemporary knickknacks into "Flux boxes" and gave performances that clearly mixed up art and life. One artist lived for two weeks in a gallery window. Another wore a bra that supported two tiny TVs.

If Fluxus celebrated the frenetic character of modern life, it also countered some of its grosser manifestations. Fluxus, like Zen, relished paradox and humor, which takes the edge off self-importance and the cult of celebrity. It was proud of its obscurity. Even so, some of the artists became famous—one in particular. Can you pick her out in the picture? (Fluxus might say, *Oh no.*)

—MARK STEVENS



98 Photograph by JOSEF ASTOR



FLUXUS FAMILY REUNION

Lying down,
Nam June Paik;
sitting on the floor,
left to right,
Yasunao Tone,
Simone Forti;
first row,
Yoshi Wada,
Sara Seagull,
Jackson Mac Low,
Anne Tardos,
Henry Flynt,
Yoko Ono,
La Monte Young,
Peter Moore,
second row,
Peter Van Riper,
Emily Harvey,
Larry Miller, Dick
Higgins, Carolee
Schneemann,
Ben Patterson,
Jon Hendricks,
Francesco Conz
(Hidden behind
Peter Moore
Marian Zazeela)



DUCHESS OF ARCH
Francesca von Habsburg at the Villa Favorita, which houses her ARCH Foundation. *Inset:* a punk Francesca with Martin Degville of the Sigue Sigue Sputnik band at a party in London in 1986.

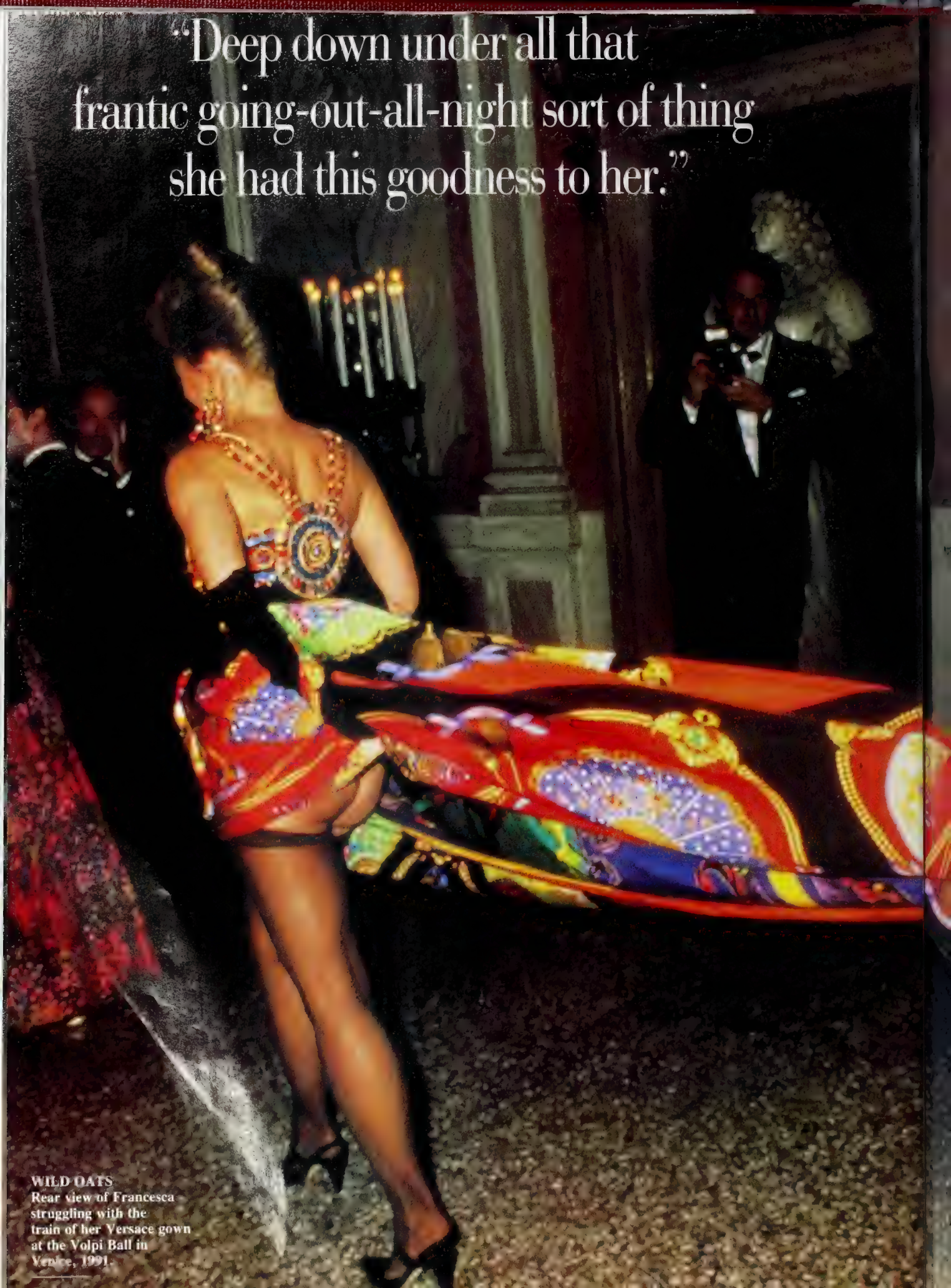
ROYAL WITH A CAUSE

When Francesca Thyssen, the Concorde-set party girl, married Karl von Habsburg, heir to Europe's exalted dynasty, she sealed their status as the Continent's newest power couple. She has created a foundation to save endangered works of art, while he runs medical supplies to the battlefields of the former Yugoslavia. Reporting from Austria, Switzerland, and Croatia, BOB COLACELLO finds a royal flush of great art, Balkan politics, and social intrigue



Photograph by ERIC BOMAN

"Deep down under all that frantic going-out-all-night sort of thing she had this goodness to her."



WILD OATS
Rear view of Francesca struggling with the train of her Versace gown at the Volpi Ball in Venice, 1991.



UMBERTO PIZZI

This month, the Villa Favorita Baron Hans-Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza's private museum and occasional residence on Lake Lugano in the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland, opens its first major exhibition since the cream of the baron's collection was shipped off to Madrid two years ago, in what may turn out to be the biggest and most controversial deal in art history. It is also the first exhibition organized by the baron's only daughter, Francesca, a 35-year-old former model and reformed party girl who earlier this year rocked European royalty by marrying Archduke Karl von Habsburg, a 32-year-old conservative activist and the heir to the throne of the long-defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire, in the most talked-about Mittel-European wedding since that of Gloria and Johannes von Thurn und Taxis in 1980.

The exhibition features 70 extremely rare and highly important 11th- to 13th-century Buddhist paintings from a lost Silk Road civilization which have never before been shown as a group outside the Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg. It is one part of the new archduchess's impressive program to maintain the Villa Favorita as the cultural focal point of Lugano and the surrounding Ticino Canton. Two years ago, she established the Art Restoration for Cultural Heritage Foundation, known as ARCH, on the grounds of the villa, and she is hoping to organize future exhibitions of newly available artworks from Eastern and Central Europe. "What triggers me is the repression of cultural and spiritual heritage by Communist governments, whether it be in the former Yugoslavia or Tibet," she says. "Eastern European museums are packed full of great things which are deteriorating very fast, and they don't know what to do with them. That's why I see the Villa Favorita becoming a window to Eastern Europe. I think it's important to do these things. You have to stand up."

If Archduchess Francesca von Habsburg's grand plan succeeds, she will undoubtedly become, along with her politically ambitious husband, a leader

of Europe's highest social, cultural and governmental circles.

"I think Francesca has it in her to reanimate the villa," says Simon de Pury, deputy chairman of Sotheby's and the former director of the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection, although he thinks it will be difficult to overcome the loss of the superior half of Baron Thyssen's collection of some 1,500 artworks, including masterpieces by Holbein, Dürer, Ghirlandaio, Caravaggio, van Gogh, and Picasso. These works are on loan to the Spanish state for nine and a half years for an annual fee of $5 million, and tense negotiations are in progress to sell them to Spain for about $400 million.

This past April, the redecorated Villa Favorita reopened its 17th-century carved-oak doors to the paying public. The gallery walls had been stripped of their dark-brown velvet, painted light gray, and hung with about 150 of the works remaining in Switzerland, mostly 19th- and 20th-century European and American paintings and watercolors by an assortment of artists that included Maxfield Parrish and Alfonso Ossorio as well as Max Ernst and Jackson Pollock. ("The leftovers," said one family friend. "Some of which were hanging in guest rooms of the baron's various houses and never meant to be shown in a museum setting.")

Baron Thyssen, who is 72 and known as Heini, and his fifth wife, Carmen Cervera, known as Tita, a onetime Miss Spain widely held to be most responsible for his collection's going to her country—despite personal appeals from Prince Charles and Helmut Kohl on behalf of their countries—were expected in Lugano for the reopening. But at the



ARCH VILLA
The Villa Favorita on Lake Lugano, outside and—*opposite*—in. *Insets:* Baron Thyssen, in haute Hungarian chic, and Tita at the wedding of Francesca and Karl in Austria in January; Thyssen with his third wife, Fiona Campbell-Walter, and newborn Francesca, 1958.

"In a way, this marriage was a gift to her father— she gave Heini a Habsburg."



Maybe the Habsburgs were just the kind of famil

last moment they decided to stay in Madrid, because the death of the father of King Juan Carlos was thought to be imminent and they didn't want to risk missing the funeral. (Don Juan de Borbón died that evening.)

In the event, the day belonged to Francesca. Three years ago, when she realized that her father, encouraged by her Spanish stepmother, was seriously thinking of selling the Villa Favorita (for a rumored $30 million, according to *Forbes*), Francesca reacted with a stubborn fury. She had lived at the villa until she was seven, when her father split up with her mother, Fiona Campbell-Walter, the legendary Scottish beauty who was his third wife, and she was determined to keep it in the Thyssen family. (The baron's father, an heir to the immense Thyssen steel-and-iron fortune, had bought it in 1932 from Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia.) Putting aside the aimless life she had been leading in London since the late 70s, she moved back to Lugano and was appointed curator of special events by her father and the board of the Swiss foundation that runs the villa, on which she has a seat.

Now, though she played down talk of a "new regime" and emphasized her father's "keen interest in the continuing activities at the villa," she was clearly in charge and obviously enjoying it. On the morning of the reopening, she calmly presided over a packed press conference. That afternoon, she delivered a well-received speech at a cocktail reception attended by the local officials and bankers she has been wooing to help support the villa, reminding them of its longtime international appeal to affluent tourists. That evening, she hosted a casual dinner in a homey trattoria for about 50 friends who had driven up from Milan or down from Zurich and Geneva. It was an art-world blend of collectors, curators, architects, and writers, but it also included a Tibetan professor from Cologne who brought her blessings from the Dalai Lama, who had originally suggested that she do the Buddhist exhibition, and the young Jesuit priest who had directed her conversion to Catholicism so that she could marry into the Habsburgs and bear the title Archduchess of Austria. (Not invited for dinner, though he was at the cocktail party: Fred Horowitz, the Geneva jeweler who introduced Tita to Thyssen 12 years ago, and from whom the baron has since bought numerous baubles costing numerous millions for the baroness, including the biggest cut diamond in the world.)

Although Francesca's closets are stuffed with Versaces, Lacroixs, Montanas, and Pradas, she wore the same outfit from morning to midnight: an Austrian-style green loden jacket with a high black velvet collar and a matching below-the-knee skirt—the slightly dowdy royal look. Her long Titian hair was neatly combed with a part on one side, and if she was wearing any makeup, it was not noticeable. "Karl doesn't like me to look fashiony," she told me at dinner, beaming a confident smile at her husband. Yet her confidence had disappeared in a flash earlier in the day, after her father called from Madrid. "Daddy's not coming," she announced in a strained, little girl's voice.

"It's incredible how much Francesca wants her father's approval," a woman who has known her since childhood says. "Her whole aim in life is to please her father. In a way, this marriage was a gift to him—she gave Heini a Habsburg."

Although the marriage may have pleased her father, it infuriated her stepmother, according to one of Baroness Tita Thyssen's oldest friends, who repeated the worst-kept secret of the Spanish court: by persuading her husband to choose Spain as the home for his collection, Tita, whose previous husbands were Lex Barker, the late star of several Tarzan movies, and Espartaco Santoni, a Spanish-Venezuelan movie producer and nightclub owner, and who has an illegitimate teenage son by an unnamed father, hoped to be made a duchess by King Juan Carlos. Not only has that not happened—and according to the king's biographer, José Luis de Vilallonga, it never will happen—but two weeks prior to the grand opening of the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection at the old Villahermosa Palace, opposite the Prado Museum in Madrid, last October, an event which Tita had been planning for months, her stepdaughter stole the limelight with the formal announcement of her engagement to the scion of the family that once reigned in Spain as well as in Austria. "Francesca and her Habsburg archduke upstaged Tita at every party in Madrid," said the baroness's old friend. And, as one title-worshiping socialite put it, the would-be duchess "now has to curtsy" to the archduchess.

Complicating family relations further is the fact that the agreement to keep the collection in Spain permanently cannot be finalized without the signatures of Francesca and her three grown brothers: Georg-Heinrich, 41, the baron's son by his first wife, the German princess Teresa of Lippe, who runs his father's business; Lorne, 30, the other child by Francesca's mother, Fiona Campbell-Walter; and Alexander, 18, whose mother is the baron's fourth wife, Brazilian soft-drink heiress Denise Shorto. The children's power derives from a family contract they signed around the time of Thyssen's 1985 marriage to Tita, who also signed it, in which all his heirs renounced their claims to the core of the collection with the intention that it remain intact at the Villa Favorita. In February of this year, Tita reportedly told a journalist that if the Spanish deal wasn't sealed within 45 days "heads will roll." Oddly, that deadline coincided to the day with the April reopening of the Villa Favorita, and the children had not yet signed.

Was that the real reason the baron and baroness stayed away?

A few days later, I posed the question to Francesca von Habsburg in her suite at the Palace Hotel, in Zagreb, Croatia, where she was beginning a one-week fact-finding trip for her ARCH Foundation. She admitted that she would have preferred that the collection stay in Lugano, and that when it left for Spain she was "terribly upset—it just emotionally gutted me." But, she continued, "if that's not to be, and if the reality now is what my father profoundly wishes . . . it is his collection. The argument that he did inherit a great big part of it [from his father]—and why shouldn't we also inherit a great big part of it—is just not discussable. What's his is his. And if he chooses [to sell it to Spain], whether or not it's under constant pressure from Tita, I'm much less critical than I used to feel. I think if you look at it for what it is and you don't compare it to what it

is worldly heiress needed.

is, one cannot say it's a bad deal. As u know, my stepmother was totally strumental to this thing working, and I now that she participated in a great hievement."

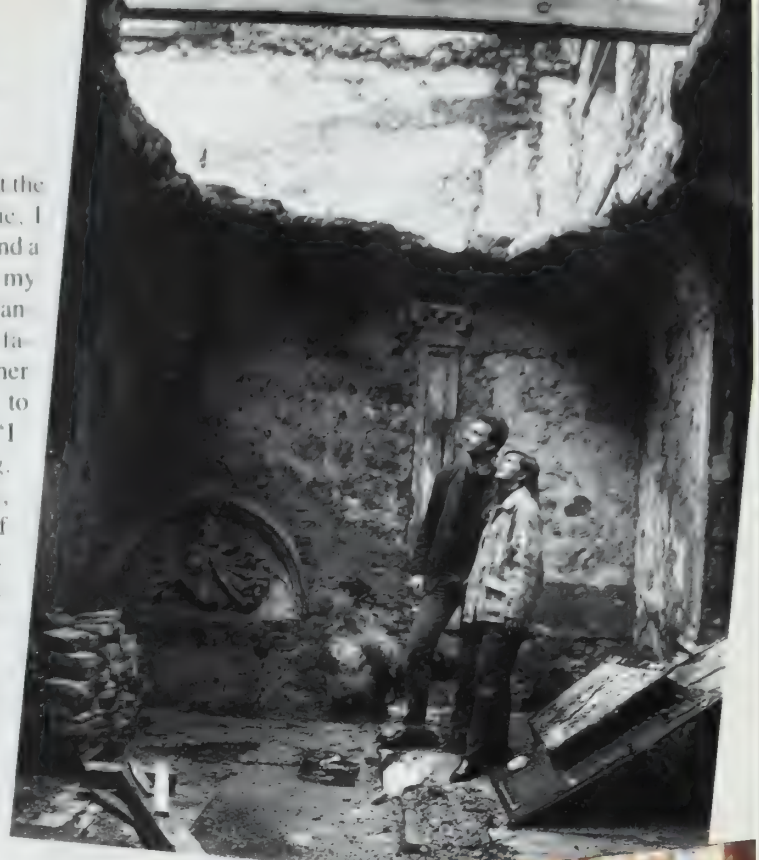
She added that attending the opening the Thyssen-Bornemisza Museum, hich the Spanish government had spent 5 million refurbishing for the collec- n, helped change her mind. "The iseum is absolutely stunning, I have say. I totally object, like several other ople do, to the wall color, which is mon pink. It's appropriate for some oups of paintings, but not for all of m, and it gets rather tiring by the e you hit the 27th room." She didn't ntion the widely reported fact that stepmother had insisted on pink lls and white marble floors.

Our interview was interrupted by the val of Karl von Habsburg and his ther, Archduchess Regina von Habs- g, a tall, straight-backed woman in late 60s, who was born a royal prin- s of Saxony. She had come to Zagreb ccompany her son and daughter-in- down the Croatian coast to the walled dieval city of Dubrovnik and then to them on her annual Easter-time pil- nage to Medugorje, the small town Bosnia where the Virgin was said to e appeared to a group of children in 1. Karl's father, Archduke Otto von sburg, 80, the son of the last Aus- Hungarian emperor, Charles I, and a nber of the European Parliament in sbourg, had planned to make the with them, but he had to be in Ma- for the funeral of his cousin Don n de Borbón. (He was seated in the pew with other European royalty; on and Baroness Thyssen were sev- pews back with the foreign diplo- ic corps.)

Set in a series of historical villages in the Austrian Alps this past January, the wedding of Francesca Thyssen-Bornemisza to Karl von Habsburg was a weekend swirl of champagne and schnapps, silvered s and emerald necklaces, imperial and provincial militias, falling and raging rumors: That the bride was expecting. ("If what the press speculated was true, I should have been eight and a half months pregnant on my wedding day," says Francesca.) That the bride's father paid the groom's father several million dollars to approve the marriage. ("I didn't pay them anything. I paid for the wedding, but normally the father of the bride has to pay. Maybe it was a little bit extravagant. Well, I only have one daughter," says Baron Thyssen.) That the groom's imperial relations boycotted the wedding en masse. ("There are 700 Habsburgs. Half didn't come and half weren't invited," says a houseguest of a Habsburg who declined the invitation, as did Otto von Habsburg's four younger brothers, in revenge, the aristocratic set whispered, for his refusal, as head of the House of Habsburg, to allow some of *their* children to marry below their rank without losing their royal status.)

Still, there were enough exotic titles to go around the 68 tables at the black-tie dinner the bride's parents gave in the medieval monastery in Gaming the night before the wedding, including Dom Duarte of Portugal, Queen Anne of Romania, Crown Prince Asfa Wossen of Ethiopia, Prince Victor Emmanuel of Savoy, Prince Nicholas Dadechkeliani of Georgia, Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, Prince and Princess Ernst von Hannover, Prince and Princess Heinrich von Fürstenberg, Count and Countess Brandino Brandolini, the Duke of San Carlos, and the Duke of Argyll, head of the Campbell clan. The King of Morocco sent his daughter, Princess Lalla Hasna, to represent him, and is said to have sent a car as a wedding present.

The next morning the three-hour High Mass in the Baroque basilica of Mariazell juxtaposed Roman Catholic ritual with jet-set glamour. As the Cardinal of Vienna and the Bishop of Zagreb, assisted by nearly a dozen priests and as many altar boys, intoned in Latin, German, English, Italian, Hungarian, and Croatian, Anne Bass held back tears, Nan Kempner struggled with her deconstructing Fendi fur coat, Lynn Wyatt waved across the aisle at Mick Flick, São Schlumberger knelt in prayer, and Claus von Bülow stood in line for Communion. Tita *(Continued on page 130)*

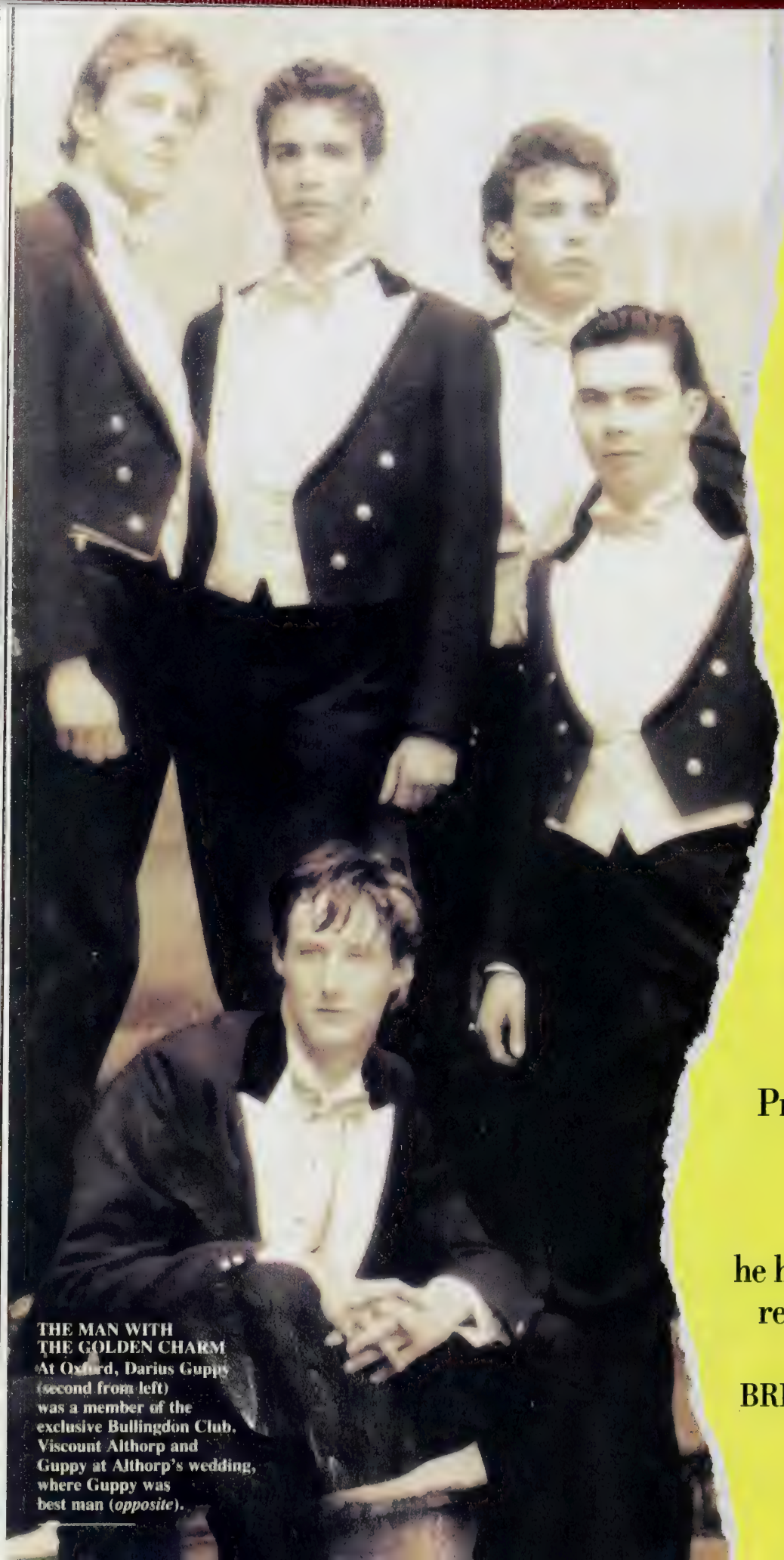




DOUBLE DYNASTY
Karl and Francesca von Habsburg at their wedding in January (dresses by Versace), and, *top*, visiting a bombed-out palace in Dubrovnik in April.

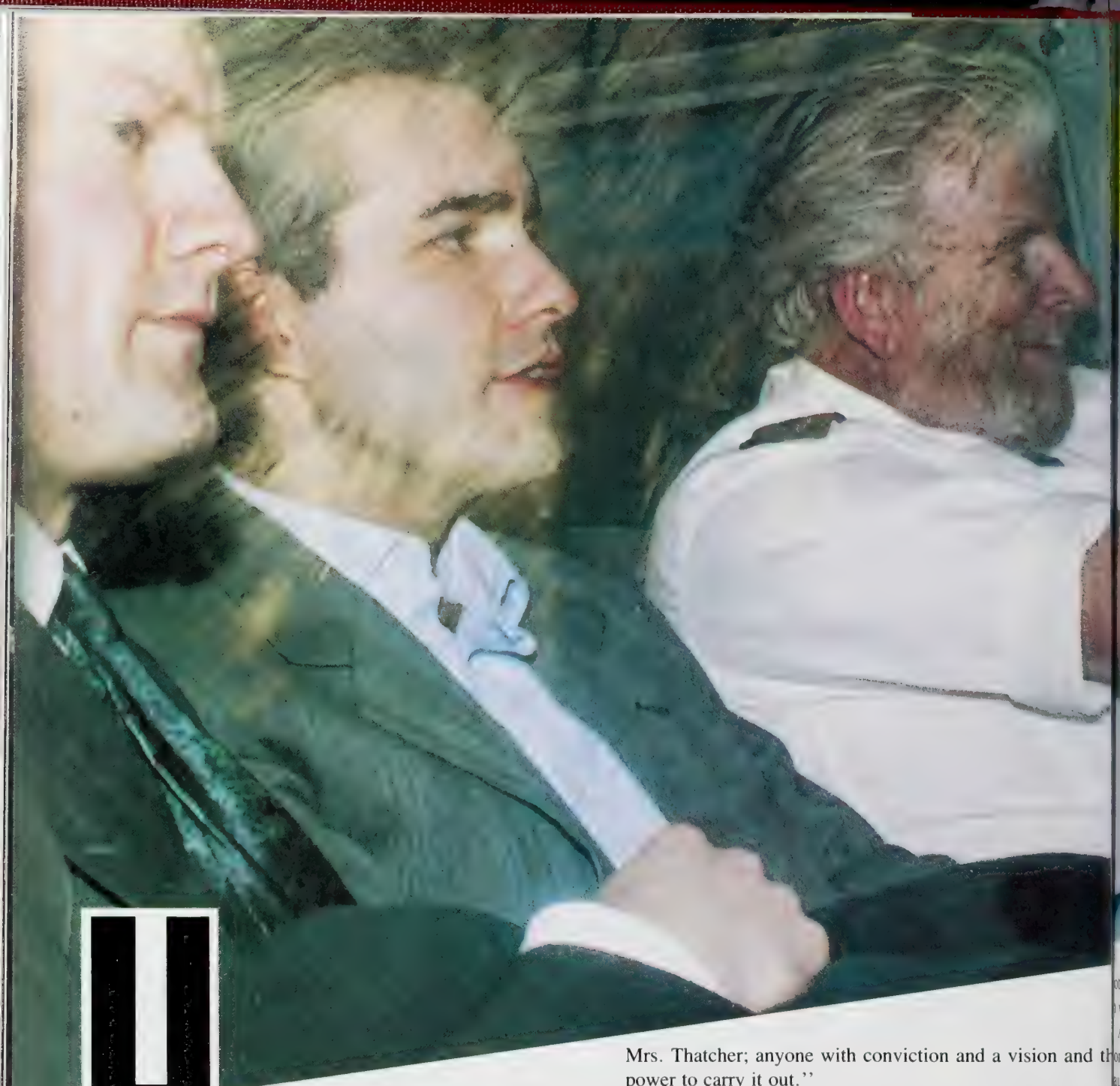
Eton Made Him

A distinguished family a stellar educatio at Eton and Oxford and an aristocratic circl of friends– including Earl Spencer Princess Diana's brother– should have ensure Darius Guppy golden future. Instead he has suffered a spectacula reversal of fortune that ha riveted London society BRIAN MASTERS investigate the case of a brillian blueblood wh outsmarted himsel



THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN CHARM At Oxford, Darius Guppy (second from left) was a member of the exclusive Bullingdon Club. Viscount Althorp and Guppy at Althorp's wedding, where Guppy was best man (*opposite*).





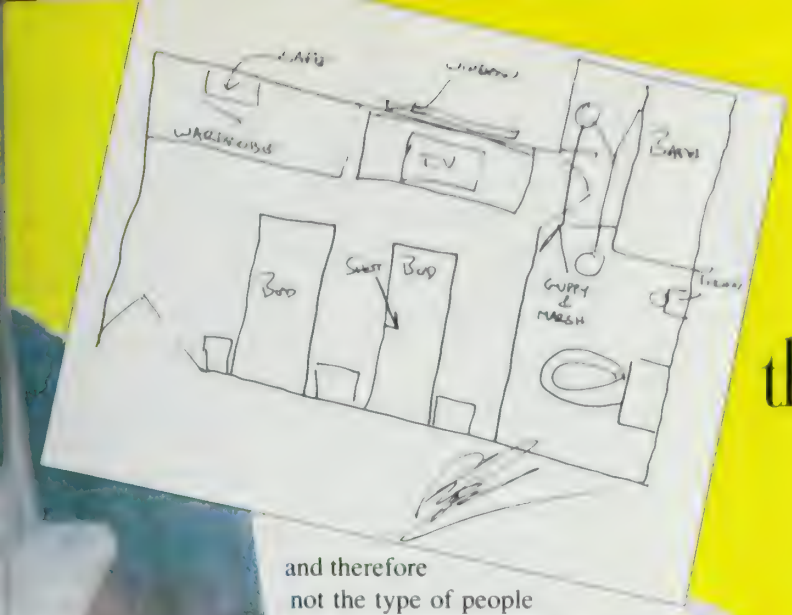
He was, from the beginning, a bright and shining youth. Named after Darius the Great, the mighty Persian king who reigned in the fifth and sixth centuries B.C., Darius Guppy was flamboyant in dress, boastful in manner, handsome in mien. Though he was not born into a wealthy family, he sailed smoothly into the best circles at Eton and Oxford, where he became a close friend of Viscount Althorp, heir to the Spencer earldom and brother of the Princess of Wales.

But even in this class Guppy seemed more radiant than the rest. "He's more regal than most Englishmen," an admiring friend, Katie Braine, told *Tatler* magazine. "He's also more streetwise and worldly. He'll stand up for what he believes in and go further than most people to achieve it—he'd kill an army, and do it in a fanatical sort of way. His heroes would probably be Charlemagne, the Medicis, and Mrs. Thatcher; anyone with conviction and a vision and the power to carry it out."

Shortly after graduating from Oxford with top honors in 1986, Guppy decided that the best path to the riches and lofty position awaiting him was through rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. He and a friend from Oxford, Benedict Marshall, raised $2.6 million from shareholders, and each invested $88,000 of their own money to found a company called Inca Gemstones.

On Wednesday, February 28, 1990, two smartly dressed, well-spoken, and obviously well-educated young Englishmen kept an appointment at Tiffany on Fifth Avenue in New York with a senior buyer of gemstones, Robert Albers. They showed him about 10 colored stones, of which he asked to retain 2 for closer examination. This the buyer could not do, they said, because they had another appointment, but they would return. They never did. Albers was not impressed. "There was a lack of professionalism in their dealings," he said later. "They were not a primary source

His first words were "We've been robbed. Oh my God, they've got the jewels."



CASINO ROYALE
High-risk entrepreneurs Benedict Marsh and Darius Guppy being driven away from the courthouse by a policeman (*far left*). Peter Risdon's drawing of the crime scene at the Halloran House in New York (*left*).

and therefore not the type of people we should look to deal with."

Guppy and Marsh kept a string of other appointments during their three days of meetings, all singularly unproductive. Maurice Shire, the Fifth Avenue emerald specialist, thought they were asking too high a price. Jack Abraham of West 46th Street asked them to leave a Kashmir sapphire, for which he thought he would have a buyer. Instead, they agreed to meet the prospective purchaser the following day at Abraham's premises. They did not show up; the client was not amused. John Ullmann at 608 Fifth Avenue was irritated by the absurd prices they were asking. He also noticed that they "didn't even know how to fold the papers which the gems are kept."

At the end of each day Guppy and Marsh took the precaution of placing their gems in a box they had rented at Unicult Safe Deposit at 115 East 57th Street; they left one especially beautiful Chaumet set of necklace, earrings, and ring in the box at all times.

On March 2, they were between appointments at midday and decided to eat in their hotel room, No. 1207 at the Halloran House on Lexington Avenue (which has since become a Marriott hotel). The room-service waiter delivered lunch at 1:15 P.M., and another waiter followed 20 minutes later with a complimentary bottle of inexpensive champagne, Cordon Negro, in a black bottle. Guppy, a "skinny tall man," according to the waiter, appeared distinctly "nervous or anxious."

Then, at 2:05, Marsh telephoned the reception desk in distress. There had been a robbery, he said, and they needed help. Ronald Conklin, the hotel's security supervisor, rushed up to the room, where he found Guppy and Marsh tied at the wrists and ankles and the room in disarray, with food trampled on the floor and drawers pulled open. Police officers Rosita Josephson and Anne Donnellan from the 17th Precinct arrived 25 minutes later. As Guppy slumped in a chair and wept loudly, his head in his hands, Marsh related what had happened. They both "appeared shocked and were sweating," said the policewomen. "They were very shaken up, very nervous, although not physically hurt."

Marsh said that he had answered a knock on the door and a man with a gun had pushed his way in. Behind him was another man, holding what might have been a gun in his pocket. The two young jewelry dealers were instructed to lie down on their beds and not look at the faces of the gunmen. They were forced to hand over their wallets, containing $600 in cash and some credit cards, and the key to the room safe, which was inside the wardrobe. One gunman emphasized their serious intent by firing a shot into Guppy's bed. Guppy and Marsh were then bound by the hands and herded into the bathroom, where they were forced to lie on the floor as their feet were tied. The first gunman closed the bathroom door with the words "If you come out we will fucking shoot you."

Guppy and Marsh stayed motionless on the floor for 15 minutes. Then, peering under the bathroom door to make sure that the robbers had left, Marsh dragged himself into the bedroom. He knocked the telephone off the hook with his face and pushed the operator button with his nose. His first words to Conklin when he arrived were "We've been robbed. Oh my God, they've got the jewels."

Guppy and Marsh were able to give very detailed descriptions of the two intruders, which were broadcast to squad cars in the area. The young men spent the next 13 hours at the precinct station with Detective Raymond Berke, poring through thousands of photographs of potential suspects and helping the police artist to draw a sketch of the principal gunman. At one point Detective Berke thought the assailant might have been the man who had murdered a rabbi a few days before. Forensic evidence in the hotel room yielded nothing of importance, save one peculiarity. A gun had in

deed been fired into the mattress, under a pillow to muffle the sound, but it had been held so close that the barrel was in all probability pressed against the mattress when fired—an odd precaution for a reckless gunman to take.

The police commiserated with the very cooperative Englishmen, telling them they were lucky to be alive, and filed their report. Back in London two days later, Guppy and Marsh took stock of their losses. The theft of the jewels was covered by a special Lloyd's of London insurance policy they had taken out to cover the period of the New York trip. Insured under the policy were 23 emeralds, 25 rubies, and 14 sapphires, valued at £1,468,210 (about $2.6 million). Upon review, the young men seemed to have behaved impeccably. The gems had been taken to Heathrow airport under secure conditions; they had been escorted from J.F.K. airport by armed security personnel; Univault confirmed the rental of the safe-deposit box; and the New York gem dealers confirmed the attempted sales. Lloyd's duly paid out £1,820,418 ($3.2 million), representing cost plus 25 percent.

Detective Berke at the 17th Precinct received a note thanking him for his compassion, and the unpleasant episode was quickly consigned to the past. Darius Guppy especially had much to look forward to. He would shortly be engaged to be married to a pretty girl from Sunderland, Patricia Holder, a former factory worker. He was also due to be best man at the wedding of Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer).

About a year after the robbery, Detective Constable Michael Ellis of No. 9 Regional Crime Squad was pursuing a man called Peter Risdon on suspicion of handling stolen goods, the goods being a 239-carat uncut diamond. Risdon had put the stone in a safe-deposit box at the Midland Bank in Marble Arch. Ellis set a trap, replacing the bank's customers with police officers. When Risdon went to retrieve the diamond, the detective got in line behind him and made the arrest.

Ellis is a personable, stocky, dark-haired 33-year-o Cockney, cheerful and friendly but a quite implacable reali (he denies cynicism). Though he has devoted his enti working life to the police force, he is smart enough to avo treating crooks with contempt. He soon formed a relationsh of arm's-length trust with Risdon, even giving the suspe his beeper number.

Risdon, a tall, striking-looking 32-year-old who attende the University of Saint Andrews in Scotland, is not the kin of suspect police are used to interviewing—his articulatene and calm took them by surprise. In the course of one of the general conversations, Risdon told Ellis that he had bee working for a security store in 1988. He recalled a custom named Darius Guppy asking him to recommend someon who could make a packing case with a false bottom, whic he did. He also swept both Guppy's home and office f bugging devices. He thought Guppy was a wildly imagina tive young man who saw himself as James Bond, but at lea his immature notions were harmless. Risdon started meetin Guppy and his friend Ben Marsh in pubs and wine bars, an at Guppy's home. Gradually, the ideas put forward seeme less innocuous.

According to Risdon, Guppy told him that a journalist ha been bothering him about his friendship with Lord Althorp and that he had decided to take care of this nuisance b hiring a heavy to assault the reporter. "I assumed he wa going to ask me to do the job, or to refer someone," Risdo said, "so I cut him off." Risdon told Ellis that Guppy the concocted a scheme to hijack an oil tanker, with hired troop in black balaclava helmets dropping from helicopter Guppy's own helmet would be gold, while Risdon, h second-in-command, would wear a silver one. They wer both special people, Guppy explained, not subject to th world's banality, and would have been conquerors in more romantic age. Risdo says that at this point h was beginning to wor der whether the mix ture of flattery an



Guppy was wildly imaginative and saw himself as James Bond.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER
Some suspect Guppy and his wife, Patricia, still have a small fortune hidden in Switzerland.

antasy should be taken seriously, Guppy appeared to be educed by his own conceits.

The next brainstorm intrigued Risdon, however. Guppy aid that he had to deal with an inconvenient technical mat er, "an exercise in bookkeeping" to "justify the disappear nce of stock." He determined that the best way to do this vas with a robbery. Would Risdon agree to play the part of he robber, for a fee of £10,000 ($17,700)? Risdon would.

"Guppy wanted to buy the gun in England, so he could eep it afterwards," Risdon said, "but this I refused, as aking a gun to the United States would be like taking coals o Newcastle. I flew on Virgin Atlantic to New York and ook a cab from there to Philadelphia. It cost about $180, but hat's where I had to collect the gun. I paid $2,000 for a .22 mith & Wesson, with ammunition, and called Guppy in lew York. 'But you can't kill anyone with a .22,' he said on he telephone.

"On the first of March I was in New York, at the Iroquois otel on West 44th Street. Guppy and Marsh hired a car om Hertz and we drove about an hour out of town with the un and two foam-filled pillows they had bought from loomingdale's. We stopped at a wooded hillside and tested he gun by firing it into the pillow. We all wore gloves when andling the gun. Then we found a derelict shed in the mid- le of a cemetery and fired again into the other pillow inside he hut—the first one was left on the hillside.

"Back in New York, I went to the Barson Hardware shop n West 44th Street, just down the street from my hotel, and ought twine to tie them up with, and scissors.

"The robbery had to be acted out as if it were real, so that ey could both tell the police what had happened and not ffer in their stories. When the waiter came in with the ampagne, I was already there, so I had to hide in the athroom. Then I went back to the door and started the bbery. Ben Marsh threw up his hands, as if surprised, d chucked his sandwich on the floor. I tied them up, actly as they wanted, and fired the gun into the mattress, uffling the sound with the pillow. As I left, Guppy said, ee you later.'

"I went down in the lift—there were two workmen in it—d drove out to an ice-bound lake called, I think, Bear ake. I put the gun, empty cartridges, ammunition, and oves into a plastic shopping bag and threw it into the ke, then drove back to the city. I scattered the credit rds I had taken on the Lower East Side, but kept the allet to give back to Guppy. Late that evening, he called e in a state of excitement. He was laughing about it, how had been robbed.

"Later, in London, Guppy could hardly contain him-lf. He said he had committed the perfect crime and asted how easy it had been. A few days later he gave me envelope containing £10,000. He dismissed press re-rts that he had been robbed of £1.8 million as typical aggeration, but it was not until then that I knew exactly hat had been behind it. He was proud of his ability to ol the New York police with his acting, and actually said t he wanted to amass a fortune the way the Kennedys d Rockefellers had done, and use it to exercise influence erwards. He said that I wouldn't dare spill the beans, as he could command the services of better lawyers than I could any time."

The mystery was why, in that case, Risdon should now be so ready to "grass" on his employers. There are at least two possible explanations. When he was arrested by Ellis, Risdon's common-law wife reportedly asked Guppy to put up bail for him. The police version is that Guppy turned him down, and it was this insolent betrayal which released Risdon from any obligation to silence. But the second explanation is more compelling. The payment of £10,000 was paltry compared with the sums that Guppy and Marsh were dealing with, and Risdon felt that he had been made a fool of. Moreover, he realized that this was less of a lark and more of a serious scam.

Risdon drew a diagram of the hotel room at the Halloran House, indicating where and in which direction the gun had been fired. It matched precisely the forensic evidence gathered in New York. His exact description of the black Cordon Negro champagne bottle confirmed his presence in the room. (Risdon was never charged in the faked robbery and charges were dropped in the unrelated case involving the 239-carat diamond.)

Before Ellis, financial investigator John Williams, and their detective inspector, Peter Avery, could close in on Guppy and Marsh, they had to find out which jewels had actually belonged to Inca Gemstones, and what had happened to them, one by one. It was a search of painstaking thoroughness and almost insuperable complexity. By the end of the investigation, Ellis had compiled a file of 67 pages tracking the history of each stone from its initial purchase to its ultimate destination. The paper trail revealed a long history of fraud stretching back almost to the beginning of the company, with false invoices and sales to nonexistent customers, large sums of money withdrawn to buy imaginary objects, and the forged signatures of phantom dealers. Darius Guppy, it became clear, had been practicing fraud for almost two years before the Halloran House hoax, relying on the belief that the flat-footed English cops would never be able to follow his intricate maneuvers. "He thought we were too thick," says Michael Ellis with a withering smile.

On March 6, four days after the faked robbery, Guppy and Marsh returned to New York, flying there and back by Concorde in one day and spending only four hours on the ground. According to police, their sole mission was to retrieve the gemstones they had placed in a second safe-deposit box the morning they were to be "stolen." They smuggled the jewels back to London in their underpants. (The Chaumet series was not "stolen," because it was too bulky to fit in their briefs.)

A month later, in an act of stunning arrogance and greed, Marsh offered five emeralds to Marcus McCallum, the London dealer from whom they had been purchased less than a year before. "I recognized the stones by their large size and the fact that two of them made a pair, which is very unusual," McCallum said in court. "They were pale green, typical of Colombian emeralds, and the *(Continued on page 121)*

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(Continued from page 91) Thon, died last night from diarrhea and dehydration. He will be buried later in the day, without much ceremony. The camp elders do not encourage the younger boys to participate in burials. "It is not useful for them," says Sebit William, the camp's director, making a subtle and complex judgment.

The Catholic Mass is about to begin in the large brick church. Palotaka was originally a Catholic mission set up by Italians in the early 1930s. While there are more Protestants than Catholics among the boys, the Catholic church is by far the more substantial house of worship. Many of the mission buildings are still standing, some with roofs and walls missing or partly eaten away. Four pillars of a decayed building rise to the sky, their roof long gone, like four symbolic statues. The antique European desolation of these structures stands out in strange relief against the tents, the tin shacks where the cooking is done, and the *tukuls,* the native huts of mud and wattle, in which most of the camp's residents make their homes.

The church itself, however, is in remarkably good repair, given the climate and the years. It looks to be 300 feet long and about 60 feet wide, with great high wood beams that still gleam and appear strong. A plaster statue of the Madonna and Child painted gold and a figure of Jesus on the Cross face the large hall of wooden benches. Behind the altar a dome rises, white originally, now yellow-stained; there is a large brown smudge like a cloud in a corner, and a crack in the plaster running like lightning along the arc of the dome.

I sit at the end of the last bench on the left side of the aisle, and place my tape recorder beside me. A boy in the front, wearing a red sweatshirt, begins to beat a drum. In groups of two and three the other boys file in sleepily, genuflect before the altar, and find their seats. Some of their clothes are so torn and shredded that they might have just come from rolling down a hill of gravel. Several turn cautiously in their seats to look at the white man with the machine at his side.

The drummer boy begins a Dinka chant, a hymn, and the other boys join in. They sing not like an English choir, more like boys at a sports rally—a lusty noise to God. A five-year-old, still drowned in sleep, enters wearing a pair of thongs, green sweatpants with red and white stripes down the side, and a long-sleeved yellow shirt with a large rip in the front. He looks about. I come into his view. He cannot take his eyes off me. I signal for him to sit beside me.

At 6:45 the priest enters. He places a purple stole with a gold cross on each end over his white vestment, and he ties his robe at the waist with a white cord. Many boys are on their knees in the center aisle. From the cadence of the Dinka chant, I surmise that I am hearing the Lord's Prayer.

The five-year-old at my side still stares at my tape recorder, studying the string of red lights that shorten and lengthen with the volume of the chant. At last he places his mouth close to the machine and makes a hissing sound. The lights respond. He nods, satisfied, and smiles.

A woman in her 60s is walking barefoot on the road leading to the entrance of the camp. She wears a faded blue jumper, and is bent at the waist, perhaps from osteoporosis, so that her body makes a right angle as she moves. Had she not the support of a long pole, she would topple over to the ground. Then she does topple over. At the garden near the entrance, she falls suddenly in a heap, rocks from side to side like a ship on a swell, and finally achieves a steady position on all fours. She searches for her pole, which has rolled out of her reach. She places a hand on her stomach, which is bloated and clearly gives her pain, though she makes no groan or sound of complaint. Her face has the look of a puzzled sheep.

The woman, Laura, has come 12 miles to Palotaka to find a doctor, but there has been no doctor here for a long while. She wants pills for her stomach; they worked before. Carried inside one of the mission houses by two men, she is offered a folding chair, but Laura prefers to sit on the stone floor, to take the pressure off her stomach. She smells sweet, of the earth and her sweat. I notice that her fingernails are perfectly trimmed. She keeps pointing to her stomach, as if it were an external weapon that was doing her harm. "Do you have the pills?" she asks me, assuming that I am a doctor. She is told by one of the camp leaders that the doctor may come today, or tomorrow.

"Her husband and children are dead. She takes care of herself," says a young man named George Okat, who has been translating Laura for me. George also assumes I am a doctor, and he urges me to examine his 10-year-old boy, Cirilio. I explain who I am, but he wants me to see his boy anyway; perhaps I have some useful layman's knowledge. I do not.

On the way to his *tukul,* George tells me that he and his wife are worried about Cirilio because the boy Thon died last night and Cirilio has similar symptoms. George leads Cirilio out of the *tukul* to greet me, which the boy does with as much spirit as his evident weakness allows.

We make small talk. I give him a Polaroid of himself, which pleases him for a moment. George shows me a diagnosis report on an index card filled out by a medical assistant two weeks earlier. I tell George that I can interpret these runes no better than he. "Has Cirilio improved at all since this card was made out?" I ask. George shakes his head no.

I enter the tent where they are keeping Thon, the 11-year-old who died last night. The boy is wrapped head to foot in a green blanket with pink stripes. Sunlight shoots in on the blanket through holes in the tent; the cylinder of the blanket is so slim one would not think it contained any thing. I ask to see Thon's face, which is bound in gauze like a mummy. "For the seepage," explains a man who is attending the body. He refers to the speed with which the eyes and facial tissue fall away in this climate. Unthinking, I ask how Thon's parents are taking the death of the boy. The man gestures, indicating all the adults in the camp: "We are his parents."

A boy named John is typical of the healthy boys in Palotaka. He is 15 now. Three years ago he saw his parents murdered by Bashir's troops in the town of Bor. He ran and found other boys, who made their way south to Mongalla, then west to Maridi, and finally east to Torit. But Torit was taken by the government, so John and the other boys moved on again.

John is lanky, in sandals and a turquoise T-shirt. He sits in a slouch and is polite but terse in his responses, like my own youngest, who is also named John. I ask if he can recall happy memories from Bor. He repeats a story his father used to tell him of a hunt for a hyena and of a clever boy who outwitted the beast. John smiles slightly at this recollection, then retrieves his alert and passive stare.

At 12:30, in the fierce silent heat of the day, two of the older boys in the camp carry Thon out into a field on an old army stretcher. Other boys notice what is happening, but they do not follow. Here stomp about. Only the sparrows chatter as the boy in the blanket on the stretcher is carried over the field of red soil and rocks. At the grave site, near a grape arbor which is also the cemetery of the former Italian mission, four other boys are taking turns digging Thon's grave. They use a spade, a hoe, and a shovel with a handle that keeps slipping off. One boy digs until he gets tired, then the next takes over. The air is

hick with heat and the thudding of the digging instruments and the heavy breath ng of the gravediggers.

A tribal grave has two distinct forms of onstruction. One, rarely used nowadays, s a large sphere-shaped hole. The body is ound hand and foot, and is buried as if it were a ball.

The other form of grave, the one used or Thon, involves digging a rectangle bout three feet deep with a six-inch shelf arved along one side. The body is placed n the deeper part of the hole, then sticks re laid across it, as close as the keys of a ylophone, from the top of the shelf to a arallel ridge cut in the other side of the rave above the body. The sticks are then overed with leaves, and the leaves with ne red earth, thus creating a coffin within ne grave. That way, it is explained, the ody will not expand or explode.

The pastor of Thon's Episcopal church rrives, a small, neat man named Moses, essed in a purple shirt and looking no der than 18. Moses stands apart from e others and thumbs through the pages his Bible. The digging and chopping ntinue. Not much is said, save for some sual joking, not noticeably nervous. meone mentions a rumor of a govern- ent bombardment near Torit, said to ve occurred in the early morning.

The mountains rise like gray animals' ads in the middle distance, beyond the y plains of the thorn trees. The deeper the gging, the darker the red earth, from ap- e to blood to brown. Suddenly the dig- ng stops. Thon's body is measured with e sticks. The hole is widened by inches. Two boys climb down into the grave. vo others carry the stretcher to the hole. ion's body is lowered carefully so the anket will not slip; he is placed on his de as if asleep. Then the sticks are laid er him, and the leaves on top of the cks. The grave looks strangely beauti- , the red earth and the green leaves. anding at the end of the grave where ion's head is, the pastor prays as the le is filled.

"God, we believe that you are the one ho has created human beings and the e who can take human beings away. r son is now passed back to you. We ve no objections."

I ask if a marker will be made for the ve, and the answer is yes—"so if he s a relative, somewhere, he may come see him."

The silence of approaching death is pal- pable in Palotaka, and is like the si- ce of the entire region. But there is other kind of silence in southern Sudan, a traditional and ancient silence, which is connected to the life of the country, and not to its death, and which gives the people a special grace.

Among the children there is play, but no hectic rushing about in the camps. Among the elders everything is done, every step taken, with a stately modesty and self-awareness. Athletes, who learn to fear and revere their bodies, acquire the art of moving very slowly when it is not necessary to do otherwise, to protect themselves from injury. The people of the Sudan, who have to walk their long distances on crippling terrain, have learned that same lesson of slowness and quiet.

They have also learned to stand silently, that is, with the least amount of resistance offered by their posture. Standing in groups, they are like works of perfectly balanced sculpture—mobiles on the ground. If a shoulder slants to the left, a hip is raised to the right. If the back is arched, a leg is drawn beneath it for support. The neck is absolutely conscious of the weight and shape of the head.

> "I saw my brother killed, and then my sister—they killed her too. They did not see me watching, so I escaped."

There is, in short, a conspiracy, a breathing together, of the land and the people, which, like the quiet of the church in Palotaka, infuses the air with a sense of religion. The silence of the mountains, the trees, the stars, commingles with the silence of the people as they go about their tasks, which, while also silent, are accomplished with total efficiency. It all gets done—the gathering of straw for a *tukul*, the discovery of a watering hole, the burying of the dead. When the boys walk single file on a long road, they become a vein in the road, a silent line drawn by pen and ink into the earth.

It is this older, traditional silence that seems to be intruded upon these days, to be attacked by the other kind of silence, incurred by the forces of destruction. Silence poisons silence. The men are almost always quiet and polite with one another, but infrequent explosions of temper are enough to suggest a constant smoldering inside, and the capacity for quick, remorseless violence. The boys in Palotaka are noiseless as they go about their work, but they are also joyless; however the camp may resemble a village, it is still a camp. There is a silence in the boys even when they are not technically silent—when they are singing in church or talking among themselves or performing songs for visitors. A song raised in all the camps—"We are so happy to see you today"—has no music in it.

In other circumstances, where the suffering is unavoidable, a certain serenity takes over, as if to confirm a compact between the living and the dead. Among the ill and the dying of southern Sudan, their silence has something of that serenity, but it also has the quality of resentment and bewilderment. These deaths are not the result of a compact with nature; they are violations of nature. There is nothing comforting, companionable, or reasonable about them. The antagonism between the two forms of silence, the welcome and unwelcome, is earsplitting.

Ayen, a woman of 23, lives under a tamarind tree in Nimule, near the Ugandan border. She spends most of her time sitting on a green tarpaulin folded at the corners. Both her children are dead from malnutrition. Her husband is "away." She has tuberculosis and she has been living under this tamarind tree for a year.

The tree fans out over her like an enormous beach umbrella. In its shade she sits cross-legged, wearing a dark-blue dress, over which hangs a light-blue shawl, over which is draped a torn brown blanket. She holds her shaved head bowed most of the time, so it is hard to see her face. When she does look up, she has the expression of someone perpetually about to ask a question.

The tamarind tree rises a few yards in front of the TB clinic in Nimule. It is a clinic with patients suffering from both TB and leprosy, but without a regular doctor. There are more than 120 patients "housed" here, but many, like Ayen, choose to live out of doors. Those who occupy the elongated shack that serves as the clinic's sole building peer out from its darkness, coughing and staring wildly,

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their hands gripping the bars on the windows. "This place is for the hopeless," says a guide.

Day and night Ayen lives under her tree, surrounded by her possessions—a tin cup, a plastic bottle of water, a plastic bottle of oil to mix with sorghum, which is her food. Behind her lies a covered orange plastic bowl of tamarind nuts, bitter but rich in vitamin C, and a few large tins used for washing. In the crook of the tree, where the trunk splits into an array of branches, Ayen stores extra clothes and rags. Except for her bowed head and the incessant coughing, she might be mistaken—in her blue dress on the green tarp—for a young woman on a picnic.

"What do you think about, Ayen, under this tree?" I ask her.

"Nothing," she says. Her coughing drives the flies from her lips.

"Do you think about your children?"

"No."

"Do you think about your husband?"

"No."

"At night, under the tree, do you have dreams?"

She looks up. "Sometimes. Sometimes I have dreams."

"What do you dream about?" I ask.

She bows her head. "Nothing."

Here, in chronological order, are selections from official reports on the conditions in the Sudan since 1988, to which there has been little or no response.

•From a cable sent to the U.S. State Department by an officer of the mission in Addis Ababa, April 4, 1988:

All [arrivals] were naked through rags around the waists; all had the dull concentration camp stare of the starving. . . . After visiting [an inpatient medical] unit, UN Sec. Gen Rep. Priestly said it was the worst sight he had seen in 37½ years of UN service. . . . [The patients] compared poorly with pictures of Nazi concentration camp victims and were as bad or worse as anything seen in Ethiopia during the 1984–6 famine.

•From a radio message sent by Paride Taban, Roman Catholic bishop of Torit, to a relief-aid organization in Khartoum, September 28, 1988:

This war in the South has become a fratricidal war. We can only compare it to the atomic bomb dropped on Japan or the Vietnam War. Both sides claim to be defending the life and rights of the civilians, but we see that the very civilians they fight for are the victims. Where will our people run to? For wherever they run in the South, their imminent death is waiting for them. Their only chance remains to run to God.

•From remarks by head of state Lieutenant General Omer al Bashir at a public rally in Khartoum, December 3, 1989:

I vow here before you to purge from our ranks the renegades, the hirelings, enemies of the people and enemies of the armed forces. . . . Anyone who betrays this nation does not deserve the honor of living. . . . There will be no fifth column. The masses have to purge their ranks. . . . The responsibility is really a collective one. You have authority, and are its enforcers.

•From *Sudan, a Human Rights Disaster: An African Watch Report,* March 1990:

The [Sudanese government] has already surpassed its predecessors in its ruthless methods. . . . Christians and Muslims, northerners and southerners, even brothers from the same family, are to be found fighting on opposite sides of the conflict. It is a civil war that has had devastating consequences for the civil society that will remain even when the war is eventually over. . . . The current war has been characterized by gross violations of human rights on a scale that is so substantial, it is difficult to convey the true magnitude of the tragedy that is tearing Sudan apart.

•From the testimony of Roger P. Winter, director, U.S. Committee for Refugees (U.S.C.R.), before two House of Representatives hearings on African affairs, March 15, 1990, and October 25, 1990, and before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on African Affairs, May 14, 1991:

With the rains already beginning in Equatoria, there are *no* buffer stocks of food in *any* of the areas I visited. . . . I consistently examined storage areas in each of the towns I entered. Nothing! . . . I could routinely see old women forty feet up in the tops of trees, picking leaves to eat. . . . I must tell you in all sincerity that I am scared. In Sudan today, we are confronting the possibility of preventable human death on a *massive* scale. . . . I believe the United States needs to fundamentally reconsider its posture regarding Sudan. . . . Our policy needs to be people-friendly, not government-friendly. . . . I spent much of last week in Ler. . . [where] I visited a Sudanese doctor who performs surgery, including amputations, with the door off an abandoned refrigerator as an operating table. He often performs such operations at night with flashlights his only source of light.

•From a U.N. General Assembly resolution on the Sudan, December 2, 1992:

The General Assembly. . . noting with deep concern reports of grave human rights violations in the Sudan, particularly summary executions, detentions without trial, forced displacement of persons and torture. . . calls on the government of the Sudan to comply with applicable international instruments of human rights.

•From a letter to Pope John Paul II fro
Philip Thon Leek, director of the Friend
of African Children Educational Found
tion, February 6, 1993:

Your Holiness. . . over 1.5 million liv
have already been lost and at least 4 millio
people from the Southern Sudan and t
Nuba mountains have been internally di
placed and over 1 million are refugees. Ce
tainly more people will continue to die
starvation, diseases, and the governme
policy of ethnic cleansing conducted by t
Muslim Fundamentalist forces. . . . We wo
der how the international community can a
ford to passively look on while these atrociti
are being committed against their fellow h
man beings in the Modern Century!

•From a statement by U.S. representati
Frank R. Wolf on February 14, 1993:

The Khartoum government conducted hig
altitude bombing on [Kajo Keji] when the
was no military presence. I saw bomb crate
where they hit huts and destroyed the mark
place. . . . Our government must work for r
lief from the Khartoum government. Pressu
must be put on them to stop the bombing an
stop the killing. . . . Failure to act soon wi
surely result in still more tragic loss of life an
possibly the loss of an entire culture.

•From Situation Report No. 2, Agency f
International Development (A.I.D.), Feb
ruary 19, 1993:

Conditions for the estimated 10,000 peop
in Kongor are believed to be the worst in Suda
The resulting damage of four separate Nu
raids in Kongor from September 1991 to Jur
1992 and more recent counterattacks by th
SPLA/Garang faction has caused "absolute
catastrophic" damage. . . . There are no chi
dren under five in the area, as they have all die

In the huge displacement camp of Am
40 miles to the west of Palotaka, th
leader of the camp describes his realm
Jurkuch Barac is a wiry man in his earl
40s, with a black goatee and a tough, tig
face. He looks curiously, almost accide
tally, elegant in a tie-dyed Arab shirt wit
an intricately embroidered collar, but hi
manner of speaking is direct, unemotiona

"We have one clinic here. We go day
without getting drug supplies. Right now
we have the meningitis. People are dyin
at a very high rate. We are getting no im
munization program, no vaccinations, n
food. Water is becoming a big problem
The people flock to the few hand pump
we have in the area. The hand pumps ar
not providing enough water for the popu
lation, and the streams are polluted. Yo
can get diseases from such water. Diar
rhea. Dysentery."

"How many doctors do you have in th
camp?" I ask.

"We don't have any doctors, onl
medical assistants."

"You mean, there is not a single doc(or in the camp?"

"Medical assistants only."

"How many medical assistants?"

"Six or seven. For 42,000 people."

"How many cases of meningitis?"

"Of meningitis? Well, it is rampant. There are many, many cases. Four deaths eported today."

"These people died last night?"

"One was this morning." He leans forvard. "So this is the situation of the camp."

The ill at Ame are segregated according o gender, disease, and imminence of leath. The tents in which they are housed ire so dark inside it takes a full minute for me's eyes to distinguish between people nd shadows.

Rebecca, one of the relatively healthy esidents, came here from Kongor last year. x woman in her 50s, she stands nearly six eet tall, and has high cheekbones and a gap n her front teeth, one of which is yellow. legal in her print dress and white kerchief, he carries a tall wooden cross with her, and s known to be deeply religious. Her father vas slaughtered with other villagers in ongor, and buried by a bulldozer.

Her voice is weak. She looks down ver the length of her body, as if she were xamining a stranger.

"I was not like this when I grew up in ongor. We had meat there, and fish. But ere, the water..."

"How did that happen to your arm?" I sk, referring to a long network of scars elow her elbow.

"That was shrapnel from the enemy lanes," she says, staring at the wound. My arm was cut open, and this is the ay it healed. They tell me that my bone ipped. I thought my life would be dif rent," she says matter-of-factly. "I anted an education. I wanted to learn to lk better, in English. Then I would not eed to talk to you in translation, if I had en to school."

I point out that I have been to school, t I need to talk to *her* in translation.

"What would you have liked to do with ur education?" I ask her.

"Politics. I would have liked a life in litics."

"Do Sudanese men like the idea of omen in politics?" I ask. The men sitg around laugh wholeheartedly.

"They may not like it," says Rebecca, ut they will learn." Then she looks vay. "But politics will not be for me. I ve dysentery from the water. And amoes. I will never leave Ame."

"What do you think about when you're one?"

"God. I think about God. And America, of course. I think about America."

"Why America?" I ask.

"Because America brought God to our people. And where would we be without Him?"

The numerous diseases suffered by both children and adults in southern Sudan are all traceable to malnutrition. As explained by Matthew Naythons, a physician and photojournalist who founded a medical team in the Third World, malnutrition begins a chain of breakdowns. The absence of food means that the body shuts down protein synthesis. When protein synthesis stops, immune globulins (antibodies)—the patient's first line of defense against infectious agents in the environment—are no longer produced and the immune system is weakened. One of the first immune globulins to go is IgA (immune globulin A), and its loss is compounded by depletion of vitamins, which are necessary for protecting the skin, the functioning of the nervous system, repair of damaged body tissues, and the integrity of various mucosal linings such as the stomach and the intestinal tract.

> "I could routinely see old women forty feet up in the tops of trees, picking leaves to eat."

When the immune system is weakened and immune globulins are low, even the most minor disorders can become life-threatening. The individual is exposed to, and ravaged by, every virus, bacterium, and parasite that exists in the contaminated environment. For the starved child, a diarrheal illness is no mere inconvenience. Unable to ward off or eliminate intestinal parasites, and lacking mucosal immunity, the child develops a chronic infection as the gastric tract grows inflamed and ulcerated.

Tuberculosis, often "contained" by a healthy immune system, or limited to the respiratory tract, spreads throughout the body in both children and adults. In most infants, its spread to the brain leads to coma and death.

While a person in reasonably good health may merely get sick from malaria, these people die. The anemia from the malaria is compounded by anemia from hookworms, which are endemic to the Sudan, and anemia from chronic infection. Moreover, the patients lack the dietary protein and iron to replace red blood cells destroyed by the invading malarial parasites. Thousands are dying from diseases one could cure in America by going with a prescription to the corner drugstore.

The body also does a strange thing in the presence of chronic infection; it hides iron stores. It does this because bacteria and parasites thrive on iron, and the body attempts to deprive them of an element they need to reproduce. Thus the parasites lack iron, but so does the body.

No food also means no fat. If there is no fat in the diet, there is little vitamin A (a fat-soluble vitamin). Blindness due to measles (a complication resulting from vitamin-A deficiency) is commonplace in the Sudan, yet unheard of in the developed world, even in the pre-vaccination era.

The body falls further and further behind in the production of red blood cells, and can no longer deliver oxygen to the heart, the lungs, the brain. The patient soon can hardly move from lack of energy. The skin breaks down and is covered with sores. There is constant pain from dysentery. The stomach bloats, the limbs waste away. With malaria, the brain swells, bleeding increases, the lungs fill up with edema, impairing breathing.

This, in one form or another, is what is happening, or has already happened, inside the bodies of Ayen, John, Philip, Thon, Laura, Cirilio, and Rebecca.

The roads in southern Sudan, few as they are, create a clumsy and confusing imposition on a terrain that did without them for millions of years, and may do so again. There is no logic to their patterns; they take sudden detours around trees, split off in two or three erratic directions at once, then convene again like participants in a square dance of the mad. Often only a tremor of human instinct tells the driver whether he is still following the road or has now veered off on an illusion of a road, down where no roads go, into the endless flats. Or worse: toward one of the craterlike fissures caused by erosion that open their twisted mouths in the earth and wait for a catch.

It is somewhere between early and mid-

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morning, the temperature is already above 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and the Land Rover is bucking its way toward the military encampment of Dr. John Garang, the longtime leader of the S.P.L.A.

A huge black-and-white falcon swoops over the Land Rover like a glider, then hangs motionless in the air, the embodiment of dangerous stillness. The Land Rover spooks cattle occasionally, and the dik-diks, the miniature antelope who flee in serpentine panics, first stupidly into the middle of the road, then into the dust and the helmets of bush. Once, I happen to look over my shoulder and see a baboon glowering at us in a field, his stance and attitude that of a heavyweight boxer ready to knock my block off.

The kings and queens of this terrain live in tall, elaborate castles, but will not show themselves. They are the termite ants who have built their mud hills, like adobe villages, in enormous, imaginative shapes—some like igloos, some phallic. Many of these hills reach over 20 feet in height and have perfectly circular holes in their sides, like eyes. They are everywhere, scattered like the first efforts of a building project that ran out of cash. They are as hard as rocks. Once, a light airplane brushed one of them on the landing field at Nimule and tore a gash in its wing.

One imagines the life in the hills of these termite ants. In a region where there is so little motion outside, what activities, what manipulations and intrigues, occur within these castles?

The road through southern Sudan passes village after abandoned village, the vacant *tukuls* looking like the straw sparrow nests that hang from the shorn trees. Human life shows itself on the road in the files of the young bearing rifles on their backs or water on their heads. But it is mostly empty, the land empty, the sky empty, painted with the still gray slashes of clouds. Only the hills of the termite ants have life in them. What life?

Like most leaders of people, Garang stands his ground, waiting to be approached by his visitors. Built powerfully, six feet tall, balding, with gray in his beard, he is dressed in fatigues; he carries a small firearm in a leather holster on his right side; his boots are not quite shined. He has smart, calm, tired eyes. Every soldier who approaches salutes him. Armed guards form a loose circle around him. Goats and cattle form a loose circle around the guards.

After the introductory formalities, Dr. John, as he is called, takes his position on a folding chair placed before a card table covered with a red cloth on which sits a word processor and a printer, run by a generator.

"This is my second wife," he says of the word processor.

"It can't do everything a wife can do," I offer.

He almost smiles. "No comment."

Dr. John earned his undergraduate degree at Grinnell College, the small liberal-arts school in Iowa; later returned to the U.S. to receive his doctorate in economics at Iowa State; joined the Sudanese army as an officer in 1972; received military training at Fort Benning, Georgia; left the army in 1983 after attaining the rank of colonel. He has been connected with his own share of war crimes and atrocities to civilians in the 10 years he has led the S.P.L.A., but is by far the lesser of the two main evils in the Sudan's North-South civil war, and is now looking for a way to stop the fighting. He is also said to be a worn-out figure, and there is talk of his stepping down. In a sense he leads two armies at once: an army of soldiers and an army of shepherds for his displaced countrymen.

"What are your thoughts about what's happening to your country?" I ask him.

"That's a very difficult question to answer," he replies coolly, as if it were not difficult to answer at all. "What is the price of freedom? Wars are known through history. The Allied forces fought for freedom, for things they valued. London was virtually leveled. There was lots of suffering. Six million Jews perished. History is very cruel and wars are very bad. Civilizations die."

"What are the elements that define a civilization?"

"Culture. Language. Industry. Education. Health. A sense of history. A sense of belonging. A sense of destiny in addition to the material effects of civilization. The spirituality of it."

"Community?"

"Yes, the sense of belonging to a community."

"Family?"

"That of course is the beginning. We are a family people in Africa. It is peculiarly painful to watch these children who have now lost their families."

"So, is there anything left of civilization in southern Sudan?"

"Nothing is ever completely eradicated. I met a tribe one time that had no names, the people were not given names. 'How can you have no names?' I asked them. But these people resisted their Arab names. And at the same time, they we ashamed of their African names. So th chose nothing. No individuality. We Sudan at least still have individuality."

"Is it religion that has gotten Sud into so much trouble?" I ask.

"No, religion is part of the world."

"So what does one do to moderate fe ings that run amok?"

"I believe in dialogue," he says. "It possible to have dialogue between t religious communities in Sudan. T government people are not just fund mentalists per se. They are, in the fir place, politicians. What set of pressures— political, economic, diplomatic, even rel gious—needs to be brought to bear these people who call themselves fund mentalists so that they will compromis will come to their senses? If their interes are threatened by these pressures, the will negotiate."

"What pressures do you mean?" I ask

"International pressures by gover ments, the United Nations, by concerne people, journalists."

He bends down and draws circles in th dust with his fingers. "At a meeting wit the other side, I presented three models the Sudanese situation. The first model where you have Sudan and you hav southern Sudan within it. So, let us ca this Model One. It is unworkable. It ha cost us 27 years of war out of 37 years independence."

Next, he draws two circles that overla in a small eye-shaped area. He shades i this area. "Where you have these two ci cles—this is the North, this is the South— we have things that are common betwee us. This shaded area is what I call th Sudanese confederation. Anything w don't agree on, put it on one side or th other. Things we mutually agree on, pu them in the shaded area."

He draws two wholly separate circles "If that does not work, then we will go t Model Three. These are two circles tha do not touch and that are only linked b normal relations between independent completely independent, countries. I cal this the separation model."

"You prefer Model Two?" I ask.

"If Model Two can be brought about— that is, if we can establish this commonal ity as a result of dialogue between North and South to our mutual benefit—yes, thi would be the ideal solution." In fact most authorities dealing with the Sudan believe that the only possible salvation o the country lies in a division of the North and South.

"And while everyone is waiting fo Model One, Two, or Three, what is to be

lone to protect the civilians?'' I ask.

''We have called for the establishment of the demilitarized zones,'' he says, 'safe havens or safety zones to protect nnocent civilians in southern Sudan while ve are working this thing out, so that lives ire protected.''

This is the solution also recommended by Roger Winter of the U.S.C.R., Helge Rohn of the Norwegian People's Aid, and he United Nations High Commissioner or Refugees (U.N.H.C.R.). The trouble vith it is that the terrorizing of civilians is he government's main strategy. For Garang, the idea of safe havens presents the overnment with a lose-lose proposition, o he favors it politically. If Khartoum ays yes to safe havens, it only helps the .P.L.A. If Khartoum says no, it displays barbaric attitude toward world opinion, hich it is now courting. (The government as recently hired Pagonis and Donnelly, a .R. firm in Washington.) The solution eeds the active backing of the U.S. and the .N.—and neither has shown any indicaon of giving it. Yet the two in concert re the only hope of effectively pressuring hartoum.

Garang goes on: ''The S.P.L.A. can ll for a cease-fire to provide a conducive mosphere for peace talks. We are willg to do this.''

I ask him, ''What's preventing you om announcing a unilateral cease-fire ght now?''

''We are doing that today.'' He points the word processor. ''We're printing out.''

At the end of April, the government nd the Garang faction of the S.P.L.A. do fact meet in Nigeria for talks. But at the me time, the intrafactional wars of the P.L.A. intensify. It is expected that the overnment will take advantage of the bel infighting and move to close off Nile and its airstrip, making future relief forts nearly impossible. It will also unoubtedly increase the air raids on the oys, forcing them to move again.

Why do they smile so readily?'' I ask Philip Thon Leek, of the iends of African Children Educational oundation, who smiles quite readily mself. I refer to the children of the newestablished camp at Natinga, but I am ally thinking of all the southern-Sudase children I have seen.

Leek answers, ''Because they regard sitors as signs of hope.''

''I don't believe that,'' I say. ''The ile seems too willing, too much a moreflex, to have something so practical hind it.''

''A smile is a strange expression, anyway,'' says Leek. ''It appears and disappears so quickly.''

''I have never seen smiling the way these children do it,'' I tell him. ''Never seen anything as giving and wholehearted. What do they have to smile about?''

''Nothing, of course. And if you do not smile at them, they will not smile in return. They are not fools. And they know that grown-ups are dangerous. But if you show them your friendly face, if you suggest that you wish them well. . .''

''That's it, then? They see strangers as those who wish them well?''

''Perhaps,'' says Leek. ''Or maybe their smiling has nothing to do with anyone else.''

> "I must tell you in all sincerity that I am scared. In Sudan today, we are confronting the possibility of preventable human death on a *massive* scale."

''What do you mean?''

''Maybe their smiling simply makes them feel happy for a moment, the moment of the smile. For that one moment,'' says Leek, ''the children live in a different world—where people smile.''

The camp at Natinga has been set up hastily as a security measure. Talk of a forthcoming government offensive persuaded the S.P.L.A. that the former camps at Molitokolo and Brongole should be abandoned for a place with a terrain more difficult for government troops to penetrate. So the boys in Molitokolo and Brongole, who had trekked hundreds of miles to those camps, were sent on yet another trek, of 21 days and 160 miles. On the way, as usual, they sustained themselves by eating leaves and hibiscus. They eat the same things in the camp, since no food has yet arrived.

No medical supplies have arrived at the camp yet, either. Only five watering holes have been discovered so far; these are not rushing springs, but merely holes where water seeps through the ground and, every few hours, collects. The quality of this water is as yet untested.

The total number who have reached the camp is 3,978, including families and elders who serve as teachers. I ask the leaders if this new migration was really necessary. They reply that they are certain the government will bomb the former camps. But why take the political risk of bombing children, especially after Garang's peace initiative and the U.N. censure? The answer comes that Khartoum, public-relations efforts to the contrary, does not really care about world opinion; its intention is to absorb or eradicate a people. But why children? ''Because the child is the heart of the people,'' one leader says, ''and bombardment is terrorism.''

The camp at Natinga is, in reality, just the first traces of a camp, the initial efforts of people trying to build a place to live out of rocks, bushes, and trees. Children carry cone-shaped bundles of straw for the *tukuls*. A young woman uses a thick pole, a *lek*, to pound grain into meal in a *dong*, a wooden vessel. There is a rhythmic beating of axes on the trees. Half-completed *tukuls* stand like hairnets on stilts. Everyone is moving slowly and methodically, as is the custom, but in the leaden evening light, the people seem to be walking underwater, each movement of an arm or leg a ritualistic gesture, like a benediction without a recipient.

A handful of boys gather on a large rock for my benefit. We talk about their ambitions, which are high. One wants to become a teacher; two, doctors. The youngest of the lot says that he will be a bishop. ''Don't you have to become a priest first?'' I tease him. The others laugh, but the boy insists, ''I'll be a bishop.''

As we talk I watch the elders of the camp as they watch the boys. Neither here nor in Palotaka could I tell how the older men regarded these boys—as objects of affection; as members of a foster family; as wards for whose moral and intellectual education they are responsible; as workers in the field; as future soldiers. There is something equally familiar and formal in the way the boys are addressed by the elders. Perhaps the closest analogy is to English public schools, but without the horseplay,

and, of course, without any sense or assumption of privilege.

They certainly do not coddle these boys. A priest at Palotaka told me that he was not in the least concerned with their psychological problems. Sebit William, Palotaka's director, was definitely concerned, but even as he urges the boys to "talk out" their suffering, in Western psychological terms, he also pushes them to focus on whatever tasks are at hand. "They grow up very fast here," says William. "This is no child's experience."

The area where the settlers of Natinga have discovered the five watering holes lies at the base of a large rock, at least 60 feet high, which has been whitewashed by the repeating rains. It looks as if it is wearing clown's makeup. The rock is the kind that boys who live in easier surroundings use for games of adventure. A few of the boys here do play on the rock, but again, every move is slow and studied, and there is never any boisterous calling out. A boy has found his special niche in a large egg-shaped indentation in the rock; he has claimed it as his framework, and sits inside it like a subject in a portrait, distractedly beating a stick against one of its sides.

At the top of the rock, an older boy sits playing a handmade lyre. A triangle of sticks holds the strings in place, and is stuck into an empty oil can, which gives the instrument, called a *rabala*, its resonance. The song he plays is a repetition of chords strummed at a variety of cadences, and altered subtly from time to time. It sounds more like background music than a piece in itself.

Then, when it seems that the song will consist only of chords, the boy breaks into lyrics. A camp leader translates from the Dinka: "Mother and Father, I leave you now. I have to go away to school. Do not think about me again." Then the boy sings another song, one line of which is "Give me a pen that I may become somebody in the future."

The boy plays his *rabala* in a sitting position with his legs curled under him, exposing his feet to my view. The feet are long and narrow. They look like leatherworks into which the legs have been stuck like poles. The soles of the boy's feet are as smooth as rubbed stones. The tips of the toes are tanned marbles. There is a deep, dark crease, like one of the erosion fissures in the road, between the toes and the balls of the feet, which are flattened, showing only the hint of an arch. I think: A perfect walking instrument—as if the boy had made it with his hands, like the *rabala*.

The sky is blood orange, then dark, and the figures of the camp are gliding like hallucinations among the tents and the *tukuls*. Talk is sucked into the air; every sentence sounds like a whispered secret. A single star, the night's first, appears as a pinpoint of unpolished silver. There is an earthquake, barely a ripple, but sufficient to remind us that we are on earth.

The sudden fall of darkness alerts everyone to the necessity of flashlights. The elders of the camp sit on the ground and on benches that were made this afternoon from a tree called *kam*, used by the Nuer for spear handles because of its hardness. "A girl is straight like a *kam*" is a compliment. Of *kam*, they have also made beds for the visitors, though they have none for themselves. The talk is of stories and of storytelling. The telling of stories is not mere entertainment for these people; it is their connection to one another and to the past, a past, as one of them says, that "goes to the beginning of time." Stories cover the entire continent of Africa. Vast regions of deserts, rain forests, mountains, savannas, plateaus, and rocky areas like Natinga are held together by stories.

> Then the boy sings another song, one line of which is "Give me a pen that I may become somebody in the future."

The main themes of the stories are hunger, danger, trickery, loyalty, custom, and community—especially community. There is a terrible story told of a man named Hornbill who disregarded the customs of his village and refused even to attend the services for the dead. When Hornbill's own child died, the other villagers would not tell him the location of the graveyard. "Where are the graves?" Hornbill asked everyone he passed as he bore his dead child on his back. But no one would tell him. So Hornbill walked the earth forever, carrying his dead child on his back and crying, "Where are the graves?"

Every story has a moral, but the morals are not always clear. Stories that seem to have reached reasonable conclusions do not come to an end where one expects them to; underlying each tale is the idea that a narrative, like nature itself, always continues. Yes, this has happened, yet something else, perhaps even more amazing, will happen next.

"Do the boys in the camp still tell stories?" I ask.

The men are not sure about this—so many traditions have been lost in the war years. So we all go over in a group to a place near a fire where many boys have gathered for the night. They surround the elders at once, as if we had brought them a gift. Yes, they do still tell stories once in a while. They warm to the invitation, forming a large huddle. The boy storytellers step forward one by one. Each is accorded great respect and anticipation.

One boy tells of a fox who made a deal with a lion for a rabbit, and who winds up tricking the lion. Another tells a winding tale of a man who pretends to be blind to beg for money, and who, because of his greed and stupidity, is in fact made blind. The most successful story is the dirty one—about a beautiful woman made to dress scantily by her husband to lure and humiliate her lecherous suitors. The teller of this tale is expertly solemn. The boys are beside themselves with laughter.

We deliberately hold our flashlights low, away from the faces of the boys, to enhance the effects of their words in the dark. No one seems to grow tired, though it is clear that these tales have been told and retold before. The boys watch my reaction, and seem as delighted by my pleasure as they are by the stories themselves. I study the outlines of their bodies in the dark, set against the deeper darkness of the mountains behind them and a gray-purple sky now splashed with stars.

Then one of the boys invites me to tell a story, but I decline. It is not that I am unable to think of one, but the story that comes to mind is not right for the occasion, is too fragmentary and inconclusive, and, at any rate, is one they all have heard in one way or another before.

It is about a young woman of 23 named Ayen, who lives under a tamarind tree in Nimule, and dreams of nothing. □

Eton Made Him

(Continued from page 113) weight of the parcel was the same as the one I had sold to Marsh in August 1989." McCallum accepted them on consignment. Two months later, Marsh came back and demanded their return, but it was too late—one of them had already been sold. He retrieved the other four, and the proceeds from the fifth ($5,000), but refused to provide McCallum with a record of ownership. McCallum did not know it then, but these five emeralds were listed among the gems which Lloyd's had paid on.

During the trial, Guppy embraced and greeted friends, asked strangers how they thought he was doing in the witness-box, and seemed utterly unperturbed by revelations of his cunning and greed. But the jury was not charmed by the slim, handsome defendant, and after deliberating they returned a verdict of guilty by a majority of 10 to 2 on the charge of conspiracy to defraud Lloyd's, and guilty by unanimous vote on the charges of conspiracy to commit false accounting and conspiracy to steal. For the fraud, which the judge described as "brilliant" in its labyrinthine construction, Marsh and Guppy were sentenced to five years in prison and a fine of £533,000 ($943,000) each, which they must pay by September or a further three years will be added to their sentences. While this sum may not be a problem for Marsh, who comes from a wealthy family, Guppy faces financial ruin as well as disgrace.

Darius Guppy's ancestry promised both great intelligence and spiritual grace. One forebear was the inventor and engineer Samuel Guppy, whose copper nails in the hulls of British warships helped speed them to victory in the Battle of Trafalgar. Darius's paternal great-grandfather was Lechmere Guppy, who discovered in Trinidad the fish that was named after him and is now a typical inhabitant of fishtanks the world over. His father, Nicholas, is an explorer, botanist, and writer, co-author of a popular book on the Amazon. Darius's maternal great-grandfather was an eminent Islamic philosopher whose works are still read and needed. His maternal grandfather was the most revered and respected philosopher at the University of Teheran; among his pupils was the Ayatollah Khomeini (the venerable professor declared Khomeini to be one of his failures, with "no aptitude for religion"). Darius's mother, Shusha, is a writer of considerable achievement, as well as a folk singer and poet. She was, and still is, beautiful.

Nicholas and Shusha's first son was born in 1964. As a child, he was astonishingly pretty, full of fun, quick witted, and conscientious, but there were indications from the start that some of his qualities would need to be properly channeled if they were not to turn awry. His imagination was extravagant, and in the words of one of his teachers, he was "endowed with great will power." This is a trait inherited from his mother, who, as well as being very talented, has a reputation for willfulness and insistence. Throughout his school life Darius was often tactless and egocentric.

He went to the Lycee Français Charles de Gaulle in London, where he became friends with Benedict Marsh. Darius was poor in math and English but distinguished himself in French, which he spoke with near fluency. When he was seven, his parents divorced after 12 years of marriage, though they remained friendly. Nicholas shoulders the blame. "I was unworthy of Shusha," he says. "I had another romance." Darius and his younger brother may have suffered from the broken marriage, and perhaps Darius found compensation in an excess of self-esteem, which his mother did nothing to dispel, largely because she agreed with him.

Convinced that he was special and extremely clever, Darius initially had a hard time at Eton, where he found himself competing with boys who were even more clever. Eton fosters an atmosphere in which boys are encouraged to accept their relative status, but Darius was determined to shine. His solution was to try to dominate conversation, wearing people down with his volubility, a tactic other boys regarded as "showing off."

He was not, however, unpopular with teachers, who detected behind the bombast and undisciplined exuberance a manifestly good nature. Darius often spoke before thinking and caused unnecessary offense, but when it was pointed out to him that he had been tactless he was overcome with remorse and apologized profusely. Indeed, he knew obscurely when he had somehow made a bad impression, and was terribly eager to make a good one; he needed accolades from adults more than acceptance from boys.

Oddly enough, considering his performance in the New York hotel room several years later, Darius was not regarded as a good actor at Eton. He appeared in several plays, but could never "be" another character—it was always Darius dressed up. He was a poor dissembler; if he was happy or miserable it showed immediately on his face. (Benedict Marsh now says that Guppy's performance in New York was "embarrassing, over the top. When he started crying, I thought, What the hell's he up to? He'll overdo it and spoil the whole thing." The New York politic women were probably more impressed by his accent and respectability than by his acting—an instance of the inherent danger which lurks in British charm.)

At Eton, Guppy was a model of probity. He was always loyal, truthful, and decent, and almost Victorian in his morality. Principles of honor and propriety had been inherited by him from his mother's upbringing in Iran, and he was not a liar. Only once did he have to be reprimanded, for smoking a cigarette, and he was ascetic in his habits. It is especially notable that, knowing his parents were not wealthy, he took care not to run up bills that would have embarrassed them—the one schoolboy quality that may have evaporated.

It was his flamboyance that marked him as one of the personalities of his class in school, although this characteristic would not reach full flower until Oxford. Some of the boys went as far as to recommend him for house captain, though he was deemed lacking in the judgment necessary for such a position. Darius's moods were intense, from peaks to troughs within minutes, and for an obviously intelligent boy he could be startlingly foolish. He was exasperatingly inattentive to simple requests to put his lights out, which even hours later remained unheeded, and he was dismayingly untidy. His room looked like a junk shop, books lying around half-read, tokens of undisciplined and undirected energy. (His room at Oxford has been described by a contemporary as "a kind of tourist attraction, a parable of squalor.")

While he was more intellectually curious than other boys, better read and more accomplished, he was disorganized, and boys who worked methodically naturally did better, which irked him. All in all, though, Darius left Eton bright with promise. One of his teachers remarked, "His faults were forgivable, his potential exciting, and his personality in the end rather endearing." He was not much of a sportsman, so when he scored his one and only goal in soccer, arms flailing in all directions, it was an event that caused much rejoicing. His classmates at Eton thought it more likely he would be a writer of some sort.

In 1983, Darius Guppy went up to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he formed a close friendship with Lord Althorp. They had both been at Eton, but not in the same house, and did not know each other well. At

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Oxford, however, their alliance became firm, and they shared lodgings. It was also at about this time that Nicholas Guppy began to lose a great deal of money in a Lloyd's syndicate—$16,000 one year, $49,500 the next—forming in his son's mind the notion of Lloyd's as an enemy, the despoiler of his father's happiness. It also, of course, added to Darius's burden of responsibility for the family. More and more he knew he would have to make a lot of money, both to impress the world and to earn his parents' praise. He showed his first flash of enterprise at 18, when he and Benedict Marsh organized a ball in Mayfair and emerged with a profit of £2,000 ($3,500) each.

Guppy was precisely the character for whom Oxford was made—outrageous, beautiful, willful, conscious of self. Like John Aspinall, Kenneth Tynan, and Magdalen's own Oscar Wilde, Darius Guppy was a peacock, and peacocks always flourish at Oxford. He climbed a drainpipe at St. Hugh's with a rose between his teeth in order to impress a young lady. He detonated fireworks in his landlord's letter flap. He once stood motionless for four hours behind a darkened window in the hope of catching the thief who had stolen a hood ornament off of his MG. The three exploits point to an extravagant romanticism, an antique code of revenge, and an ice-cold determination.

He wrote a great deal at Oxford, too, including poetry that was highly regarded ("vivid and witty and unlike anything else I know of that's being written at the moment," says one journalist who has read his work). He edited two anthologies of verse, and in his second year, he and Althorp co-edited a satirical magazine called *Tributary*. Perhaps most significantly, Guppy's bedside book for the three years he was at Oxford was Machiavelli's *The Prince*. He seemed to be convinced that only by a proper study of the Italian political theorist could one learn how to manage people and make the world obedient to one's desires. One way, apparently, was through self-discipline. A fellow student tells the story of Darius driving himself through sleepless nights of study with a metal chain around his wrist that he would tighten to draw blood if he thought he was losing concentration.

Darius came through his examinations with impressive results, achieving a first in history and French. His tutors were not surprised. He was "an intelligent student with an engaging manner and an excellent command of French," according to one, "so that his first was no more than we expected."

Nevertheless, he did not sweep into the artistic world, but concentrated all his efforts on making money. He halfheartedly took a job in the City, at Credit Suisse, but had no taste for the corporate life, hated menial tasks, and longed to get out. "He's a nonconformist," Roger Clarke, an Oxford contemporary, told *The Sunday Telegraph*. "He can't stand triviality and stupid things instead of the grand design. He would far rather have been a soldier and a poet, like Sir Philip Sidney, than a banker or a businessman." Another friend notes that Oxford was "a stage," but "if you put Darius in a drab house in South Kensington he sometimes seems rather flat."

He tried buying and selling cargo ships, but felt he was being cheated by sharks and abandoned it. Then he joined up with Marsh to start a business selling monocles, which was a moderate success until Guppy turned sour and embittered when, once again, he felt people were not dealing honestly with him. "Gradually," says his father, "he grew to believe that in business most people owed their success to cheating at some point."

Guppy still held dear that principle of high honor instilled by his Persian background, and parallel with his business ventures, he was following spiritual paths handed down by both strains of his ancestry. He had himself confirmed in the Church of England, but he also learned Farsi and began making weekly visits to a mosque. The James Bond side of his character was mildly satisfied by kick-boxing at a local gym, and his musical tastes soared into harpsichord trios.

In an attempt to satisfy his urge for spectacular action, he applied to join the crack Territorial Special Air Service Volunteers regiment, based in Chelsea. Of the up to 80 recruits who start the grueling six-month course, barely 8 make it to the end. Darius was dropped after the first day, failing to run five miles in the required time of 40 minutes.

On the other hand, he had the misfortune to enter manhood during the decade dominated by Mrs. Thatcher, when an enormous premium was placed upon success and personal enrichment, and when failure was seen as a mark of shame and confirmation of uselessness. These were poisonous doctrines to a young man who was egocentric, imaginative, and frustrated.

Inca Gemstones was founded in April 1988, under the Business Expansion Scheme, introduced by the Conservative government. Guppy and Marsh were the directors, and Ben's father, Peter, a self-made advertising tycoon who is said to be worth £30 million, was the chairman. Almost immediately the fledgling company was in trouble, partly as a result of the restrictions on trading practices a B.E.S. company is allowed. The principals could not, for instance, place money on deposit but were obliged to show turnover, and therefore had to buy and sell to keep money moving and working for the company.

The novice gem dealers secured the advice of one of London's most experienced experts, Roy Huddlestone, but they did not do well, sometimes selling at a loss and money was seeping out of the company in overhead and expenses. "Everything was stacked against them," says Nicholas Guppy. "The guarantors of Inca put pressure on them to perform, to trade and so increase the value of the shares, but the jewelry business is a closed shop—the old hands don't welcome intruders. That's when things began to go wrong, when they were under pressure. They were overtaken by events, and Darius was quite out of his depth."

In 1989, Guppy traveled to India to enlist the help of an Oxford acquaintance, the sophisticated, much-traveled Ishan Dutta, who lived in Bombay. Using the name of a local gem dealer, Samir Mehta, Guppy and Dutta started a company called Rasiklal & Sons, a name Guppy had taken at random from the Bombay telephone directory. Dutta had letterheads and invoices printed, but the company was wholly fictitious. He always dealt with Guppy. "I'd send him over some blank letterheads and invoices," he typed them up, and I signed them," Dutta said later. Sometimes he would sign the blank pages and leave Guppy to fill in whatever figures he chose. The police were able to prove that six invoices made out by Rasiklal & Sons and purporting to come from Bombay were typed on a typewriter in London.

Dutta also opened an account in Geneva for Rasiklal & Sons, with himself as controller of funds. Thus, having "bought" gems worth, say, $50,000 from Bombay, Guppy would withdraw cash on the strength of a false invoice, take it around the corner, and deposit it into an account in a Geneva bank. Money was sometimes carried in brown cardboard boxes and, on one occasion, while they unloaded the trunk of a car, a box broke and Guppy was forced to frantically scoop it all up from the road. Of the moneys accumulated in Geneva, Dutta took his share of £20,000 for setting up the fraud.

Guppy would say that by keeping it in Switzerland he was able to earn interest, which the B.E.S. rules forbade him to do,

desert site of the lost city of Khara Khoto, which was sacked by Genghis Khan in 1227. She accompanied the Dalai Lama to St. Petersburg and persuaded officials at the Hermitage, where the Khara Khoto collection forms the nucleus of the Oriental department, to lend a group of the major paintings for the first time since they were unearthed by the Russian Imperial Geographic Society at the turn of this century. She also went to Tibet. "She wrote wonderful diaries from Tibet, parts of which she showed me," says her English friend Lady Anne Lambton. "I think Tibet changed her."

In 1991 she set up the ARCH Foundation in a two-room office next to the villa. She subsequently hired the distinguished cultural fund-raiser Dr. Eric-Christian Vernaagen Henriksen as its secretary-general and put together an impressive board, including J. Carter Brown, the former director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.; Dr. Paolo Viti, the director of the Palazzo Grassi in Venice; and Dr. Marilyn Perry, the chairman of the World Monuments Fund. Perry is also the president of the Samuel H. Kress Foundation, which has given ARCH a $50,000 grant to design mobile conservation laboratories—"first-aid vans for art," Francesca calls them. Her initial interest centered on St. Petersburg and Hungary, but then war broke out in Croatia.

ARCH was barraged with faxes from beleaguered Croatian cultural officials, begging for help in saving endangered artworks. In November, Francesca decided to investigate the situation firsthand. A mutual friend suggested contacting Karl von Habsburg, who was making frequent trips from Salzburg to embattled Croatian cities such as Vukovar and Osijek to deliver medical supplies, warm clothes, sleeping bags, and baby food. He told her that he was leaving on another trip the next morning and offered to take her along, although, she says, "he thought I was a bit crazy."

Nick Danziger, a war photographer whom she had helped get a job recording the cultural damage in Croatia, says, "We left Lugano about 11 or 12 that evening, drove right through the night, got to Salzburg in time for breakfast at 6 or 7 in the morning, and immediately left for Zagreb." At first they followed Karl's Volkswagen in Francesca's BMW sport convertible but at the border they left her car and pulled to his.

"I think Karl and I were very curious to discuss each other, about why we both felt so strongly about certain things," Francesca recalls now. "And I discovered very quickly that he felt very strongly about things because he knew an awful lot about them, and I felt very strongly about things because I knew nothing about them. And I was going to find out pretty fast if I stuck around Karl."

They spent five days in Croatia, based in Zagreb, the relatively peaceful capital. Francesca met with the minister of culture and education, came close to the fighting on the front line in the beautiful Baroque city of Karlovac, and found herself without an answer when local TV and radio reporters demanded, "What are you going to do about this?"

Within a month, she organized a conference in Zagreb on the subject of saving Croatia's cultural heritage. It was attended by more than 200 scholars, curators, conservators, and journalists from several European countries and began to bring international attention to the severity of the crisis. "I was way out of my league," Francesca said. "If I'd known how to do a conference, I probably wouldn't have attempted it. But Karl was there for me. He would take me aside, slip me little notes, tell me, 'Now you have to thank these people,' 'Remember to introduce those people,' 'Why don't you come into this room and start working on your plenary session?' And I thought, Wow, this guy is looking after me in the kindest and most generous way. I've never had that feeling from any of the men in my life, and I'm including my brothers and my father. Because my family is very chauvinistic, in the sense that the boys are the ones that do the clever stuff and the girls should just look pretty. My mother suffered from that. My stepmothers seem to find that role appealing.

In 1989 she met the Dalai Lama—and found a career. "That's when the idea of an exhibition came up."

After the conference was over, she continued, "Karl said, 'I'll call you in a couple of weeks.' The next day he rang. I said, 'Well, that didn't take very long.'"

"I don't know whether Francesca told you or not, but when we first met I felt very strange about her work," Karl von Habsburg told me on the trip to Croatia I made with him, his wife, and his mother the week before Easter. "I had a feeling that this might be a thing that could wait. But I must say that by now I'm really impressed by what can be achieved for the spirit of the people by that work, and I think it's fabulous what she's doing. And I must also say that when I see our work—what she is doing, what I am doing, both going in absolutely the same direction, but with completely different ways of working—it's matching very well."

He also told me that two cars of his have been blown up in Croatia—"No, I wasn't in them"—and that he receives frequent death threats from Serbian extremists. We were standing amid the bombed-out ruins of a 16th-century Renaissance villa, on a hill outside of Dubrovnik. Before the war it housed the oldest library in the former Yugoslavia, but now its books sat in cardboard boxes, getting as soaked from the rain falling through the holes in the roof as we were. Karl was wearing his standard outfit: loden jacket, button-down shirt, Hermès tie, black Levi's, black Reeboks. Born, raised, and educated in West Germany until he was 18, Karl joined the Austrian air force in 1984 after spending a year studying in Michigan with Russell Kirk, the grand old philosopher of the American right. He is now completing his doctorate in ancient history at the University of Salzburg, and still pilots in the air-force reserve. He likes fast cars, and dictates his political-opinion columns for Austrian and Spanish newspapers into a tape recorder while commuting between Salzburg and Lugano. He counts among his closest friends the crown princes of the ruling houses of Morocco and Spain. (The hot rumor in Madrid is that Karl's younger brother, Georg, is going to marry Princess Elena, the elder daughter of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia.)

Since 1986, Karl has run the Austrian branch of the Pan European Union, a conservative political movement committed to European unity and traditional values, which his father has headed since 1973. "Some people see it as a bit of a camouflage for the monarchist movement in Europe," says a well-placed Austrian aristocrat. "Especially since the Habsburgs have so much to do with it."

I asked Karl if he thought that restoring

Royal with a Cause

the monarchy—and there has been some talk of it in both the Austrian and Hungarian press—would be a good idea.

"Frankly, I just don't see it," he answered. "I mean, I really try to be absolutely down-to-earth in those things. And I think there are certainly more important things to think about and look after, so *I'm* not losing my time for that." He pointed out that in Austria, which first became a republic in 1918, "my name is Karl Habsburg, and that's it. Period." Yet he referred to the 1966 document his father signed, renouncing his right to the throne so that he could return to Austria, as "a completely ridiculous paper," and added, "*I've* never signed anything." He also told me that he "absolutely" wants to run for office in Austria in the near future, though he hasn't committed himself to a political party.

Last year, Karl caused a major uproar in the Austrian press and parliament when he agreed to host a daytime celebrity quiz show called *Who Is Who?* on state-owned Austrian Television. Though it scored the highest ratings for its time slot last season, the show hasn't been renewed, he says, because of political pressures from the Socialist Party. (There was also disapproval from another quarter: "We used to have subjects," one of Karl's Habsburg relatives is said to have cracked. "Now we have an audience.")

As Karl and I talked, Francesca systematically photographed the rubble around us. It was the third day of our trip, which hadn't been an easy one. Due to shelling in the Zadar area, parts of the coast road were closed, and we had to take a jammed overnight ferry to Split, where we spent the whole of the second day in back-to-back meetings at the Split Institute for the Protection of Cultural Monuments, the art and architecture departments of the University of Split, the local ethnological museum, and a Franciscan monastery. At every stop, Francesca was presented with requests for professional and financial assistance from her ARCH Foundation. From Split, we drove south along the Adriatic coast, formerly known as the Yugoslav Riviera. Hotels that had catered to German, Italian, and English tourists were now festooned with the laundry of refugees from Serb-occupied areas. Dubrovnik was pitch-black when we arrived, but fortunately we were staying at the one hotel with a generator, the Argentina, which was filled with refugees, black-marketers, and soldiers. Aside from a handful of UNESCO representatives, we seemed to be the only foreigners.

The next morning, the director of the Dubrovnik Institute for the Protection of Cultural Monuments took us through the old city and showed us nine Renaissance and Baroque buildings that had been bombed and burned. We also visited a makeshift conservation studio that had been set up in a monastery with assistance from ARCH. Three of the four young women working there had taken an emergency conservation course ARCH sponsored in Zagreb last year. (Three more courses, for about eight students each, are scheduled for later this year in Zagreb, Split, and Dubrovnik.) It was the only bright spot in a long afternoon of pouring rain and numbing destruction. From the ruins of the library we went on to the battered marina, the scorched airport, completely leveled country vi lages, and a small church in the middle of field which had been axed to pieces.

At dinner that evening, Archduchess R gina said grace, as usual, and so did Arc duchess Francesca. The next day was Goo Friday, and they were leaving in the mor ing for the shrine at Medjugorje, just ov the Bosnian border. Karl's mother told m that she has also been to Lourdes, Fátim and the shrine of the Black Virgin in P land, and that she is planning to make two-and-a-half-week pilgrimage on fo from the French border to Santiago c Compostela in Spain. After Medjugorj the Habsburgs were going deeper into Bo nia-Herzegovina, a region the family brie ly ruled, to Mostar, a gem of Ottoman a chitecture that has been severely damage by the Bosnian-Serb fighters still camped i the hills around it, and where battles brok out between Croats and Muslims in the cit a few days after Karl and Francesca's visi

I asked Karl if they would continue on t Sarajevo, the city where World War I bega with the assassination of a Habsburg arch duke. "No," he said with a pleasant smile "I think that's one family tradition that will not follow."

When you marry a Habsburg, history— for better or for worse—is hard to avoi The wedding of Karl and Francesca, in fac took place on the anniversary of the 188 double suicide of Crown Prince Rudolp and his mistress, Mary Vetschera, at th imperial hunting lodge of Mayerling. "Th wasn't the reason we did it," Francesca sai "The only other available date was Vale tine's Day, and neither Karl nor I could fac being married on Valentine's Day. It woul have been just too kitschy." □

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(Continued from page 78) empty pizza boxes abound—he is like a benevolent despot visiting his villagers. Michaels says hello to Polone and puts his arm around O'Brien. "What did you think of the press conference?" someone asks. Michaels pauses for dramatic effect. "Conan had some stuff," he finally pronounces. "But now it's time to get back to work." Michaels takes off his jacket and heads into his office, slowly rolling up his sleeves.

It's later the same evening, and O'Brien is having dinner with Polone at Trattoria Dell'Arte. O'Brien has changed into his usual uniform of Levi's and plain white T-shirt, and his hair, wet from a shower, is combed back. He looks like Dennis the Menace stretched out to six feet four inches. "They didn't ask me very much about my childhood today," O'Brien remarks. "I was expecting more of those kinds of questions."

For the record: O'Brien has three brothers and two sisters. His mother is a lawyer and his father is a doctor. He grew up in a ramshackle Victorian house and he slept in the attic. He wasn't much interested in sports, but he did take tap-dancing lessons at the age of nine. He went to church every Sunday, but the priest was low-key and would pace back and forth during sermons, jingling change in his pocket. "He was a cocky Irish guy," O'Brien remembers. "At the end of Mass he would say, 'Mass is ended, go in peace to love and serve the Lord. Have a nice day. Have nice week. See ya around.' And I'm thinking, Does the Vatican know about this?"

His earliest memory is of his white ca Pebbles. He says his first word was "a filiate," but that memory may be apocry phal. He admired Jimmy Cagney. "That my idea of show business," he says "You go out there, you'll sing a song an there's a big flag behind you." He als admired Bob Crane, of *Hogan's Heroes* "I thought that was the way men shoul look," he recalls. "I hated the way I looke because I had a big, Irish face—freckle and red hair. I thought we were supposed t look like Bob Crane, with black hair and kind of pompadour. No freckles or an thing and, you know, you should wear

bomber jacket and wise off to Nazis."

O'Brien did well in school, but was not too swift with the girls. He did not, for instance, go to his senior prom. "I was afraid of women," he says now. "I remember thinking, I'm going to go to the prom and have a date?! I wasn't ready for it yet. I come from this Catholic family where we didn't talk about that kind of stuff, and even my older brothers never brought a girlfriend around. But there was this girl who I heard kind of thought I was cute and I thought she was really cute. I heard she was kind of waiting for me to ask her to the prom, but I couldn't work up the nerve. One night, the phone rings and it's this girl and she says, 'So what are you doing about the prom?' And I panicked and said, 'I'm very busy. I'm helping my dad.' And then I looked at the phone and hung it up.

"That night, my dad was landscaping the backyard. It's a joke of a backyard—like a postage stamp—but he said, 'Help me plant these shrubs.' I said, 'Fine.' I had said I was going to be busy, so then I really wanted to be busy. I knew I would be a real loser if I had said no to her and then sat in a chair listening to a clock tick.

"So we're planting shrubs, but we're out of fertilizer. So I drive to the nursery in my father's Pontiac, which makes a hideous whistling noise, and I buy the fertilizer and load up the bags and there's fertilizer dust everywhere, getting in my face, and I'm driving back and I stop at this intersection and a big limousine pulls up next to me. I look over and it's the girl with the guy she ended up going with. And I do one of those waves and say, 'Hi there.' And they rolled up the tinted window and drove away."

He has not seen this girl since high school, although he has had girlfriends since and is currently going out with an actress named Lisa Kudrow. But, for now, what he's really thinking about is the show, the show, the *show*. "I'm not particularly happy when nothing's happening," he says, spearing a cheese ravioli. "But when a lot's happening, I'm kind of wishing, Gee, I wish nothing was happening. They give you a talk show and you wish they could give it to you in a year. That way I could spend some time right now quietly thinking my thoughts, eating nutritious meals, and getting eight hours of sleep a night."

Polone smiles. Neither he nor O'Brien has slept more than a few hours a night in the last week. It's been crazy. Since O'Brien's job was announced, there hasn't been a free hour. "I'm exhausted," Polone says, "but I can't sleep." The waitress brings over some congratulatory glasses of champagne, courtesy of the restaurant. No one touches the liquor. "I'm too tired," says O'Brien. Polone takes out some Tylenol PM and hands O'Brien a pill and a half. "I don't know if you can handle these," he says. "Is it time for my drugs?" says O'Brien. "I want to see the colors." Polone smiles. "Tylenol PM," he says. "This is our drug." They down their pills. "Don't mix it with champagne," Polone jokes. "I don't want any casualties."

"You know," Gavin Polone is saying over Chinese food a few days later, "everyone was after Conan." It is not an exaggeration—O'Brien may have been unknown in the real world, but in the months before he landed the late-night job, he was wildly sought-after by every agency in L.A. He didn't have an agent—he was represented by a manager—and in many ways the wooing of Conan O'Brien by CAA, ICM, William Morris, and United Talent was Phase One of his ascent.

> "When I was with Don Ohlmeyer and Warren Littlefield, they were looking at me like, You'd better be funny."

It started in January. O'Brien had a sense—"a feeling," he would call it—that something big was going to happen career-wise and that his current representation would not be up to handling whatever that career explosion might turn out to be. "I know things somehow," O'Brien says, sounding mystical. "Things happen to me. I don't know how to explain it, but they do."

Once O'Brien left his manager, there was a massive agency rush. He met with everyone. CAA offered him Coke commercials (which didn't interest him), Bill Block of ICM sent him a designer pizza at *The Simpsons*, and when he went to meet Polone at United Talent, everyone at the weekly staff meeting held up signs that read, WE LOVE YOU CONAN! By the time of the most intense wooing, it was clear that Letterman was going to CBS and that NBC wanted Lorne Michaels to control the vacant time slot. It was also clear that O'Brien was Michaels's first and only choice to produce that show. That is, if O'Brien could get out of his contract at *The Simpsons*.

But O'Brien wanted to be in front of the camera, and he made that clear to the agents who were attempting to seduce him. For the most part, they didn't really seem to take that option seriously—after all, the producer job made sense, paid well, and was the logical next step. "When I met with ICM and Block," O'Brien says, "he asked me what I wanted to do and I said, 'Well, I'd like to perform.' And he took a tiny pad out of his jacket pocket and wrote down 'Perform,' as if writing it down would make it a reality." Polone, meanwhile, told him, "If you want to perform, I'll do everything in my power to make that happen." And that was saying something—O'Brien knew that Polone, who is 29 and represents most of the writers on *The Simpsons* and *Seinfeld*, was extremely aggressive on behalf of his clients. "I'm never afraid to confront anybody," Polone states matter-of-factly. "If I think it's the right thing to do."

So, in early March, O'Brien signed with Polone and United Talent. The first thing he wanted to do was get out of *The Simpsons*, and to counter that desire, Fox offered him a very large, seven-figure deal to continue writing on *The Simpsons* and develop other shows. O'Brien and Polone turned it down. Next on the agenda was the *Late Night* producer job. Michaels definitely wanted O'Brien, and at first O'Brien said he would do it. The hunt for a host was on—Dana Carvey, who had originally expressed interest in the job, had opted to make movies instead. "Conan and I had a lot of conversations about producing the show," recalls Polone. "I would talk to Lorne every single day about it. And Conan would have long meetings with Lorne. And I'd say, 'He can't leave *The Simpsons*, so it's all moot.' "

At some point—it's unclear exactly when in the process this occurred—O'Brien's name came up as a possible host. Polone says he mentioned it to Dinah Minot, one of Michaels's producers in Los Angeles, who liked the idea. "They were searching for a host," recalls Polone, "and I said, 'If you're going to hire someone unknown, you might as well use Conan.' "

She had thought of it herself and viewed O'Brien as a real possibility, as did Michaels. "Conan never discussed it with

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Lorne," Polone recalls. "He wasn't really even pushing me to do it. But we would talk about it and he knew he had the ability to do the show."

"Gavin knew I wanted to perform," O'Brien says, "but I didn't think this was in the realm of possibilities." So in mid-March they just let it drop for a while—O'Brien told Michaels he didn't want to produce the show and resigned himself to staying on *The Simpsons* until the end of his contract. "I told Lorne, 'I want to go off and perform,' " O'Brien recalls. "I said, 'I don't want to produce the show. I don't believe in myself in that role anymore.' "

It's Saturday night around six and Lorne Michaels is just concluding a meeting about *Coneheads*, a movie based on the recurring *S.N.L.* sketch from the 70s. *Coneheads* posters and advertising are strewn over a glass table in Michaels's office at NBC, which overlooks the *Saturday Night Live* studio. It's during the dinner break, and Michaels is picking at three plates of food (chicken, salad, pasta) and fielding inquiries from *S.N.L.* producer Jim Downey about the opening for tonight's show, which guest-stars Christina Applegate. The mood should be chaotic, but it's not—instead, Michaels's manner is relaxed and meditative.

"In February," he begins, taking a last bite of salad, "it was decided that David Letterman was going to leave, and shortly after that it became clear that Dana wasn't really interested in doing a late-night show. And Mr. Wright [president of NBC] asked me to get involved. This was on a Tuesday night. The announcement about Letterman leaving was on a Thursday night. I was pressed into service. I thought I would love to be involved with the selection of the host and the putting together of the team and also the direction once the host had been found. I had no interest in the show being the son of *Saturday Night Live*. The show should have its own identity and be separate. It should be strong and upright and brave and forceful and pleasant and kind."

Michaels pauses for the joke and takes a sip of water. "The single most important ingredient on a show like this is the host," Michaels continues. "So Dinah Minot, who works with me on the West Coast, and Pam Thomas, who has helped with auditions for *S.N.L.*, and people from NBC began a search. Pam went to various cities and we checked out local television and we asked NBC to come up with a list as well. I had already spoken to Conan because I wanted him to be the producer. I thought he had the right sensibility and I thought the way he was funny was what I was looking for on the show. Conan is funny in a very playful, very generous way. A lot of guys come out of the clubs and their comedy is, on some level, light hostility. They don't necessarily connect to people. I thought Conan was one of those people that wants to make you laugh, but he's just as happy if *you're* funny.

"And for a month—maybe five weeks—Conan was the producer. And I was looking at various names, and, simultaneously, he said he wanted to be a performer more than he wanted to be a writer. And two of the people that I've been closest to over the years—Steve Martin and Chevy Chase—both came from that. In the case of Chevy, he wanted to be a performer on the show and I wouldn't agree to it. I wanted to make my own choices. And he took another job and he called me two weeks in and went, 'Get me out of here.' And he came and was a writer, but he was so funny. He would do the fall just to make you laugh. He would do the fall in restaurants. And that's when I learned that comedy's too important to be left to professionals. Chevy was a great amateur, in the way that Conan is a great amateur."

> "Conan's the guy you'd want to fix up with your sister," says a friend. "You root for him."

Michaels pauses. "Conan called me and said he just couldn't go through with it, and I didn't turn into George C. Scott at the end of *The Hustler* yelling at Paul Newman. I just said I understood."

By now—late March—Michaels and NBC had narrowed their lists down to around six people each. Among them were stand-ups Paul Provenza, Rick Reynolds, and Drew Carey. A showcase was arranged at the Improv in Los Angeles and Michaels and the NBC chieftains—Littlefield, Ohlmeyer, et al.—went to watch. "There wasn't a clear-cut 'Gosh this is exciting' winner," recalls Littlefield. "Each guy had 20 great minutes, but there was not one who had five nights a week."

After O'Brien removed himself as producer, his name started coming up as a potential host. Michaels talked to Jim Downey about the idea, and Downey, who is not an effusive sort, was excited by Conan's host. " 'Enthusiasm' isn't a word that, as [comedy writer] Michael O'Donoghue would say, pirouettes to mind when you speak about Jim," says Michaels, "but he was like '*Yeah yeah yeah*. That might work. That's something interesting.' "

Encouraged by Downey's response, Michaels talked to Polone and also to O'Brien. Needless to say, O'Brien was intrigued by the possibility. Michaels also phoned NBC. "Lorne called and said, 'You should be sitting down,' " recalls Littlefield. "He said, 'This is a really different idea. The more I think about it, the more I'm attracted to it.' I said, 'Conan O'Brien? The writer?' It was Lorne's equivalent of a diamond in the rough. My heart stopped for a second, but I understood."

Michaels liked the fact that O'Brien was young ("If you're doing a show that is primarily aimed at kids in school, then wouldn't it be better with somebody who still had a memory of it?"), that he was intelligent, and that he had, like Johnny Carson, good manners. "Manners are not something you advertise for," he explains. "And manners aren't the quickest route to success in our business, but Carson always obeyed the rules of hospitality. He was an excellent host."

It was agreed that O'Brien would shoot a test, but Michaels was already convinced. "He became my only choice," he says now. "There's an essential decency to Conan, which is not to be underestimated. I also believe that. . . ." Michaels takes a breath. "This is a bit grand," he says finally, "but I think Americans are essentially optimistic. They like the idea of giving someone a chance."

NBC had promised its affiliates that it would announce the new late-night host around April 15. It was already April 11 and there was no clear winner, so Littlefield and Ohlmeyer were eager to test O'Brien immediately. On Monday the 12th, Polone and O'Brien were told that the test would be on the *Tonight Show* set the next day. "It was all pretty much done on the fly," O'Brien recalls. That morning, they were still lining up guests. Mimi

Rogers, whom Polone had once dated and who remains a close friend, agreed to do the show as a personal favor to him, and Dinah Minot got Jason Alexander, from *Seinfeld*, to appear on the test. O'Brien called Smigel and some of his other friends to help him write jokes for the monologue, and he hunted through his closet for a jacket and a tie. "I usually keep some clothes in the trunk of my car," he says. "My jackets seem to stay neater that way.

"I was doing everything at once," O'Brien says. "I was trying to get dressed and I'm standing in front of the camera and Ohlmeyer is saying, 'No, no, a different tie,' and I was trying to read through promo stuff. It was crazy."

Once onstage, O'Brien relaxes. What's interesting about the test is how instantly comfortable O'Brien is on-camera. His jokes don't always hit, but his delivery is enormously appealing and he is great with the guests, especially with Rogers. He thanks her profusely for agreeing to the interview. "I don't get to talk to attractive women very often," he says. "I live upstairs from a model and I just leer at her a lot. That's the extent of our relationship." O'Brien then chats with Rogers about her recent mini-series, which is based on the true story of two sons who arranged to have their parents killed. "Did they actually *do* it?" O'Brien asks. "A lot of people contract." He also wonders about her recent *Playboy* spread ("Was that as weird as it would sound?"), and Rogers replies that it was done in a "classy" way. "Classy?" asks O'Brien. "So, like you're wearing a top hat and reading *The New Yorker*?"

Throughout the test, O'Brien makes humorous references to really, really, *really* wanting the job. "'Oh, I *like* it here," he says, looking directly at the camera. "People who know me know this is where I should be." Remarkably, the comment does not come off as braggadocio. O'Brien does seem to be a natural fit.

Michaels and NBC were thrilled with the test. "I believe [NBC senior vice president] Rick Ludwin, who is the most cautious of the people at the network, used the phrase 'nimble wit,' " recalls Michaels rather gleefully. "After the test, Don [Ohlmeyer] and Rick came down on the side of Conan."

Littlefield, however, had another idea. "I woke up in the middle of the night," he says, "and I went, 'Garry Shandling!' I felt we had an obligation to our stations and ourselves that there was no name we hadn't considered. So I called Brad Grey [Shandling's manager] and said, 'Is there a possibility?' "

This is where matters get somewhat complicated. Brad Grey and his partner, Bernie Brillstein, not only are Shandling's managers but also manage Lorne Michaels. (And Dana Carvey, Dennis Miller, Kevin Nealon, and just about everyone at *Saturday Night Live*.) Reportedly, Grey was anxious for Shandling to consider the 12:35 slot, but was understandably concerned about upsetting Michaels, who he knew would not want to produce a show hosted by an established star like Shandling. "It was poor poker on the part of NBC," says one industry insider. "But then again, what's a deal for Brad and Bernie without a conflict of interest?"

At the time, Michaels was reportedly quite upset by NBC's talks with Shandling,

In many ways, the wooing of O'Brien by CAA, ICM, William Morris, and United Talent was Phase One of his ascent.

although now, when the final verdict is known, he has a more philosophical interpretation of the events. "I don't think it was meant to undermine me," he says. "I know how it works. And I know that, as hard as this is to say, it's not personal."

O'Brien, meanwhile, was back at *The Simpsons*, waiting to hear one way or another. "Lorne called me and said, 'I think it's gonna be Shandling, but I heard NBC liked the test so much they are going to give you the 1:30 slot.' I wasn't really carrying my weight at *The Simpsons* those last days. I was really trying, but it was hard. It was like 'You may be president of the United States or you may not. We lost the piece of paper that said which it was, but we should find it soon. In the meantime, can you stay here and count these beans in this sack?' 'What? Am I president or not?' 'I don't know. You are . . . or you aren't. Just count these beans and we'll be back in a few days.' " Despite his nervousness, O'Brien was fairly certain that he would wind up with 12:35. "I just knew," he says. "I had a feeling."

On April 18, O'Brien turned 30. "I had a birthday party for myself," he says, "and people came and said 'Wow, what's going on?' And I said, 'I don't know, but it's my birthday.' " Within a week, unbeknownst to O'Brien, Shandling had decided he wanted to stay with his brilliant HBO show, *The Larry Sanders Show*, which is, ironically, a parody of a talk show. Or at least that's one version of what happened. Sources claim that Shandling (and Grey and CAA, which represents Shandling) asked for $5 million a year, which is $2 million more than Jay Leno is making, and that he didn't want to start the show until January, which would have left NBC with a large hole at 12:35 after Letterman leaves on June 25. Littlefield maintains that he "never got in the room with Shandling," and NBC is so insistent on this point that *The Hollywood Reporter* ran a front-page story stating the network's denial of the Shandling offer. "It was just an intriguing possibility," says Littlefield. Michaels is a bit more skeptical: "You can only inquire with an offer," he says. "That's the way the high end of the business works."

After O'Brien's test, Ohlmeyer and Littlefield met with him to discuss his vision of the show. "We discussed strategy, philosophy, sense of comedy," Littlefield recalls. "We decided we wanted to be in business with the guy." They called Polone and set up a deal for both the 12:35 and the 1:30 slots. "It was an if-come deal," Polone says. "That means, if he's picked, this is what his deal is." Polone will not reveal O'Brien's salary, but sources close to NBC say it's a five-year deal, at a little over $1 million a year, with an option to renegotiate after one year. "Let's just say NBC had the advantage in that negotiation," says one insider. "Conan would have done the show for nothing, and they knew it."

In the end, the choice came down to instinct and timing. If Shandling had been game, O'Brien would probably have been nixed, but when he said no, O'Brien was clearly the best candidate for the job. He had Michaels's support and Ohlmeyer liked him and Littlefield started to see his potential. NBC needed to make a decision, and O'Brien was the guy with momentum. He was it.

On Monday, April 26, O'Brien got the job. Immediately, NBC went into overdrive, and it was decided that he would be introduced on *The Tonight Show* that same evening. Michaels was vehemently

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opposed to this plan; he preferred that O'Brien be introduced at the New York press conference a week later, a situation he could control. But NBC was afraid that the news would leak. And, besides, they felt they owed Leno—they wanted to have him introduce O'Brien to a waiting world. "I thought it was a giant mistake," says Michaels. "But one which I understood."

O'Brien and Polone met at Michaels's office on the Paramount lot, where he was working on the script for *Wayne's World II* (otherwise known as *W.W. II, the Big One*). They tried to convince Ohlmeyer and NBC that having Leno introduce O'Brien was an error in judgment, but they realized NBC would not budge.

At around 3:30, O'Brien took his two blazers out of the trunk of his green Ford Taurus and drove in Polone's black Porsche to Burbank, where *The Tonight Show* is taped. Backstage, Ohlmeyer adjusted O'Brien's tie. ("Don and Conan get along because they're the same height," remarks Brandon Tartikoff. "They're both members of the 44-long club.") On the show, Leno was gracious, and O'Brien, who seemed a bit stunned, kept saying, "I'm just thrilled," again and again. He didn't say much else. And then, almost instantly, he was gone.

When he got home that evening, O'Brien, who had a listed phone number, had 58 messages on his machine. "I pulled the phone out of the wall," he says. Polone, meanwhile, was trying to extricate him from his *Simpsons* contract, which wasn't easy to do this late in the game. "They were being grossly unfair," recalls Polone. "They were trying to get compensation from NBC and a lot of money from Conan, as well as a first look at his future pilot ideas, before they would release him from his *Simpsons* contract." Eventually, Fox got what it wanted.

In the meantime, a camera crew from the E! Entertainment Network showed up on the Fox lot to interview O'Brien's co-workers at *The Simpsons*. "It was insane," says O'Brien. "I spent most of the day hiding in a production trailer on the Fox lot. I was talking on the phone, lying on the floor, and these guys walked in and they couldn't believe that this guy that everybody's talking about is lying on this crappy shag carpet. I was like 'Hi, guys.' And they were like 'What are you doing here? Why aren't you drinking champagne out of a slipper?' "

NBC had its own plans: according to sources, Littlefield called and asked O'Brien if he knew Arnold Schwarzenegger from the *Hans and Franz* movie. "Sure," O'Brien said, "we met once, but I don't think he could pick me out of a lineup." "Well," said Littlefield, "why don't you call him and ask him if he'll do a promo with you for the show. You could face each other and he'd say, 'I'm Conan.' And you'd say, '*I'm* Conan.' And he'd say, 'No, *I'm* Conan,' and you could go back and forth like that." O'Brien chose to disregard the idea.

The phone did not stop ringing for 24 hours. Every news organization called. Frito-Lay wanted O'Brien for an ad; Delacorte Publishing called about his writing a book. On and on. It was wild. "We were sitting around Lorne's office that first day," Polone recalls, "wondering what Conan would turn into, how fame would affect him. Generally, it goes one of two ways—either you become an egomaniac or a recluse." No conclusion was reached. It was too soon to tell.

The next 10 days of Conan O'Brien's life were reminiscent of that part in *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy and Toto and company arrive at the Emerald City. They've finally reached the kingdom; the huge double doors swing open, and they know they're going to meet the Wizard. Only first they have to go through that rub-rub-here/clip-clip-there phase. The Scarecrow needs new straw, the Lion needs a perm, and Dorothy gets a head-to-toe beauty makeover before they are ready

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: Photographs, top to bottom, by Annie Leibovitz, Eric Boman, David Hartley/Rex U.S.A.

Page 8: Photographs: Bottom left, suit from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; shirt from Barneys, N.Y.C., and Maxfield's, L.A.; tie from selected Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores and Ron Ross, Studio City, California; belt from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. Bottom right, by Marina Schiano.

Page 16: Photograph, top, from Magnum Photos.

Page 30: Photographs, top to bottom, by Guirec Marechal/Gamma-Liaison, Robert Maass/Sipa, from A.P./Wide World Photos.

Page 40: Drawing courtesy of Peter Marino & Associates Architects.

Page 45: Photograph from NYT Pictures.

Page 46: Photographs, left to right, by Franco Cavassi/Antinea, Carlo Brogi/Contrasto/Saba, from Felici/Olympia.

Page 49: Photograph from Prisma/Photoreporters.

Page 58: Photograph, top, from French *Glamour*.

Page 60: Photographs, top right, by Dafydd Jones; bottom right, by Greg Schneider.

Page 62: Photographs, top to bottom, left to right, from Globe Photos, from Globe Photos, by Michael Benabib/Retna, from Archive Photos, by Sandra Johnson/Retna, from Globe Photos.

Page 63: Photographs, top to bottom, left to right, by Maurice McInnis/LGI, Ken Regan/Camera 5, Adrian Green/Retna, Lynn Goldsmith/LGI.

Page 67: Shirt, Brooks Brothers, N.Y.C.; socks by Polo/Ralph Lauren Hosiery, from all fine department stores; razor from Sentimento, N.Y.C.

Page 71: Shirt by Donna Karan, from Barneys, N.Y.C., John's & Co., Phoenix, and selected Neiman Marcus stores; tie by Donna Karan, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., Louis, Boston, and Butch Blum, Seattle; trousers by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo, from the Comme des Garçons Boutique and Charivari, both in N.Y.C., and Ultimo, Chicago; shoes from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.

Pages 75 and 77: Grooming by Deanna for the Pierre Michel Salon, the Plaza.

Pages 92–93: One-of-a-kind sweater rented from Early Halloween, Vintage Clothing; panties from Town Shop, N.Y.C., Flash Lingerie, Coconut Grove, and Neiman Marcus, Dallas.

Pages 94–95: Left, cat suit from the Repetto Boutique, N.Y.C.; right, shirt from Samantha Jones, N.Y.C.; both panties, call 800-288-6749.

Pages 96–97: Cardigan from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; shorts from Anna Sui, N.Y.C.

Page 101: Inset photograph from Rex U.S.A.

Pages 102–3: Photograph from Vista.

Page 104: Large photograph by Guy Marineau/Agence Top; inset by Raymond Reuter/Sygma.

Page 105: Large photograph by Pascal Hinous/Agence Top; inset from Topham/The Image Works.

Page 107: Photographs, top, courtesy of Francesca von Habsburg; bottom, from Camera Press.

Page 109: Photograph from London Express/Editorial Enterprises.

Pages 110–12: Photographs from Rex U.S.A.

Editor's note: In the June issue, the styling credits for the photograph on pages 120 and 121 were inadvertently omitted. Hair was by Enzo Angileri and makeup was by Joanne Gair, both for Cloutier.

for their audience with the Great Oz.

Similarly, O'Brien, who now *had* the job, suddenly had to become the job. (He already had the Great Oz as his executive producer.) He was in an odd position: overnight, he had become famous as an unknown. And it wasn't as if he had a staff in place or any concrete show ideas he could talk about. There was no Ed McMahon–like sidekick or a bandleader like Paul Shaffer to introduce to the media. There was just. . . Conan. Way before it had to worry about ratings, NBC needed to sell O'Brien to the press and to its affiliates. For now, O'Brien needed to be groomed and spruced for the network.

So, two days after the announcement, he was shopping for suits at Emporio Armani in Beverly Hills. Polone worked out a discount, and NBC was picking up the tab. Five people brought out shirts and ties and pants. "Does this work?" they asked. "Does this?" Bob Wright called in the middle of the buying spree to see how O'Brien was doing. They lost their connection mid-call.

He bought three suits—a black, a gray, and a navy—one of which he would have to pick up at the Armani store in New York. NBC wanted him to fly there on Saturday—Edie Baskin, *S.N.L.*'s photographer, needed to take publicity stills of him; CNBC's Tom Snyder, whose NBC late-night show was bumped in 1982 to make room for Letterman, wanted the first Conan interview; Letterman booked him on *Late Night;* the *Today* show also wanted an interview, and then, of course, there was the press conference on Monday night. He also had to pick out office space, hire an assistant, get a business manager, think about retaining a publicist, and get his phone number unlisted. "All this is surreal," he said as he watched in the mirror while a tailor pinned up his trousers. "But, for now, I'll do what has to be done, and then I'll get to do the show."

While O'Brien was being outfitted for affiliate consumption, CAA and Brillstein-Grey were beginning negotiations with CBS on behalf of Garry Shandling. "Conan is a big deal and they didn't get him," says a rival agent. "That's the kind of thing that drives CAA crazy." In fact, at a taping, Marty Adelstein, a TV agent at CAA, reportedly went up to a group of UTA agents and announced, "You know, Conan's probably feeling really high right now, but we're gonna get a $10 million deal for Shandling at CBS, and he'll knock Conan off the air in a week."

On Friday, April 30, Polone and O'Brien flew to New York, where the show will originate. Everything went as planned—from photo shoots to guest appearances to the big press conference. On the way to tape the Letterman show, the message came down from the network: When Conan is asked about his influences or comics he admires, could he please mention Jay Leno?

Luckily, Dave wasn't interested in the role-model question. On Letterman, O'Brien was a little nervous, although Letterman was gracious. They played "New Kid in Town" when he walked out, and Dave kept referring to O'Brien as "the new guy." Afterward, O'Brien said, "I have dreams where Letterman is beating me to death in an alley."

He was half joking, but the pressure of the week did take its toll. Although O'Brien is remarkably self-contained, the strain of going from being a private to a public person in a matter of days is exhausting.

"My feeling now is 'Go, man, go,'" he says on Friday night, the end of his 11th day on the job. "Just . . . go. It's not always comfortable immediately. This is not familiar terrain. Like today, I was in Times Square and this one wise guy said, 'You're not as funny as Letterman.' And I said, 'Yeah—but I'm taller.' The guy said, 'You're taller, but he's funnier.'"

The story clearly irritates O'Brien. "You know, people are expecting that the show is going to be the next dimension," he continues, stretching out on the sofa in his hotel room at the St. Regis. "Well, no, it's not gonna be the next dimension. It's going to be a talk show with those basic talk-show components. What I'd like to do is, where possible, kind of surprise people."

One thing is certain: he doesn't want the show to be called *Late Night*. "*Late Night* is the Top 10 lists and everything," he says. "It's Letterman. And then people will say, 'This guy's no Letterman.' Well, of course I'm no Letterman. I'm a different guy. And I think it should have a completely different name. Call it. . . *Night Late* if you want. Just don't call it the same thing, because then you're lying to people. You're saying, 'It's still Coca-Cola.' Well, it's not Coca-Cola anymore. It's. . . much thicker than Coke. Not as sweet. It's got chunks of fat in it. It's really not a good drink. But you know it's *not* Coke."

O'Brien smiles. "I know why I'm doing this," he says. "I'm not doing this to become really rich. And, you know, I have no sex drive. It was destroyed years ago in a mining accident. So I'm not doing this to sleep around. I don't really want a fast car—the Taurus only has 18,000 miles on it. What I really want is the satisfaction of doing a good job." He pauses. "I just want to do the show," he says finally. "That's the fun."

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(*Continued from page 97*) clean and recovering, Morrow has only praise for her younger sister. "She used to see me get into so much trouble all the time, and she really protected herself from that," Morrow tells me. "I just adore her. Literally, she's been a big part in saving my life."

"Her choice of roles doesn't surprise me," says her younger sister, Mina Badie, who is also an actress. "I would always hear about them before I saw them. I would also hear about her perceptions of each character. The first thing out of her mouth was not that this girl was a prostitute. The first thing out of her mouth was that this girl is naïve and thinks that life is wonderful and everything in life is beautiful. So I saw the reasoning behind the character before I saw the character."

Though Leigh is extremely close to her mother and sisters, she has still not created a family of her own, and is surprisingly unapologetic about it, considering the neo-nesting atmosphere so prevalent in the Hollywood of the 1990s. "I just don't feel at all ready to have children right now. I don't. I would *want* to want to have children. Hopefully in the next 10 years I will." Having dated actors David Dukes and Eric Stoltz in the past, Leigh turns coy when pressed to describe her current private life. "I'm in a relationship that I've been in for a number of years now. He is not an actor. *He is not an actor*. . . . It's just so important to me to keep my private life private. I personally don't like reading about people's private lives. It makes me cringe."

Leigh's next two roles are great leaps forward for her—if not on a performance level, at least on a sociological one. In addition to playing Dorothy Parker, she will be seen as the female lead in the Coen brothers' next film, *The Hudsucker Proxy*, which co-stars Tim Robbins and Paul Newman. In it she must rattle off her part with the feistiness of a Jack Russell terrier and the timing of a Rosalind Rus-

Phenomenon

sell heroine. A 1950s Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter on an investigative assignment, she exposes the corporate shenanigans behind Paul Newman's machinations while at the same time falling in love with Newman's dupe in the film, Tim Robbins. *The Hudsucker Proxy* has the atmosphere of a 1930s screwball comedy, and some would say that Leigh, because of her past work, is a curious choice to play the reporter. "She's a chameleon," Joel Coen says by way of explanation. "And she can talk real fast," offers his brother, Ethan.

"I still wake up some mornings not believing I got the part in *The Hudsucker Proxy*—that I actually *made* the movie," Leigh admits. "When I first got the part, I thought, Oh, I will die before I make this movie. I even investigated getting a new car with air bags, because I thought there is no way that my life can be this good."

After the very public tragedy of her father, Vic Morrow, being killed in a freak helicopter accident on the set of *Twilight Zone: The Movie*, it is understandable why Leigh is skittish about her good fortune. Never close to Morrow when he was alive (she was born Jennifer Leigh Morrow, discarded her last name, and borrowed "Jason" from family friend Jason Robards), the 31-year-old actress seems to have grown closer to him in death. The night after the accident, she, her mother, and her older sister got a print of *Blackboard Jungle*, in which Morrow starred as a young punk, and watched it while sharing memories of him—a touchingly Hollywood way to mourn a father's death. That was 11 years ago, yet it is still a subject she steadfastly refuses to discuss. "Something like that is not something you get over," she states, telling me that she has been in therapy ever since the accident happened. "It's not like being sick and then suddenly you're well and you can't remember the pain of it. I think the death of a parent is something that you work through. It changes you forever. It's something you're constantly working on and finding out about. It's nothing I talk about, really. I talk about it in therapy, but I don't really even talk about it in my friendships very much."

One of Leigh's best friends is actress Phoebe Cates, who co-starred with her in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. "She does not have a mean bone in her body—not one," says Cates. "The funny thing is that the director Paul Morrissey once gave me a copy of *Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell Is This?*, and when I read it—this is way before Jennifer was going to do Miss Parker—I thought, Who could play this part? And there was nobody other than Jennifer that I could imagine doing it."

Neither could Robert Altman, who is producing the film, in which Leigh must age into her 60s. At his Fourth of July party last summer, Altman escorted Leigh over to meet the film's director, Alan Rudolph. "Alan, this is Jennifer," he said. "I really think she would be great as Dorothy Parker." The next day Leigh received a script, and soon met with Rudolph in a local coffee shop to discuss the role. Other cast members include Lili Taylor as Edna Ferber, Campbell Scott as Robert Benchley, and Matthew Broderick as Charles MacArthur. In the February 1919 issue of *Vanity Fair*, Dorothy Parker, in her role as drama critic, wrote of MacArthur's future wife, Helen Hayes, in a production of *Dear Brutus:* "Hers is one of those roles that could be overdone without a struggle, yet she never once skips over into the kittenish, never once grows too exuberantly sweet—and when you think how easily she could have ruined the whole thing, her work seems little short of marvelous. I could sit down right now and fill reams of paper with a single-spaced list of names of actresses who could have completely spoiled the part."

Parker could have been writing about the actress who, more than 70 years later, would be portraying *her*. In fact, Leigh is something of a critics' darling. *The New York Times* especially heralds her performances. Janet Maslin, writing about *Miami Blues*, in which Leigh co-starred with Alec Baldwin, noted that "Miss Leigh . . . steals every scene with Susie's impossible ingenuousness," and Maslin's fellow critic Vincent Canby went even further in his review of *Single White Female*. "Ms. Leigh continues to astonish," he wrote. "It's difficult to recognize in th lunatic Hedy the same woman who playe the innocent hooker in *Miami Blues* an the frail, lost Tralala in *Last Exit t Brooklyn*. She's become one of our mos stunning character actresses before look ing old enough to vote."

Leigh is a born child of Hollywood. " grew up two blocks above Hollywoo Boulevard," she reminisces. "When was growing up, Hollywood Boulevar was so safe. I mean, at six years old m friends would come over to play, and w would walk down Hollywood Boulevard go play in the Wax Museum, play a Grauman's Chinese Theatre. It was reall safe and wonderful and fun. We'd wall backwards and read the stars in the side walk. When I was around 14, I remem ber, Lee Strasberg had a summer studi session for kids, so I'd walk down there . . . I was always the good girl, and being the good girl requires a lot of suppres sion—suppressing the animal parts. Wher I was a child and I would playact, al those parts would come out. They ar both true parts of me—one is the part tha I live, and the other is the part that I ac and can live with at a safe distance. Act ing has been a real lifesaver for me—*from childhood*. It's partially a genetic thing and partly environmental."

"Is it a way of loving your father?"

"Well, I don't know about that, because I always did it from such an early age. Not professionally, of course, but as a means of being with people. It was as simple as that: just being among people On a deep level, it has more to do with who I am than who my father was. In nursery school it was: Let's play house. In kindergarten it was a production of *The Wizard of Oz*. I put the whole production together. My best friend played Toto. *On a leash*."

"And what part did you play?"

"Why, *Dorothy*, of course," Leigh says, her voice suddenly filled with a haughty and haunting dismissiveness. It is as if the Kansas Dorothy of her past—the yearning, youthful basis of all her characterizations, it would seem—had parked herself here at our table only to acquiesce to the cantankerous Algonquin queen already in our midst. □

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Planetarium

CANCER ♋ *June 21–July 22*

Start each day with the following premise and you'll be fine: Sanity is cyclical. Then just continue cleaning the house and periodically sneaking off to a quiet place where you can think things out, preferably one where your 802 favorite distractions can't find you. Is peace possible with the south node of the moon hanging around in your 12th house and that evil twin of yours whispering incessantly in your ear? Of course it is. Just put your own hand on your fevered brow—and don't even ask anyone else to understand you. A note about planning your summer vacation: July should really be the month. Not August.

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 21*

With Mars in your sign until June 23, all you Leos are going to be hopping and hot. That should come as a great relief, considering the zombie winter you went through. Note to single Leos: Eclipses in your 5th and 11th houses should help you get over past rejections, even if they leave you more undecided than Goldilocks about which bed to sleep in. A word to the married among you: If the spice goes out of a marriage, new flavors are sure to crop up elsewhere. All Leos must bear in mind that too much freedom is not only destructive to relationships but also more hazardous than smoking.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

This has *not* been your most stellar year, but from the minute Mars enters Virgo and opposes Saturn on June 23, life will be different. Don't get carried away thinking that that special someone is coming to save you from dishpan hands. If anything, you've got to become more savvy about relationships, which were never your strong point. With the south node in your 10th house, Saturn retrograde on June 10, and Mercury retro all July, you may get the feeling that nothing is happening. But if you play your cards right and don't swoon over the first person who comes along and tickles you, it could all happen for you in '94.

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

Though you'd be the last to admit it, you're in pretty good shape for a change, considering you've got only 10 fingers and 10 toes and have already discovered 19 holes in your little boat. The transit of Venus in Taurus and Gemini all through June and July should stabilize you and make you happy and sociable. Mars in your 12th house, beginning June 23, indicates the need to get away from it all and meditate; if you don't, you're likely to entertain paranoid notions that your best friend is writing your phone number on public-bathroom walls. The weird part is: with Mars in the 12th, such a thing could happen.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

Be proud of how you have learned to let go of some of those mindless carnivorous urges. With the south node in your 8th house, immediate gratification of desires can definitely provide a necessary, if desperate, release from the stresses of the business of living, but with the north node in the 2nd, you've got to find out that there is absolutely no joy like the familiar hug you get at the end of a long and tiring day. Unevolved Scorpios have a tendency to act as if they were being dragged helplessly around in wagons pulled by hungry lions in search of prey. But don't let that happen to you.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

The following philosophical question is currently very relevant for all Sadges: Why spend a lot of money on a Club Med vacation if you go alone and come back alone? "Alone? Who's alone?" many Sagittarians will snap. "I'm not alone. I'm happily married." *Not.* Your relationship life is not that ecstatic, unless you call playing patty-cake with an over-age child a happy marriage. The trick now is not to hook up with just anybody so that you'll have a date for your sister-in-law's niece's wedding. The wise path for the present is to enjoy life, preferably out of doors, with or without someone at your side.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

Miracles did not stop happening the week the Bible first went to the press. While it may appear that all you do is eat and drink with lots of punishment and precious few rewards, don't give up now. With Venus in Taurus, Mars in Virgo, the north node of the moon in your 12th house, and Jupiter overhead, *miracles can happen*, even in this period of dizzying change. Between the moment you pull the cord and the time the parachute billows open, there is a period of grace and calm when you can look up through the cloud cover and even go briefly view the silver lining. But if you keep your eyes squeezed shut, you'll miss it.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Your sign has certainly bred its share of leading men and women—from Lana Turner to Tom Selleck. In truth, though, you're more the Gertrude Stein–Arsenio Hall type. This issue arises now, what with eclipses in your 5th and 11th houses. Yes, you have foolish, romantic desires, but you are also very capable of tripping over your underwear on the way to the bedroom and ending up with a major bruise to your ego. No one in the world, however, is as good a sport as you are, and you can be proud of that. On another note: It is wiser to examine one's own wrinkles than to make fun of another person's face-lift.

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

If you find yourself madly trying to get back on a wagon you've fallen off of, but feel that you are too slow to do so, that you're losing a race with a moving vehicle, be of good cheer. Saturn is dropping into Pisces this June, but it's pulling right out again. It will return next January, at which time you'll have ample opportunity to get your whole life together. Meanwhile, there's plenty of time to search for the meaning of life, or, if you prefer, to be anesthetized or even hypnotized. You are tired. So tired. Even as you read this passage your eyelids are probably getting heavy. You want to sleep. . .

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

Another lousy month? Not at all. Arians have been complaining lately about being picked on and discriminated against. That's cute, as if the Uranus-Neptune conjunction had some kind of personal vendetta against you. Granted, it could get to you if every time you slapped two bucks down on the favorite the long shot came in, and vice versa. But if all your business could be neatly ironed and folded and put away in a drawer, you'd *still* go nuts. Mars in Leo through June 22 puts zip into your engine and gives you the thrill of an affair, even if you don't act on it. Venus in Taurus until July 4 means money. Are you happy *now*?

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

Venus is in Taurus until July 4, and then it will be in your 2nd house for the rest of July. Except for a few minor bumps and scrapes, that means strength. It's the rush you get when your rich grandmother gives you power of attorney. It's the ring of the cash register, the glitter of two carats. Even better than all of those, it's that wonderful feeling of relief you get when you finally step off a roller coaster and touch solid ground. It's a sense of returned stability and a little control, the heady exhilaration of good old-fashioned healthy selfishness, when you can jump around in your own money and scream, "What's mine is mine!"

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

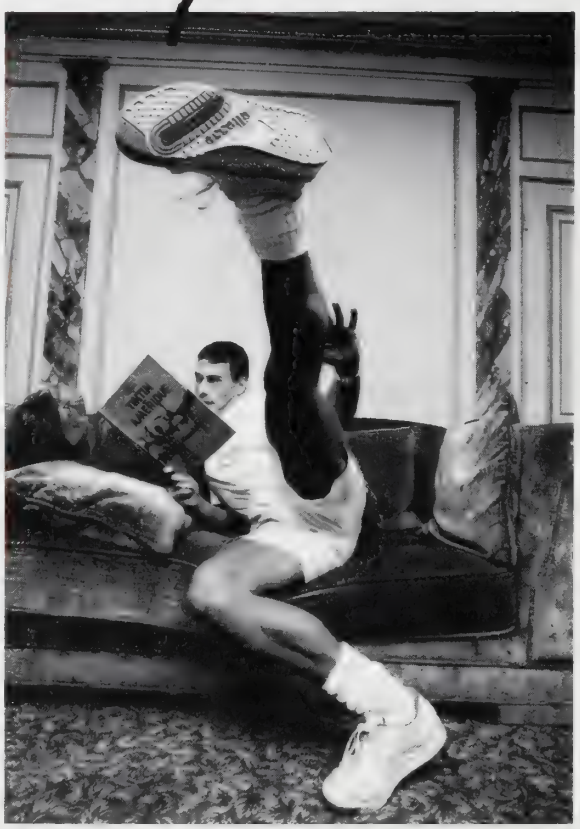
Where is that chili-pepper spark of yours that turned every encounter into a savory memory and made you oh so saucy? Blame it on a couple of nasty solar eclipses in Gemini that have recently flattened you out. While right now Geminis born in May may be feeling it most intensely, all Geminis are learning the Zen of cleaning out all old stuff from house, closet, and life. Venus enters your sign on July 5, and Jupiter will be in your 5th house all summer. That's love. So come on now. Let's see a little of that old tennis-ball bounce that once carried you over the net with a hearty laugh, win or lose.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM GAULT

By Michael Lutin

Can a few simple questions sum up a life?

That's the point of the Proust Questionnaire (named for Marcel, who took it twice). NELL SCOVELL updates the notion, and tries it out on Jean-Claude Van Damme, who says life would be less swell without Jacques Brel



What is your idea of perfect happiness? Health.

When and where were you happiest? When I was training with friends when I was 17 years old in Belgium.

What historical figure do you most identify with? Jacques Brel. He's fantastic. The Frank Sinatra of Europe. I love the way he was not afraid to show his emotion.

What or who is your greatest love? My family.

What living person do you most admire? My father. He taught me a lot in life. He was *autodidacte*. He read so many books. He was full of culture. So when I was working with him when I was young in the flower shop, he told me stories about life.... Yes, I can arrange flowers. I didn't kick the flowers, I arranged them.

What is your greatest extravagance? Traveling. When you're traveling, you're meeting different types of people. And you don't have to travel first-class to learn about people.... I don't travel coach, because if I do, the next day the *Enquirer* will say Mr. Van Damme lost all his money in Vegas.

What is your favorite journey? Asia.

What is your most treasured possession? My children. If you mean just "material," I love antiques. Someone just got me an incense burner from Mongolia. It's beautiful.

What is your greatest fear? Something bad happening to my children.

What is the closest you've ever been to death? A car accident in Thailand.

What do you dislike about your appearance? My big nose. You don't see it, because I know where to put my face in the camera. On the lens if you go too close, it's like a "French face," so I've got to be careful.

Which talent would you like to have most? To be able to sing. Not Jacques Brel. I'd like to sing opera. I don't have time to go, but I listen to discs. It's great. You don't need a microphone to have people hear you.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse? "Listen."

Which living person do you most despise? I don't despise anyone and that's a promise. Maybe it's because I'm training every day, I'm healthy, and I've got anything I want. And even before I was famous I never hated people. And, believe me, I was hurt many times.

On what occasions do you lie? I would lie to save a friend.

What is your greatest regret? I once gave up a female Chow Chow dog named Tara. I had to leave her behind in Belgium when I came to America, and when I returned for a visit a year later, I found out that the dog had died of a broken heart.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue? Promises. All the time, people break promises. I've been divorced three times. You say you will love someone forever, and at the time, of course, I mean it. And, also, success can change people like crazy, so we try to make the best of it. But we're learning. That's why I like listening to old people.

What do you consider your greatest achievement? Achieving my dream.

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Fred Hughes and the War over Warhol
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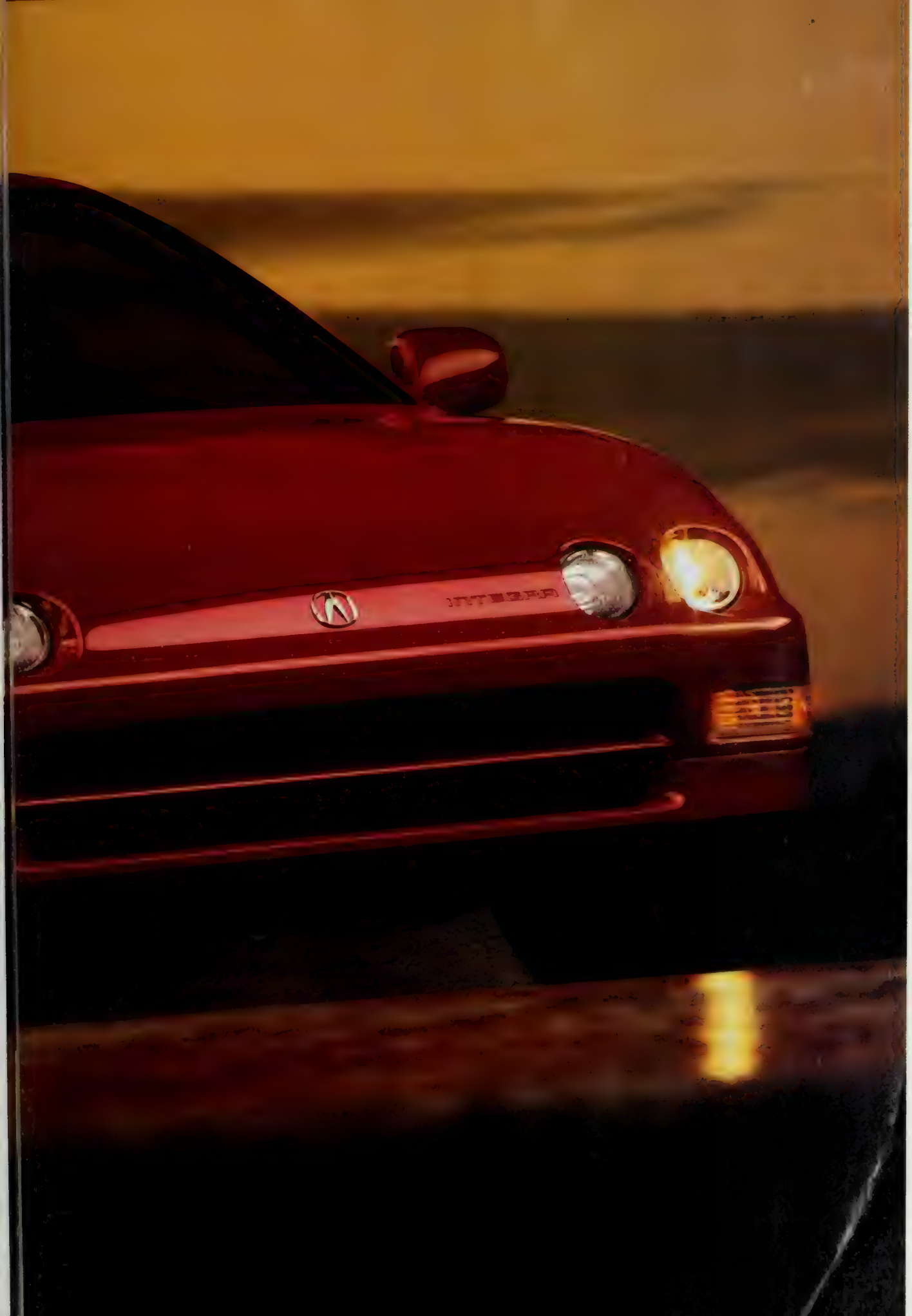
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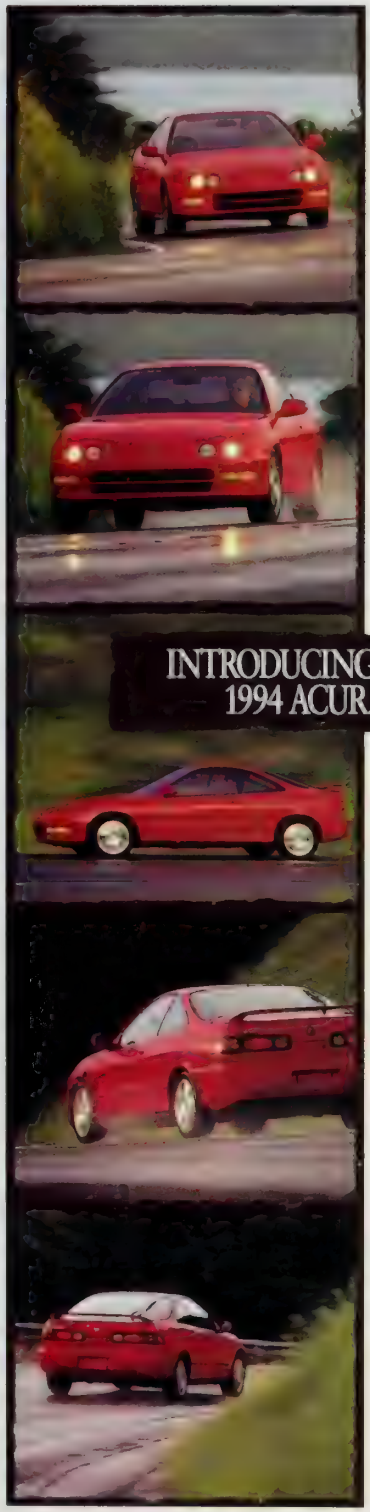
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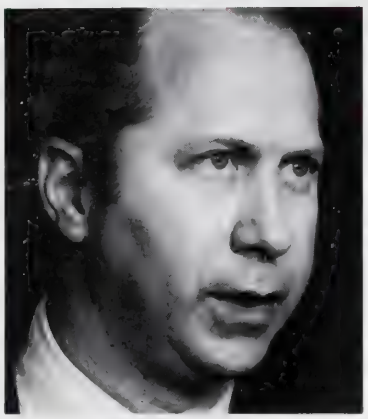
COMING FALL 199





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k. d. lang Cuts It Close: Leslie Bennetts catches up with k. d. lang, the Canadian singer who leaves fans and music critics grasping for fresh accolades, and who isn't afraid to speak her mind. Photographs by Herb Ritts **94**

Sultan of Spin: The Clinton administration stunned Washington when it brought in veteran media handler David Gergen to replace George Stephanopoulos as communications czar. Maureen Orth goes behind the scenes at the White House shuffle. Illustration by Risko **100**

The House That Fred Built: Fred Hughes, who helped Andy Warhol create one of the most successful empires in the art world, was left in charge upon the artist's death. Now he is at war with those he hired to help him manage the vast estate. Bob Colacello, a longtime friend of the artist's and former editor of Warhol's *Interview*, speaks to Hughes and his adversaries **104**

Dangerous Curves: Matthew Rolston spotlights Anna Nicole Smith, the Guess? jeans bombshell, who is living the sweet life **112**

Pete and Joan: Between them, Wall Street's Pete Peterson and *Sesame Street*'s Joan Ganz Cooney have amassed a formidable array of accomplishments and allies. Hilary Mills probes the passions of this glamorously kinetic couple. Photographs by Harry Benson **116**

Tearing Off the Veil: Islamic fundamentalism shrouds millions of women in an apparent Dark Age of subservience—and it is spreading west. Ann Louise Bardach visits the front lines of a religious and political battle **122**

Pop's Granddad: As Roy Lichtenstein approaches his 70th birthday and a retrospective at the Guggenheim, Martin Filler profiles one of the century's most accomplished, and enigmatic, artists. Photograph by Michel Comte **128**

Bill Cosby's Big Adventure: Bill Cosby's not-so-secret bid for NBC is a 90s quest fueled by the social conscience of a TV star who can't help referring to himself in the third person. Nikki Finke gets at the truth of why he wants NBC—and why "the Street" is so interested. **136**

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Sport: Frank Deford visits Nike's Oregon campus to find Phil Knight, the man who started the sneaker company—and an international phenomenon. **52**

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Editor's Letter

Nike's Might



If you believe any of these statements to be true—that sports has become a major influence on fashion; that basketball has surpassed baseball as the driving sports force in the culture; that "Just Do It" has become one of the most overused catchphrases in recent memory—then you really should know about Phil Knight. Because no one is more responsible than Knight for these things. In fact, Knight is fundamentally changing the way we—and athletes—look at sports.

Knight runs Nike, and Nike, increasingly, runs much of professional sports. This year, for example, Knight basically owned the N.B.A. finals, with three Nike-contracted superstars performing in the series—the Bulls' Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen and the Suns' Charles Barkley. This summer, Knight has significant shares in Wimbledon and the U.S. Open—Jim Courier, Andre Agassi, and Mary Joe Fernandez all endorse his brand. And who could forget that fuss involving the medal stand at the Olympics last summer in Barcelona, when Jordan's allegiance to his shoe company appeared, momentarily, to supersede his allegiance to his team and even his country. Team loyalty? *Sneaker* loyalty.

Who can blame him? Last year, Jordan earned about $40 million, of which the Bulls contributed a paltry $4 million.

So Phil Knight, a recreational jogger and weekend tennis player, is the most powerful person in sports. To find out how and why he got that way, *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Frank Deford caught up with the shy billionaire at his company's curious, self-contained hea quarters in Oregon ("Running Man," page 52

"What's fascinating," says Deford, "is th Knight is someone who came from virtually n where, and who created something extraordinar something that's become part of the culture."

Deford has done some extraordinary thin himself: he's been a novelist, journalist, Mi America judge, and Lite-beer commercial star. At Princet he was on the basketball team until his coach intervene ("Frank, you *write* basketball better than you play it"). H took the coach at his word, and for the next 27 years was th star writer for *Sports Illustrated*. He was also the foundin editor of *The National* sports daily.

We welcome Deford to *Vanity Fair*. He joins a crop former editors in chief who are now *V.F.* contributors—Bo Colacello, *Interview;* Edward Klein, *The New York Times Maga zine;* Henry Porter, *The Correspondent Magazine* and *Th Illustrated London News;* Michael Shnayerson, *Avenue;* an Roger Rosenblatt, who headed *U.S. News & World Report*

They have one additional thing in common: although a are at the top of their game, none, as far as I know, ha signed a lucrative sneaker contract.

Graydon Carter

Editor in chief

Cover

Close Shave

Cindy Crawford, *House of Style* queen turned barber, and k. d. lang, postmodern ingenue, act out a fantasy on the razor's edge, *right*. Herb Ritts, *far right*, with lang, says of the cover shoot, "It was all done in fun—a tongue-in-cheek piece of Americana with a sexy, modern-day twist. k.d. is such a great sport, she was willing to try things. A great time was had by all." Shave and a haircut, two bits.





ON THE COVER
k. d. lang wears a Polo by Ralph Lauren suit and shirt, and a tie by Turnbull & Asser. Cindy Crawford wears a corset by Chantal Thomass, briefs by Capezio Ballet Makers, and boots by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. Razor from Sentimento. Hair by Max Pinnell for Bumble & Bumble. Makeup by Carol Shaw for Cloutier. Styled by Marina Schiano. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.


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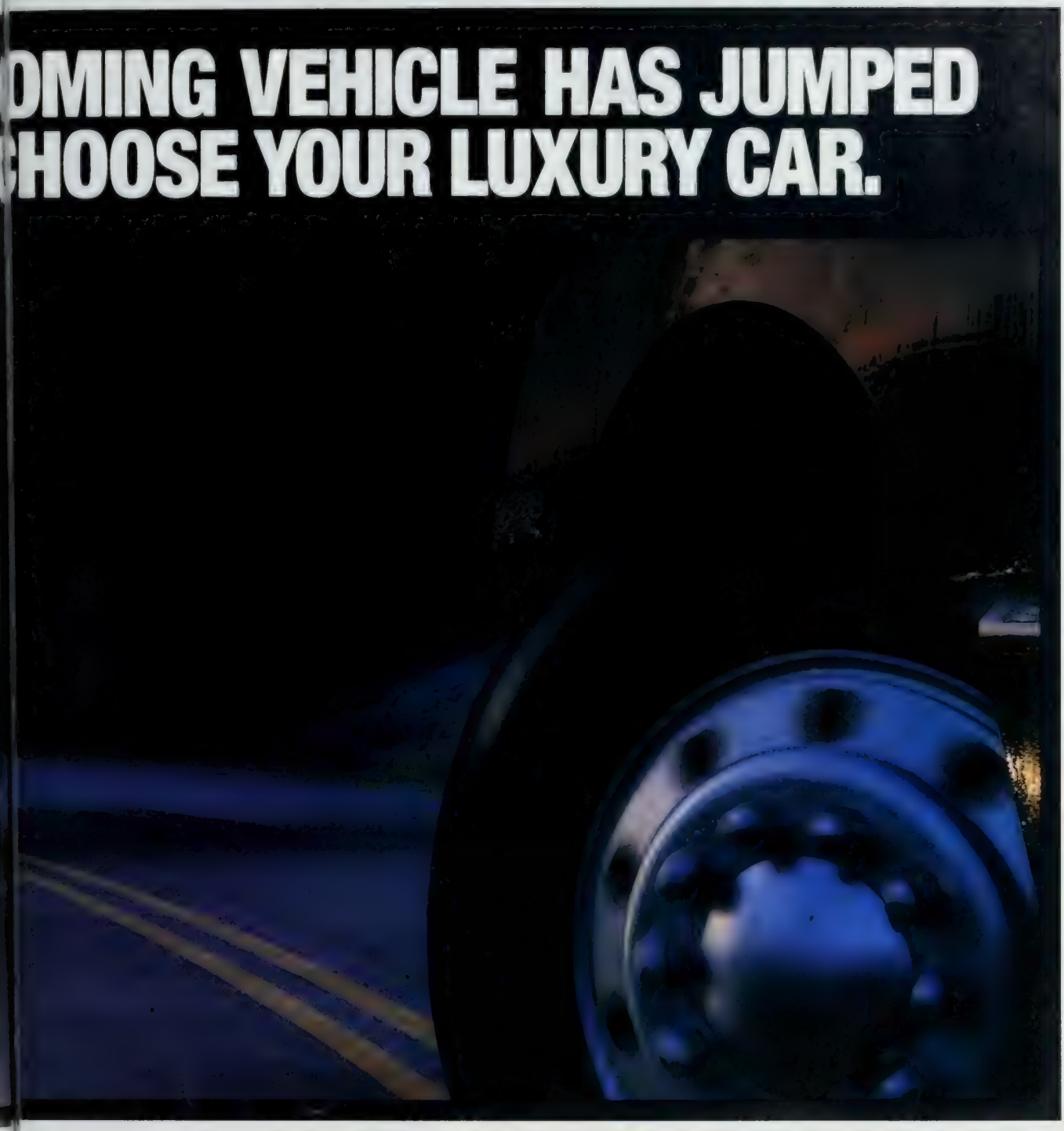
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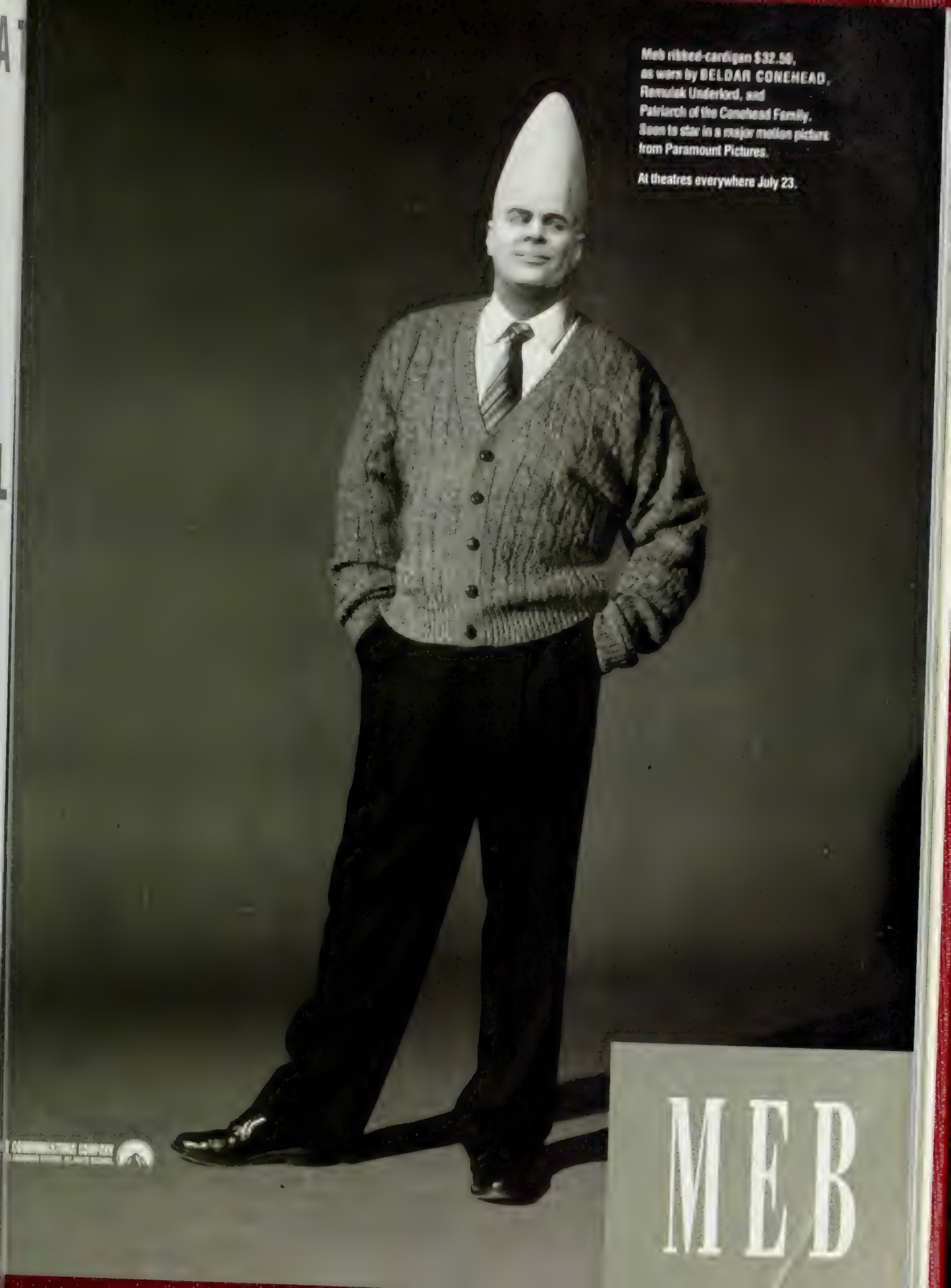
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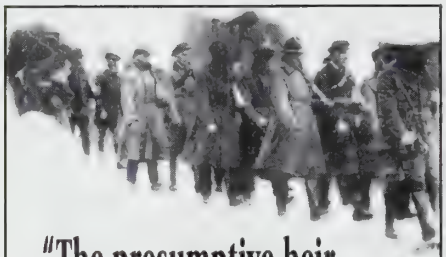
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CHRIS SANDERS

Frank Deford, a V.F. *contributing editor, was formerly the editor of* The National. *As a writer at* Sports Illustrated *for 27 years, he was twice named American magazine writer of the year by the* Washington Journalism Review. *His sixth novel,* Love and Infamy, *about an American in Japan before World War II, will be out from Viking on Pearl Harbor day. This month, Deford profiles Phil Knight and the Nike team, page 52.*

Ann Louise Bardach traveled to Europe and North Africa to research her article for this issue. "The big revelation for me in doing this story," she says, "was learning that fundamentalism is not a religious movement but a political one."

Leslie Bennetts says of her cover subject, "I'm a big fan of k. d. lang's music, but her appeal is much deeper. She challenges our stereotypical ideas about gender and femininity in ways I find fascinating. None of that would matter if her music weren't sensational, but I think she's about to become a mega-star."

Bob Colacello is the author of *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close Up* (HarperPerennial), a memoir of the 12 years he spent working closely with the Pop artist as editor of *Andy Warhol's Interview*. He reports regularly for *V.F.* on the international social and cultural scenes.

Michel Comte is working on a collection of photographs for a book and an exhibition. *(Continued on page 24)*



TIM SHEAFFER

Ann Louise Bardach reports on the plight of women under the resurgence of Muslim fundamentalism around the world, page 122.


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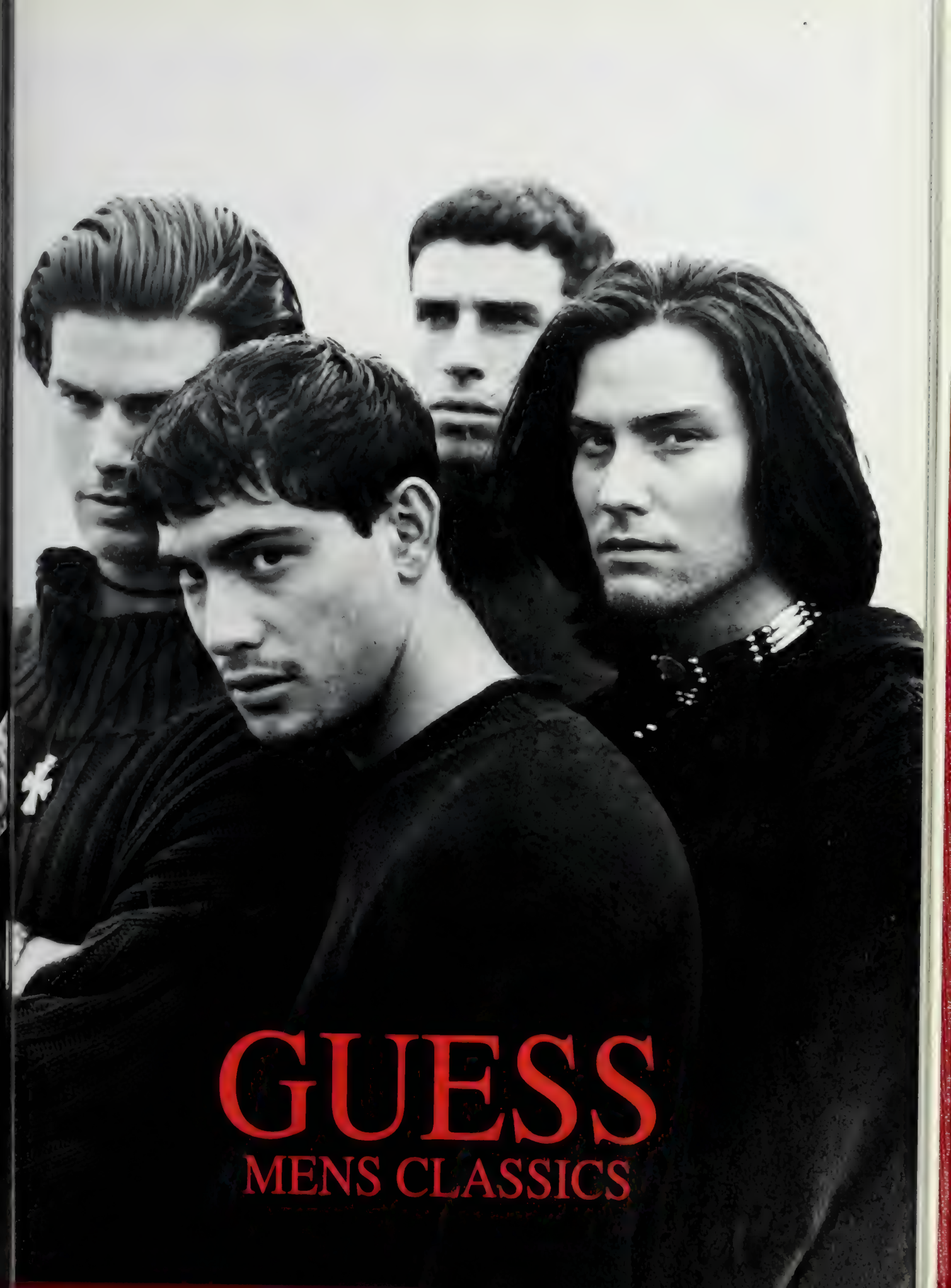

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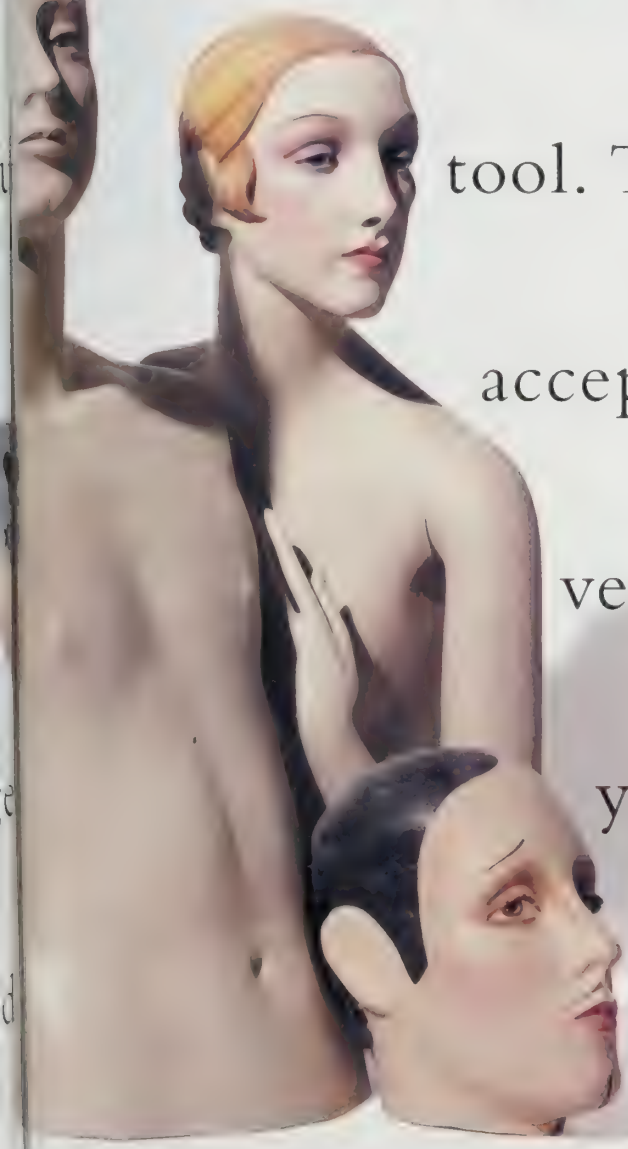
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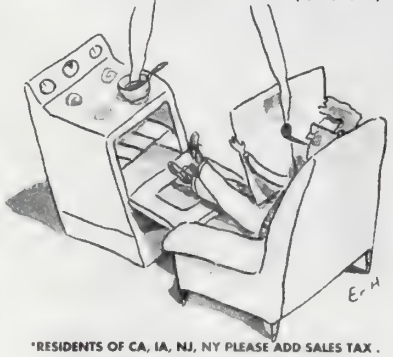
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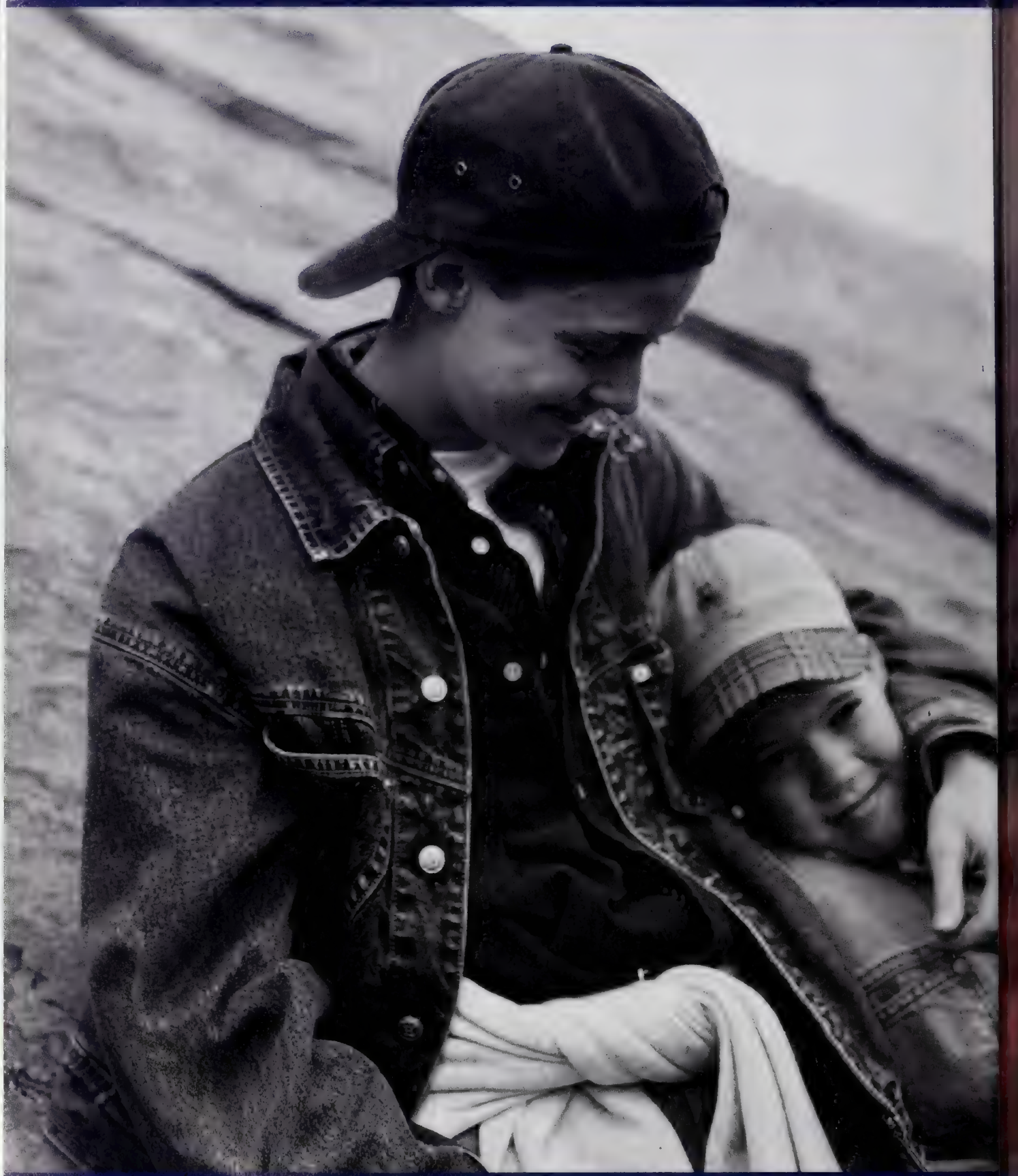
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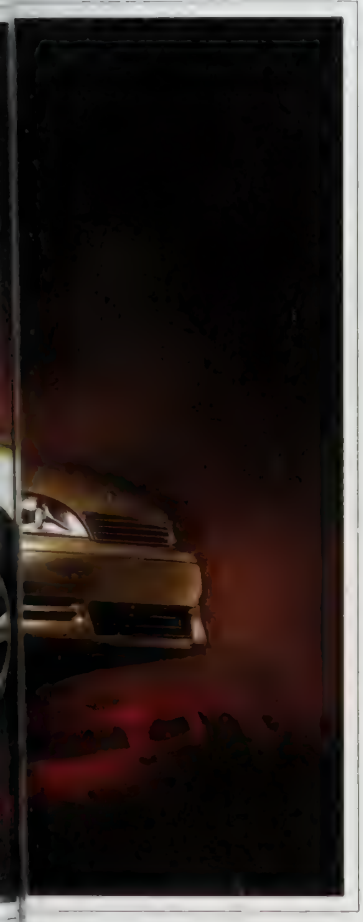
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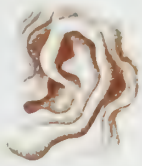
eyond the five senses. That's cording to the dictionary.

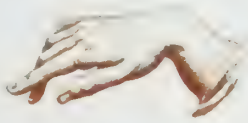
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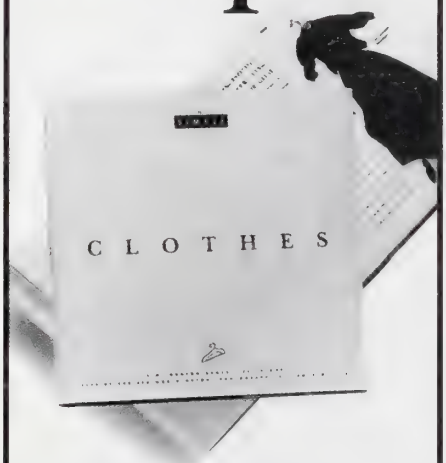
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Letters

CLOSING ARGUMENTS



Continental Drift

In sketching Vikram Seth ["A Suitable Sensation," June], Christopher Hitchens observes that, when speaking English, Seth "intones it with a definite subcontinental inflection that is absent in Rushdie and Naipaul."

Onto which continent is Hitch hitching this "sub-"? Naipaul is from Trinidad.

MARIANNE WIGGINS
New York, New York

On Bended Knee

Despite my membership in the so-called cultural elite and the Democratic Party, I was thoroughly nauseated by Margaret Carlson's piece on Hillary Clinton ["A Hundred Days of Hillary," June].

Never has so much syrup and sycophancy been slopped about in the name of journalism. Carlson sounds more like a White House *press secretary* than a White House correspondent. James Carville—the ragin' Cajun himself—was unable to refashion H.R.C.'s image, despite his valiant efforts. Leave it to *Vanity Fair* to do it for him.

Barbara Bush as the Terminator ["Barbara's Backlash," by Marjorie Williams, August 1992]? Hillary Rodham Clinton as Mother Teresa? Get real. Articles so blatantly slanted play right into the hands of Pat Buchanan and Rush Limbaugh. It is time for the press in this country to stop being a public-relations machine for the Democratic National Committee. Even when I agree with the biases I see, I am thoroughly horrified as an educator and citizen. The "Fourth Estate" should be keeping our leaders on their toes, not dancing the tango with them.

GEORGIA SORTOR LERANGIS
New York, New York

Dark Sabbaths

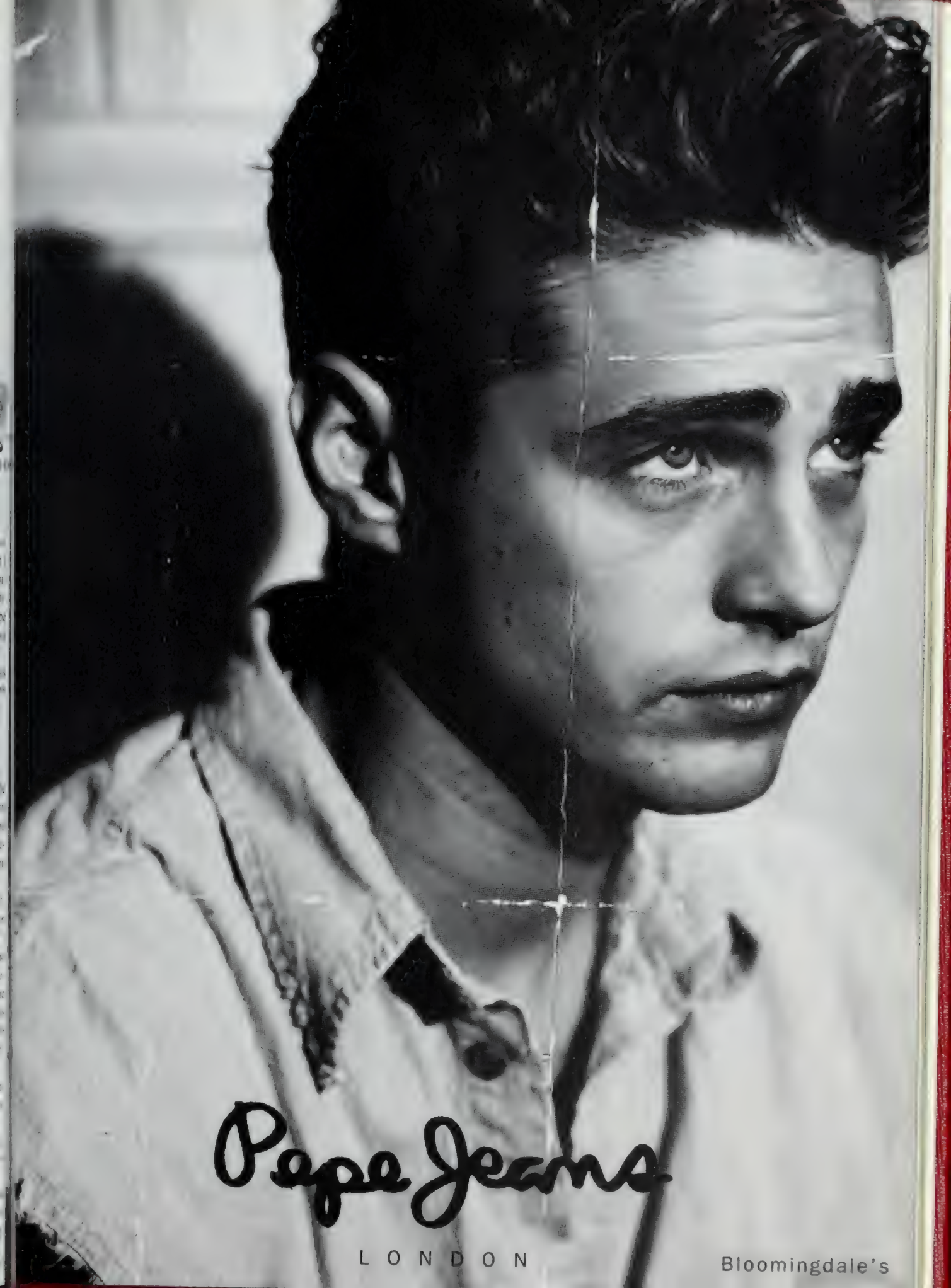
Thank you for Leslie Bennetts's article on satanic ritual abuse, "Nightmares on Main Street" [June]. Her balanced and well-researched work is a welcome respite from the relentless media focus on "false memories."

Those of us who work with many survivors of sadistic abuse have our own definition of "false-memory syndrome": when the perpetrators of trauma have no memories of their actions. Giving credence to the False Memory Syndrome Foundation is like stating that cancer is not a problem, because we've chosen to focus on the "false positives" in cancer-screening tests.

Ms. Bennetts's responsiveness to survivors honors the life force that maintains the interpersonal work of healing.

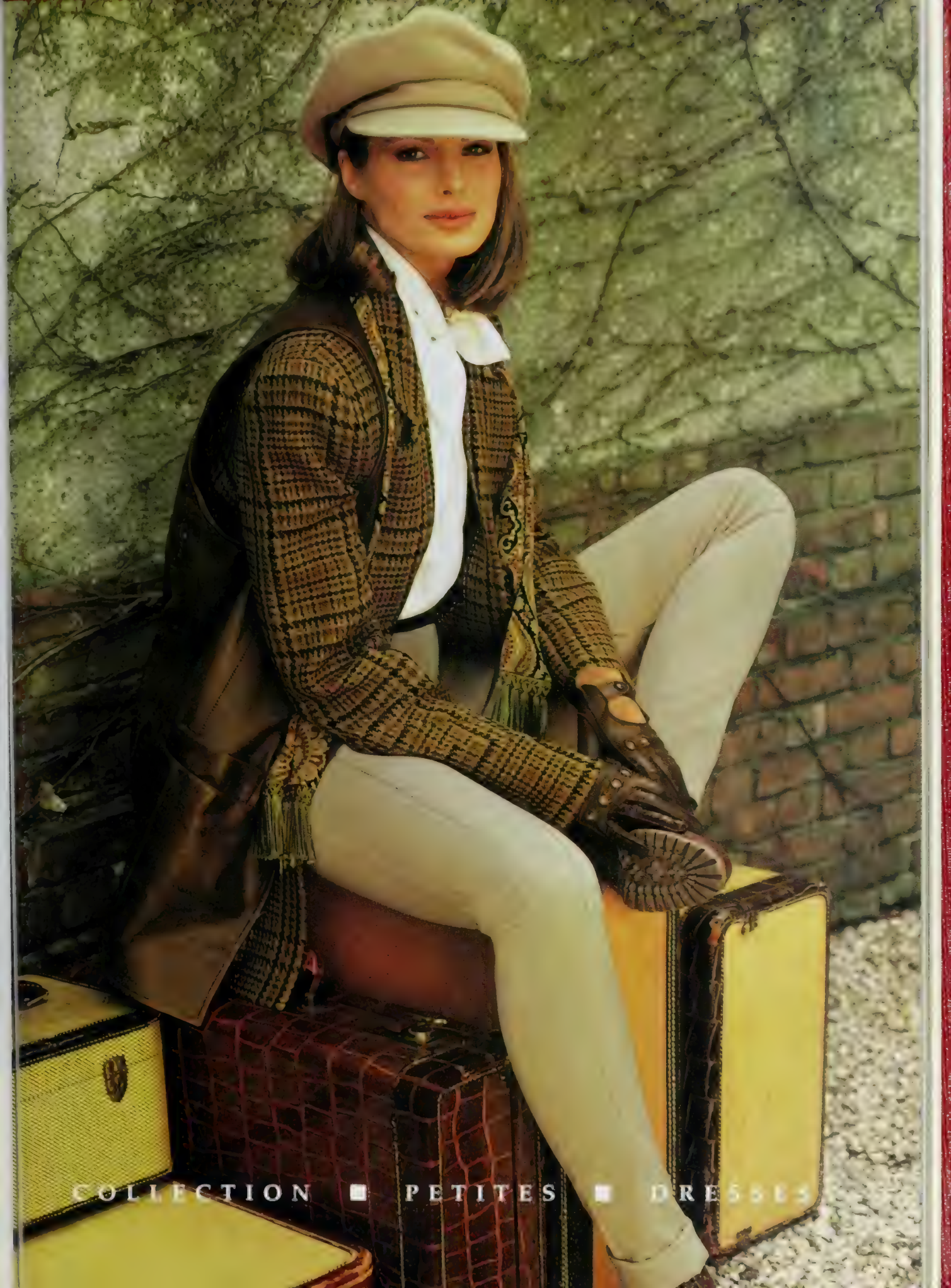
GAIL CARR FELDMAN, Ph.D.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

With the publication of "Nightmares on Main Street" the editors of *Vanity Fair* have lent the dignity of a serious mag-


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Letters

azine to the satanic-conspiracy theory.

If you do wish to compete with the talk shows, then you ought to consider all the other conspiracy-therapy fashions. You might start with the space-alien abduction specialists—their credentials are much more impressive. Contact John Mæck, M.D., the Pulitzer Prize–winning professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, and he will supply you with all sorts of material which will prove, among other things, that far more people have memories of being physically examined by space aliens than have memories of satanic abuse.

May I suggest that if you really wish to move any of these theories out of the talk shows you should apply the same standards of journalism as have been your tradition with other issues.

PAMELA FREYD, Ph.D., Executive Director
False Memory Syndrome Foundation
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LESLIE BENNETTS REPLIES: Although false-memory-syndrome activists like to equate ritual-abuse reports with U.F.O. abduction stories, the comparison is dishonest and misleading. Believing the self-proclaimed survivors of U.F.O. abductions requires that one believe in the existence of extraterrestrials who are regularly invading the earth and kidnapping its occupants. Believing the reports offered by ritual-abuse survivors requires only that one believe humankind is capable of rape, torture, infanticide, and cannibalism, all of which are amply documented throughout human history. Moreover, although Ms. Freyd implies otherwise, my article did not take a position on the ritual-abuse controversy; it simply reported both sides. Apparently Ms. Freyd demands that one subscribe to her agenda in order to be deemed journalistically responsible.

Mackie Original

For the past 11 years I have been employed by Bob Mackie Originals and have had the pleasure of working closely with both Mr. Mackie and Mr. Aghayan. Never in those 11 years did I see Mr. Aghayan exhibit the kind of bullying, hysterical behavior attributed to him in your June article ["Trouble in the House of Mackie," by Nikki Finke].

The sources used for that article appeared to be poor choices for a magazine of your stature: a disgruntled and obviously vengeful ex-employee, an intern who was at the company for a very short period, and a former employee of the knitwear division who had little involvement in the couture.

Ms. Finke certainly has a great talent for taking things out of context and giving a sinister twist to the so-called facts she creates.

MARIA ZOBEL
Vice President, Sales
Bob Mackie Originals
New York, New York

NIKKI FINKE REPLIES: Maria Zobel's criticism of my choice of sources for the story is curious indeed. I spoke to many, many more people than she has listed here—past and present employees—including herself.

Unfinished Business

I never write one of these letters, but I want to know who the hell are these people ["The Gay Nineties," by Luisita Lopez Torregrosa, May]? What do they have to do with my life as a GWM, 39, small-business owner?

I, like so many lesbians and gays, have fought and scraped my way into some niche in my community. None of these people did a blessed thing for me.

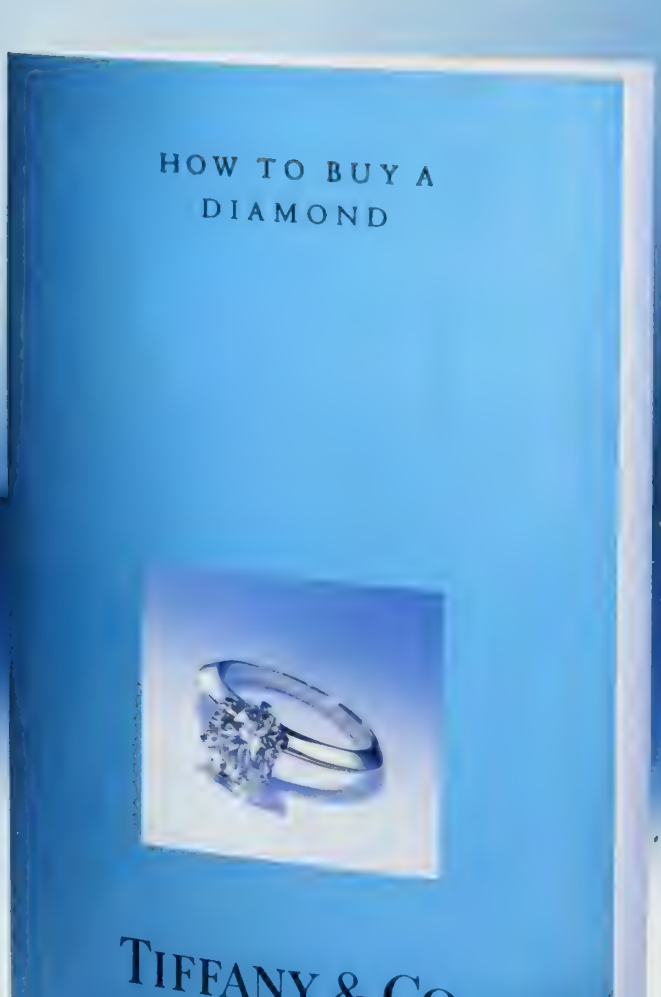
Being a white male I am also embarrassed and offended by fellow homosexuals who refer to our "struggle" in the same sentence as the civil-rights movement of the 60s. Get over yourselves! We can be invisible when need be or when it's to our advantage; black is always black. We have economic clout that Madison Avenue is fawning over; blacks in the 60s were poor and no one wanted their business. We vote; they weren't permitted to register. We are our own worst enemies, and if you are lesbian or gay you know exactly what I mean. Blacks could forge some sort of alliance. Finally, those six-figure-income businesspeople you featured make more in one year than Dr. King's estate was worth when he was murdered.

We are kidding ourselves if we think one president, one march on Washington, or one power broker is going to make a difference in the quality of our lives. I alone will make a difference in the quality of my life and can only hope that will spill over to the gay and straight people I come into contact with day to day.

CALVIN JACKSON
Chicago, Illinois

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, Vanity Fair, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

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SALON DIPLOMACY

In the Washington novel, as in the real-life parlors of Georgetown, the British ambassador has wielded unparalleled social power. Sir Robin Renwick is carrying on the tradition, with contemporary flair

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



Warming trend: Sir Robin Renwick and his wife, Annie, are taking the chill off the British Embassy.

JONATHAN BECKER

Until the middle of the 1970s, it was thought proper during Washington dinner parties for the hostess at a certain point to deftly gather the eyes of her fellow females or co-feminines and lead them all away to the drawing room. Once there, they could presumably discuss menstrual pangs and knitting patterns while their helpmeets reclined stertorously at the table, cracking walnuts and worse and giving the port a bit of a pasting as they withered the credibility of Angola, say, or the German Social Democrats.

One fateful evening at the British Embassy, Lady Ramsbotham loyally mustered her sisters and left Sir Peter to his bores and bullies. But then Katharine Graham, heiress *en titre* to *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*, announced that she was going straight home. This was thought to be a reproach, even a gesture (though it later transpired that Mrs. G. actually had the flu). In the resulting flutter of reaction, Lady Ramsbotham vowed to discontinue the age-old practice of "ladies' withdrawal," and in swift succession nearly every Georgetown mansion followed suit. "The only exception was Pamela Harriman's," says Peter Jay, who succeeded Sir Peter Ramsbotham as ambassador, "and everyone knows that Mrs. Harriman is a law unto herself."

True, no doubt, but that law, however phrased, is still something of an English law. It was the British who *started* the idea of strict precedence and sexual segregation at Washington dinners. Pamela Harriman operates at the crucial intersection of Washington where living memories of Churchill and the Blitz—shared by veterans such as herself and Evangeline Bruce—mingle with high liberal politics and elevated social tone. You might not *prove* a connection between Anglophilia and the Georgetown Democratic establishment, because proving such a thing would be vulgar and strenuous. But you may nonetheless *assume* it and not go far wrong. The embassy helps set the pitch and rhythm, both for those who don't say "Shall we join the ladies?" and for those who do.

This spring, the British ambassador and his lady threw a little dinner dance for Harriman. It wasn't too shabby, especially if you bore in mind that it was to honor her being gazetted as ambassador designate to France. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee hadn't yet had the privilege of confirming Harriman, and the French Embassy hadn't gotten around to organizing its own fête, so the British had managed to pre-empt both the Congress and America's oldest ally. I counted Les Aspin, Vernon Jordan, Alan Greenspan, Richard Helms, Mickey Kantor, Richard Holbrooke, Federico Peña, Strobe Talbott, George Stephanopoulos, and James Woolsey before I had properly checked my coat. Senators Daschle and Pryor were on deck. So were the aristocracy, from Susan Mary Alsop, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Evangeline Bruce, and Joan Bingham all the way to Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, and Selwa Roosevelt. A sprinkling of key scribes like Maureen Dowd, some show-biz types like Jack Valenti, some tough guys from


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State and Defense like Frank Wisner, and a few think-tankers bulked out the throng. Friends of Bill, both official and unofficial. Governor Doug Wilder dancing with Patricia Kluge. Just a few intimate friends. As they sang in *My Fair Lady,* everyone who should be here is here.

After dinner, Harriman made a little speech. She recalled her days in Churchill's London bunker. She paid tribute (in French) to the gallant Gaullist Resistance. Had I been Jesse Helms, who later tried to put her nomination in question, I'd have given up on the spot. (Except that Jesse Helms, the only anti-British vote in the Senate on the Falklands war, has been on a British Embassy shitlist for 11 years and thus wouldn't have been on the spot in the first place.) With her flame-red dress, Churchillian cadences, and helmet of faultless blond hair, Mrs. H. looked and sounded like the young Margaret Thatcher. It was a game-set-and-match soirée.

The dinner dance for Pamela Harriman was a game-set-and-match soirée. What a difference a knight makes.

Yet, last time it was in the news, the British Embassy was the target of extreme Clintonian annoyance, following the crass intervention of the John Major government in the Bill-passport witch-hunt. In other words, the most Anglophile and Oxonian administration in recent history had been elected at a time of unusual *froideur* between London and Washington. What a difference a knight makes.

I allude to Sir Robin Renwick, the British ambassador to Washington, who had stitched this bash together. With his wife, Annie, who has the advantage of being French, he has restored the luster of the embassy, in both its social and political dimensions, after a period of eclipse. He continues to be, at one and the same time, the most radical ambassador in the city and the most politically and personally astute.

In the slow and still-incomplete evolution of Washington from a fever swamp and pesthouse into an international magnet, the British ambassador has always occupied a place near the center of the culture. You can read it in the fictional and literary record of the place. Henry Adams's anonymously published 1879 *Democracy,* first of the Washington novels, has a special role for Lord Skye:

> Tall, slender, bald-headed, awkward, and stammering with his elaborate British stammer whenever it suited his convenience to do so; a sharp observer who had wit which he commonly concealed; a humorist who was satisfied to laugh silently at his own humor; a diplomatist who used the mask of frankness with great effect; Lord Skye was one of the most modest men in Washington.

Placed next to Adams's formidable heroine, Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, at a dinner, "Lord Skye had run the risk of making two blunders: of offending the Senator from New York by neglecting his wife, and the Senator from Illinois by engrossing the attention of Mrs. Lee. A young Englishman would have done both, but Lord Skye had studied the American Constitution."

Allen Drury's turgid but inescapable 1959 Washington epic, *Advise and Consent,* concerning a punch-up over a new secretary of state, features Lord Claude and Lady Kitty Maudulayne as central characters. Lady Kitty, indeed, conveys the first tidings of the fateful nomination to a brace of senators. Her exquisitely ambassadorial husband, meanwhile, says things like "my dear chap" and "old boy" while rubbing midwestern lawmakers the wrong way on the Cold War.

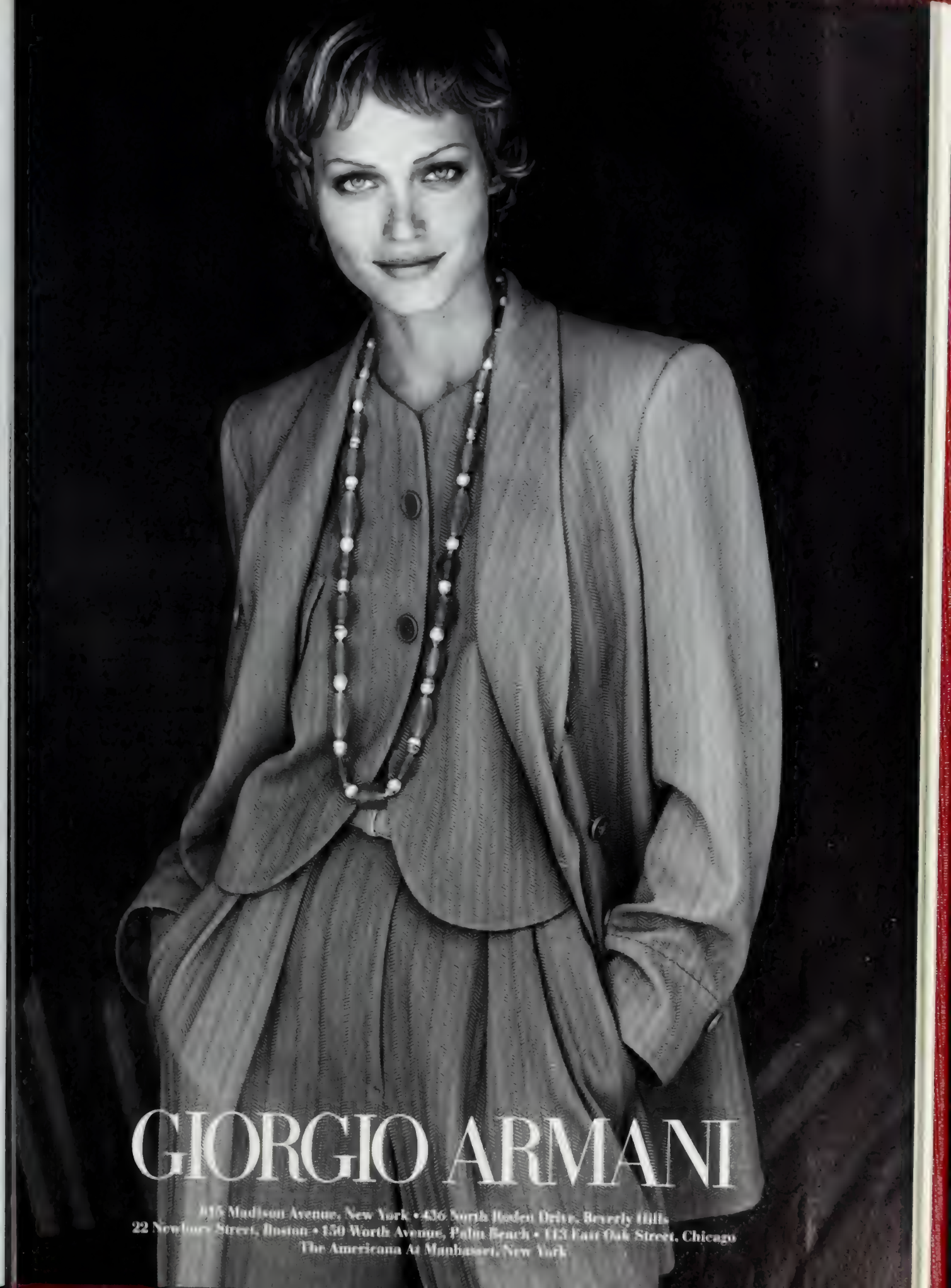
The implied literary compliment paid to Her Britannic Majesty's envoy arose from the fact that numerous of these noblemen had actually influenced American life. Lord Bryce, who served in Washington from 1907 to 1913, authored a book—*The American Commonwealth*—which remains a classic. He later helped to con the United States into entering the First World War. Sir Oliver Franks (1948–52) became Secretary of State George Marshall's closest confidant and was the co-progenitor of the historic decision to aid Europe. Sir David Ormsby-Gore established himself as an intimate of John Kennedy's, and Peter Jay, son-in-law of Prime Minister James Callaghan, performed much the same office for Jimmy Carter. No other embassy has ever had "clout" or "access" to rival this.

But, boy, there have been some prize asses in the post. Anthony Merry (1803–6) deposed the wife of President Madison's Treasury secretary from the head table of a White House dinner, insisting that his own wife took precedence. One of his successors, Francis Jackson (1809–11), helped create the genial atmosphere that led to the War of 1812. His wife announced that her husband, being accustomed to treat with the civilized courts and governments of Europe, "and not with savage Democrats. . . many of them sold to France, has not succeeded in his negotiation." She further reported that Washington's dinner tables were lousy, with no claret to be had and "champagne and Madeira indifferent."

As recently as the Second World War, the embassy was used as a dumping ground for discredited appeasers like Lord Halifax, whom Churchill wanted out of the way. (Ignoring his ambassador, Churchill relied instead on confidential reports from the young Isaiah Berlin, then stationed in Washington. So impressive were the cables that the prime minister asked to meet "this man Berlin" privately as soon as he was next in London. The bureaucracy promptly produced Irving Berlin, and a very sticky luncheon ensued before the blunder was realized.)

Later Washington fiction reflects this unevenness in quality and the related decline of Britain. Sally Quinn, in her 80s novel *Regrets Only,* casts the British ambassador, "Sir Rodney [Abel-Smith], as terminally boring. . . from a well-known and titled family, and. . . as rich as he was dull." The hostess heroine, Lorraine Hadley, rates guests on a scale of 5—only the president himself being a 10—and scores like this: "Congressmen were 4s. On rare occasions they made 5 if they were fabulously attractive. Ambassadors could also be 4s, as could undersecretaries, people who had something to do with the arts, the top journalists, and lesser authors." Renwick, according to this count, and to others less calculating, comes out as a 5. "He's so witty and so clever and such good company," says Joan Bingham, who runs one of the finer Georgetown salons. "And the house is *very* grand but also very welcoming."

"Yes, I suppose you could say it's the second-nicest house in Washington," says Sir Robin with some satisfaction. We are sitting in the splendid library of the home built by Sir Edwin Lutyens in 1929 to replicate the grace and comfort of an English country house


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on the western sweep of Massachusetts Avenue. It abuts, and rather puts in the shade, the Naval Observatory, which houses the vice president. (It also abuts a British Embassy official building so hideous that it must be a revenge for the architectural horror with which the United States government has disfigured the west side of London's Grosvenor Square.)

Renwick knows the lore of this library and this interior. Here's where Churchill met Roosevelt. Here's where Harry Truman was persuaded by Clement Attlee and Ernest Bevin, leaders of the British Labour Party, to sit down at the piano and belt out old trade-union songs. Here's where Caspar Weinberger sat, in a tense moment of the Falklands crisis, offering to lease the Royal Navy an American aircraft carrier—an embarrassingly generous offer that was politely declined. And here, coming down a bit, is the photo portrait of George and Barbara meeting Elizabeth and Philip.

Unlike some of his predecessors, Renwick understands quite well that it's no longer a free ride to be British. There may be 22 Rhodes scholars in the Clinton administration (22 and counting, since there are so many posts left unfilled), but with the end of the Cold War the old Atlantic alliance is doing a fade. In parts of the country, including New York, there is Anglophobe resentment at the number of Brits who occupy salient cultural slots in publishing, journalism, and the arts. A friend of mine used to joke that "Wasp" was just another word for "redneck"; in Newspeak we might say that it was now another word for privileged white male.

The English totems—most especially the monarchy—are showing tawdry signs of wear. Alistair Cooke has given up the leather armchair of *Masterpiece Theatre*. The Churchill cult is becoming antiquarian, and exhibiting diminishing rhetorical returns. Renwick has had to battle to overcome the image of the British ambassador as one of the lazily, automatically entitled persons of the District of Columbia.

There are two ways in which Renwick is untypical. First, his grandfather was a socialist engine driver who left school at the age of 12. The son—Robin's father—was a pharmacist for the American company Parke-Davis, and young Renwick had to get by on scholarships. This makes him significantly more meritocratic than the British Foreign Office average. Second, his decisive diplomatic experience revolved around the liberation of southern Africa.

As political adviser to the governor of Rhodesia, and then as ambassador to South Africa, Renwick confounded pessimists by helping with Rhodesia's transition to Zimbabwe and by brokering the deal that led to the release of Nelson Mandela. He saw Mandela on a weekly basis after that, and a large photograph of him with "the old man" holds pride of place in the drawing room of the residence. "So when I got to Washington, I was at once invited—by a black Rhodes scholar, actually—to a large gathering of leading black lawyers and politicians. And Annie was asked to help out at two of the leading schools in South East. So we have a rather different perspective on this city, which as you know can sometimes be as deeply segregated as Johannesburg was but can no longer be."

This is a huge change, not just from the times when the British envoy was downgraded to "minister" because the Crown still could not get over the offense of the American republic, but from quite recent occupants of the Lutyens mansion. "I abhor the phrase 'special relationship,' " says Renwick. "I don't mind if Americans call it that, but when Brits use it it sounds both patronizing and complacent."

The passport episode—which rankled particularly with the First Lady—has now been successfully interred. "The last time I saw the president, he showed me a photograph just outside the Oval Office which has his old Oxford college flying the Stars and Stripes on the day he was elected. And when John Major came for his first visit, he just put his arm around Clinton's shoulder and said, 'Hey, you don't look anything like your passport photograph.' And that was that."

Of course, the old alliance still counts for something. The entire top brass of the U.S.A.F. turned out for a garden party and dinner in May, to honor the Royal Air Force on its 75th anniversary. And there's an epically boozy dinner every October, when the U.S. Navy shows up to help celebrate Trafalgar Day. This is an inheritance of a common history and to some extent a common blood. But these days Her Majesty's envoy must try harder and be more and more socially inventive. "The other day we had a lunch to introduce Barbra Streisand to the governor of Hong Kong," says Renwick proudly. "I finally began to feel that I was becoming an insider." □

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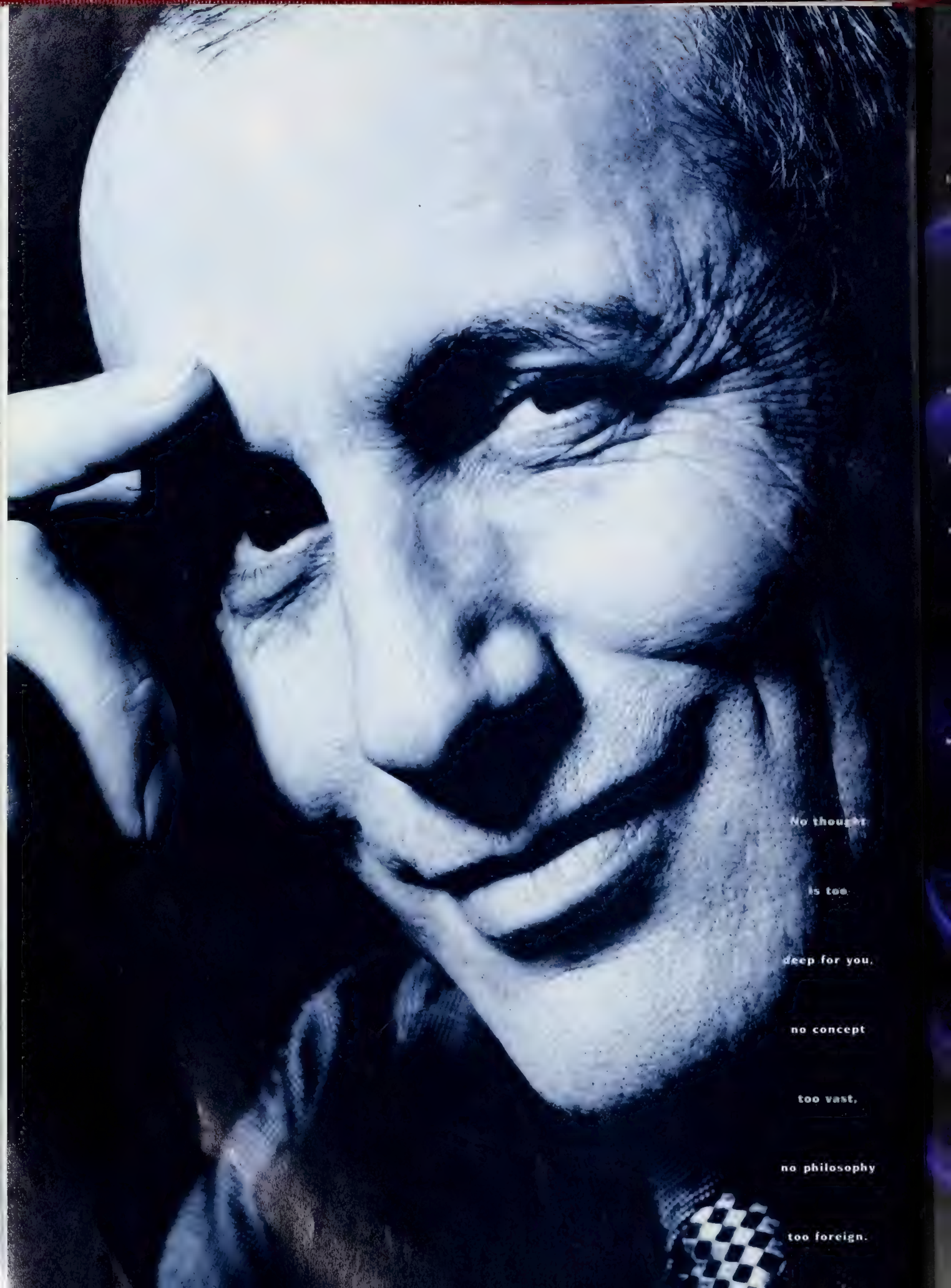
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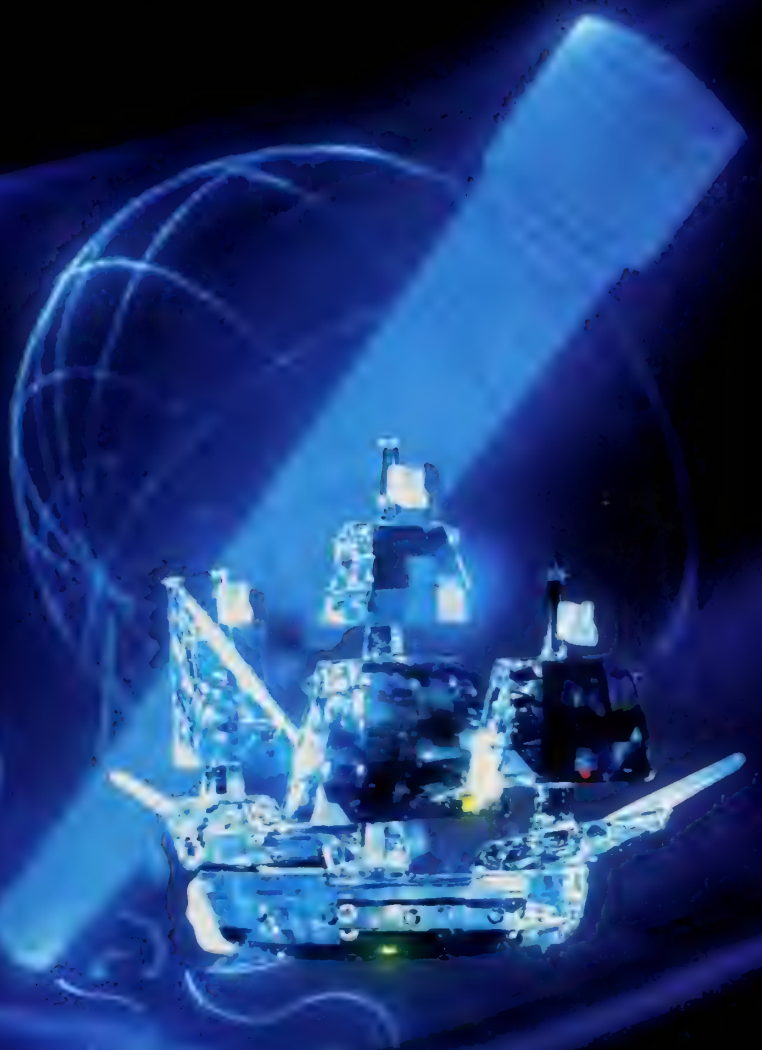
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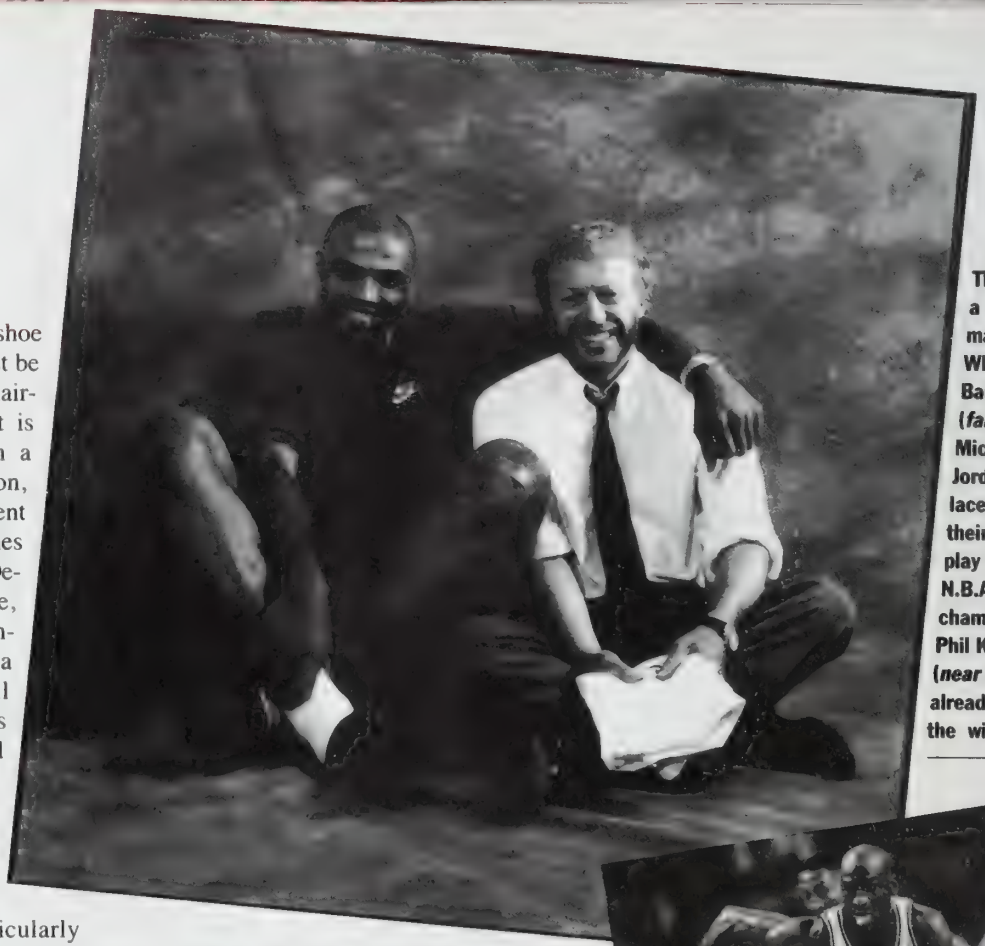
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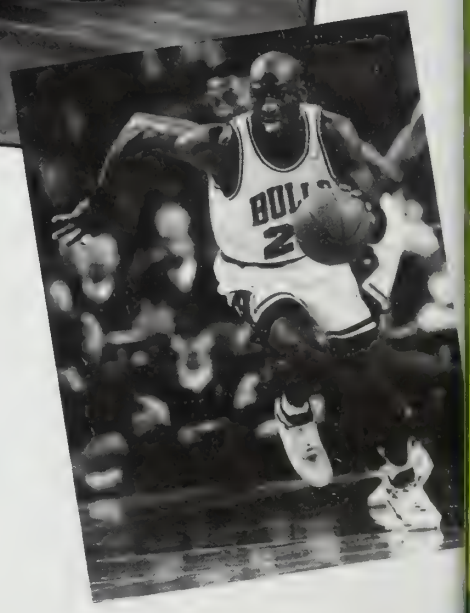
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The sole a new machine: When Cha Barkley (*far left*) a Michael Jordan (*bel* laced up their Nikes t play for the N.B.A. championshi Phil Knight (*near left*) wa already the winner.



RUNNING MAN

How did Phil Knight turn Nike from a tiny company making sneakers with a waffle iron into the $3.7 billion juggernaut that has given us Michael Jordan and Bugs Bunny, Just Do It, and the Swoosh that conquered the planet?

BY FRANK DEFORD

Even though Nike is a shoe company, shoes must be removed in the chairman's office. For it is here, in Oregon, in a town called Beaverton, that the Pacific current most sweetly touches American shores. "Despite all that crush of people, the Japanese have such wonderful ways of creating a peaceful environment," Phil Knight says as he sweeps his arm around his bright and airy office. "That influenced me." Even more, though, people who have studied him say that his immersion in Japan and other places Asian has more particularly influenced him in his ability to be inscrutable and manipulative.

Really, nobody yet seems to have gotten a handle on Knight. He has made the greatest fortune ever from athletics, and when *The Sporting News* named the "most powerful" person in the world of sport earlier this year, it chose not an athlete, or a team owner, or a commissioner, but a shoemaker—Phil Knight. His every move is now scrutinized as carefully as the glamorous superstars who wear his sneakers. Why, after Knight met with Michael Ovitz of the Creative Artists Agency recently to blue-sky about what Nike and CAA might be able to do together, the announcement of their new joint venture was front-page news in the *Los Angeles Times* and sent reverberations all through the insecure realms of athletics and agentry.

Really, what are you up to, Phil?

"The target now," he replies without cracking even an Asian smile, "is to invent a new game."

To the people who work here in Beaverton, Nike is *inside the berm*, so the rest of the world is, by extension, *outside the berm*. The berm is a hillock, constructed to run around the Nike property, which is itself never called the headquarters or the complex or—God forbid—the offices. Rather: the campus. This takes to its logical conclusion how a major executive once played on Frank Zappa's description of Hollywood to describe this particular place of business: "Nike is like high school, only with money."

It is self-sufficient inside the berm. There are three restaurants, a beauty salon, a laundry service. There is a child-care center. There is even a radio station—KAOS (get it?), Radio Free Nike. There is a basketball gym, a tennis court, an exercise facility, a jogging track—a way of life. It is, in fact, a great deal like Disneyland, the major difference being that Disneyland is a make-believe place where people visit occasionally, while Inside the Berm is a make-a-living place where people go to work every day.

Inside the berm, the analogues to Fantasyland and Frontierland are shiny, glassy buildings (set around a shiny, glassy picture-postcard lake) that are named after famous Nike endorsers. There's your Nolan Ryan Building and your Bo Jackson Sports and Fitness Center and your

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John McEnroe Building. That is where the chairman's offices are located, for the irascible McEnroe remains Phil Knight's favorite living athlete. Knight's wife, Penny, reports that when Mac was upset at Wimbledon one year the esteemed chairman of Nike went into such a funk that he sequestered himself in a darkened room and played Donkey Kong for seven hours straight.

And no one ever forgets, inside the berm, that it is all thanks to sneakers. Imagine that. In two decades Knight has taken Nike from a bunch of neophytes making sneakers with a waffle iron into a $3.7-billion-a-year worldwide juggernaut that employs 6,500 human beings, and Michael Jordan too. No less than the *Harvard Business Review* has declared that the Nike "brand name is as well-known around the world as IBM and Coke." But, even now, notwithstanding what Knight is up to with Mike Ovitz, Nike is still mostly sneakers. Imagine that. Imagine a man becoming a billionaire (nearly twice over, yet) off sneakers. But now sneakers are a $6 billion wholesale business annually in the U.S. alone, 40 percent of the footwear market—and rising, inexorably. "I wouldn't want to be in shoe polish," says Peter Moore, ex-Nike, now the creative director of the newly constituted Adidas America.

"You know what Ovitz told me?" Knight asks. "You know what he said? Nah, I better not say this."

Aw, go on, say it.

"All right. He said sports is bigger than entertainment now. *Sports*. Can you believe it? Ovitz said that."

That is spoken with buttons-busting pride. Knight, like virtually all the folks in the athletic-shoe end of things, falls over himself swearing how much he loves the business because he loves sports. After a while, it sounds like some kind of loyalty oath. But it's true enough; sneaker people are admitted jock sniffers. For fun, Knight just loves to jet off with Penny to his favorite sports events. After the Olympics last summer, he bundled up Michael Jordan, Charles Barkley, the other Nike Dream Teamers and their wives and took them all to Hawaii on the company jet. Jordan and Barkley, of course, would go on to lead their teams to this year's N.B.A. finals, giving Nike the real championship even before the series started.

This year, at the Australian Open in Melbourne, Knight made the local columns for dancing on the tables at a nightspot. He also earned a byline for himself as a cub reporter for the company newsletter, filing this exclusive back to Beaverton: "Mary Joe Fernandez looked terrific in her new NIKE clothes. Her beauty, olive skin, graceful lines and moves made her a perfect model for our stuff. She went out in the quarters to Arantxa Sanchez Vicario, who is the opposite of a perfect model for the competition's stuff."

Bitchy, bitchy. But it was little Arantxa's singular misfortune that she happened to be playing in Reeboks. Never mind that she whipped the luminous Nike standard-bearer. "Phil is absolutely blinded by loyalty," says Howard Slusher, Knight's friend and right-hand man for many years. Knight is even on record as once baldly declaring, "The most sophisticated piece of research equipment Reebok has is its Xerox machine," and he still beams for Michael Jordan's stand last summer. At that time, Jordan essentially chose Nike over country, publicly protesting having to wear the U.S. Olympic uniform just because it was made by the evil Reebokian empire. Of the firestorm of mail and calls—200 to 1 questioning Jordan's patriotism—Knight says staunchly, "I'll accept the blame for Michael."

After two decades, the Nike "brand name is as well-known around the world as IBM and Coke."

As with this case, Knight and other sneaker people tend to be hopelessly schizophrenic. Oh, how they profess to love the purity of sport, the deeper meaning; how they love running around the berms of the world, sweating pretty, communing with nature. But, of course, starting in 1956, when young Horst Dassler of Adidas started co-opting Olympic runners by handing out free shoes, nobody has done more to muck up the purity of sport than have the sneaker hustlers. It is instructive that *Blue Chips*, the new movie from director Ron Shelton (*Bull Durham, White Men Can't Jump*), which was originally written about a scumbag alumnus who leads college basketball players astray, has been rewritten to turn the villain into big business, including a scumbag sneaker pimp. Meanwhile, the whole sporting universe has professed to be apoplectic about Nike's unprecedented multimillion-dollar contract with a college basketball coach, Mike Krzyzewski of pristine Duke.

To be sure, there's nothing constitutionally evil about what sneakers have wrought, inasmuch as everybody and his or her brother has been mucking up sports since 1956—and usually to the betterment of athletes' lives. It's just that sneaker people feel they must act so high-toned. For instance, now Nike is going after women in a big way. Women are the last frontier for Nike. But instead of merely pushing distaff sneakers like detergent or panty hose, Nike people have to go on about women being "more introspective athletes" than men. Also, "they have embraced running in a healthier way." Dear, wise women are not "diverted by endorsements" the way dumb, shallow guys are. Even Knight himself prattles on about women's new "self-empowerment" vis-à-vis Nike. Sneakers? Self-empowerment? Hey, cutie, you come here often?

But then, for years at Nike the only female of prominence was Nike herself—the winged goddess of victory, whence cometh the brand name. A decade ago, when Reebok suddenly appeared out of the blue with a flattering aerobics shoe, the men of Nike were buffaloed; they sat around, one insider recalls, and "just laughed at these dumb broads, listening to pretty music, watching themselves in the mirror."

Geoff Hollister, one of the most senior employees (who is still celebrated for telling Knight that seeing—just seeing!—a runner in Nikes cross the finish line was "better than sex"), remembers, "We wouldn't listen. We wouldn't even listen to our own wives."

And so, all of a sudden, Knight was driving to work one day, and... "It was between quarterly reports, but you could see how the lines were going, the graphs, see how Reebok and us were doing, and nothing was happening to change that, and I came out of the driveway, and I remember I just said to myself out loud, 'Well, this is the day. This is the day they pass us. This is the day we're not No. 1 anymore.' "

Even though Nike climbed back on top of the market, it still has not conquered the women. Yet. The female gross profits at Nike were up 17 percent last year, the company is starting a bathing-suit line this summer, and although everybody inside the berm swears wom-



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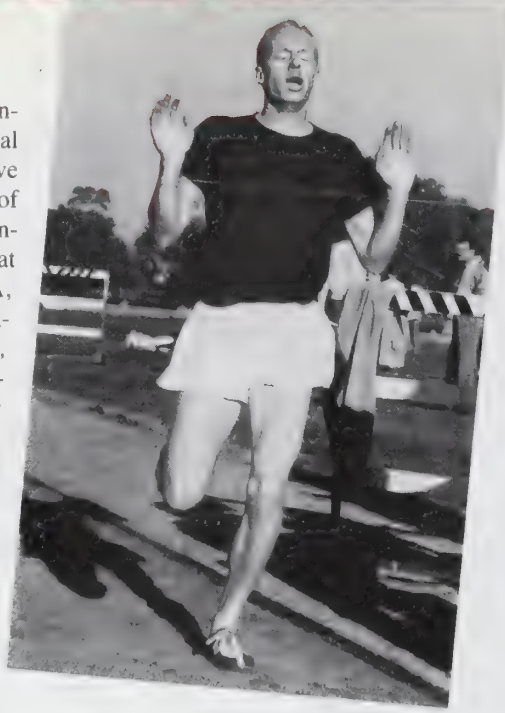
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en are too smart to fall for celebrity endorsements, they've signed on several star female athletes anyway and have considered launching a whole line of clothes and shoes for Mary Joe Fernandez. Moreover, presaging, perhaps, what may come from congress with CAA, Nike has signed its first nonsports huckster, Jennie Garth from *Beverly Hills, 90210,* strictly to pitch to impressionable teenage girls, and hired Sigourney Weaver to be the dulcet voice over adult commercials.

But not to laugh, not to be cynical. This is the way it was before, back when it was the men who were pure, the men who were self-empowered, back when it was men like Phil Knight who were running—running, running, running through Oregon...



Michael Jordan would say of Phil Knight years later, "This is one weird scientist."

Knight of the living tread: The future mogul, running for the University of Oregon track team in 1957.

Runners then were truly insufferable zealots, drawing smug strength from the idea that "we were pariahs." That is what Jeff Johnson, the first man/runner hired by Knight (in 1964), says. When young Phil Knight—"Buck" he was called then—took up the sport, it was assumed that any boy who ran did so because he couldn't make a *real* team; in the vernacular, he was "twerpy." Or as Michael Jordan would say of Knight years later, "This is one weird scientist."

Nonetheless, if distance running was respectable anywhere in the U.S., it was in the independent state of Oregon, in the inner-directed town of Eugene, where the University of Oregon's track team—the Ducks, so-called—was coached by an even weirder scientist. Bill Bowerman wouldn't even permit the boys to call him "coach"; instead, he identified himself as Professor of Competitive Responses. No glamorous sprinters wanted to be Ducks. The Oregon climate was too damp, and the Spalding track spikes would get soggy, full of cinders, sometimes even crack in the oatmeal weather. But the hardier distance lads were attracted to the ennobling Oregon experience.

This you must understand: Nike comes from its earth as much as the rice in Japan or the cedars in Lebanon, and, well, the goddess Nike herself was not born of woman, but birthed by the river Styx.

Professor Bowerman was unusual in one other way: unlike virtually all other athletic instructors, he was of a mechanical mind. He created a lighter track shoe himself, which was dubbed "the Vagina" because, the Duck sophomores all smirked, it might not look like much, but it certainly was terrific if ever you could get yourself inside it. Ultimately, Bowerman's tinkering would build Nike for Phil Knight as surely as Oregon had bred Nike for him.

Although young Buck was a city boy from Portland, the son of a lawyer, he looked like a hayseed, and when he went down to Eugene in '55 he was nicknamed "White Mole." But he was a good enough student, president of his fraternity, and an honest journeyman on the Duck track team. In most photographs, he can be spied back in the pack as it comes around a turn. Out front always was Jim Grelle, classmate, four-minute miler, Olympian-to-be.

Bowerman would often use the expendable Knight as a guinea pig to try out his homemade spikes. So Knight's interest in equipment was piqued, and one day a teammate named Otis Davis laced on a pair of Bowerman's latest homespun spikes and, as Knight watched, "beat a runner he had no business beating." Knight didn't actually say, *It's gotta be the shoes.* But he knew that it was.

The epiphany passed, though, and when he graduated he enrolled in the Stanford School of Business. But there, one fine day of destiny, a professor, Frank Shallenberger, assigned a term paper on the subject of starting up a new small business. Knight still remembers vividly what Shallenberger casually suggested: "Write about something you know. And something you like."

It was the same sort of charge that helped Fred Smith invent Federal Express in a class at Yale. But Smith got a C. Shallenberger so much liked what Buck Knight wrote about sneakers that he gave him an A. It simply seemed to make good sense.

The athletic-shoe market is a lie, of course. Everybody knows that 80 percent of the product is used for purposes other than athletic. Still, sneakers have come to matter so much. Last summer, Reebok paid $3 million to a seven-foot, 20-year-old basketball player named Shaquille O'Neal on the assumption, evidently correct, that smaller men would buy the same shoes. Athletic shoes possess much the same proportion and styling as fast cars. See? They've really become sort of miniature status symbols for the masses.

There was even something of a brouhaha three years ago, with critics claiming that Nikes had come to mean so much to the children of the inner cities that violence, even murder, had been committed in order to obtain the high-priced Air Jordans. And, whatever the actual blood shed, the language was savage. Columnist John Leo, writing in *U.S. News & World Report,* asserted that the Nike slogan, "Just Do It," was a nihilist battle cry for the "people mired in the ghetto" to do almost anything, while Spike Lee, who has made several Nike commercials, fired back at critics that such assaults were "thinly veiled racism...a scam, a segment of the media trying to dig at some positive BROTHERS." Ironically, although many sneaker commercials, Nike and otherwise, play unashamedly to the African-American audience, sneakers are about as cross-cultural as anything this side of a Big Mac. People who share no common interest in clothes, music, earrings, comedians, or, for that matter, dress shoes crave the same sneakers.

"A lot of things have come together," Knight says, trying to explain it. "Our more casual way of life today. A desire to dress more comfortably." Suddenly he brightens. "But I'll tell you, above all, it's basically sports.

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It's just the sports. Remember what I told you Mike Ovitz said?"

A few apostates protest. "Ah, it's just the fashion business," says Peter Moore of Adidas America. "No, it's not runways in Paris or Milan, but it's the fashion business all the same. Look, you don't become a $6 billion a-year industry in this country selling to athletes, because there just aren't that many athletes."

But Knight keeps saying that it's all sports and fitness.

"Sure he says that," Moore replies, just this side of a snort. "Because that's fashionable to say. And sometimes technology is what's fashionable. Like back in the mid-80s, when the new Nike Air was selling, it was the exact same time BMWs and Apple computers were hot. Technology was fashion then. It's all just fashion."

Whatever the cause, health or vanity, the march of civilization down through this, our 20th century, has gone from head to toe, from an emphasis on fedoras and bonnets to sneakers. Why, until very recently, whenever people bought shoes they rarely even got into the name of the brand. Especially among men, shoes were shopped for almost exclusively by model. I'd like a wing tip. Pair of brogues, please. Hey, lemme see your saddle shoes. Shoes didn't go by brand names any more than chickens did before Frank Perdue.

Well, yes, the exception proves the rule. Every red-blooded American boy who played basketball yearned for only one brand: the Converse All Star. To wear All Stars on the court—instead of something twerpy like Keds or P.F. Flyers—was to be a player, to be a man. Converse owned more than 90 percent of the basketball market. "Remember what they meant to you?" Knight absolutely rhapsodizes. "God, remember...?" For any boy, owning his first All Stars was like a girl getting her first bra.

The little track-and-field spike market was hardly so symbolic and fuzzy. It was just old Spaldings. But among worldly aficionados, a distinctive shoe with three stripes, made in a little Bavarian village, was catching on. By the time Buck Knight made the Duck varsity, the three-striped shoe—properly spelled lowercase, adidas, properly pronounced ah-dee-*doss*—was still so rare in America that it was spelled Adidas and pronounced uh-*dee*-duss. It didn't matter, though. In his dorm room, Knight actually kept his first Adidases on the shelf above his desk, the better to commune with them.

This was the start of a pattern, too. Just as Converse never saw Adidas sneaking up with its German technology, so would Adidas fail to see Nike coming on with its geeky joggers, as later Nike would not acknowledge that Reebok was for real with its sex appeal to women. He who sells sneakers is doomed to ignore history. Tom Carmody, an early Nike official, is now vice president of the Sports Division at Reebok. Sports Division, Mr. Carmody? What other division is there at Reebok?

Carmody snickers. "The only other one is the froufrou, the fitness. I'm on the side that's attacking Nike."

Ah, that would be the one with the Shaq, with Emmitt Smith of the world-champion Dallas Cowboys, with a powerful Wimbledon champion, Michael Stich, with a gritty French Open champion, Michael Chang, and, of course, Mary Joe Fernandez's conqueror, Arantxa Sanchez.

In a meeting with Senator Bob Dole and Budget Director Richard Darman, Knight wore a suit and tie, no socks, and untied Nikes.

"Yeah, we're going to beat them at their own game. We're going to be more authentic than they are, more credible with men. Phil's playing right into our hands, you see. He's out there, looking around for more challenges. Phil's getting more Oriental again. And now he's back into his Dimension Six mode."

How's that?

"Dimension Six. If Jeff Johnson hadn't come up with the name Nike, Phil wanted to call the shoe Dimension Six. Really."

Dimension Six?

"Yeah. It means: One, the fan. Two, event. Three, uh, arena. Four, players. Five, uh...equipment. Of course. Can't forget that. Shoes. Apparel. And six, media. See? The six dimensions of sport. Phil loves that kinda crap. Of course, he's conquered about half the dimensions already, hasn't he? Now he's going after 'em all. There he is, hanging around with Michael Ovitz down in Hollywood. Fine, Phil, fine. New challenges. Yeah—and we got the Shaq."

Just do it.

"Heh, heh, heh. How much longer has Michael Jordan got? Two, three years, tops? And all you've got are pulling up Shaq posters, and they'll go through a glass wall for their Reeboks. You know what we're gonna do this summer in Japan?"

No.

"O.K., you know that sumo wrestler, whatshisname, Hawaiian descent? We're going to bring Shaq to Tokyo and have them meet in public. We have to get permission. You know why?"

Well—

"Because it is going to shut down Tokyo in August when we do this. It is going to *shut down the city*. The sumo wrestler and the Shaq, just standing there. While Phil is going to Hollywood. Now, listen, please understand: I have a tremendous respect for Philip Knight. In fact, I'll tell you an ironic thing. He must be one of the great entrepreneurs of our time. Nike. But I think he's even more valuable now. Phil is better suited to leading a large company. He can get people in the right slots, and he can plan. Long-term. His leadership will be even more felt now.

"But the way I see it, Reebok and Nike, we're about the same as Coke and Pepsi were back in the 20s, ready to take over the soda business. We're going after the men's market now, and Nike's going after the women's, and if we both succeed, then, effectively, Reebok and Nike are just going to lock everybody else out of the stores."

But Reebok is the one going to be Coke, not Nike?

Carmody just chuckles, devilishly.

The Stanford term paper, the $3.7 billion blueprint, has long been lost, but Knight can well remember the substance. It went like this: Adidas has the worldwide soccer market sewn up, and track nearly so. It is making inroads into tennis, even into U.S. basketball. Unless Converse finally wakes up, Adidas is going to take over the world. Except.

Except...

Except if you were going to start a sneaker company from scratch, you would never locate the factories in Western Europe for the U.S. You'd put them in Asia, where the labor is cheap.

But it was all just a term paper, and



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Knight still planned to become an accountant. Serendipitously, though, he decided to take a world tour first, and the moment he arrived in Japan he fell in love with it. He even climbed Mount Fuji—which, Japanese lore has it, will make you a wise man—and when he came down, he sagely detoured to Kobe, to visit a company named Onitsuka, which had started manufacturing an Adidas knockoff named Tiger. If there was a lightning bolt in the bashful American's life, this was it. In fact, in *Swoosh,* a history of Nike written by J. B. Strasser and Laurie Becklund, the wife and sister-in-law of Rob Strasser, the cagey number-two man who broke with Knight in 1986, the authors even write, "Later . . . his colleagues at home would wonder whether he had shared basic personality traits with the Japanese from birth. . . . Or whether he had been the greatest imitator of all, imitating the imitators."

Knight has forced himself to come out of his remote Asian mode for public appearances, but he remains an exceptionally private person, even enigmatic, and uncomfortable, too, in some of the most quotidian social situations. He recedes behind his scraggly beard and his Kabuki sunglasses and the Bowerman-trained, light padded step of a cutpurse. Rob Strasser says Knight often told him, "I really don't like people." Yet, as with the Japanese, Knight is most at his ease going out after work with a bunch of sports colleagues, drinking and laughing, gossiping. "Well, certainly," he says, "my social life and business life are closely tied."

Penny Knight rolls her big eyes. "Oh?" she asks. "Does one ever stop before the other starts?"

Her husband smiles back at her, but he doesn't dispute her.

And just as the business of Japan, with its pragmatic friendships, suits Knight's personality, so does the meditative side of the Oriental coin. When associates criticize him, it is invariably for "drifting," going off on another Asian walkabout. And when praised, it is universally for possessing nearly occult powers of vision, some Oregon form of dark Eastern mysticism.

Knight can bridle at the general subject, forcing it back to the snug haven of sports. "O.K., everybody talks about the Asian influence on me," he begins, "but look at it from another frame of reference—a classically Western one. What we say is that the Japanese way is collaborative. All right, and what is the equivalent model for that here? [Pause, the setup:] It's a team. The Japanese collaboration is no different from a football team when you go back to the huddle and you say, 'Hey, help me out—I can't block this guy by myself.'

"So, fine, you can say we've borrowed a lot of Japanese concepts. And I say, Read the language of sports. You'll see it all there. You don't have to go to Tokyo."

Still, indisputably, Knight was instantly captivated by Japan, and when he returned to Oregon he had already decided that he would try importing Tigers from Kobe. Bowerman was delighted to throw in with his former runner in this side venture, especially since he sensed that something new was, ahem, afoot. The poignant loneliness of the long-distance runner was about to give way before hordes of witless New Wave disciples, clogging the byways, jogging, and (worse) boring everybody else to death by talking about jogging.

Nike was so strapped it had to pass on a young star whose agent was demanding just $1,500. His name was Jimmy Connors.



Playing footsie: Phil Knight courts his favorite jock, John McEnroe, at the dedication of the John McEnroe Building on the Nike campus.

Soon enough, it was a certified cult. But, per usual, none of the major athletic-shoe firms caught on. And so, in February 1964, Buck Knight took his first order of Tigers. On sales of $20,000 that year, the new company he named Blue Ribbon Sports made $3,240.

He kept his day job as an accountant.

Phil Knight still runs for exercise, and enjoys playing tennis even more. This day, though, he is just relaxing in the desert, proving yet again that money does not buy elegance. "Buck can put on the finest new suit, but in 10 minutes it looks all rumpled," Penny says, and all agree that Knight's most felicitous fashion epoch was what is generously described as his "Beaverton Vice period." He favored white linen then; linen rumples on everybody—ergo, clotheswise, a level playing field. Prime among the many well-remembered fashion statements of the chairman of Nike was one made during a lobbying trip to Washington when he met with Senator Bob Dole and then budget director Richard Darman while wearing a suit and tie, no socks, and untied Nikes. Most times, though, as on this day, he merely features Oakley shades and builds his wardrobe, such as it is, around them.

Penny is with him, along with their Manx cat, whose name is Moles. The Knights' two sons have gone off to college, and Penny now travels to most places with her husband. They are happy together, and with Moles. Penny says, "Let's tell about Christina."

He ducks his head. For Buck Knight, this is getting dangerously close to the bone. But he nods in his beard, and Penny talks about how Christina is a teenager from Colombia whom the Knights took in as their foster child. Christina has her own apartment with her own car now, but she remains their child. Not a whole lot of people have known about Christina, for even if Knight were not so naturally covert, his sudden great wealth has taught him to be wary even when he is giving money away. The odd passel of friends he goes to games with are distinguished by the fact that they don't try to hit him up. And that they are loyal.

In the beginning, when Nike started signing up stars, it was much simpler. Cash on the barrelhead. Jordan himself desperately wanted to go with Adidas—would have if only the Germans had upped the ante—and as recently as five years ago, when Knight rejected a new Jordan business proposal out of hand, Jordan stormed out of the office, telling

DAVID BROWNE

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a friend that Knight was a "racist" and that "I was so mad I almost hit him."

In Europe, Adidas was known for paying off not only in shoes but also in cash, women, and Omega watches, and while Converse could usually just get by bartering precious All Stars in the U.S., a streetwise promoter named Sonny Vaccaro convinced Knight that Nike had to seed the U.S. market. Vaccaro was authorized to pay coaches to put their teams in Nikes, and to give Nikes away to good players, even down into high school. "Sports is a street game," Vaccaro explains, "and they understood that at Nike then. They let me swing."

Tennis was the other key terrain, for it is an international sport that enjoys upscale prestige and is perfectly showcased for marketing purposes: two players, four shoes, on a court for hours at a clip. Nike's paradoxical strategy, born of necessity, was to go against the social grain, signing a succession of scruffy rogues to tread the sainted courts—first "Nasty," Ilie Nastase, then "McNasty," John McEnroe, and most recently "the Punk," Andre Agassi. Nike was so strapped in the early 70s that it had to pass on one young star whose agent was demanding the whopping sum of $1,500.

At that time, in fact, all that was keeping Nike alive, barely, was a Japanese trading company named Nissho Iwai. Penny Knight was trying to feed her new family on a $25-a-week food budget. Her only comfort was that, although her husband had given up his accounting jobs, he still had his C.P.A. license.

And it got worse. There wasn't a bank left in the great state of Oregon that would give Phil Knight so much as a nickel. Then the Bank of California not only pulled his loan but threatened to turn the company in to the Feds for bouncing checks. And on top of all that, Nastase's game fell down to the level of his charm, while, in 1974, the kid player whose agent had demanded $1,500 won Wimbledon. His name was Jimmy Connors, and his feet were everywhere to be seen.

But here is the kicker. Here is what happens when, as Nike's head of tennis, Ian Hamilton, postulates about his boss, "sometimes you gotta think the whole thing is a horseshoe stuck up your ass." After Knight passed on Connors, his agent pawned him off at the shoe company of last resort, a Romanian firm named LK. Communist shoes! So bad that Connors ignored his contract with the Commies and started wearing another brand. He won Wimbledon in Nikes. For free. And everybody in the world saw it. For free.

Just a few years later, Knight recalls, when McEnroe hurt an ankle, he started wearing an obscure three-quarter model that had sold all of 10,000 pairs that year. Because of McEnroe's strained ligaments, the model sold a million two the very next year. It was about that time when Buck Knight woke up one morning worth $178 million.

Knight had had good luck at Portland State University. His wife had walked into an accounting class he had been teaching there on the side. And there was another young woman at the college who preferred graphics.

The Nike chairman walked into the ad agency, stuck out his hand, and said, "Hi, I'm Phil Knight and I don't believe in advertising."

Her name was Carolyn Davidson, and he called her, and asked her, for $35, to whip up some ideas for a logo for a new shoe he was making. She handed in a dozen proposals, all of which nobody liked, so they picked the one they disliked the least, which was passed off as "a fat check mark."

Shortly thereafter, it occurred to the Nike boys that production of the shoeboxes was beginning the next day *and they didn't have a name for the shoe*. That night, Jeff Johnson had a vision in bed. "Nike!" he yelled. Nobody liked it and almost no one knew who Nike was. But...any port in a storm. At least it was better than Dimension Six, which the boss was pushing.

And that is how Nike shoes went on the market in 1971—an American product made and financed in Japan with a name and logo nobody in the company could much abide. Fittingly, the company's legendary technological breakthrough came about the next year in the same goofy way when Professor Bowerman took out his wife's waffle iron while she was at church, poured rubber into it, and thereby created square cleats.

After Nike's haphazard creation, the company was hardly more inspired in planning the commercial techniques—promotions and advertising—that have become as much a part of Nike as the shoes themselves. Signing Jordan in 1984 was the quantum leap, but Nike really wasn't any brighter than any other company in understanding that buying an athlete's endorsement should only be the start. A mere nine years later, it all sounds so textbook—sign a big star, promote him, make him into a personality, name a product after him. But until Nike rolled the dice on the No. 3 draft choice in the N.B.A., there had probably been only one product in the history of sport that had sold well under a star's imprimatur: the Jack Kramer–model tennis racket, for Wilson.

Not only that, but all the while Nike was changing the rules on endorsements, bidding up, scuffling for kid basketball players, lionizing scruffy anti-Establishment heroes, Knight and many of his associates from the Oregon track milieus remained curiously, situationally purist. To paraphrase Oscar Levant on the subject of Doris Day, some days Phil Knight was a virgin.

Advertising was strictly outside the pale. Advertising was not only phony but adversarial, placing itself as an intermediary in the middle of the romance that the runner had with his shoes (and, by extension, with the good folk who made the shoes). Knight considered it only barely athletically correct to advertise in the peer-group running journals, but they were, after all, published by purist runners. However, in the ads Nike placed in these insider magazines, Knight wouldn't allow either models or hyperbole to be employed. "As pragmatically as Phil approaches everything he does," Howard Slusher says, "there is always this Aristotelian idealism that pervades it all."

Dan Wieden, the president of Wieden & Kennedy, the little Portland advertising firm that would stand the industry—the country—on its ear with *Bo Knows* and *It's Gotta Be the Shoes* and *Just Do It* and rock 'n' roll tennis and Michael Jordan hanging around with Bugs Bunny and now Sigourney Weaver pushing self-empowerment through sneakers, remembers the first time he met the man who would be his spiritual partner in these commercial devotions. The fellow walked into the ad agency, stuck out his hand, and this is exactly what he said: "Hi, I'm Phil Knight and I don't believe in advertising."



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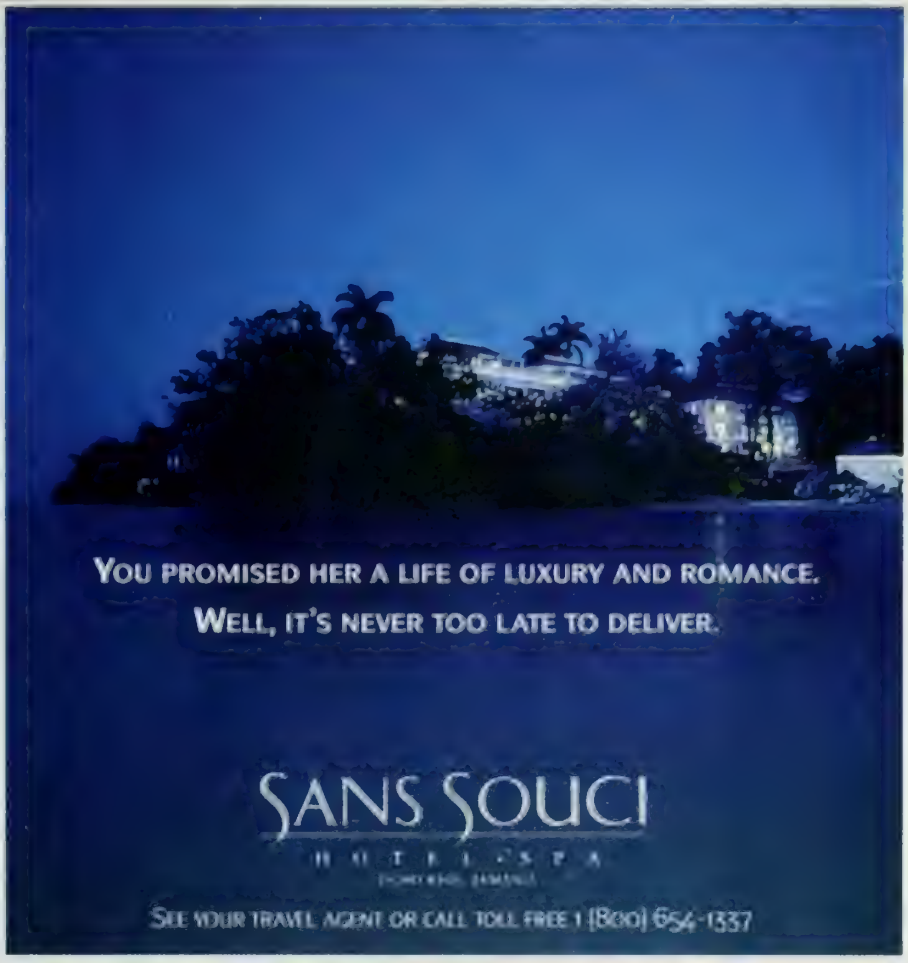
It is gospel that companies that explode from nothingness, like Nike, must be the inspired work of one man who also holds full dominion. But here's another Nike contradiction: from the beginning, the firm was a strange collaborative effort—Oriental or teamlike, whatever your pleasure—in which Knight would often disappear into the background, if not out of the picture altogether. He himself is the first to say, "I was only a part of what became the Nike culture. I was never even a majority."

But the stars were aligned, the horseshoe firmly lodged, and the young men who chanced to come to work for Nike were oddballs who operated best without direction or approval. Knight regularly switched them around to new, different, unfamiliar tasks before they could discover they really weren't qualified for anything. Once, for example, when Nike started up an apparel division, the man appointed to head it was chosen simply because he dressed better than anybody else. Knight would send off his colonels to perform tasks, ignorant, and with little advice save "Now, don't fuck it up." To anyone who succeeded exceptionally, he would say, sotto voce, "Ah, not bad." That was it. That passed for passionate commendation.

In return, the others ran roughshod over the leader. For example, one of the early principals was a man named Del Hayes, who had himself been Knight's boss, back when he held a square job in an accounting firm. One day, a Nike discussion broke up with Knight telling Hayes, "O.K., whatever you do, Del, don't buy that plant in Saco." But almost immediately Hayes called the broker and bought the factory.

When Knight heard, he just smiled. "You just can't do anything with old Del, can you?" he asked. That was the usual tenor of his response to the most blatant insubordination. Nobody can ever recall him firing anybody. And yet, it was this generous distribution of genuine responsibility that delivered him respect. "You guys decide," he would say, leaving the table.

Says Jeff Johnson, who walked away from Nike 11 years ago, took his millions, and settled in the wilds of New Hampshire, "Phil was like an aloof father figure who couldn't stand to show his affection. But the very fact that he withheld his praise and direction, that somehow made us scared to fail—not for ourselves, but for him. You see, we understood he was letting us decide his fate. I have such affection for Phil. Always



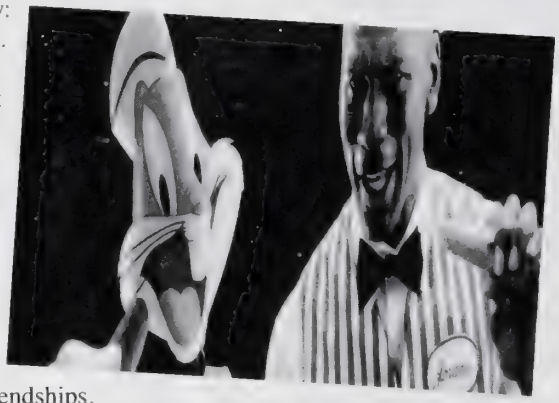


did. But I really don't know yet if he knows how much we cared about him."

And Rob Strasser says, "Phil told me once, 'If I have to have a friend, you're it.' " Then suddenly, one day in 1981, Knight called Strasser in and dispatched him to Europe. Strasser was stunned. "What do I do?" he asked.

Knight shrugged. "You know: Sell shoes. Be a businessman. And don't fuck it up."

Everybody understood that Strasser had gotten too big for his britches and had been exiled. Like that, just when they thought they might have the boss figured out, Knight would throw them a curve. No one could ever put him all together. "He has friends," Tom Carmody of Reebok says, "but only chips of friendships. But, damn, did he do it right. You look back, we were all fools. But we were on a mission, and even if Phil didn't know anything about running a company, he was smart enough to let us think we could take over the world. People always ask me, Is he really worth all that money he's made? And every time I say, Oh, hell yeah. If Nike had had some typical entrepreneur dominating us, it never would've worked."



"Even if Phil didn't know anything about running a company, he was smart enough to let us think we could take over the world."



Rubber soul: Nike teammates Bugs Bunny, Michael Jordan, Bo Jackson, and Denis Leary.

Still, such a romantic, helter-skelter organization was almost destined to come a cropper once past the first blush and the first generation. As early as 1980, like some recreation director on a Caribbean cruise ship, Knight was walking around asking his old buddies, "Is anybody having any fun?" In fact, nobody much was anymore, but their emotions were complicated by the stock allocations, which had made an awful lot of them guilty rich. Nike might have muddled through this transition from teddy bear's picnic to Wall Street listing had it not been for one external happenstance; coincidentally, at this time, there was a stroke of Nike luck.

Only, it hit Reebok. Some aerobic shoes were made, by mistake, with soft garment leather. They were a sensation. Reeboks seemed so stylish; they made women's feet look smaller. And suddenly Reebok was a bandwagon. Knight was confounded. "We think we got it all figured out, and the shadow moves," he says. "*We* had described the game: product, with athlete endorsement. Then they caught up with us with image and design." He shakes his head. "I just didn't understand Reebok. Look, I still don't. We'd have focus groups, and women would tell us that if they bought six pairs of Reeboks that fell apart on them, they'd still go back and buy a seventh. That was just beyond me: styling 100 percent, performance 0." Even now, Knight's woeful tone suggests that somehow Reebok didn't play by the rules.

At the time, his response was just to vanish—by turns barricading himself behind his desk or literally hiding away. Sometimes he even threatened to cut and run for good. "I'm leaving this turkey farm," he would tell Strasser. Just as he was befuddled by Reebok, he was lost in the lonely crowd that he had wrought at Nike. "There were all these middle managers now," Jeff Johnson remembers. "And Phil just didn't know how to deal with them. So he wouldn't leave his office. He was scared to. You could see that in his eyes."

"Or he'd be in China or somewhere, meditating," says Peter Moore.

Rob Strasser adds bitterly, "A lot of guys never got over his drifting away when the Reebok challenge came. I never understood it. Never will. Phil was always such a competitor, and he wouldn't even *try* to compete then."

Knight shifts uneasily in his chair before these grim memories. It looks as if he wishes very much that he had his Oakleys on for cover now. But, at last, he stirs and goes on the attack. "Yeah," he says, "everybody said, Compete with Reebok. Copy them. But this is what I *ask* when I get this question when I go to speak in business schools, and none of the students ever answer my question. They get very uncomfortable because I ask them, All right, if you were the leader in the market—any business—and a competitor came along with a product that was inferior to yours but outsold you, would you make a product to compete with a brand that's inferior by being inferior yourself? And nobody likes that question. No, it's much easier to play that old sound bite about the bunch of male dopes at Nike, with no understanding of women, who didn't know what to do."

In the end, nobody ever truly answered that question at Nike, either. Instead, the company's pre-eminence was restored by a deus ex machina, the heaven-sent Michael Jordan. Moreover, his shoes—Air Jordans—profited by a new technology that permitted a secret gas to be pumped into the soles, a gas with molecules larger than air so it can't escape. Air Jordans have no air! But who cares? And Knight bucked the trend toward specialty models by pushing something he called a "cross-trainer." Essentially, despite the highfalutin name, a cross-trainer is no more than a sneaker you can do a bunch of stuff in, but about a day after Knight made the decision, a bundle named Bo Jackson, the cross-trainer nonpareil, was left on the Nike doorstep.

Nike signed Charles Barkley to give it a rough edge in basketball, and Jim Courier to be the all-American boy in tennis. It signed pole-vaulter Sergey Bubka and sprinter Irina Privalova and two score more Olympians to appeal to Europeans. It signed baseball-and-football-playing Deion Sanders to be an imitation Bo


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Jackson, only with jewelry and a do-rag. Meanwhile, Wieden & Kennedy made the Nike characters Disneyesque, while Reebok's advertising campaign—U.B.U.—was, providentially, a disaster of the first order. Slusher took Knight's campus dream and built the berm, and the campus in it. A daughter walked into Penny and Phil Knight's house. And, most extraordinary of all, the new men of Nike started inviting Nike women to the men's meetings when they were going to talk about women.

By 1989, Nike had passed Reebok again, by 1992, sports had passed entertainment, and so by 1993, Buck Knight was back to searching, long-term, for his own Dimension Seven.

Paradoxically, even as Knight revels in the fact that his company is still idiosyncratic, still Oregon, he is himself searching for more control. He has grown furious that Nike athletes can sign endorsements with other companies without Nike's approval, that, for example, Andre Agassi could sully his Nike image by declaring flat out in dreadful Canon commercials that he's a phony, that "image is everything"—especially when every mother's son should know that loyalty is.

Ultimately, it is obvious that Knight believes that only Nike agents should ever represent Nike athletes. Last fall, Alonzo Mourning, an N.B.A. rookie from Georgetown—a tight Nike school with a basketball coach, John Thompson, who sits on the Nike board—was *assigned* an outside agent by Nike. Said agent then held Mourning out from signing with the Charlotte Hornets until well after the season started. Why? The Hornets needed their first draft choice more than their first draft choice needed them. After all, he was the one who had the shoe contract. Even once he had signed, when a reporter asked Mourning point-blank whom he worked for, the Hornets or Nike, Mourning didn't hesitate for so much as a beat. "I work for Nike," he answered.

And then Buck Knight went out and met with Michael Ovitz.

Knight has also started to construct huge museums-cum-emporiums that sell only Nike paraphernalia. (And can you imagine how much more business Nike and its Asian-minded boss can do when it starts putting sneakers on those billions of Chinese feet?) Essentially, the new Nike Towns threaten Foot Lockers and other U.S. athletic-gear retail outlets, just as Nike's greater control of the athlete threatens agents and teams and ultimately leagues. "We want to work more closely with existing organizations," Knight says blandly.

If that sounds benign, no one knows better than Knight how Adidas, in its palmy days, became such a controlling presence behind the throne of international sport that it is widely credited with being the surreptitious force that installed the rulers of the soccer and track federations, as well as the International Olympic Committee itself. But Horst Dassler died of cancer in 1987 when he was only 51, and the Adidas *Macht des Sports* has all but unraveled around the world by now. At the Olympics, there used to be three institutions that, in addition to the I.O.C., fought for power: the U.S. Olympic Committee, the world media, and the Communist consortium. Last summer, at Barcelona, there were still three: the U.S. Olympic Committee, the world media, and Nike. It is not facetious to say that, basically, Nike has replaced Communism in the sports universe.

When asked whom he worked for, the Hornets or Nike, Alonzo Mourning didn't hesitate for so much as a beat. "I work for Nike."

Power bases change, of course. In the past, there have been important individual businessmen in sport, but most of them have been promoters or administrators. Of manufacturers there have really been only two: Horst Dassler, in his relatively brief span, and Albert G. Spalding, an egocentric ex–baseball pitcher, who was an immense presence in American sport until his death in 1915. Knight is clearly in a position, at age 55, to derive more power from a product than any man ever in sport. "I prefer to think artistically now, rather than financially," he says—inscrutably, one is tempted to say.

He's back in the desert now, outside the berm for a few days, delighting in watching his Nike tennis heroes compete for the greater glory of Swoosh. He is reminiscing about all the years, the three decades since first he came down from Fuji, the two decades since he reluctantly put the name Nike on the shoeboxes. He runs his hand through his scruffy hair. "Nike has become a good company," he declares proudly. "I mean that. Not just a good product—good advertising, good service. Good. Like, well [pause]. Disney is a whole force for good, you know." Disney seems often to sneak into the conversations about Nike. It's not forced; it just happens to come up all the time.

Looking outside, where his wife lies in a bikini, tanning, Buck Knight shakes his head. He doesn't bother with the sun much himself; you can take the boy out of Oregon, but etc. "I mean..." He beams. "I mean, it's a wonderful thing just to think, My God, if you could just leave a Disney."

He turns back then. "You know what I always feared? That years from now my grandchildren would hear that I was the founder of Nike and they'd say, What's a Nike? That's what scares me."

Howard Slusher, who is one of the larger chips of a friend to Knight, says, "I've tried to figure Phil out a thousand times. I mean, I've wrestled with it. And I still don't know. He's changing some, you know. I've heard him say a couple times that the real test of a great businessman is if he's an artist. And what's interesting about that is 20 years ago—maybe even 10—if Phil'd made that statement, he'd have said 'scientist,' not 'artist.' And there is this one thing, and that is that very few people in this world can choose what they want to be, and Phil is one of those, and he chooses to be Nike."

Another time, quiet, a contemplative place, maybe like somewhere that he retreats to in the Orient, and Knight starts talking about Dick Donahue, whom he brought on as president to tend to the short term. Donahue has 11 children. "I asked Dick once," Knight says, " 'Can you ever stop worrying about your children?' And he said, 'Sure.' And I said, 'You can?' I mean, I was surprised he said that. But then Dick laughed and said, 'Yeah, three days after the wake.' "

And Buck Knight cracks a little smile, because he knows that you know that he isn't talking only about his two sons and his foster daughter. He is also talking about his other child, his baby, still and ever. □



Flavor meat with spicy vinegar, herbs & oil, or wine. Salt draws juices out of burgers, don't use it unless you prefer that yummy "cardboard" consistency.



Burgers can be made from fish, lamb, venison, chicken, sausage, and even certain vegetables. Tofu with minced nut burger, anyone? Anyone?



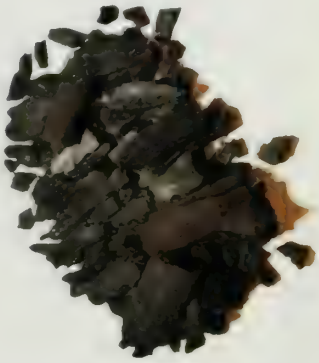
Toss moistened herbs, unshelled walnuts, or citrus rinds on the coals to give the meat a distinct flavor. Some cowboys used dried cowchips but, well... to each his own.



A famous gourmet wraps patties around ice so the center stays juicy while the edges sear. Most people, on the other hand, simply make sure the patty is no less than 3/4" thick.

Be A Burger Meister.





Designer hardwoods are in, but beware of softwoods. While mesquite produces honey-flavored smoke, pine exudes a unique "eau de turpentine" nuance.



Add flavor to meat with ground carrots, nuts, seeds, mushrooms or bean sprouts. Fold it gently, rough kneading turns burgers into Hockey Pucks on a Bun.

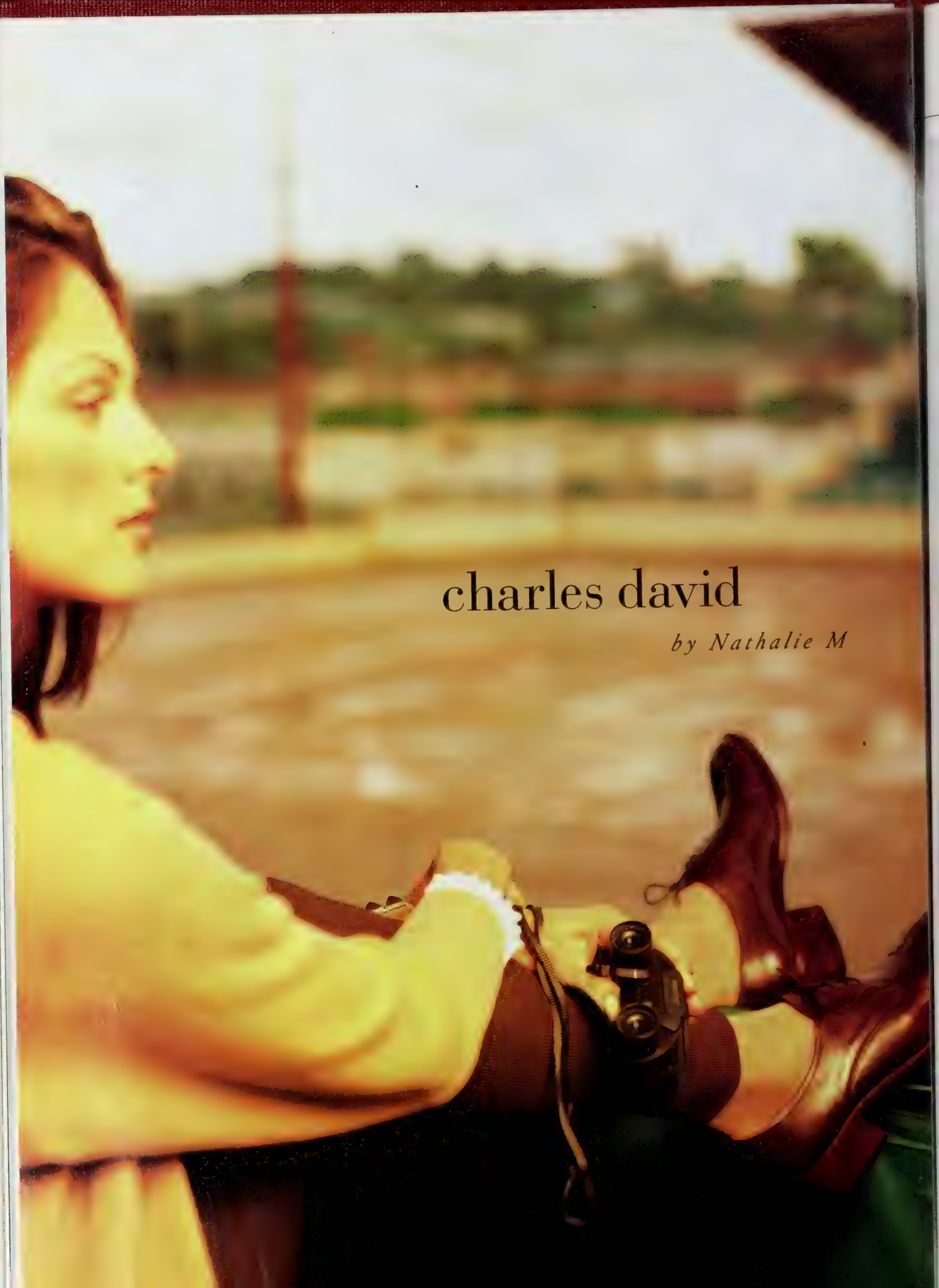
Burgers are no longer simple. Buns, meat, condiments, coals... everything is a decision now. Choosing a wine, however, is easy. Sutter Home White Zinfandel has the delightful hint of fresh berries and the clean, crisp finish that can bring out the best of the smoky Art of Burgering.





Win $10,000 and a trip to Napa Valley with your burger creation in Sutter Home's "Build a Better Burger" contest. See store display for details.

SUTTER HOME. IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, DO IT RIGHT


charles david
by Nathalie M

Vanities



Priestley's Progress

Fans of *Beverly Hills, 90210* should know that **JASON PRIESTLEY'S** extra-Brandon oeuvre begins in earnest this summer with *Calendar Girl* (Columbia), in which three 18-year-olds drive to Hollywood to ask Marilyn Monroe for a date. They're love-struck, not addled. The film is set in 1962: she was still alive. And how exactly does Priestley hope to win Marilyn looking like this? Not to worry—the whisker ensemble has been sprouted for his *next* feature, a Western called *Tombstone*. Maybe the outfit has something to do with his well-known Tom Jones fixation.

This new career pleases him. "*90210* became such a big thing so quickly, the fear is that it becomes a fad," he says. "And as we all know, fads die. And when a fad dies, do we die with it? Do *I* die with it?"

Steady. Meantime, Priestley enjoys the publicity the show engenders: "It's indicative of what kind of person you are; if you take it all too seriously or if you get the joke. I think I've been fortunate enough to get the joke. Thank God! I'd be in a warm bath with a bottle of Cabernet and my wrists slit." *Steady.* —GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

Photograph by DEWEY NICKS

Hype and Glory

Protecting the president from pizza: how the U.S. Secret Service puts the "lid" on "Eagle"

Thanks to *In the Line of Fire,* Secret Service agents are no longer just men in dark glasses listening to earpieces and talking into their sleeves. They're men in dark glasses listening to earpieces and talking into their sleeves *who look like Clint Eastwood.* They're also flesh and blood—once you take away the sack suit, the holstered automatic, and the standard-issue suspenders with "USSS" embroidered on them.

The real-life "security guards–cum–elite force–cum–fashion plates," as one Washington hand puts it, could use a little image burnishing. Agents just want to go about their difficult jobs quietly: making rooms safe for entrances and egresses; scanning for assassins while jogging alongside limousines; monitoring the preparation of cookie batter for bouts of presidential munchies—even denying a certain ravenous president a pizza slice because the place that delivered it had not been "secured." But lately they've had a run of publicity La Toya Jackson would envy. Rumors—indignantly denied—that agents leaked stories of private spats between the Clintons. Reports that it was agents who grounded Air Force One until the safe completion of that infamous presidential haircut. Lawsuits charging that an Annapolis, Maryland, Denny's refused to serve black agents. Yet another stereotypical portrayal in the movie *Dave.*

In the Line of Fire should help. The Service cooperated to the point of permitting the filming of Clinton and Bush rallies. ("I said, 'I want one of the cameras to shoot the president in the back,' and they paled," says the baffled-sounding director, Wolfgang Peterson.) And a recently retired assistant director of the U.S.S.S., Bob Snow, served as technical adviser, explaining how a motorcade lines up and whether to cuff Eastwood's trousers. (In a motorcade, police motorcycles usually "leapfrog," controlling traffic at intersections and escorting "the secure package," which includes two identical presidential limos, Service staff cars, and the "war wagons," loaded with hyperalert agents with flak jackets and M16s. As for the trouser cuffs, see the movie.) The Service also provided actual (or carefully replicated) props, including the so-called get-close/don't-shoot pins agents use to identify who should—and shouldn't—be in a particular area. (Agents always carry a change of their own color-coded pins with them.) Snow had to collect these and other "real stuff" once the film wrapped, and whatever didn't go back to the U.S.S.S. was ground to tiny bits, "so it wouldn't get used improperly down the line."

Speaking of "improper," Special Agent Carl Meyer, the U.S.S.S. liaison for the film, is steamed over a scene in which a female agent attends a formal event in a gown. "I tried to get it axed," he says bluntly. "You can't have a dress and high heels on and be running after somebody—you have to wear sensible shoes—and you can't have your



Right: *President Clinton with a Secret Service bodyguard. The agent who stands closest to the president is supposed to bear a resemblance to him.* Below: *a partial list of Secret Service code names.*

The White House Communications Agency gives the Secret Service a list of possible code names, and the Service chooses those that are easily understood and that "separate" well on the air. The military still uses the codes, but Secret Service agents, with their "encrypted" radios, are now free to say "the president" instead of "Eagle." Some examples.

Bill Clinton	Eagle
Hillary Clinton	Evergreen
Al Gore	Sawhorse
Tipper Gore	Skylark
Warren Christopher	Foxtail
Lloyd Bentsen	Fencing Master
Les Aspin	Finley
The U.S. Capitol	Punch Bowl
Air Force One	Angel
Presidential Helicopter	Signature
Presidential Limousine	Stagecoach
George Bush	Timberwolf
Ronald Reagan	Rawhide
Richard Nixon	Searchlight
Jesse Jackson	Pontiac
Frank Sinatra	Napoleon

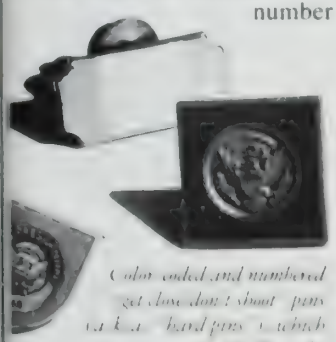
REUTERS/BETTMANN

dress coming up over your head when you're wrastlin'. There are tuxedos for women, that have trousers and coats."

No, the life of a Secret Service agent isn't all ball gowns and pumps. Mostly, it's nailing counterfeiters and credit-card scammers. (The Service was established in 1865 after Abraham Lincoln and his Treasury secretary, Hugh McCulloch, discussed the formation of an anti-counterfeit unit for the Treasury. It is still part of the Treasury Department today.) Otherwise, it's protecting the leader of the Free World every time he wades compulsively into a crowd or a fast-food emporium. "The Secret Service would love to just put the president in a Sherman tank and drive him from Point A to Point B," admits an agent.

People who have covered the White House for a long time miss the less paranoid days. "We were so friendly with the Secret Service, up to the assassination of Kennedy," says George Tames, a photojournalist who has covered 11 presidents. "We acted as auxiliaries—we'd spot people who didn't look right." When a president was tucked in, literally or figuratively, the press would get the word—"*The lid is on*"—and take the low-salaried agents out for drinks. Since the attempts on Ford, Tames says, "you can't talk to them—the young ones look right through you. Everyone is uptight. Everyone is expecting the president to get shot, and they just don't want it to happen while they're on duty." Are they more edgy guarding the gregarious Clinton? "I've never had a conflict with an agent," says Mort Engleberg, a Clinton advance man. "Sometimes they'll have an opinion on the way to come into a room or something. And you work things out." Harry Hamburg, a veteran *Daily News* photographer, offers one Clinton-specific security risk: "The nightmare is he can't pass a McDonald's."

But the fact that Clinton's Secret Service code name is "Eagle" and not "Beefpatty" suggests that the codes are of no special significance (see box). *And yet:* Reagan was "Rawhide," Quayle "Scorecard," Carter "Deacon." When Jesse Jackson was given "Pontiac," some felt it was racist. And when Paul Tsongas got "Lighthouse," his staff thought it insufficiently macho. But no one will really say; discretion is all. "We *just don't talk about it*," says one agent, referring to everything from codes to the back-up ventilation systems required for presidential hotel suites. So it's probably futile to ask an agent how many would, say, protect a jogging president. "That's one of the ones we answer. 'There's always an *adequate* number.' "



Color-coded and numbered "get close, don't shoot" pins (a.k.a. "hard pins"), which are worn by staffers who need access to the president

O.K. And do you really make sure there's a look-alike agent always standing right near the president?

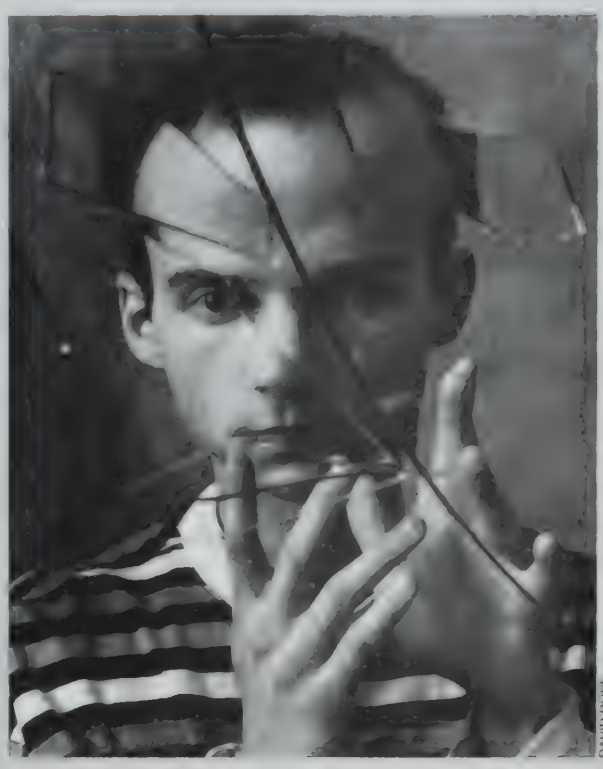
"That's again a procedural question we don't respond to."

Got it: just a guy who looks *adequately* like the president.

"Hahahahahahahaha."

Silence. —G.K.

Briefly, Moby



DAVID ROSE

Full Name and Age: Richard Melville Hall, 27.

Reason for Nickname: Descendant of Herman Melville.

Occupation: The (Pale, Slightly Startled-looking) Face of Techno. "In really broad terms, I'd say that I make rhythmic, electronic, emotional music that's fairly melodic."

Early Success: Remixing singles by Michael Jackson, the B-52's, Erasure, Pet Shop Boys, and others. Now recording strictly his own stuff; his major-label debut EP, *Move* (Elektra), is out this month.

Background: Moby is a soft-spoken, Connecticut-bred college dropout who played in hard-core bands.

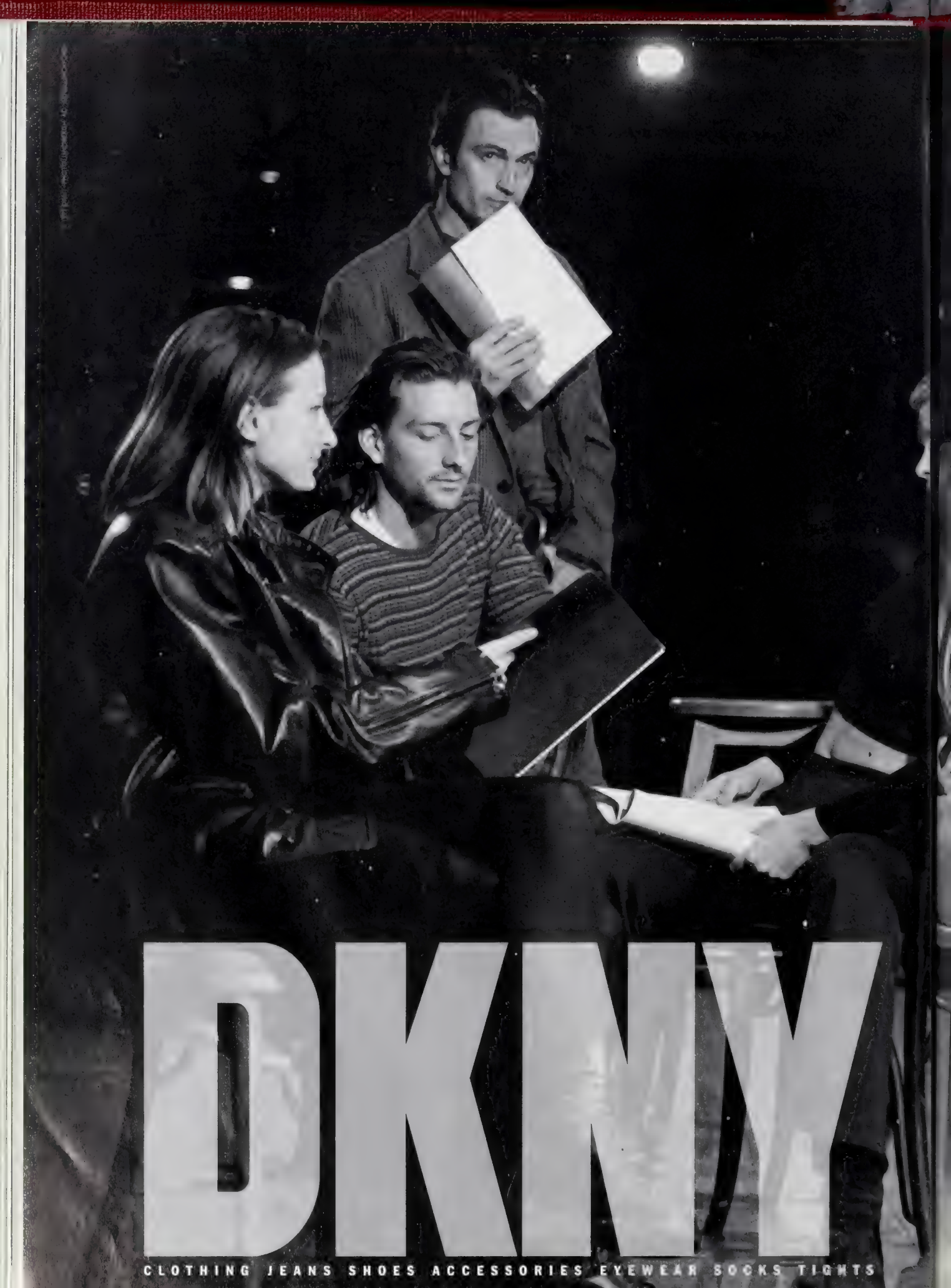
Transforming Job: Becoming a club D.J. ("I found myself responding emotionally to bombastic disco passages.")

Good Dancer? "If I wasn't such an uptight white guy."

Resides: Illegally, in a cramped downtown-Manhattan industrial space littered with paperbacks, old socks, plants, recording equipment (he works there), a Bible (he's devout), and empty gallon containers of water (he has no running water). "I may move to a place with a bathtub."

Enjoys Contemplating: "The nature of human existence. We're only concerned with consciousness, yet we're made up of billions and billions of cells. *What's going on there?*"

***Ever Read* Moby Dick?** "The most I've got through is two-thirds. I like some of his other books, though." —G.K.


DKNY
CLOTHING JEANS SHOES ACCESSORIES EYEWEAR SOCKS TIGHTS



The Big Heat

Repent, all you wimpy Michael Bolton fans! Kneel down at the powerfully righteous altar of the Reverend Horton Heat. His nonstop psychobilly-blues revival show is like seeing Jerry Lee Lewis, Tom Waits, and Jimmy Swaggart all rolled up into a Texas tornado. Watch the Reverend's three-man combo toss their guitars to the high heavens while Heat gets out front and preaches up a storm. He's tried to heal Madonna, Michael Jackson (*and* Bubbles, his chimp confidant), as well as the occasional sorority girl. Mostly, though, he's known for belting out rowdy tongue-in-cheek gospel songs such as "Wiggle Stick" and "The Devil's Chasing Me." "The Devil is afraid of me," says Heat. "The Devil looks a little bit like Gary Coleman—it's kinda too bad he looks like that."



Can't beat the Heat: The Reverend Horton Heat with band members Taz and Jimbo.

Heat was living the monastic guitar-god life in Dallas until he was "ordained" by a local club owner. Since then his band has played with everyone from the Cramps to the pulchritudinous Dolly Parton. He has just put out his second album, *The Full Custom Sounds of the Reverend Horton Heat* (Sub Pop), and is now prepared to be "huge." (God willing.) But "if my career takes a nosedive, I'm going to start Reverend Horton Heating and Appliance, and I'm going to sell air-conditioning even though I know it's politically incorrect." Here's a prayer for more converts to the Church of Heat. Amen! —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Night-table Reading



Amanda Plummer *(actress):* The Diary of Vaslav Nijinsky, *edited by Romola Nijinsky (University of California Press). "The words are spoken onto the page. It's written from the passion, the craving, and the simple desire to dance."*

Dominic Lawson *(editor of* The Spectator*):* Harold Nicolson: Diaries & Letters *(Penguin, U.K.). "It's a marvelous way of understanding the extraordinary people behind extraordinary events."*





RuPaul *(supermodel, recording artist):* The Dreyfus Affair: A Love Story, *by Peter Lefcourt (Random House). "Interracial same-sex baseball love: hello. It's not just about being gay. It's about being human."*



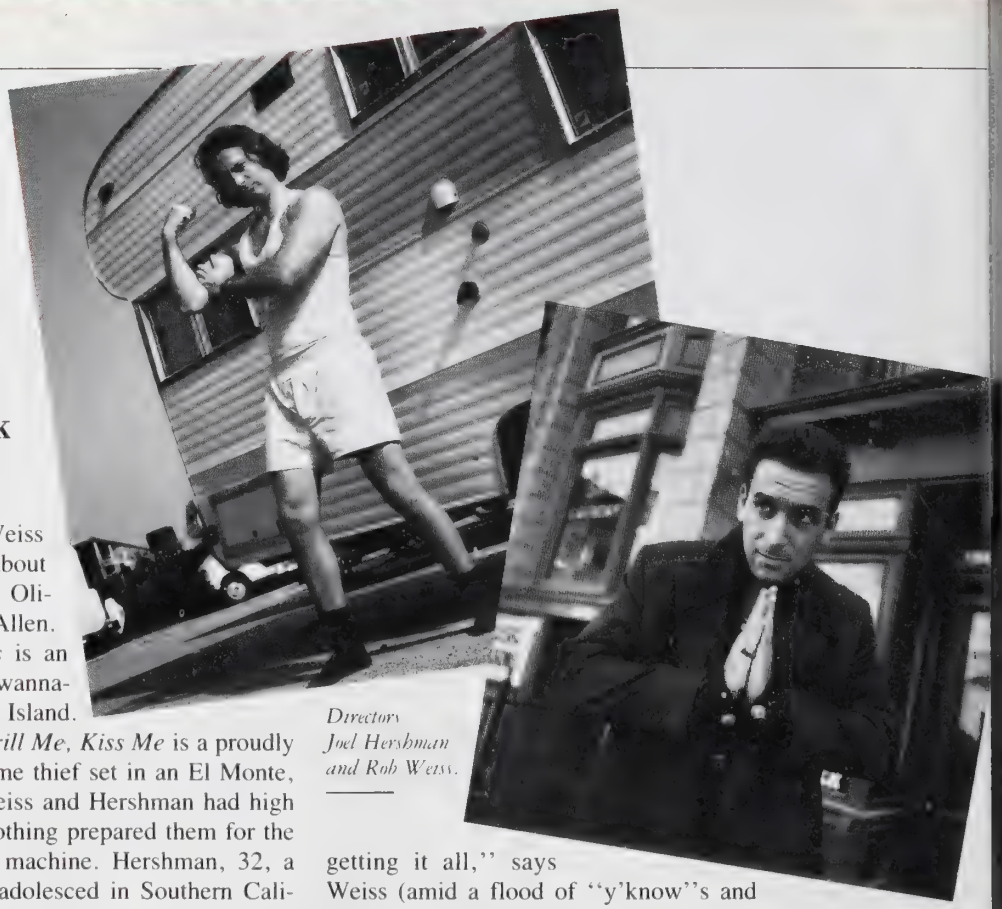
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"A woman should wear fragrance wherever she expects to be kissed."
Coco Chanel

Wise Guys

Two new directors break out from the pack



Directors Joel Hershman and Rob Weiss.

First-time directors Rob Weiss and Joel Hershman have about as much in common as Oliver Stone and Woody Allen. Weiss's *Amongst Friends* is an edgy tale of gangster wannabes in Five Towns, Long Island. Hershman's *Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me* is a proudly irreverent romp about a small-time thief set in an El Monte, California, trailer park. Both Weiss and Hershman had high hopes for their first films, but nothing prepared them for the thick fog of Hollywood's hype machine. Hershman, 32, a transplanted New Yorker (who adolesced in Southern California), is obviously happy to be socked in by pea-soup P.R. He proudly claims to have founded a new genre of film for the anything-goes eclecticism of the 90s. A fan of screwballs, those 1930s sex comedies without sex, he labels his debut feature a "fuckball comedy." "Fuckballs can bring back the things that made Sturges and Wilder so great: irony, decadence, and romance," Hershman says. Weiss, 26, is more hype-shy—especially since it was revealed that gamblers from his dad's casino tour and travel business helped fund his picture. He'd much rather talk about the jittery slackers in his movie: "These guys would rather be struggling than getting it all," says Weiss (amid a flood of "y'know"s and "like"s). Raised on the Island, he too now lives in Los Angeles, is loving it, and just signed a three-picture deal with Universal.

For their second features, ambitions have clearly swelled. Weiss's will be another Long Island yarn, but this one's going to be "an epic. . . . I have a hard time doing things in a genre mode," he says. Hershman's new outing, *180 Degrees*, will be nothing less than the "quintessential" fuckball, set in the Art Deco admixture of Miami Beach. "I think of myself as a romantic and a cynic," he says. "That's my M.O." —DEVON JACKSON

Biddle Rich Girl



Gloves off: Cordelia Frances Biddle.

Cordelia Frances Biddle was brought up to wear pearls and pour at social teas. She did both, for a while. These days, at 45, she sports tattoos (a moth on her hip and a star on her shoulder) and writes. Biddle's first novel, *Beneath the Wind* (Simon & Schuster), draws on what she learned growing up in the patrician Biddle family of Philadelphia. Set at the turn of the century, the story takes place aboard the *Alcedo*, a 300-foot yacht with a crew of 100 and Louis Quinze furniture. The book's characters are based loosely on what she was able to glean from the history of her family, which includes the Biddles and the Drexels (as well as a yacht called *Alcedo*). Few are sympathetic. "I assume when this book comes out I will be *persona non grata* in Philadelphia," Biddle jokes.

Not that she necessarily cares. She now writes full-time and lives in California with her second husband, an actor turned writer. "I think if you go to an all-girls school and learn to pour at social teas," the author reflects, "you're unaware of your limitless ability." —ELIZABETH LIGHTFOOT


ANNE KLEIN
ANNE KLEIN II FOOTWEAR

All About Elsa

Behind the scenes with CNN's arbiter of style

Elsa Klensch is the fashion doyenne of the airwaves. GEORGE WAYNE is her biggest fan.

George Wayne: *So, I understand that Elsa is from Australia. What brought her to New York?*

Elsa Klensch: I married an American—

G.W. *So you followed your husband to America—*

E.K. I didn't follow him, darling, I *came* with him. I started off at *Women's Wear Daily* and then I gradually worked around until I got to CNN on the 28th of April 1980.

G.W. *Where do you think fashion is going in the 90s? You recently asked Christian Lacroix that question, and now I'm asking you, Elsa.*

E.K. I think fashion is giving women a chance to be individualistic. I don't think there is any one strong direction in fashion, except that it comes from new fabric. There are so many extraordinary things being done with fabric—

G.W. *So it's about freedom.*

E.K. It has to be. Women just won't be dictated to anymore.

G.W. *What about fashion in America?*

E.K. I think there is an enormous growth in young design in New York, and I didn't expect it to happen. I used to think, Well, there's Bill, there's Calvin, there's Ralph, Oscar. Who comes next? Then Isaac Mizrahi arrived, and Todd Oldham, Anna Sui, and Christian Francis Roth. And suddenly there is a whole crop.

G.W. *You have the most-watched weekend feature program on CNN. What makes your show,* Style with Elsa Klensch, *so special?*

E.K. We have a strong direction, and we maintain that direction. We only show stories about design and designers—that is the key to the show.

G.W. *Now, what does Elsa say to her critics who say her show is moribund, old hat?*

E.K. If it is, then design is, because we're up-to-date in the news of the design world.

G.W. *But do you think VH-1's* FashionTelevision *is giving you a run for your money?*

E.K. I don't worry about the competition. We get the best interviews, the best positions, the best video. We cover the world.

G.W. *What designer do you favor for your personal wardrobe?*

E.K. I buy here and there. On TV you're limited by shape, so you can't have shoulder pads that are too wide, because otherwise your head looks like a pin. You have to have colors that work well on television, the browns, the murky grays—out. The burgundies—out. You can't wear stripes, because they jump. I look for jackets in red, blue, but I don't favor one designer. But I love Sonia Rykiel, Cathy Hardwick, Donna Karan.

G.W. *Does Elsa ever keep any of those fabulous gifts from Karl, Ferre, Saint Laurent, et al.?*

E.K. They send me the most beautiful flowers, enormous baskets, and I sure keep the flowers, which we are allowed to do.

G.W. *What about those baubles hidden amongst the bouquets?*

E.K. Never.

G.W. *Oh, Elsa, you know they love to dole out the gifts.*

E.K. Do they?

G.W. *Let's talk models—Glamazon versus Waif. Where does Elsa stand on this?*

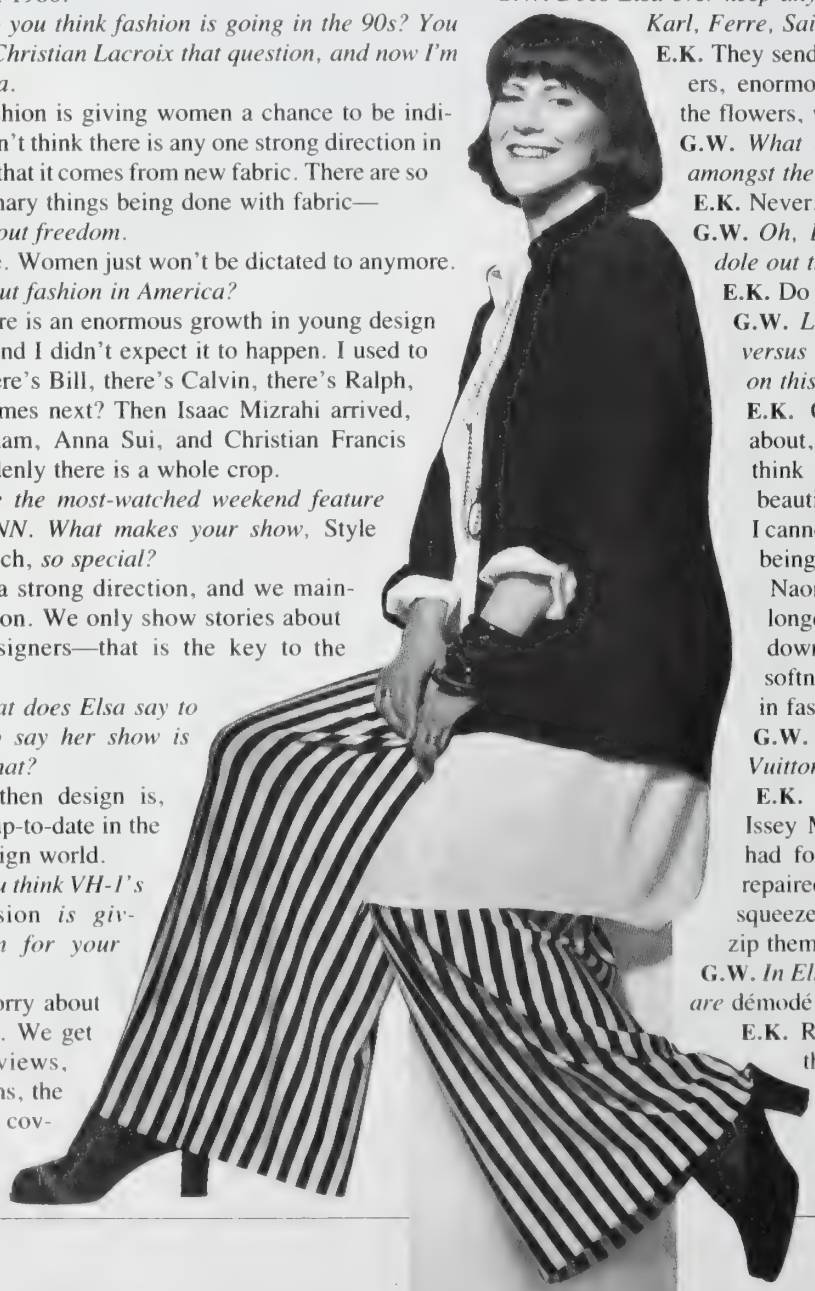
E.K. Change is what fashion is about, so I welcome new looks. I think Kate Moss has the most beautiful face. On the other hand, I cannot think of Naomi or Linda as being out, and they have changed. Naomi's cut her hair, Linda no longer does those power marches down the runway. . . . I love the softness of this whole new mood in fashion.

G.W. *You must own a ton of Louis Vuitton luggage.*

E.K. I have the same two black Issey Miyake suitcases which I've had for nine years. They've been repaired once. God knows what I squeeze into them. I sit on them and zip them up.

G.W. *In Elsa's opinion, four things that are* démodé.

E.K. Really heavy jewelry is out; the exquisitely small shoe is out. Chain handbags and the tight long skirt never worked for anyone.





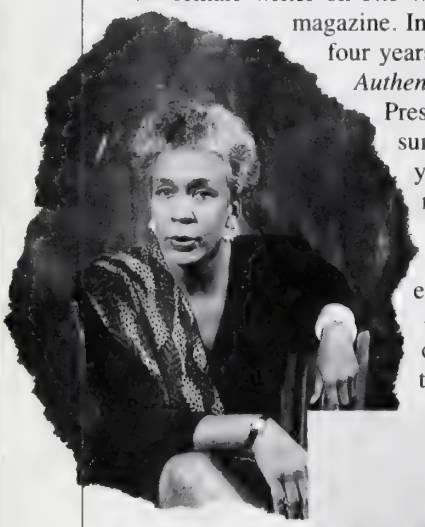
Perfectly balanced.

Tanqueray®

Hot Type



In 1986, craving a steady paycheck and "sick of committing class suicide in the name of righteousness," journalist **JILL NELSON** took a job as the first black and first female writer on *The Washington Post*'s new Sunday magazine. In her daring, acid memoir of her four years there, *Volunteer Slavery: My Authentic Negro Experience* (Noble Press), Nelson, 41, wonders if her summers spent on Martha's Vineyard jibe with her career as a radical black journalist. Though her politics sometimes seem disingenuous, our heroine emerges as a funny, angry provocateur. She has sex with a mortician on a motorized embalming table; she tells meddlesome *Post* colleague Juan Williams, "Don't get into my business again. Because if you fuck with me, I'll destroy you."

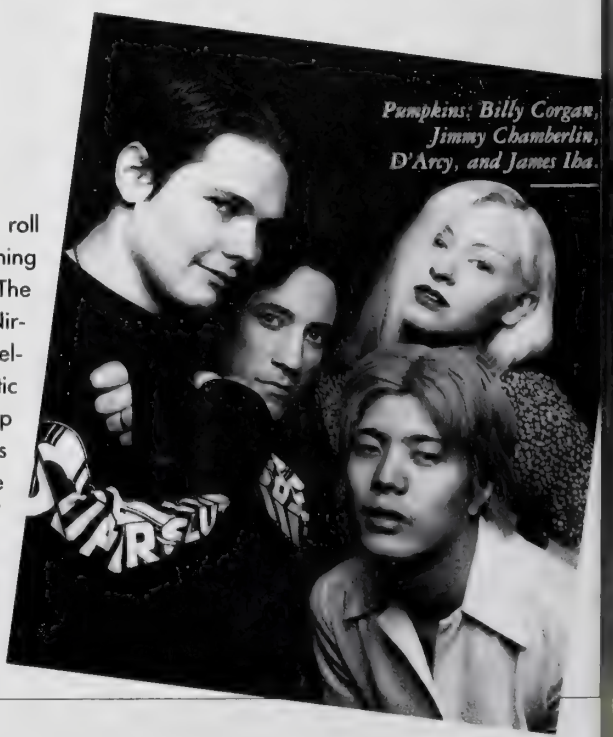


Also this summer: Journalist **DAVID RIEFF** looks at Miami's Cuban émigrés in *The Exile* (Simon & Schuster). The Cherokee nation wants an adopted Indian child to be returned to the tribe in **BARBARA KINGSOLVER'S** novel *Pigs in Heaven* (HarperCollins). **REED MASSENGILL'S** *Portrait of a Racist* (St. Martin's) looks at civil-rights crusader Medgar Evers and his accused killer, Byron de la Beckwith. Homosexual awakening is set against the backdrop of familial tension in two novels: **BERNARD COOPER'S** *A Year of Rhymes* (Viking) and **BRIAN BOULDREY'S** *The Genius of Desire* (Ballantine). **EDWARD MARGULIES** and **STEPHEN REBELLO** celebrate some notorious Hollywood bombs in *Bad Movies We Love* (Plume). An almost-drowning changes three people's lives in **ANNE ROIPHE'S** novel *If You Knew Me* (Little, Brown). **BRIAN URQUHART** details the life of one of the founders of the United Nations in *Ralph Bunche: An American Life* (W. W. Norton). *Platitudes* author **TREY ELLIS'S** new novel, *Home Repairs* (Simon & Schuster), is written in the form of a diary. And **STEFAN KANFER** provides a history of South Africa's De Beers mines in *The Last Empire: South Africa, Diamonds, and De Beers from Cecil Rhodes to the Oppenheimers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). —HENRY ALFORD



Top: *David Rieff, author of* The Exile. Above: *Jill Nelson, author of* Volunteer Slavery. Right: *South African miners, the subject of* The Last Empire.

Monster Smash



Pumpkins: Billy Corgan, Jimmy Chamberlin, D'Arcy, and James Iha.

Grunge is now an acknowledged lifestyle, but as a rock 'n' roll movement it was pretty much kaput. That is, until Smashing Pumpkins dropped their second disc, *Siamese Dream*. The Pumpkins leave the corniness to Pearl Jam, the "punk" to Nirvana. This Chicago quartet create their unique brand of mellow drama, most of which springs from the ambitious, eclectic mind of singer-songwriter-guitarist Billy Corgan. "I try not to get hung up on questions like: Is it loud? Is it wimpy? I can be all of those things," claims Corgan. The wildly varied *Siamese Dream* ebbs and flows between white noise and ambient serenity—sometimes at the expense of the good ol' three-minute pop song. "A three-minute song can be really cool. But sometimes you gotta stretch it," says Corgan. Listen to the nine-minute "Silverfuck" from *Siamese Dream* and you'll know what Corgan means by "stretching it." Sweet Dreams. —BOB MACK


I'm his nightlight. I'm his heater.
I'm his favorite channel.
I'm his umbrella. I'm his blanket.
I'm his weapon. I'm his little voice.
I'm his painkiller.
I'm his savior. I'm his pillow.
Which I guess could also make me
his worst nightmare.
Lilyette
Brat Panties
Your underneath.
May/Robinson's Foley's Lord & Taylor Hecht's Filene's Famous Barr



I. MAGNIN • PARISIAN'S • NEIMAN MARCUS



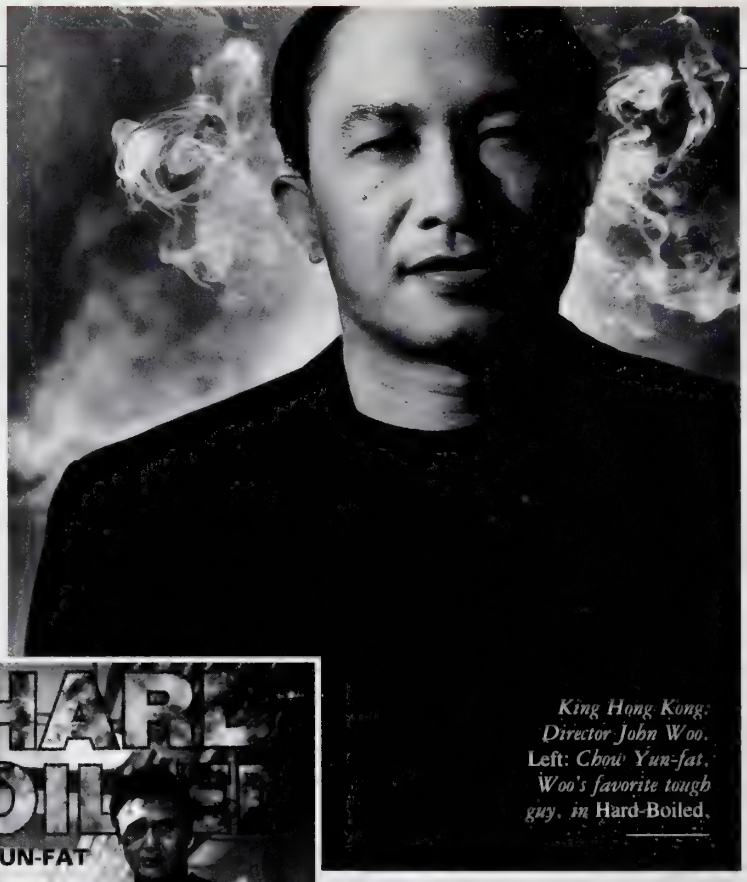
A
seduction
of
the senses.



Laura Biagiotti
VENEZIA
PARFUMS

A Point of Woo

Attention, Hollywood: Don't mess with John Woo



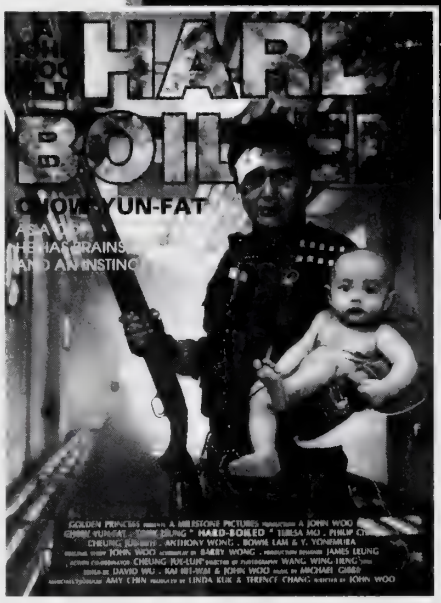
King Hong Kong: Director John Woo. Left: Chow Yun-fat, Woo's favorite tough guy, in Hard-Boiled.

Two film critics are conversing. The first one says, "I've discovered a director who is even better at action than Scorsese!" The second critic doesn't scoff. He merely smiles and nods sagely: "John Woo, right?"

Exchanges like this are occurring more frequently as Woo's Hong Kong action pictures—*A Better Tomorrow, The Killer, Bullet in the Head, Hard-Boiled*—continue to win playdates across the country.

The intoxicating mixture of voluptuous gunplay and heartfelt buddy-buddy melodrama in these movies has won over a surprising array of American film enthusiasts: critics J. Hoberman and Kenneth Turan are declared fans, as are filmmakers Oliver Stone, Sam Raimi, and, yes, Martin Scorsese.

One of the younger members of Woo's Hollywood fan club, writer-director Quentin Tarantino (*Reservoir Dogs*), is planning a script for Woo—a transpacific gangster thriller that will introduce Chow Yun-fat, Woo's favorite leading man, to American audiences. Tarantino rolled his eyes when he heard what one studio chief had admitted, grudgingly, after an in-house screening of *The Killer:* "Well, I guess he can direct an action scene." "Yeah," snapped Tarantino, "and Michelangelo can paint a ceiling!"



There will doubtless be even more talk about John Woo this month, when he becomes the first Asian ever to direct a movie released by a major Hollywood studio. *Hard Target* (Universal) is a gun-crazy Jean-Claude Van Damme vehicle that attempts simultaneously to rough up and romanticize the image of the photogenic Belgian kick-boxer.

Audiences in Hong Kong knew Woo in the 70s as Ng Yu-sum, a director of comedies, and in the 80s (after a brief but dizzying career slump) as an even more successful creator of two-gun gangster sagas. In 1986, *A Better Tomorrow* broke Hong Kong box-office records and became the kind of tidal-wave hit that changes the face of a popular culture forever. Chow Yun-fat, as a Triad mobster who goes down fighting for "brotherhood" and honor, became an idol for sneeringly cool H.K. males. They copied Chow's swirling duster, designer shades, and, most important, his self-deprecating killer grin.

Although Woo admires the work of several Asian directors, including Hong Kong action master Chang Cheh (*The One-Armed Swordsman*), with whom he apprenticed in the late 60s, and Japan's Akira Kurosawa, most of his favorite directors turn out to be "foreigners": Scorsese, Peckinpah, Kubrick, Coppola. "All my life," Woo says, "I have dreamed of coming to Hollywood to work. I'm very happy to be here."

Woo thinks he was destined to work in America, but will Americans agree? He uses the action genres in ways that may not sit well with viewers accustomed to the mostly soulless fare offered by many Hollywood studios. Violence in his movies is removed from the realm of schlock shock and transformed into breathtakingly choreographed tableaux, executed by characters that are fully fleshed out, not mere paper dolls snipped from a gangland pattern book. Woo, who was raised among Lutherans and considers himself "a pure Christian" to this day, often employs religious imagery in his films, from looming crosses to billowing flocks of doves. Honor, guilt, and redemption through self-sacrifice are also major themes.

The screenwriter of *Hard Target,* Chuck Pfarrer (*Darkman*), calls the picture "an art movie with a body count." Will the average Schwarzenegger fan be willing to sit still for that? Or, more to the point, the average Van Damme fan? Tarantino, among others who know a thing or two about screen action, seems to think it will take: "John Woo," he says, "is the most exciting director to emerge in action cinema since Sergio Leone." Now, are you ready for the lo mein Western?

—DAVID CHUTE

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I'll always remember that face. The smile bordering on a tear. Silence as powerful as music. Eyes as lively as the diamond I nervously slipped on her finger. And now that we have come so far together, perhaps now is the moment to celebrate that love, once again, with a diamond as exceptional as our love.



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VANITY FAIR
AUGUST 1993

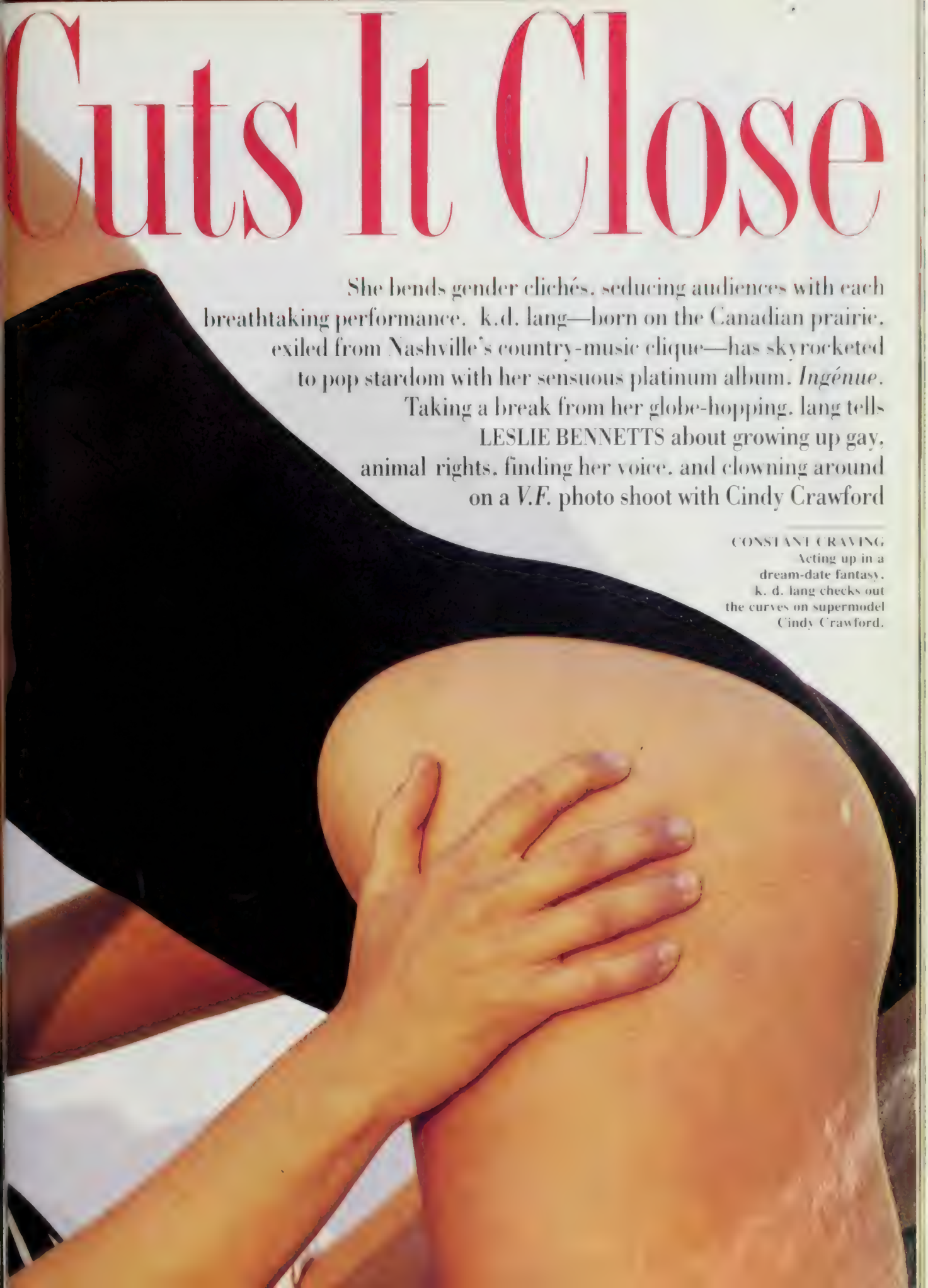
k.d. lang



Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by MARINA SCHIANO

Cuts It Close

She bends gender clichés, seducing audiences with each breathtaking performance. k.d. lang—born on the Canadian prairie, exiled from Nashville's country-music clique—has skyrocketed to pop stardom with her sensuous platinum album, *Ingénue*. Taking a break from her globe-hopping, lang tells LESLIE BENNETTS about growing up gay, animal rights, finding her voice, and clowning around on a *V.F.* photo shoot with Cindy Crawford

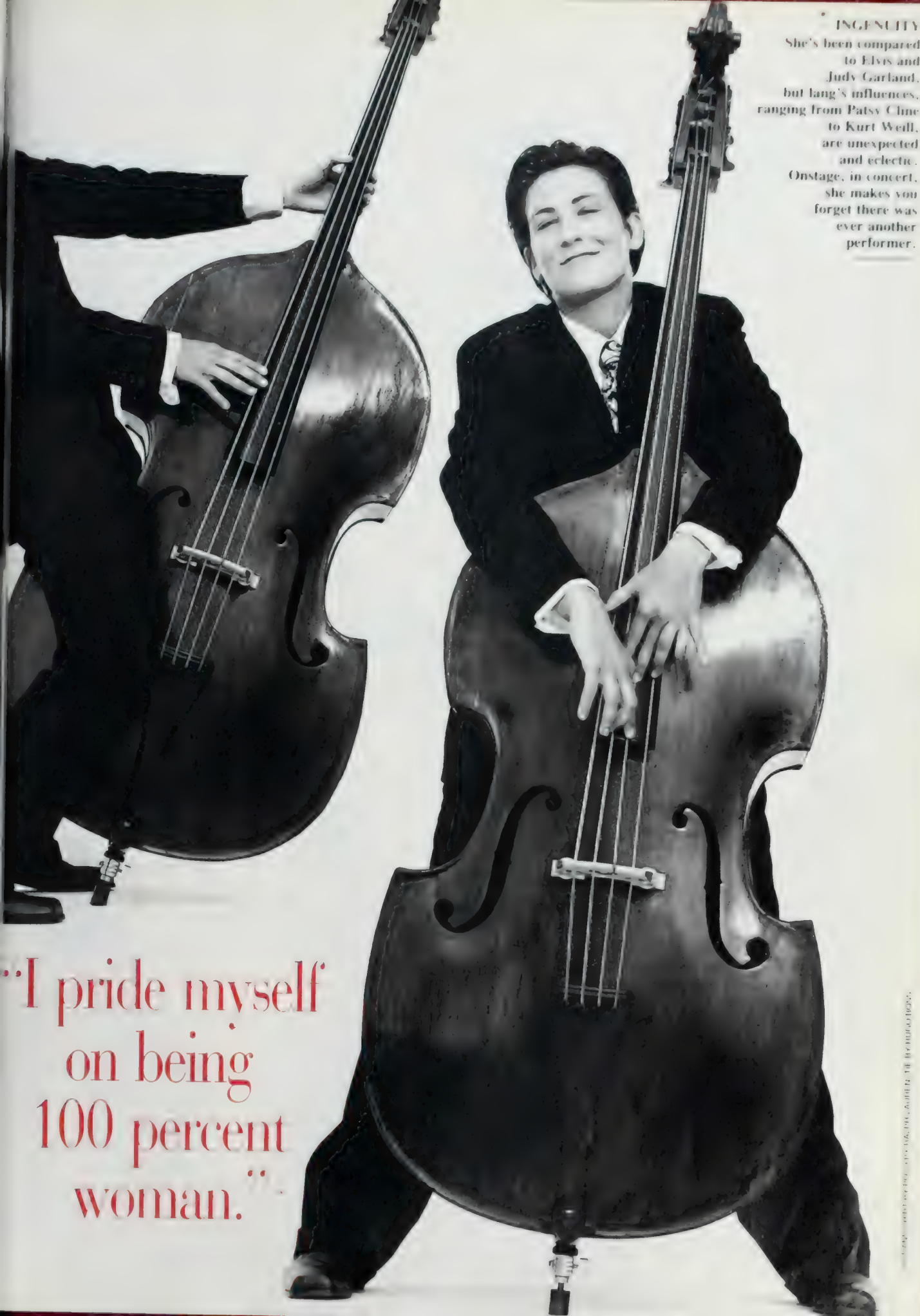


CONSTANT CRAVING
Acting up in a dream-date fantasy, k. d. lang checks out the curves on supermodel Cindy Crawford.



Hordes of women with exceptionally short hair are streaming into Amsterdam's Muziektheater. Some have already registered their excitement on a bus parked outside. WE LOVE K.D.!, one fan scrawled in the grime coating the bus window. SO DO WE!, another wrote underneath, next to ANN & CATHY. A third drew a big heart with an arrow through it and a simple exclamation: K. D. LANG! Inside the white stone-and-glass amphitheater, the crowd is already restive, greeting the hapless opening act with boos and catcalls. The jazz duo quickly recognizes defeat and makes a hasty exit. As intermission drags on, the audience begins to whistle, stomp, clap, and yell. You've never seen a bunch of women make so much noise. They want k.d., and they want her *now*. Lang has never performed in Amsterdam before, but obviously her music has preceded her. The souvenir booth in the lobby is doing a brisk business in k. d. lang T-shirts, buttons, and fan-club newsletters. The buyers are grown-ups, not crazed teenyboppers, but by the time the lights go down they're ready to storm the stage.

When lang finishes with them an hour and a half later, they are hysterical. She has strutted and swaggered, boogied and bopped, pirouetted and



INGENUITY
She's been compared to Elvis and Judy Garland, but lang's influences, ranging from Patsy Cline to Kurt Weill, are unexpected and eclectic. Onstage, in concert, she makes you forget there was ever another performer.

"I pride myself on being 100 percent woman."

leaped into the air, seemingly shot into flight by sheer adrenaline, aloft on a high that intoxicates everyone in the theater. She makes the audience laugh and she makes them cry, effortlessly changing the mood in an instant, commanding the stage like an irresistible force of nature. This is a woman who was clearly born to perform.

Not that you'd necessarily know she's a woman at first sight. Tall and broad-shouldered, wearing a black cutaway coat flecked with gold, black pants, and her favorite steel-toed black rubber shit-kicker work boots ("Best boots I ever had. Got 'em for $25 at Payless"), she looks more like a cowboy. Her glossy dark hair is full but short, and when she tosses her head and strides across the stage on those long, strong legs, you suddenly realize she's moving with a kind of physical freedom you've never seen a female singer display onstage before.

All of which is irrelevant next to the voice, an octave-spanning wonder that soars and swoops and slides from such ethereal sweetness you find yourself holding your breath to a powerhouse blast that raises the rafters. It's the most amazing voice to hit pop music in at least a generation, and the audience is blown away. They've given her one standing ovation after another and brought her back for two sets of encores. She leaves them begging for more. It doesn't seem to matter whether they're lesbians, gay men, or straight couples; the middle-aged husband next to me is screaming, "k.d.—you're beautiful!" His wife is just screaming. I've seen Jagger, I've seen Elvis, I've seen Sinatra, and they've got nothing on k. d. lang. Even Madonna is smitten: "Elvis is alive—and she's beautiful!" she exclaimed after meeting lang backstage at a concert. Critics turn into jelly at her performances, comparing her to everyone from Judy Garland to Peggy Lee to Bette Midler. "k.d. is God!" babbled one American reviewer after a New York concert a while back.

And she's just getting started. In the past year lang has broken through from country-music outlaw to certified pop star. She won the Grammy Award for Best Pop Vocal Performance by a Female last February, for the single "Constant Craving," which she co-wrote with Ben Mink and which was also nominated for Record of the Year and Song of the Year. She got another nomination for Album of the Year for *Ingénue*, a torchy triumph that has already racked up nearly two million in sales. Lang is only 31, but after years of trying to win acceptance as a country singer and being rebuffed by the overwhelmingly white, male, heterosexual, Christian, and not exactly welcoming Nashville establishment, she has finally burst through the categories and the restraints, and the ones who stood in her way will find themselves eating her dust.

Of course, the rest of the world isn't too sure what to make of her either. "If Elvis and Barbra Streisand had a child . . ." suggested one reviewer. "Patsy Cline's sublime power . . . inside Pee-wee Herman's mind," pronounced another. (This was before Pee-wee got arrested.) Among the items on sale in Amsterdam is a video of highlights from seven years of lang's performances, and the metamorphoses of her persona are enough to make you dizzy. In one clip she's sporting a chartreuse brocade suit an elderly lady might wear to a wedding; hopping around the stage shoeless, her hair in a brush cut, she's a sight to behold. For another song she turns up in a bouffant 1950s hairdo and a matronly pink polyester dress. Then there are the years of k.d. as cowgirl-from-hell, wearing the most hideous western outfits imaginable, with fringed shirts and swingy skirts in patterns so garish they make your eyeballs ache. As an added touch, lang used to pin little plastic farm animals to her clothes. Her feet were usually clad in beat-up farmer's boots she'd retrieved from a Salvation Army bin and chopped off just above the ankle. With a buzz cut and harlequin glasses, she looked like a wonky teenage boy in drag after having wandered into Loretta Lynn's closet. Then there was the time lang won Canada's Juno Award for Most Promising Female Vocalist and accepted in a classic white wedding gown, complete with flowing veil. "I promise that I continue to sing for only the right reasons," she said, as breathless and girlish as a blushing bride. These days lang is most likely to appear onstage in what some describe as "men's clothes." Others might simply call them comfortable.

One way or another, gender bending has always been lang's stock-in-trade. At first glance she seems undeniably bizarre, but hers is a deeply subversive presence; after you watch her for a while you realize how warped your ov stereotypes are. In the beginning y simply see her as unnatural. Her face utterly bare, devoid of makeup. H hair has been shorn with what appea to be complete disregard for how flatte ing the results will be; one day she sta ed hacking at it with what looked to hedge clippers, and by the time she fi ished she was nearly bald, although t back of her head had the patchy, uneve choppiness of a cut performed by som one who couldn't see what she was d ing. She had a major concert that nigh too. She wears clothes that don't reve or exploit her body, clothes to move i and boots that could carry you for mile You can watch her for years and nev even be aware she has breasts. She is different from a female icon like Dol Parton as if she were another species.

Watching lang, you inevitably start think about what this culture has trad tionally defined as feminine: froth masses of tortured hair, thick layers makeup, lips dripping with sticky artif cial gloss, false eyelashes painstaking applied with glue, waist-cinching gown you can hardly breathe in, let alon move, high heels that make you minc and totter instead of striding around as you owned the stage. And they call k. lang unnatural?

We are sitting on the deck lang's farmhouse an hou outside of Vancouver, ove looking a breathtaking pan orama of lush greener stretching to the blue Ca cade Mountains at the hor zon. As lang leans agains the clapboard wall, her face reveals a angular simplicity and an elementa strength reminiscent of the young Geo gia O'Keeffe. It is an extraordinary face with its clean, sharp jawline, high cheek bones, flawless complexion, dramati dark brows, and piercing blue-gray eyes a face that hints enticingly at the ric brew of its heritage. Lang is part Icelan dic, part Sioux, part Dutch, with Englis and Irish and Scottish thrown in, and a few months ago she found out she's even part German Jewish. You would never call a face like this pretty, a word that seems *(Continued on page 142)*

LANGUO
k.d.'s appea
undercuts all th
old stereotype
of femininity
gender, an
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couldn't cope


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penis envy.
They're
ridiculous.
but they're
cool."

SULTAN of SPIN

Four months into his term, it seemed that Bill Clinton's White House and official Washington spoke different languages, and the administration was sinking fast, lost in the translation. Enter David Gergen, veteran of the Nixon, Ford, and Reagan administrations, as the savvy insider the president needed. MAUREEN ORTH provides a minute-by-minute account of how Gergen got the job, and finds out what motivates the controversial tongue-for-hire

The Senate Finance Committee was stopped dead. During David Gergen's first week on the job as the president's new counselor, the storm-tossed White House was still sending two signals for what it wanted done, and the committee chairman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, was losing patience. If the president wanted to abandon the B.t.u. tax, Moynihan needed to find $72 billion to make up for it fast. He could always take $20 billion or so from a Medicare loophole which, he explains to me, "New Hampshire is using to build roads with," adding, "These things happen." But the chairman was also getting the word that Hillary Rodham Clinton wanted to keep that money for health-care reform. In exasperation, Moynihan got on the phone with Gergen. "I asked, 'Have we got two administrations there or one? I need $21 billion or else there never will *be* any health-care reform, because the president's whole future depends on passing the budget.' So 20 minutes later Mrs. Clinton calls me, and she says, 'I'm going to fax you $21.7 billion in Medicare,' and in 15 minutes she does."

Moynihan was amazed; he wasn't used to action from the highest echelons of this White House, only flattery. "If you call, what you

Illustration by RISKO


R . S K O

"I realized I could use someone near me who

hear is: 'You are the smartest person. The president is so proud he knows you—he doesn't know how you can know so much,' " says Moynihan. "They tell you that, and not one frigging thing happens."

"Are you telling me," I ask, "that David Gergen is functioning as the de facto chief of staff?" "I hope so," Moynihan answers, "because the fellow who tells you how smart you are, that you're the greatest and the best, *is* the chief of staff, and nothing ever gets done."

When some House Democrats heard the president was ditching the B.t.u. tax, they were furious he had made them vote on the controversial measure in the first place. At her noon briefing, reporters peppered 32-year-old press secretary Dee Dee Myers with questions about the flip-flop and Myers sought guidance from Gergen. Gergen said, "Let's talk to Leon. The press needs to be told where the president is on this, and Leon's just back from a meeting on the Hill." He called Budget Director Leon Panetta and had Myers take the reporters in for a "backgrounder" so that Panetta could explain to them the administration's policy. Says Myers, "That helped change the tone of the story."

Similarly, as soon as Gergen heard that *The Washington Post* was about to play on page one remarks of Transportation Secretary Federico Peña's concerning his unhappiness that a transportation tax might be levied instead, he made sure Peña called both Moynihan and Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell to warn them, got Peña to call the reporter "to walk it back a little bit," and had Myers ready with a statement anticipating reporters' questions at the 7:15 A.M. news briefing—thereby picking up the tempo in a new, faster, 24-hour cable-TV/headline-news cycle.

All these would have been mere boilerplate moves in the tightly controlled press operations of the three Republican presidents Gergen had previously served: Nixon, Ford, and Reagan. Gergen comes out of a highly disciplined school of press manipulation, selective leaking, and spin-doctoring whose adherence to the party line—despite numerous factional disputes—was rivaled probably only in Beijing and Moscow. As communications director in the Reagan White House, Gergen presided over "the message of the day," which was transmitted to every public-information officer of every federal agency. Gergen's specialty, says Michael Deaver, Reagan's architect of imagery, was "hand-holding with the nets," trying to make sure that whatever appeared on the evening news was something he had fed.

In contrast, Bill Clinton's press relations had been a shambles from day one, when the administration broke tradition by closing off the hallway leading to then communications director George Stephanopoulos's office and denying reporters access. Gergen's first move in overseeing new communications director Mark Gearan's tenure was to open the hallway again and also give the vivacious Myers, whom the largely male press corps seemed to regard as a kid sister, more access to the president, thereby allowing her to speak with increased authority. Now Myers seems ecstatic with Gergen, despite the fact that he once defended and sold th deficit-expanding, ketchup-is-a-vegetable Reagan policie that Bill Clinton ran against. "He empowers people—he d it to me," she says. "I wasn't in as much with the pres dent—people didn't go out of their way to see I was inclu ed. Now I can go get answers instead of getting blindsided briefings."

Clinton stunned Washington when he picked David Ge gen, the gangly, six-foot-five, 51-year-old G.O.P. spinmei ter, who, *The New York Times* once said, looked as if he w kidnapped as a child and raised by giraffes. For the last de ade, however, Gergen, who now admits that he voted f Clinton, has worked hard to metamorphose from a Republ can hit man and to hoist himself into first-tier punditry, b commenting with Mark Shields on *The MacNeil/Lehr NewsHour* and by serving as editor-at-large and a visib "Mr. Outside" for *U.S. News & World Report*. Now th restless and peripatetic Gergen's mandate would be to act a senior adviser "at the intersection of policy, politics, ar communications," as besieged chief of staff Thoma "Mack" McLarty put it.

Still, a dread Republican? In his younger days, Gerge who had gone to Yale with Bob Woodward, was even me tioned as possibly being Watergate's Deep Throat. "Prepo terous," says Raymond Price, Nixon's chief speechwrite who hired Gergen in 1971 to be his assistant. "We some times used *him* to carry messages to Woodward!"

"It's a nine-year conversation we've been having," th president explained to me under a full moon at a dinne that Ethel Kennedy gave at Hickory Hill after the Mas at Arlington to commemorate the 25th anniversary Robert Kennedy's death. "I realized that David wa someone I could talk to, and the more I got to kno him, the more we found we agreed with each oth about a lot of things. I realized I could use someon near me who understood the way I think and could hel explain what I say."

"Will he be able to tell you when you're the prob lem, Mr. President?"

"That's a myth," the president shot back. "This is wha happens when you really try to change things. I've had tw historians tell me I've accomplished more in the first fou months than any other recent president."

Clinton had just delivered an eloquent speech honorin R.F.K. which contained the refrain "We can do better" (columnist Mary McGrory wrote that he seemed to be deliv ering it to himself). Nevertheless, by bringing in Gerge whom he had met in 1984 at the Renaissance Weekend i Hilton Head, South Carolina—an annual schmoozefes where aging boomers ring in the New Year by paneling ti they drop—the president was signaling to official Wash ington not only that the Clintonites finally realized the were in desperate shape, but also that from now on one o their own would be in the fold. Amazingly, Gergen is th

nderstood the way I think," the president said.

nly person in the upper echelon, except for foreign-policy gures, who has ever had any White House experience

Unlike McLarty, whose background is in the family car ealerships and the natural-gas business in Arkansas, David iergen—Yale undergraduate, Harvard Law School—is a Vashington insider. He instinctively understands that Pat loynihan is not particularly susceptible to courtly southern attery, and that good-ol'-boy purring, which plays well ith southern senators, will not fill the decision gap. Gergen as been training all his adult life in what he calls "the basic ourtesies" of the town. Despite having a reputation like the resident's for being chronically late and extremely disor-anized, he can construct the perfect sound bite on cue, and e knows when to talk to the press, whom to call on the Hill. oes it really matter if you find his administration-hopping istasteful? At least David Gergen's got rhythm.

It is, of course, the peculiar Washington rhythm that keeps ie process flowing—and the process keeps the institutions oing. The rhythm in the capital is far more important than ie buzz—which is that so far, despite all those little gold axophones the F.O.B.'s wear, the Clintons have been tone-eaf, and, thank God, maybe the finely attuned Gergen can elp, because it doesn't much matter to Establishment Wash-igton whether you're labeled Democrat or Republican as ong as you're one of them and can feel the inside-the-Belt-ay beat. "I can maybe translate a little of the city to iem," Gergen avers of the First Couple. The pundits call iis "avoiding another failed presidency" and "thinking that ie country is becoming ungovernable." Gergen buys into iat totally; he can clear his throat with the best of them. In is makeshift basement office in the White House's West ing, which used to be the barber shop—if it still were, he ight not have this job—he immediately starts speaking Vashingtonese: "Bill Schneider [the quote-a-minute utility ound-biter of CNN and the American Enterprise Institute] ut it well this week in something he said: 'It's not a question f moving right or left, it's a question of moving forward.' " o much of Washington, which has been traveling distinctly the right in the last 12 years, motion is an end in itself.)

Ironically, however, North Carolina–bred David Gergen, or all his Establishment connections—the right schools, iemberships at the world's most exclusive male-bonding nclaves, such as the Bohemian Club, which he was recently rced to give up—and for all his genuflections to the seats f the mighty, is really almost always in there as an outsider: Mr. Inside Out.

"The key thing is: he's always survived in the White ouse not necessarily by being an insider," says Ed Rollins, ho was political director in the Reagan White House. "He as always suspect as a Democrat in Nixon's White House, Bush-Baker Republican in Reagan's White House, and to-ay he falls into the same category. He hasn't had pleasant xperiences in the White House; he's had lots of intrigue and attles against him." "He's not a good political game play-— he's a little blind about it," says ABC News vice presi-dent Joanna Bistany, who was Gergen's assistant in the Reagan White House. "You'd have to say, 'David, this guy's out to get you,' and he'd say, 'Oh, do you think so?' "

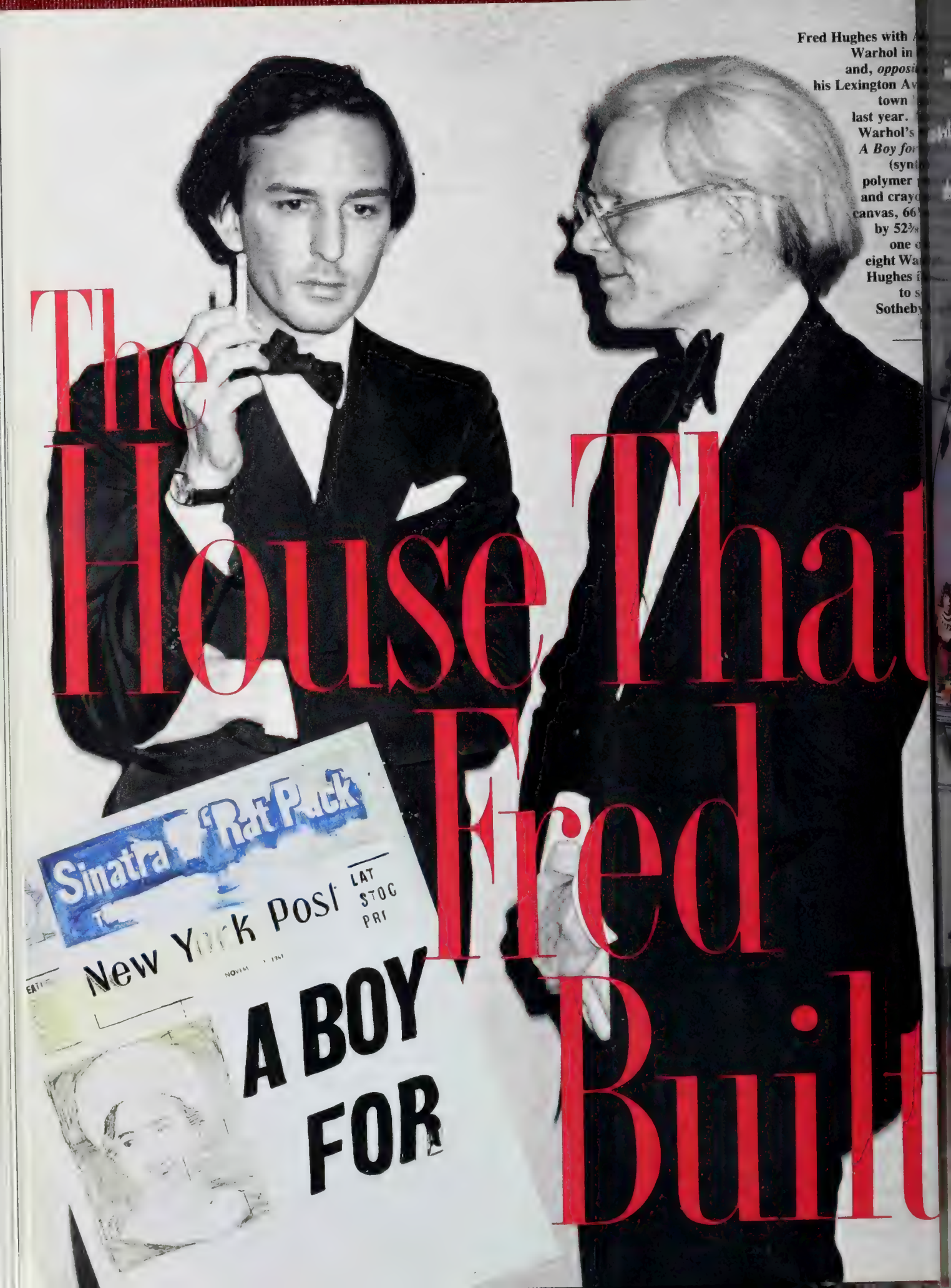
As communications director for Reagan under his mentor, James Baker, who was Reagan's first chief of staff, Gergen was in constant combat with Larry Speakes, the press secre-tary, who nicknamed him Tall and refused to speak to report-ers who dared go to Gergen for anything. "It was continual guerrilla warfare between us," says Speakes, who always thought Gergen wanted his job "and worked on Baker for it." Speakes called Bistany "the spy" after Gergen stationed her in a room with a Xerox machine on which reporters used to copy their expense accounts. In 1984, Gergen, who had a reputation as a major leaker, finally had to leave. "Larry wasn't up to the job," says Rollins, "but Jim Baker didn't want a strong press secretary. He spent 35 hours a week briefing the press himself."

A workaholic, Gergen rarely spent much time with his family, and he and Bistany would work late into the night, giving rise to rumors that they were an item. "There were tons of rumors about David and me," says Bistany. "I wasn't the first and I wasn't the last. There were rumors about David and women going back to the Nixon administra-tion. David likes women—he respects them. He likes having women work for him. He'd say to me, 'If I have two people in front of me, and one of them is a man and one is a woman, I'll hire the woman, because I know the woman will work her heart out to prove herself.' He believes strongly in push-ing women up the ladder."

The men might be more difficult. "I don't feel bad about doing this, because this is exactly what *he* used to do to people," confides a former colleague who wants to dump all over Gergen anonymously—another Washington tradition. Never mind. In a rare on-the-record chorus, true-blue Repub-licans who feel betrayed by David Gergen's defection are lined up to speak. This man of the center, they say, is hol-low, and he leaks. "The sieve is back!" former Reagan press secretary James Brady reportedly cracked to friends as Washington's G.O.P. phone lines melted down from over-load at the news of Gergen's appointment on the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend. "I don't think Clinton believes in a great deal, but he believes a great deal more than Gergen," columnist Robert Novak huffs in far-righteous indignation. "I don't believe for a minute he won't be out there briefing in a couple of weeks," says George Bush's press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater. "He wants the limelight."

However derogatory the G.O.P. may be toward Gergen, it's nothing compared with the shellacking the president takes from those major insiders who watch in horrified fasci-nation as he lurches from one banana peel to another. This is David Gergen's new challenge: to teach these flat feet how to dance. But if Gergen is being called in to be a political Miss Manners, they sniff, it is already too late.

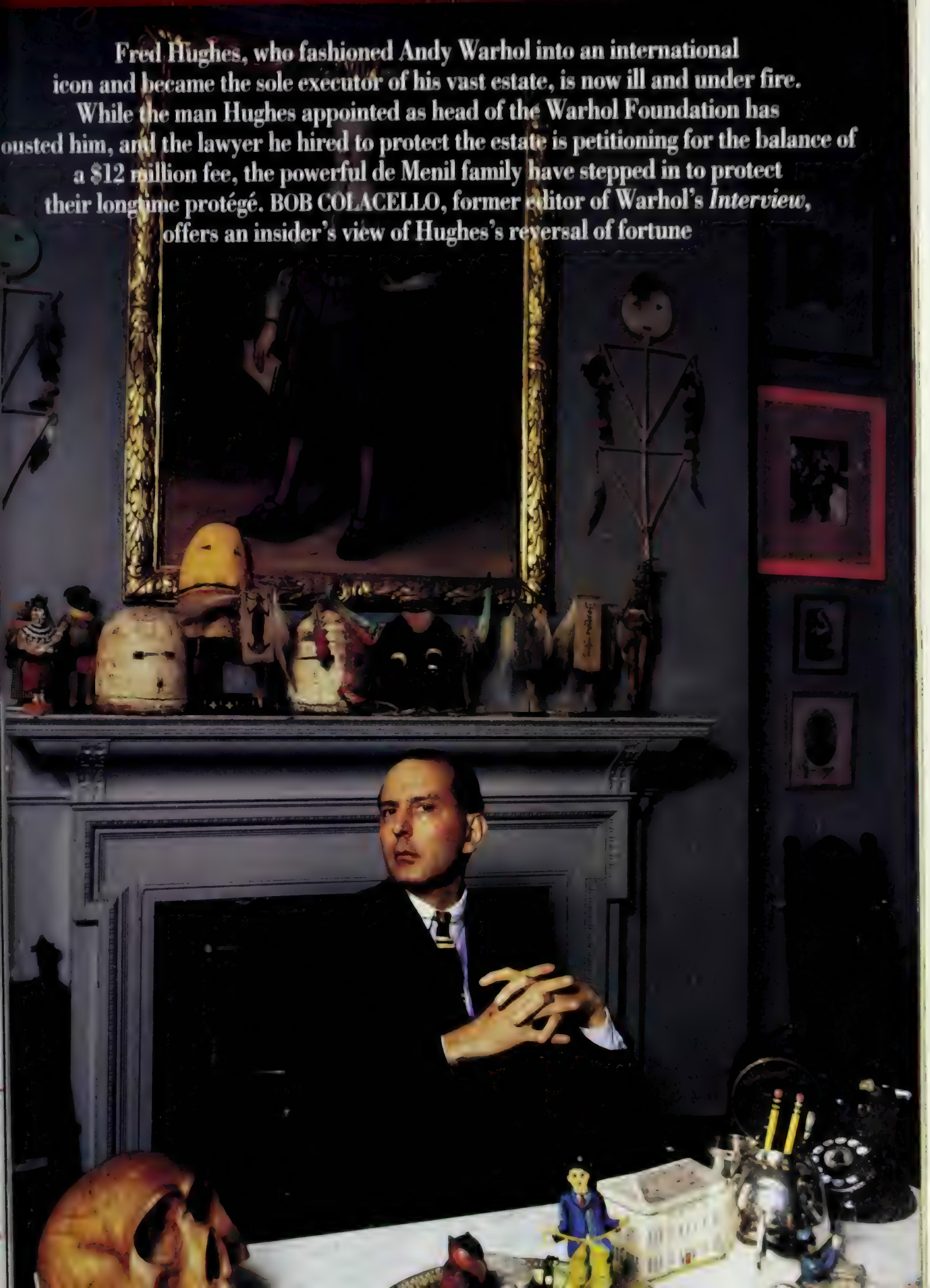
"This sense that Gergen's the panacea—nothing could be more ridiculous. P.R. and *(Continued on page 168)*



The House That Fred Built

Fred Hughes with A
Warhol in
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Fred Hughes, who fashioned Andy Warhol into an international icon and became the sole executor of his vast estate, is now ill and under fire. While the man Hughes appointed as head of the Warhol Foundation has ousted him, and the lawyer he hired to protect the estate is petitioning for the balance of a $12 million fee, the powerful de Menil family have stepped in to protect their longtime protégé. BOB COLACELLO, former editor of Warhol's *Interview*, offers an insider's view of Hughes's reversal of fortune



"Monarchy was just as good a system as almost any other after all. You had *backup*. You had *continuity*. And you figured, Well, if this one isn't so great, his son will *hopefully* be better," said Fred Hughes, the man who built Andy Warhol's empire and who is the executor of the artist's startlingly enormous estate. Hughes, who began to show serious symptoms of multiple sclerosis within a year of Warhol's sudden death in 1987, was sitting in a wheelchair in the second-floor study of the ivy-covered town house on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan which had been Warhol's own residence for 15 years before he rented it to Hughes in 1974, and which Hughes bought from the Warhol estate for $593,500 in 1988. He was pointing at a framed photograph of the last Romanov czarevitch, a sepia image of a boy of five or six in a sailor suit.

I hadn't been in this house since I resigned as editor of *Andy Warhol's Interview* in 1983, and there were two very obvious changes: the décor had become much grander, and an electric track had been installed along one side of the staircase to carry Hughes, who will turn 50 this summer, from floor to floor on a small backless seat. Hughes has had this seat slipcovered in a faded leopard print, but it is still the first thing one notices in the foyer, except, perhaps, for the big Warhol portrait of Prince Charles.

Off the foyer, a gilded sofa said to have been made for Czar Alexander I dominates a green-lacquered salon, and the royal theme continues right up to the recently redecorated master bedroom on the third floor, with its shiny Napoleon-blue walls, gold moldings, and silver ceiling. There are full-length portraits of English kings and queens in gilded frames throughout the house, as well as a splendid portrait of the Duke of Buckingham. "*He* made the big mistake of being Charles I's boyfriend," Hughes said. "And he was *daggered*."

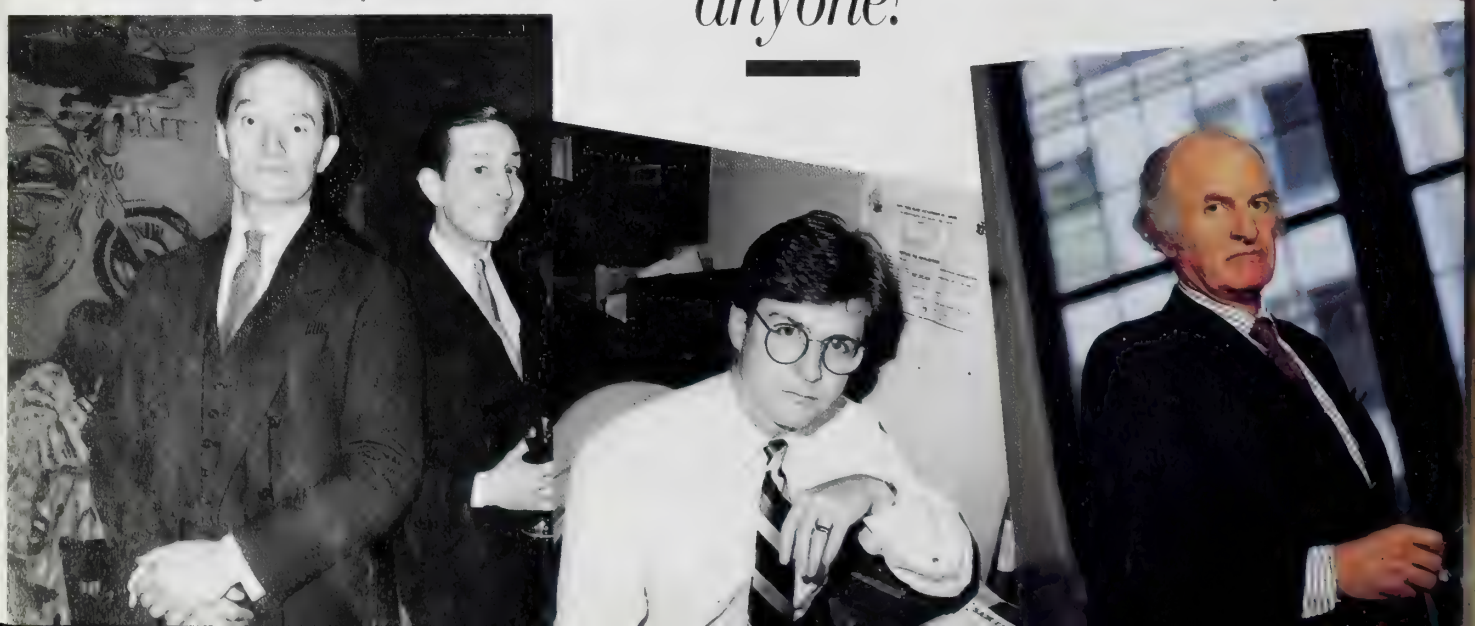
Although Hughes jokingly calls his house the Hotel Anglomania, it is not another nouveau riche American's attempt to re-create Windsor Castle on the Upper East Side, but the extraordinary assemblage of an over-the-top collector with a one-in-a-million eye (and, until very recently, it seems, a multimillion-dollar checkbook). Among the wildly diverse treasures crammed into its narrow four stories and basement are Edward Curtis photographs of American Indians; Audubon watercolors of insects, reptiles, and rodents; an 18[illegible] century Adam sofa and a 19th-cent[illegible] Neapolitan settee; a taxidermized [illegible] sprayed gold; a Jamie Wyeth nude o[illegible] young man; and an old Lone Star [illegible] from Hughes's home state of Texas.

Nor is it Andy Warhol's checke[illegible] hoard of loose diamonds and Bake[illegible] bracelets, Deco cookie jars and bask[illegible] from Kyoto, left in the shopping b[illegible] they came in or stashed away in clos[illegible] and under beds. Everything in the ho[illegible] of Hughes is orderly, polished, va[illegible] able, and valued. In the sitting ro[illegible] where I interviewed Hughes, for [illegible] stance, the glossy aubergine walls [illegible] covered with old family photograp[illegible] newer ones of famous friends, an[illegible] collection of 19th-century silhouettes, [illegible] hung in perfectly symmetrical rows. T[illegible] shelves are packed with what Hugh[illegible] called "my gobbledygook stuff"—Es[illegible] mo masks, kachina dolls, antique G[illegible] man toys, nine identical Mickey Mou[illegible] figurines made in Japan in the 30s, [illegible] arranged in artful clusters. As o[illegible] friend says, "The whole place loo[illegible] highly curated."

And every piece tells a part of [illegible] Fred Hughes story. Under the picture[illegible] the czarevitch is a photograph of the l[illegible] Italian film director Luchino Viscon[illegible] "Oh, I loved it in your book," Hugh[illegible] said, referring to my 1990 memo[illegible] *Holy Terror: Andy Warhol Close U[illegible]* "where you said that I did the tan[illegible] with Luchino Visconti for an hour an[illegible] half. I'd forgotten that until I read it[illegible] just loved that. I miss Luchino. *T*[illegible] was a person who was strictly first-r[illegible] in every way."

He also brought up an article I wr[illegible] about Rudolf Nureyev for this ma[illegible]

Hughes stood up in his huge, all-red office and roared, "I don't trust *anyone!*"





Fred Hughes's office at the Warhol Factory. *Opposite, from left,* Ed Hayes and Hughes at the Warhol memorial lunch, April 1, 1987; Vincent Fremont in 1983; Arch Gillies in his office at the Andy Warhol Foundation.

zine. "I was friendlier with Rudi than most people know," he said. "And I just sat here reading your piece and *cried*. I must have scared this new secretary to death. What does she think—this creepy guy in a wheelchair starts crying. . . . On my bulletin board in my john is one of my favorite pictures of Rudi and I together. *Clothes on*. Oh, he was just my cup of tea, from the very beginning. You know, of course, my girlfriend in Paris, Clara Saint, is the one who helped him defect."

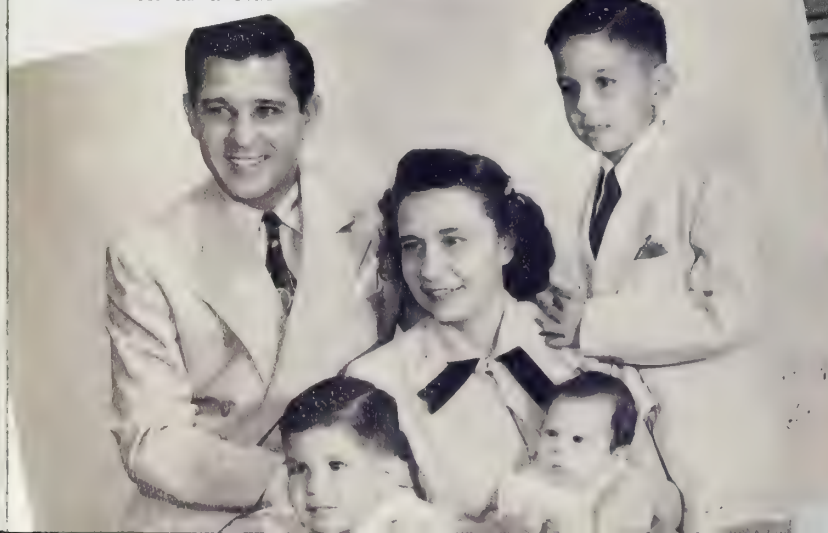
Most of the afternoon passed that way: two former Factory workers dropping names competitively, just as we used to do for our boss, Andy Warhol. We covered everyone from the King of Sweden ("That adorable Karl Gustav," Hughes called him. "Remember when he came down to see me at the Factory? I have the photo to prove it") to the Duchess of York's financial adviser ("How about that the toe-sucker was somebody who lived upstairs here for a year: Johnny Bryan!").

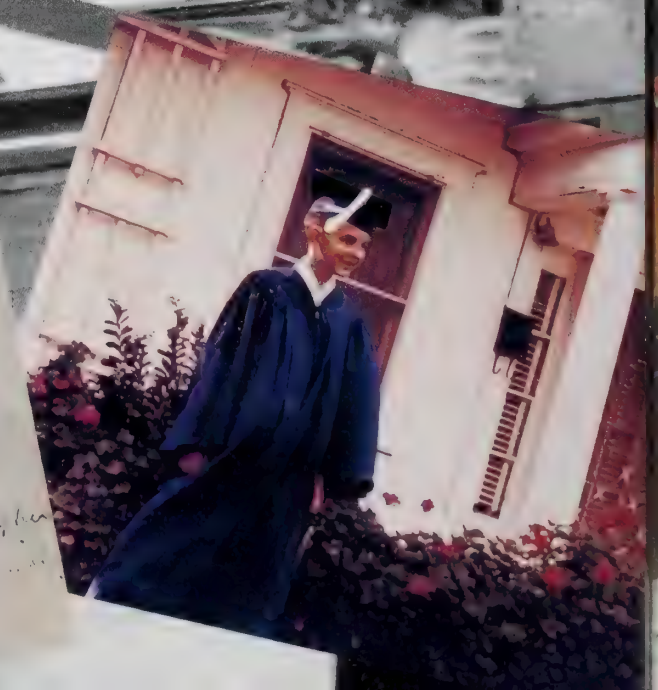
As he spoke, he lit up Marlboro after Marlboro, taking only one or two drags on each before squashing it out in a small marble ashtray with a safety top. He was, as always, impeccably groomed and stylishly dressed: Savile Row black pin-striped suit jacket, black-and-white striped shirt with a white collar and gold tie bar, navy knit tie with cream horizontal stripes from the Turf Club in London, khaki jodhpurs, dark-green Belgian shoes. At one point his left leg started to jerk up and down uncontrollably. "Sorry, I'm having a little spasm," he said. "It's nothing serious. Don't worry." Then he shouted, "I say! Sheila! I need a pill!"

Hughes is cared for by around-the-clock private nurses and employs several secretaries and assistants, as well as a Rus-

"When I started with Andy, people said, 'How can a boy from a nice family work at a place like that?' "









The Factory crowd in 1969: Back row from left, Paul Morrissey, Eric Emerson, two unidentified people, Ultra Violet, Fred Hughes, two unidentified people, Cory Tippin, Sam Green, Gerard Malanga; front row, Jay Johnson, Andy Warhol, Ingrid Superstar, Candy Darling, unidentified woman, Brigid Berlin. *Insets, from left,* Fred Hughes with his parents and younger siblings, 1951; Hughes at 14, in 1957; the ballroom at the last Factory; Hughes and Warhol with Pope John Paul II in the early 80s.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED W. MCDARRAH; INSET, SECOND FROM RIGHT, BY ANDY WARHOL

sian masseur-valet. This past winter he spent three months in New York University Medical Center for an operation on his urinary tract and physical therapy, but he brushed this off with a flash of black humor. "It was like putting the New Jersey Turnpike," he said, "*through* the Long Island Expressway."

I asked him if he missed Andy.

"So much," he answered. "I just don't have the feeling that he's really gone.... Sometimes I sit in my office and say, 'Wait till that son of a bitch gets in. I'm gonna give him hell.' Because, you know, of the constant parade of the night of the living dead—you can't *believe* the people that have dragged themselves out of the sewer of God-knows-where in the last six years. Because they think they can get a crumb of what they read about. Well, big cheeses attract big rats. So when they read about the size of the Andy Warhol estate, that attracts big rats. And also small picky ones."

By the time Fred Hughes spoke these words this past May, it was impossible not to notice that in the last six years his life had been turned completely upside down. Warhol's will, in effect, gave him everything he had worked for—and waited for—since 1967: financial security, social prestige, and real power in the uppermost echelons of the international art world. It not only named him the sole executor of one of the largest estates ever amassed by an artist—disputed estimates range from $120 million to $600 million—but also put him in charge of the estate's virtually sole beneficiary, the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, which has already given away more than $18 million.

In February of 1992, Hughes was forced out as chairman of the foundation in a boardroom coup led by Archibald L. Gillies, the man he had appointed its president three years earlier, and to whom he now barely speaks. Last July, the foundation filed papers that could cost him millions in a convoluted three-way legal battle that also involves Edward W. Hayes, the lawyer Hughes chose to represent the estate and the foundation the day after Warhol died, and to whom he now barely speaks. Last November, in a separate dispute, Hughes sued Bruno Bischofberger, the Zurich art dealer through whom he had been selling Warhol's work since the late 60s, and to whom he now barely speaks.

This spring, in order to pay legal bills of about $30,000 a month and mounting medical expenses, Hughes put 10 of the 100 Warhols he is said to own up for auction at Sotheby's and, when only 2 sold, for less than their low estimates, found himself under attack in the art press for damaging, if not destroying, the Warhol market. Since this debacle, collectors, dealers, and reporters on both sides of the Atlantic have been fixated on "The War over Warhol" (as the BBC titled the one-hour documentary it aired in May) and on what will become of the late Pop king's embattled heir.

In an effort to help Hughes, the powerful de Menil family from Houston, his original patrons, have written to Warhol Foundation board members, urging them to come to a quick and equitable compromise that gives Hughes his proper due. Even as they did so, the situation was worsening. A few days after the auction, Hughes received a letter from New York County Surrogate's Court, inquiring about the provenance of the paintings in the sale. Meanwhile, a private investigator hired by the foundation has been quietly questioning Warhol associates about such things as Swiss bank accounts and items rumored to be missing from the estate.

"Andy's gotta be whirling in his grave," says Jane Holzer, whose association with Warhol goes back to her "Baby Jane" days, and who is now one of Hughes's staunchest defenders. "Andy never would've meant for Fred to be treated like this."

Vincent Fremont, who helped Hughes run the Warhol business for 20 years, and who was named alternate executor and a foundation board member in the will—and to whom Hughes now barely speaks—shakes his head in bewilderment. "This is the house that Fred built," he says. "Fred hired Ed Hayes. Fred hired Arch Gillies. I'm not criticizing those people. I'm just pointing out that Fred made those decisions without consulting anyone else."

"I'm giving up the not-for-profiteer business," Hughes told me. "I've decided to be the flibbertigibbet I was born to be. I just go to deb parties. Life is not a cabaret, ol' pal. Life is a deb party."

When I asked Fred Hugh what his childhood w like, he answered wit single word: "*Char ing*." Then he point to a photograph of well-dressed gentlem hanging in what he dubbed "my anc tor corner," and said, "There he i the Major. Since he didn't leave money, he at least could have left his *looks*."

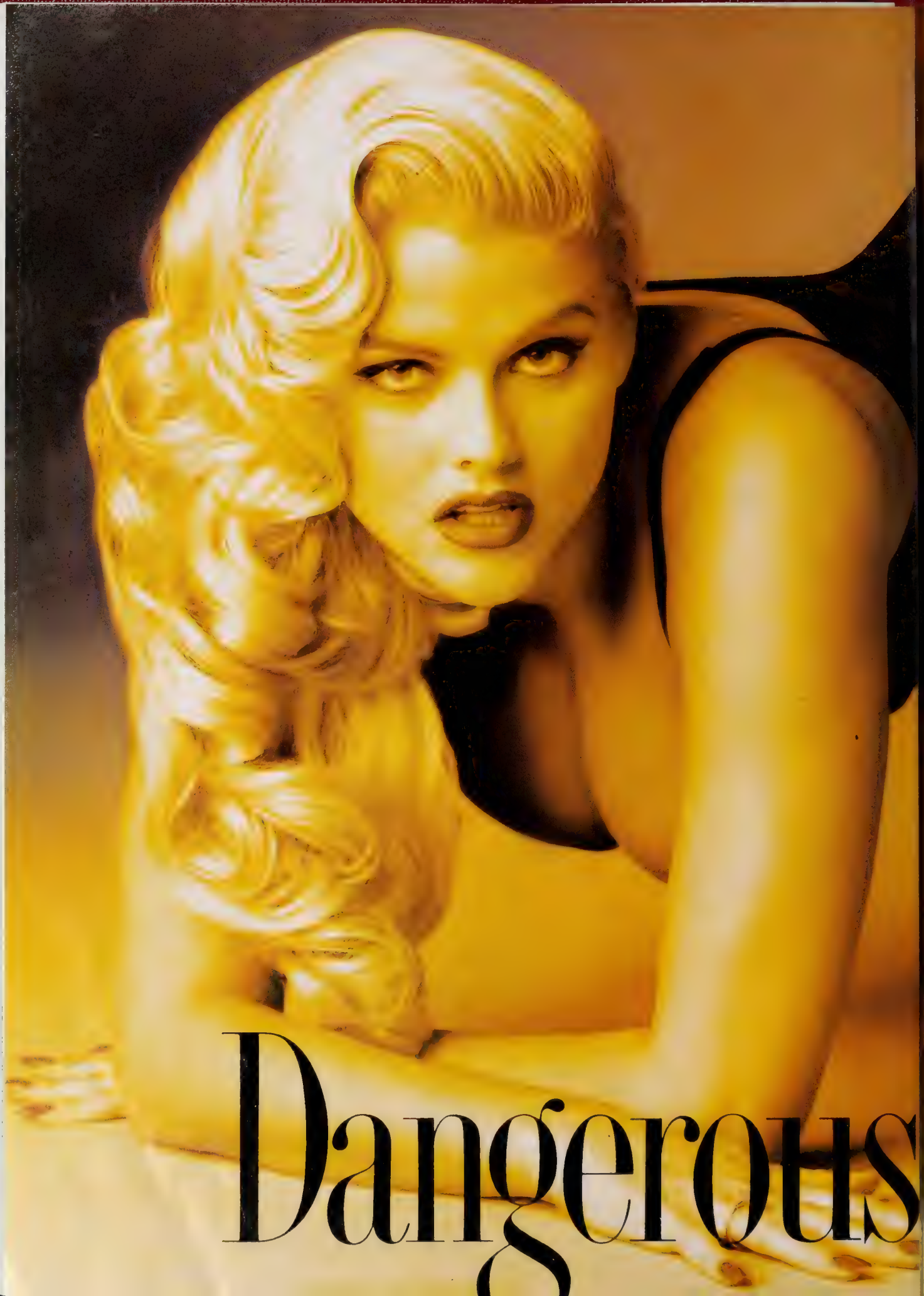
Frederick Wilson Hughes was nam after his father, Frederick William Hug —"I'm something like Frederick Seventh," he said. He was born on J 29, 1943, in Dallas, Texas. His fat was an army-air-corps officer at the ti flying bombing missions over North A ca and Italy, for which he received Distinguished Flying Cross, the Sil Star, and several presidential citatio After the war, when Hughes was fo the family moved to Houston, where mother, Jennie Wilson Hughes, w from, and bought a one-story, thr bedroom white frame house in the m est Hyde Park section, on the outsk of rich River Oaks. His father, who w nicknamed Honest Hughes, worked "a manufacturer's representative several furniture companies, includi Chromcraft," according to Hughe mother. "He worked at home and tr eled quite a bit."

Hughes, who has a younger brot and sister, attended the Woodrow W son Elementary School. When he w seven, he started taking art classes Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. would drive him down there af school a couple of times a week," mother told me. "One year he won award for his art. He could sit down a sketch anything." In the summer, visited his paternal grandparents Muncie, Indiana, where they owne steel-equipment factory and lived i large Victorian house filled with Ori tal carpets and European antiqu "They were *insatiable* collectors Hughes said. His maternal grandmoth a twice-married bon vivant from N Orleans who was known as "Flam Mamie," also doted on young Fred a took him on trips to Disneyland and L Vegas. According to Hughes, she wa ed to send him to boarding school Arizona, "because I had terrible as ma," but his father insisted that he ha a Catholic *(Continued on page 15*



"Life is not a cabaret, ol' pal.
Life is a deb party."

Fred Hughes with Alba Clemente at her birthday party in New York in May.


Dangerous



Curves

Anna Nicole Smith, the tall Texan beauty with the sculpted blond mane and roller-coaster figure, is a particularly welcome sight in these waif-er thin times. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS *marvels at her epic proportions and* dolce vita

Photographs by MATTHEW ROLSTON





Don't bring me your waifs, your stick insects, or your social X-rays, your starveling orphans yearning to be mistaken for models. Let the sparrows fall. Let the minimalists and dieters waste away. Why can't a woman be *less* like a man? Sack the trainer. Don't lose weight—lose the weights. These are the robust propositions suggested by the ascent of Anna Nicole Smith, who checks in at an inch under six feet and turns the scales at 140 pounds. From dealing them off the arm in a Texas eatery, she took the working girl's route to the *Playboy* cover and centerfold, and from the reaction to that was able to succeed Claudia Schiffer as the Guess? jeans girl.

Will this, as they say, translate to the screen? She's starring in Bryan Ferry's video interpretation of Carole King's ever interesting question "Will you still love me tomorrow?" and she's just completed her screen debut, in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, starring Paul Newman. She also has the job of being poster girl for the Chicago International Film Festival in October. Heck, even big girls started small.

She wants to get married. She likes guys with wire braces on their teeth. She wouldn't spread for *Playboy*, because she believes in being "dainty." And when she found her long-lost father last year, he was shocked to discover that he'd already seen her in print, as it were. One knows the feeling. Jayne Mansfield must have had it all the time.

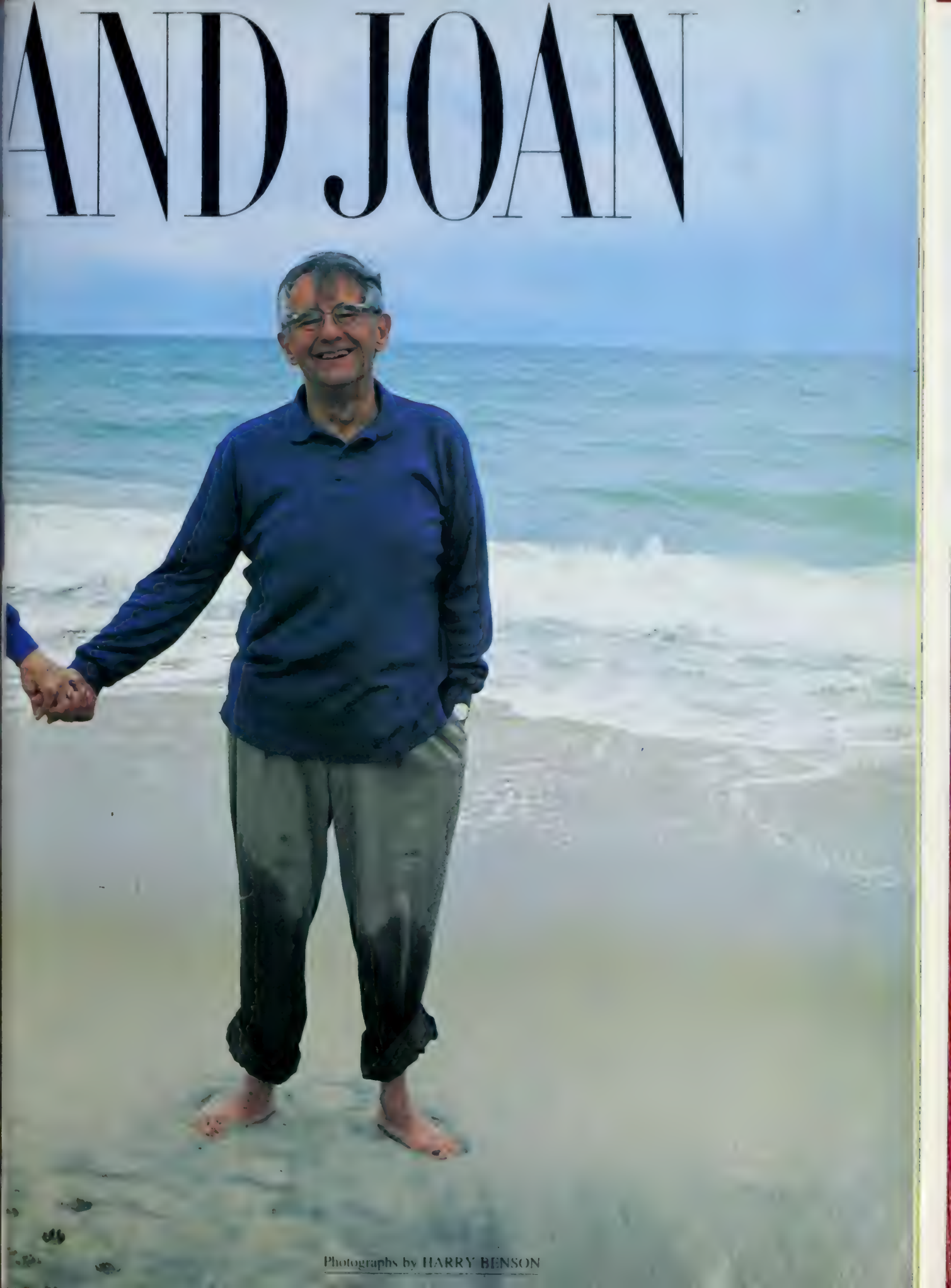
PETE

Pete Peterson, Wall Street powerhouse and former secretary of commerce, has Bill Clinton's ear and a controversial book on the deficit due out this fall. His wife, Joan Ganz Cooney, was the driving force behind *Sesame Street*. At their Water Mill estate and their art-filled River House apartment, HILARY MILLS got a private look at one of the East Coast's quintessential power couples, whose network of friends reaches into the highest echelons of business, politics, and the media



TWIN TURBINES Peter G. Peterson and Joan Ganz Cooney (above, on a Hamptons beach) have an "aerobic" effect, says their friend Diane Sawyer.

AND JOAN



Photographs by HARRY BENSON

Peter G. Peterson is on the phone with former senator Warren Rudman.

It is a crystalline spring morning, and as he talks to Rudman, Peterson glances out the window at the expansive wetlands behind his rambling $6-million-plus oceanfront house in Water Mill, Long Island. Tall and rangy, at 67 Peterson has a palpable energy. He keeps moving as he talks, shifting his weight from side to side, running his hand through his dark disheveled hair. His red cashmere sweater is buttoned slightly askew, and one pant leg is caught disarmingly above his formidable calf-high leather boots.

We are in his third-floor office, where he has been trying to work on the health-care chapter of his book about the deficit, *Facing Up*, due out in the fall. This is hard going because the phone has been ringing all morning. The Council on Foreign Relations is on the verge of choosing a new president, and as chairman and head of the search committee Peterson is in urgent demand. The constant interruption of his concentration is unnerving, especially since he is attempting to do nothing less than restructure the Medicare system. "I'm not usually daunted by public-policy issues," Peterson says with uncharacteristic modesty. "But this one is the most daunting and hideously divisive, and could be the mother of all political battles."

Opposite his desk on a bookshelf is a small wooden arch painted with the words from a Disney fantasy: WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR. Above it is a framed letter from President Richard Nixon formally appointing Peterson secretary of commerce in 1972. The strategic placement of the two makes some sentimental sense for this son of a Greek-immigrant diner owner from Nebraska, but it also reminds me of a comment made by one of his friends. "I think Pete's career is a great testament to a statement made by Branch Rickey: 'Luck is the residue of design.' "

On the phone Peterson is telling Rudman that James Burke wants the ex-senator on the board of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, where Burke is a trustee. Formerly the chairman of Johnson & Johnson, Burke is a good friend of Peterson's. Peterson seems perfectly happy to do him a favor on this busy morning, but he can't help joking to Rudman—in his characteristically charming/abrasive way—that he wants his usual "10 percent."

Bringing the right people together at the top echelons of power has long been a Peterson trademark. The former chairman of Lehman Brothers and current chairman of the Blackstone Group, a successful investment boutique, Peterson is also—in addition to being chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations—chairman of the Institute for International Economics, on the board of the Museum of Modern Art, and the first outside American board member of Sony. As his friend Mitch Rosenthal, the president of Phoenix House, points out, "A couple of years at the center of power in Washington is the best postgraduate course in the world for social-political-corporate mixing."

After breakfast at the Candy Kitchen, Peterson and Don Hewitt would go to the supermarket, to get back to their roots.

Peterson has known Warren Rudman only a year, but they have become friends quickly because they share a common passion: the deficit. In fact, last summer, after Rudman announced h resignation from the Senate, Peterso conceived the idea of a bipartisan gras roots organization which would put pre sure on the new president—whether h turned out to be Bush or Clinton—t substantially reduce the deficit. After h recruited Rudman and former senat Paul Tsongas, the Concord Coalition w born and now has 75,000 active men bers, some siphoned off from Ross Pero

Clinton seems to be paying attentio Right before his February 17 speech o the budget, the president turned to Ro er Altman, his new deputy secretary o the Treasury and a former Peterson co league at Blackstone, and asked hi what he thought Peterson's reaction his program would be. "I think the president respec Pete," says Altman.

The deficit is hardly a ne clarion call for Peterson, wh has been attacking Reaganon ics since the early 80s, earnin the grudging respect of both th Republicans—of whom he one—and the Democrats. Eve his old friend from the Nixo administration George Shultz Reagan's secretary of stat and a staunch defender Reaganomics in his recen memoirs, says without a trac of irony, "I think Pete' work on the deficit has bee heroic, and people are gradu ally coming to see how righ it is. He's putting the politica process on the spot to d something. He's a hero."

It was, in fact, Peterson early work on the issue that originall attracted his friend James Burke. A chairman of Johnson & Johnson, Burk was then a member of the Busines Roundtable in Washington, and, as h says, "everybody that I knew, virtuall everybody, felt [Peterson] was the onl one who was really articulating the issu in a way that people could understand."

The roots of Peterson's alliance with Burke actually go far deeper than business or public-policy issues, and perhaps this is one reason Peterson is so willing to do him a favor this morning. Peterson's wife of 13 years, Joan Ganz Cooney, was the first person Burke decided to bring onto Johnson & Johnson's



SOCIAL SECRETARY
At Peterson's invitation of commerce, Peterson, like his colleague Henry Kissinger, chats at a party in Dave Cooney with the liberal media. Below: Cooney on the early days of Sesame Street in 1969.

oard when it was opened outsiders in 1976. She as already on the board of erox, so Burke called s Harvard Business School oommate, Peter McColough, ho was then chairman of erox, to intercede on his behalf.

Being a member of five orporate boards is only a nall sideline to what Joan anz Cooney actually does. ne is better known as co-under of Children's Televi-on Workshop, originator of *esame Street*, member of the elevision Academy Hall of ame, and Emmy Award win-r for lifetime achievement in ytime television (not to men-on more than 50 awards for the series).

This morning Cooney is just down e third-floor hall of the Water Mill ouse. She too is on the phone, facing e ocean in their all-white bedroom ith her all-white Maltese, Matilda, at r feet. Trim in her tennis whites, her ir and makeup impeccable for a Satur-y, Cooney seems, on the surface, more ontrolled and acutely alert than her sband. She has been talking to a fe-ale puppeteer about creating a new male puppet for *Sesame Street*. "It re-ains a big cause with all of us who are omen on the show," Cooney says. We want to make sure more and more male puppets get done. Jim [Henson] ever thought that way, and it was hard get it right over the years."

Given the fact that *Sesame Street* is ne of the world's most widely seen levision programs, the implications of ooney's conversation this morning are nsiderable. That female puppet will ve an impact on millions and millions young consciousnesses—male and male—around the globe.

Peterson and Cooney's good friend iane Sawyer makes the point that it is ghtly "aerobic" being around the vo of them for any length of time. The energy has been a little higher and e things you've learned are startling. hey have secrets, the two of them, and eir secrets tend to be their passions out these big issues. In that way they e alike. They still believe that you can d must change the world."

True crusaders need influential friends spread the word, and together the couple has a power base that straddles surprisingly disparate spheres. At Peterson's 65th-birthday party at Tavern on the Green two years ago, there was a heady mix of Establishment business heavyweights such as David Rockefeller, Felix Rohatyn, and Warren Phillips, plus a sprinkling of government types such as Ted Sorensen and Richard Holbrooke. (Henry Kissinger couldn't make it.) But perhaps more significant was the preponderance of high-profile media people and journalists: Sawyer, Barbara Walters, Don Hewitt, Mike Wallace, Liz Smith, Peter Jennings, Roone Arledge, Mort Zuckerman, Warren Hoge, Punch Sulzberger, among others. For a businessman, even for a former secretary of commerce, that is a potent media delegation.

Peterson and Cooney have understood the power of the press better and longer than most. Recently, Peterson even tapped two journalists to take major positions at the Council on Foreign Relations, an unusual move in the prestigious organization's 72-year history. Jim Hoge, former publisher of the New York *Daily News*, was made editor of *Foreign Affairs*, the council's bimonthly magazine, in June 1992, and Leslie Gelb, most recently a columnist for *The New York Times*, was chosen president of the council this May.

"Instead of foreign policy being made in the hallowed halls of the White House with some East Coast establishment elite or in the quiet Council on Foreign Relations, wise-men-style," Peterson says, "it's clear that the media—among other forces—is having a major impact on foreign policy, not just a reactive effect but a proactive effect. Foreign policy has become an open, if noisy, process."

Peterson saw the political potential of the media even back in the late 50s in Chicago, when his first mentor, Charles Percy, then C.E.O. of Bell & Howell, brought him in as his heir apparent at the young age of 32. One of Peterson's first ideas was to sponsor a serious news show during prime time. This was before *60 Minutes* and *20/20*, and no one thought a serious news format would work in prime time. *CBS Reports* with Edward R. Murrow became a major hit. "I saw then what the media could do," Peterson says. "We were getting loads of letters, awards, and editorial support, and, happily, our market share was going way up."

As secretary of commerce in 1972, Peterson, like his colleague Kissinger,

preferred to socialize with the liberal press establishment—Kay Graham, Art Buchwald, Polly and Joe Kraft, among others—instead of with Nixon's cronies. Government and the press have always had a symbiotic relationship, but in the paranoid Nixon era such mingling was considered slightly reckless. "There was that famous moment when Nixon found him at my house," Kay Graham remembers. "I think it was the final blow. He and Nixon had differences, and Pete was fairly indiscreet and funny and got quoted in the paper with his irreverent remark about Nixon." ("My calves were so fat I couldn't even click my heels.") Peterson was let go after less than two years.

When Peterson began his anti-deficit campaign in the early 80s, Lesley Stahl, then anchoring *Face the Nation*, was inundated with notes from him, she recalls. "If I didn't follow up on something I'd get a little note saying it was good but you really should have asked X. He began to educate me." When she subsequently did a piece for *60 Minutes* on budget cuts it was Peterson she went to for help, since his deficit program is largely about reducing entitlements for the rich and the middle class.

Ironically, Cooney, with her long history in television, made many of these high-visibility media friends —Sawyer, Walters, Stahl— through her businessman husband after they were married in 1980. And she is no less exacting of them. "Any number of times Joan has come to me with proposals for doing serious work, not to mention how that might presume to reflect on what I do now," says Diane Sawyer, smiling ruefully. "She's the first person to be on the phone to me the next morning if I've done a piece that she doesn't think lives up to what she thinks a serious approach should be. She's like the terrifyingly smart headmistress of some school which has very high standards. I love her for it. How many friends do you have who really do that for you?"

Liz Smith also says Cooney is constantly on her case. "She's always saying to me that I'm totally useless. I'll never write anything piercing or trenchant or mean about anybody. Then when I wrote something that was vaguely a slam, she called me to say she was beginning to have hope for me." When Smith gossiped about Henry Kravis's house party in the Dominican Republic, which the Petersons attended (uncharacteristically for them because it was such a chichi crowd), she referred to them all as "Barbarians at the Beach." "The day after, I went to Joan's house," Smith jokes, "and she said, 'Traitor! Traitor!' I said, 'I thought this was the kind of thing you're always urging me to do!' "

Reagan speechwriter Peggy Noonan, who met Cooney through a monthly lunch group started by Lesley Stahl, was quite taken with the originator of *Sesame Street*. "If you talk to her in the morning, she's read everybody's op-ed piece, including *The Wall Street Journal*. She likes ideas popping and she likes to connect them with people." Cooney found Noonan impressive as well, and they are now collaborating on a pilot on "values" for Channel 13, New York's PBS station, where Cooney is on the board. "I wanted to see more conservatives on public broadcasting," says Cooney, who is a longtime Democrat. "It's been criticized for not having more alternative voices. It seems at times homogeneous. Everyone is kind of Moyersesque. *MacNeil/Lehrer* is scrupulous about hearing from the right and the left, but in the end there's not much edge."

"To understand Joan, you have to understand the cancer. 'There is no dress rehearsal.' That is one of her constant lines."

It's typical of both Cooney and Peterson to surprise you with a point of view, and this lack of ideological bias is central to how they operate. "Pete and Joan are pragmatists, practical," says Jason Epstein, editorial director of Random House. One of Cooney's oldest friends, Epstein met her in the late 50s through William Phillips, editor of the *Partisan Review*. "They try to see how to fix things, what's broken and what to do about it. They have no preconceived idea—or no *conscious* preconceived idea. We all have some kind of preconceived idea. But they don't operate from within a system. They don't have a set of beliefs."

Breaking through other people's entrenched preconceptions, however, is part of the crusade. It was, in fact, at Epstein's kitchen table in Sag Harbor, Long Island, in the early 80s, that Peterson began picking away at the bastion of liberal belief, the sanctity of Social Security benefits. Cooney remembers feeling anxious about bringing her Republican businessman husband into Epstein's liberal literary milieu, but soon they were having Saturday-night dinners, often with Mort Zuckerman, Don Hewitt, and Felix Rohatyn. They all began talking about how the G.N.P.'s growth rate had declined and how no one in the country was adjusting expectations. They were just borrowing. Peterson had written an article for *The New York Times Magazine* in 1982 arguing that entitlements were going out of control and it stirred them all up.

"We'd sit around that table and engage in this highly sophisticated dialogue of the deaf about these subjects," recalls Peterson. "They'd say, 'How can you be talking about reform? These entitlements are the very bedrock of the American social contract. We are just getting back our money from our accounts,' and on and on. I'd say, 'I have a lot of compassion for the people that need it, but I *(Continued on page 146)*



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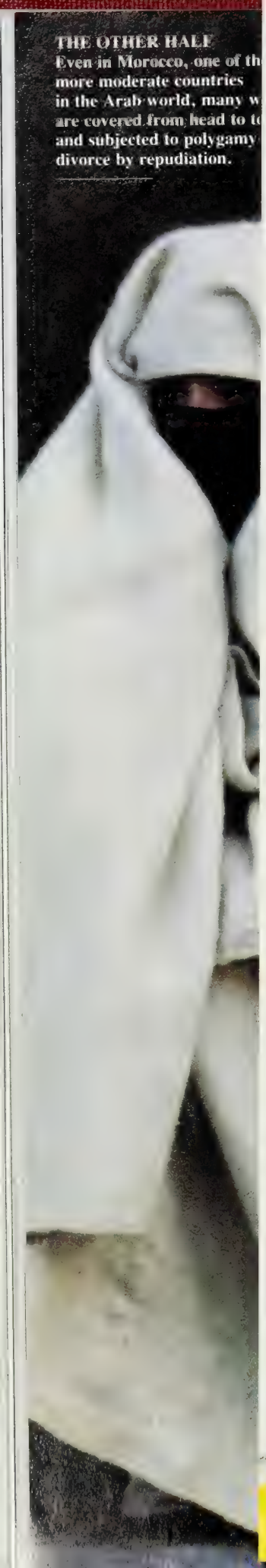


THE OTHER HALF
Even in Morocco, one of the more moderate countries in the Arab world, many women are covered from head to toe and subjected to polygamy and divorce by repudiation.



TEARING OFF THE VEIL

As the influence of
Islamic fundamentalism spreads,
more and more women
are fleeing its repressive laws—
compelling
Western nations to deal
with such cruel
traditions as forced marriages,
honor killings,
and "female circumcision."
ANN LOUISE BARDACH discussed
the plight of women
in the world's fastest-growing
religion with Muslims
and non-Muslims in Africa,
England, France,
Canada, and the United States



THE OTHER HALF
Even in Morocco, one of th more moderate countries in the Arab world, many w are covered from head to t and subjected to polygamy divorce by repudiation.

In April 1991, a 22-year-old Saudi student arrived at Montreal's Mirabel Airport and requested asylum on the unprecedented grounds of gender persecution. The woman, who has asked that she be identified only as Nada, told authorities that if Canada forced her to return to Saudi Arabia her life would be in danger. Her crime, she said, was walking outside her home without being fully veiled—that is, enveloped from head to toe in a black chador. Initially, Nada's request for asylum was rejected, Canadian officials being reluctant to believe that women in Saudi Arabia today live at best as second- or third-class citizens. They are not allowed to drive, to marry whom they want, or to travel without written permission from a male guardian, and they are the target of frequent and random searches by the *mutawah*, the dreaded religious police.

In January of this year, following an international outcry, Canadian immigration finally granted Nada's petition. However, it was made thunderously clear that this was an "exception." One Western official, who requested anonymity, put it this way: "Consider that there are one billion Muslims in the world, so we're talking hypothetically about 500 million women who might want out."

Though this is an absurd exaggeration of the problem, his meaning is unambiguous. As Islamic fundamentalists seize the power or the social agenda of one country after another, there has been a steady flight of the affluent and the educated as well as the poor. Although there are fundamentalists operating within virtually every religion, no others have achieved the stunning political successes of their Islamic counterparts. Even such countries as Egypt and Algeria, which have ferociously resisted the fundamentalists, have tightened the screws considerably in an attempt to mollify the religious right. While fundamentalist regimes restrict the rights of all, the greatest sufferers have indisputably been women. By selectively interpreting the Koran, the Hadith (the sayings of the Prophet), and Sharia (a code of religious law), most Muslim countries have legalized polygamy and repudiation—whereby a man divorces his wife simply by announcing, "I divorce you"—while denying women the right to divorce, child custody, and any community property. The issue, of course, is not Islam—the world's fastest-growing religion—but fundamentalism, which uses Islam as a billy club. The mock slogan of fundamentalists, "One Vote, One Man, Once!" is no longer a joke; for many, it's the grim reality.

In the heart of Provence in France is an ancient Gallic village known for its maze of ribbonlike cobblestone streets. No doubt many of its inhabitants would be surprised to learn that their sleepy town is also the international headquarters of Women Living Under Muslim Laws, a powerful advocacy group. Such is the sensitivity of its work that I have been asked not to disclose its exact location.

Much of the strength of W.L.U.M.L. flows from its formidable 54-year-old founder, an Algerian named Marie-Aimée Hélie-Lucas. Dressed indifferently in baggy green sweat clothes, Hélie-Lucas meets me for coffee at a local outdoor café. With her rosy complexion, pale-blue eyes, and blunt mop of white hair, she looks more like a farmer's wife than a revolutionary. In sharp contrast to her friendly mien are her opinions—vehement, lucid, and uncompromising. First off, she is eager to make known her concern over the ever increasing fundamentalist activity in *all* religions. However, she likens the last decade for Muslim women to "the Dark Ages." Though she skillfully dodges personal questions, it is no coincidence that she arrived in France soon after Algeria's imposition of the Family Code. "In May 1984, we lost the right to marry whom we want, to divorce, and the custody of our children," she says, "while polygamy and repudiation

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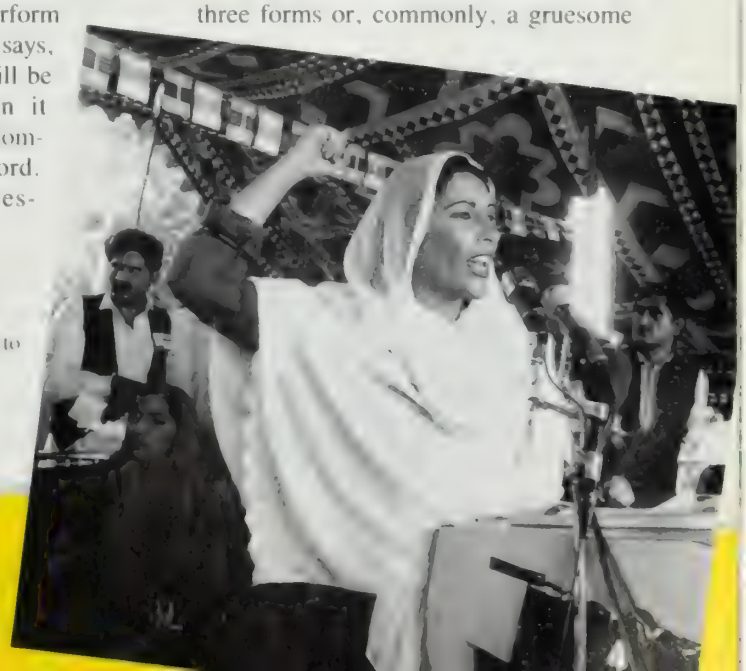
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Hélie-Lucas asks me if I have ever wondered about the lack of interest shown by the international community over the circumcision of some 90 million women. Did I hear about the Pakistani doctors who locked horns with the late general Mohammad Zia ul-Haq when he instituted a Sharia code that mandated the amputation of the hands of thieves? The doctors, says Hélie-Lucas, simply announced that they would refuse to perform the procedure. However, doctors in the Middle East, Africa, Italy, and even England have been known to perform female circumcisions, she says, on the grounds that it will be done properly. "When it comes to the sex of a woman, nobody says a word. It's an interesting question—the mutes—the hand of a thief so much more valuable than the sex of a woman?"

A chilling development, according to Hélie-Lucas, has been the spread of circumcision into countries and regions which previously never practiced it. "In Sri Lanka, for instance, where they had a symbolic ceremony in which the knife was touching the sex of the girl, but not a drop of blood, women from Muslim fundamentalist groups are now asking for actual circumcision. Similarly in Malaysia, Indonesia. So under the banner of Islam, something which was local...ancient Egyptian, is now being spread as Islamic."

Linda Weil-Curiel, whose lovely sun-strewn office in Paris overlooks Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, is France's premier crusader against female circumcision. "I am a defense lawyer for the victims—the silent victims, which are the babies," she explains to me, "but I work with the prosecutors."

I've come to talk to Weil-Curiel, a small, sparrowlike woman hovering near 50, about her role in the "circumcision trials" in Paris since 1988. "Do not use the word 'circumcision,' " she corrects me, "because it is very ambiguous. It's 'excision,' or 'F.G.M.'—female genital mutilation." Weil-Curiel then provides a quick primer as to just how mutilating F.G.M. is. Performed on an estimated two million female children each year—ranging in age from infancy to adolescence—it takes one of three forms or, commonly, a gruesome



ONE IN A BILLION
Pakistan's Benazir Bhutto, the first woman ever elected to govern a Muslim country, was deposed less than two years later, in 1990, by Islamic fundamentalists

than man?" says Hélie-Lucas.

combination of the three. Circumcision—the mildest form—is the removal of part of the clitoris. Excision is the cutting away of the clitoris and all or part of the vaginal lips. Infibulation, by far the most horrific procedure, involves the removal of all genital parts, followed by the sewing together of the two sides of the vulva, leaving only a pea-size opening for urine and blood. It is not uncommon for a child to hemorrhage to death, or to develop tetanus or septicemia, because of the crude, unhygienic tools used by some practitioners. Most women who undergo the procedure develop secondary infections or painful, lifelong medical problems, and an estimated 20 percent die in childbirth. Moreover, F.G.M. has been linked to the AIDS epidemic in Africa, due to the fact that intercourse following the procedure is invariably a bloody affair. Nevertheless, F.G.M., in one form or another, is practiced in more than 25 countries, primarily through the central belt of Africa, from Senegal to Somalia and as far north as Egypt. The operation flourishes in Yemen and Oman, and is common in Malaysia and Indonesia. While current adherents are primarily Muslim, F.G.M. goes back centuries in central Africa and Egypt, and in some societies, it has been practiced by Christians, animists, and Jews. In May, the World Health Organization adopted a resolution sponsored by several African countries calling for the elimination of F.G.M.

In the mid-80s, Weil-Curiel learned that the same barbarism practiced throughout much of Africa was being pursued with equal vigor about 15 minutes from her posh address. "An elderly woman who lived in the 11th Arrondissement, where Africans did not usually live," Weil-Curiel says, "wrote a letter to her landlady, telling her, 'I can't stay in this flat anymore. I can't bear the sounds of shrill cries of babies and the lines of African families waiting in the hallway.' " Alarmed and bewildered, the landlady notified the police, who quickly discovered that a Madame Hawa Guerewe was running an excision business out of her apartment. Although the police initially investigated the situation in January 1985, her case is coming to trial only this year, because there was no follow-up. Several years later, a father rushed into an emergency room with his infant daughter, who was suffering from severe anemia due to hemorrhaging from F.G.M. "When the doctors interrogated the father," says Weil-Curiel, "he gave the name of Madame Guerewe. And *this* time the doctors turned it over to the police. Some doctors call the police. Some don't, because they believe it is a cultural fact, even though excision is a crime in France."

Weil-Curiel says it has been an uphill fight all the way, not only with indifferent doctors and cops but also with a very reluctant judiciary. She smiles, explaining, "Because it was embarrassing, the judges did not know how to deal with it." Nor did the rest of the country. Weil-Curiel says that the Socialists, fearful of inciting even more racism in France, tried to dodge the issue by turning the proverbial blind eye. "They didn't want to be called cultural imperialists," she says with rich sarcasm, "and the Conservatives—well, they simply didn't care. 'Who cares if these Africans butcher their children?' But the best way to stop racism is to treat the crimes of these people as firmly as we treat the crimes of French people, to say we welcome you to France, but you must respect French law."

Bordering on the surreal were the Dutch circumcision follies of last year. In what narrowly missed being an international scandal, the Dutch, in their zeal to be politically correct, seriously considered legalizing female c cumcision in the Netherlands. "It h been suggested by some of our Musl Somalian minority, and the idea was provide a sanitary, safe environment a to allow only a nonmutilating form the procedure," relates Sonja Zimm mann of the Dutch Ministry of Forei Affairs with palpable embarrassme "Of course, when they learned the act al situation, it was dropped."

The most resistant parties have be the Africans themselves, many of wh continue to cling to the mutilating pra tice. The most common defense, acco ing to Weil-Curiel, is that, for a go Muslim, excision is a religious duty. fact, the Koran offers no encourageme of the procedure. The strongest consi erations involved are economic one Many Africans believe that unless f males are excised no one will mar them, and they will therefore depri their family of a dowry. Moreover, if African woman is not married, she commonly deemed worthless.

Defendants at the trials for F.G.M according to Weil-Curiel, first mount religious defense of being good Mu lims, then protest their ignorance of illegality. "Everybody knows," sh scoffs. "The day a sentence is pr nounced, everybody knows what ha pened. They keep phoning each othe Even if they don't have a phone, don't speak French. The news sprea back to Africa. Right away. We call Radio Tom-tom."

Weil-Curiel recounts the case of young Malian woman prosecuted earli this year. "When her baby was born, t doctor warned her, 'Do not excise th child. It is against French law, and it w have terrible effects upon her health.' A month later she brought her bleedi child back to the clinic. "She was infib ulated," says Weil-Curiel. "Complet ly sewn up, at one month old."

At the woman's trial, Weil-Curi learned that the defendant was a nie of the infamous Madame Guerewe a was known to be an exciser hersel Nevertheless, the woman received on a one-year suspended jail term, a se tence which Weil-Curiel maintains simply laughed at in the communit

HOLY WRIT
Author Fatima Mernissi, in Paris last year, is regarded by many as the greatest living Koranic scholar.



"Sharia law does not exist in th

s long as the law is not enforced,'' says, ''it will not stop. You know, China they said, 'Stop binding the t of your children. Otherwise you l be shot.' That was it. Because obably a few parents have been shot.'' Weil-Curiel's greatest triumph was ring a five-year sentence for a big- e exciser named Aramata Keita tol- ving the death of a three-month-old ant. ''The parents knew something s wrong,'' says Weil-Curiel, ''be- ise the child was bleeding so much. t when they called Madame Keita, forbid them from going to the hospi- saying, 'Terrible things will happen you.' The parents were terrified. Lat- in a panic, the father called an am- ance. The doctor at the hospital who v the baby went into shock,'' recalls il-Curiel, ''because what he saw was entially a large hole. The child bled death.'' Eventually, the parents pro- led the police with the identity of the iser. Currently, Keita is the only ex- er behind bars in France.

In 1991 friends referred a young Ma- girl named Aminata to Weil-Curiel. inata was seeking refugee status be- ise, she claimed, if she were sent me she would be forcibly excised. t is my interpretation of the Geneva vention that excision allows women ask for refugee status,'' says Weil- riel. ''I won on principle, but I did t win for Aminata, because of politi- reasons.'' Weil-Curiel leans forward d rolls her eyes in exasperation. ''Be- ise Aminata means Africa, and Afri- means immigration. . . . But they are ong when they think immigration will sudden and massive, because very few omen find the courage or the help to ve their families or their country. So should encourage those who have the ts to choose exile.'' Although Ami- ta, like Nada, has been granted resi- nce on more neutral grounds, the ever entless Weil-Curiel has now brought inata's case to the French Supreme urt, determined to create a judicial cedent for asylum based on sexual d gender persecution.

Perhaps the thorniest issue in French- slim relations is polygamy, a prac- e outlawed in the West, but legal in most Muslim countries, which allow a man to have as many as four wives.

While French law recognizes only one wife, it recognizes *all* the children that the man has fathered. Hence, if each of the man's four wives has 5 children, all 20 children are entitled to the generous social benefits of France. ''We call it the *allocation de braguette*,'' says Weil-Curiel with a smile, *braguette* meaning a man's fly. Perhaps most infuriating to the French is a popular immigration scam in which all four wives—using the name of the first wife—receive state services.

The good news, according to Weil-Curiel, is that more and more Muslim women in France are getting wise to the bad hand they've been dealt. ''They discover that they have rights here,'' she says. ''They start asking for divorces, and they learn that they can keep their children, that the children do not belong to the father. Not here.''

Most of Great Britain's estimated 1.5 million Muslims are Pakistanis and Indians, who live in what were once the textile and manufacturing centers of England—Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Manchester. ''It's a very complex problem,'' explains Ahmed Jamal, an intensely focused filmmaker who was raised in Pakistan and now lives in London. ''Some refugees are fleeing the problems at home, others are bringing them with them. Some of the problems stem from fundamentalism, but a lot is just tradition—what people believe being a good Muslim is, not what is in the Koran.'' As a result, in the last decade, virtually every Western country—from Sweden to Spain to the United States—has been confronted by a series of unfamiliar legal, medical, and ethical conundrums.

Jamal's recent film *The Bounty Hunter* triggered outrage and headlines when it was shown on British television. It documents the life and work of Tahir Mahmood, a 250-pound former cabdriver from Huddersfield, who hunts down runaway wives and daughters. Many of the women are escaping physical or sexual abuse; others are trying to dodge arranged marriages; and some are just trying to finish high school.

A police investigation prompted by the film revealed that there was no British law against bounty hunting. As for Mahmood, he was stunned by the public rebuke, believing that ''he was a public servant of sorts,'' according to Jamal, ''putting back together good Muslim families.'' Mahmood bragged that over the last three years he had captured more than 80 women, for roughly $7,000 a head. In the film, a father advises his son, ''Don't do anything in front of these people. When you get her alone, you can kill her.'' Amazingly, the wife in this particular case did return, saying sheepishly, ''The man who beats you gives you love as well. It's better than living in sin.''

Within a month, however, she ran off with another man, says Ulfat Riaz, an indefatigable 30-year-old women's activist and mother of three who runs a women's shelter in Bradford. Riaz tells me that her own arranged marriage turned out to be a happy one. ''Everybody has an arranged marriage. Many are good ones. My parents are still in love,'' she says.

Riaz's sister Shamim Hussain, who worked for a Bradford doctor, claims there is tremendous pressure on Pakistani women to produce sons. According to Hussain, local doctors will no longer reveal a baby's sex after amniocentesis testing, having learned that huge numbers of abortions were being done on female fetuses.

Riaz is apoplectic on the subject of Tahir Mahmood. ''He says he took 78 girls home to India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh last year. Does anyone know if they're alive today?'' Riaz recalls a comment made to her at a recent women's conference. ''This woman said to me, 'Isn't violence a part of your culture?' I was furious. I told her, 'Violence isn't a part of *any* culture.' ''

Driving by the Bradford police station, Riaz points out where hundreds of Muslims burned copies of *The Satanic Verses* and chanted for the death of Salman Rushdie. ''Islam is used continuously in a very *(Continued on page 154)*

ran," says Fatima Mernissi. "It was created by man."

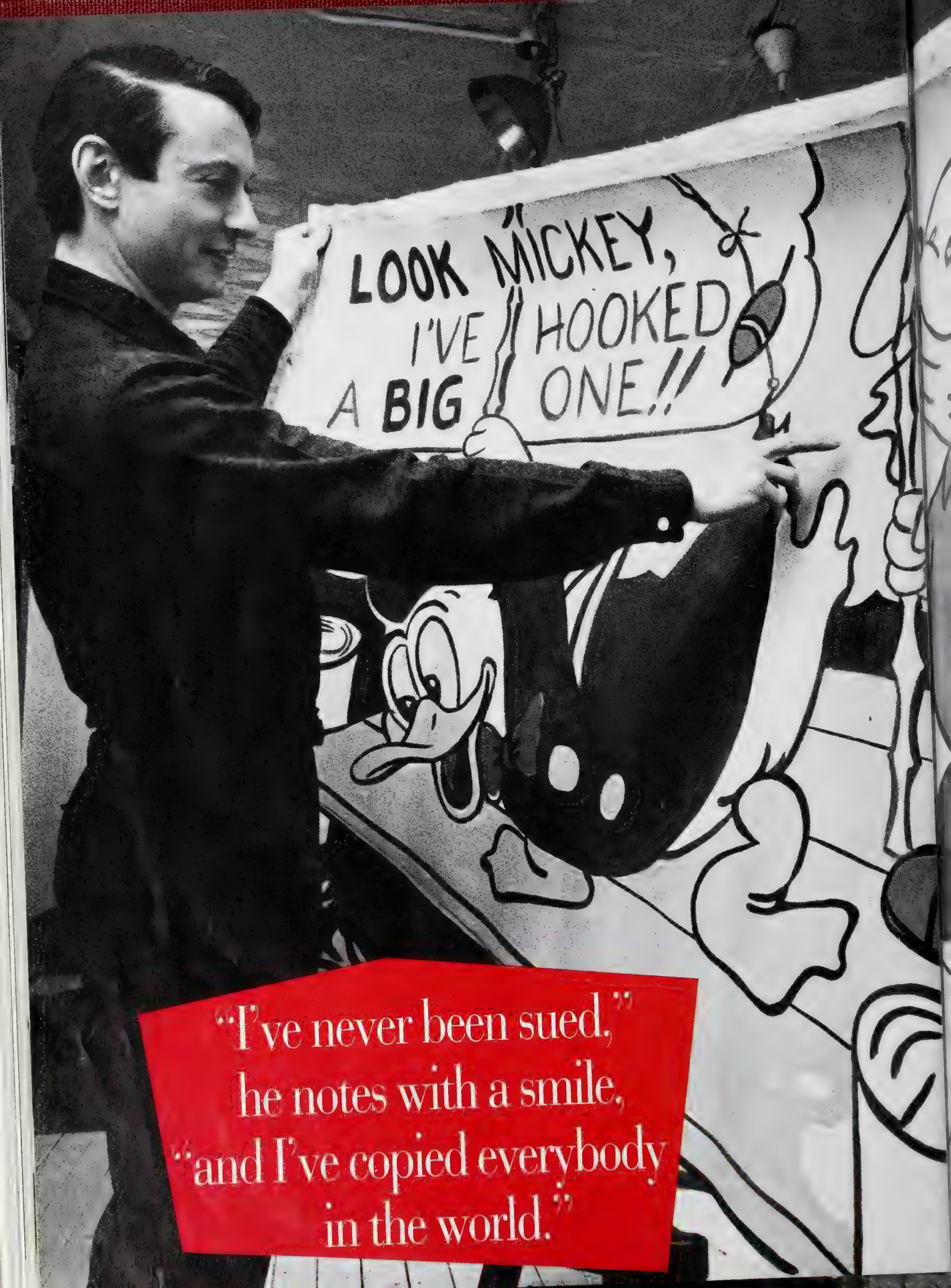


Comic stripes: Roy Lichtenstein in his Greenwich Village studio

POP'S GRANDDAD

Roy Lichtenstein has managed to sustain his Pop-art prominence across three decades, earning a place as a master for the ages. Yet for all his talent and success, he has never had the typical artist's temperament—his nature lends itself more to modest industry than to mood swings. MARTIN FILLER appraises an artist who has found no limits to his prodigious vision, and whose work will appear in a major retrospective at the Guggenheim this fall

Photograph by MICHEL COMTE



"I've never been sued," he notes with a smile, "and I've copied everybody in the world."



Mouse trip: Lichtenstein in 1964 inspecting *Look Mickey* (1961); *right*, his *Airplane* sculpture of painted and patinated bronze (1990).

PHOTOGRAPHS (LEFT BY KEN HEYMAN; RIGHT BY LAURIE LAMBRECHT

"I didn't really know they knew anything about art," says Roy Lichtenstein about Bill and Hillary Clinton. "I just thought they would be for more freedom in the arts." Yet that was enough for the renowned but reclusive artist to make one of the most memorable contributions to the Clinton campaign: a poster, a print, and a button that together raised more than half a million dollars.

"It was somewhere midway through the campaign," Lichtenstein remembers. Clinton had already been nominated when the artist, a notoriously soft touch for good causes, was approached by Ronald Feldman, a New York art dealer long active in the Democratic Party. Lichtenstein agreed to do a campaign poster, but, for once, the artist's fertile imagination failed him.

"I've rarely taken suggestions, because they usually aren't on my wavelength," Lichtenstein explains, but in this case his muse came in the form of Museum of Modern Art trustee Barbara Jakobson, a close friend of his longtime dealer, Leo Castelli. "I was doing interiors and she realized that," Lichtenstein continues. "She suggested doing an Oval Office."

As Jakobson, an art-world matchmaker of some experience, remarks, "You cannot give an artist an idea if it isn't somehow there already. In a sense, *he* gave me the idea from his own work, and I just gave it back to him." Lichtenstein then gave back his vision of the presidency less than two weeks later. "When people saw this image," says Jakobson of his highly stylized view of the Oval Office, "they just got it. Roy distills these messages into something powerful. Here is this office—you didn't have to say anything. The image spoke utterly for itself."

So eloquently, in fact, that it was quickly adapted for an oval campaign button that became the art world's hottest collector's item during the final weeks of the campaign. Lichtenstein went on to paint a 10-by-13-foot canvas of the same subject, which was publicly exhibited for the first time at a gala at Washington's National Gallery of Art in January. It was during the inaugural festivities that Lichtenstein—who for years has been lifting his subject matter from art high and low—discovered that appropriation is a two-way street. Coun-







Dots entertainment: *Interior with Skyline*, oil and magna on canvas (1992).



Hotshots, part deux: With Dorothy, his second wife, in their Southampton kitchen, 1977; *opposite*, *O.K., Hot-Shot* (1963), now owned by David Geffen.

"Somebody should test him for endorphins. He might just have one of those really strange body chemistries."

terfeit Lichtenstein buttons—badly printed, with the colors out of register—were discovered and seized. But once the fakes were confiscated, Lichtenstein wasn't interested in prosecuting the culprit. "I've never been sued," he notes with a smile, "and I've copied everybody in the world."

From cavorting cartoon characters to comic-book action heroes, from droll takeoffs on modern masterpieces to sophisticated illusionistic tricks, from sly parodies of social stereotypes to scathing lampoons of consumer culture with a capital *K*, Lichtenstein has been the indefatigable joker of contemporary art. Weathering every new stylistic fad since his pioneering Pop paintings of the early 60s gave an electrifying jolt to an art establishment numbed by the bombast of the big boys of Abstract Expressionism, he is now widely regarded to be at a high point of his extraordinarily prolific and sustained career.

Ample evidence of his staying power is provided by a major Lichtenstein retrospective opening at New York's Guggenheim Museum on October 7 (accompanied by a huge catalogue distributed by Rizzoli). Three weeks later the preternaturally boyish artist—who recently started wearing his sandy-gray hair in a ponytail gathered with a garbage-bag twist tie—will mark his 70th birthday.

The conjunction of the two events is certain to confirm Lichtenstein's status as the first Old Master of Pop Art. Yet whatever the critical response to the exhibition, organized by his old friend (and designated executrix) Diane Waldman, a Guggenheim deputy director and curator who arranged the museum's 1969 retrospective on the artist, Lichtenstein already enjoys one of the most secure reputations among living artists.

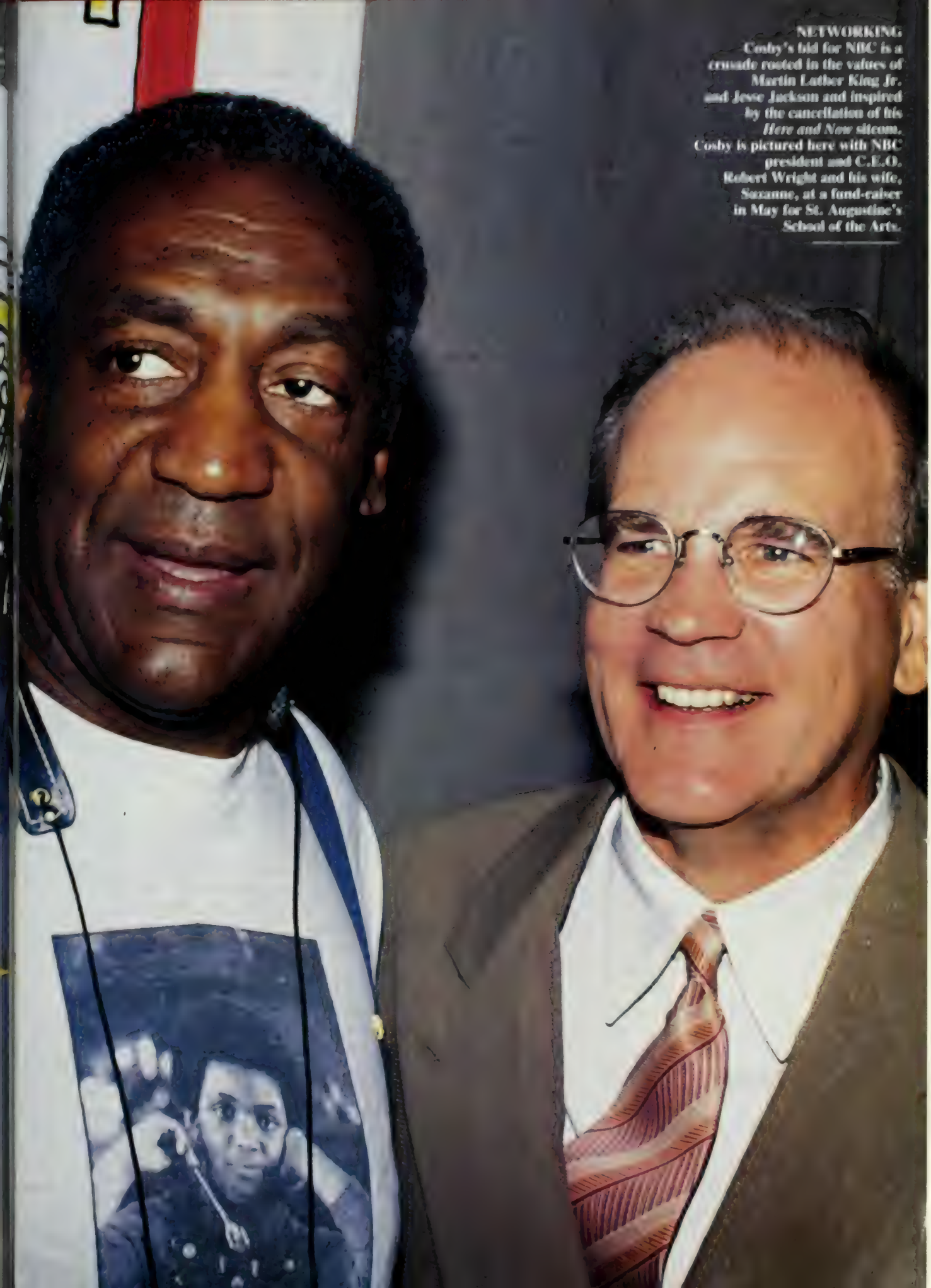
"Insofar as his level of invention and professionalism, his acuity of judgment and balanced ability to create remarkable works in sequence, he is the best overall performer since Picasso," asserts Ivan Karp, the New York art dealer whose instant enthusiasm for Lichtenstein's breakthrough paintings helped launch the artist to international fame. Nan Rosenthal, a consultant to the department of 20th-century art at New York's Metropolitan Museum, concurs: "Lichtenstein's *(Continued on page 149)*


OKAY, HOT-SHOT, OKAY! I'M POURING!
RMP!

Bill Cosby's Big Adventure



He's television royalty, but Bill Cosby thinks the medium is less than cool. Now, having confounded the so-called media insiders and thrilled the restless sharks in the mergers-and-acquisitions pool, Cos is poised to make a serious attempt at taking over NBC. Powerful, socially aware, and "way out there," he's entertainment's Ross Perot. NIKKI FINKE reports from the trail Cosby is blazing



NETWORKING. Cosby's bid for NBC is a crusade rooted in the values of Martin Luther King Jr. and Jesse Jackson and inspired by the cancellation of his *Here and Now* sitcom. Cosby is pictured here with NBC president and C.E.O. Robert Wright and his wife, Suzanne, at a fund-raiser in May for St. Augustine's School of the Arts.

It can't be done. He's not serious. So alleged experts greeted last fall's news that Bill Cosby was interested in buying NBC from General Electric. Analysts on both coasts saw Cosby's quest as quixotic, an innocent's tilting at windmills, peacock feathers blowing in the wind. Maybe even a publicity stunt. After all, this wasn't Geffen, Diller, or Davis. Cosby's chances they assessed as slight to slightest. But while they publicly scoffed, a long line of M&A-starved investment-banking firms—including Bear Stearns, Salomon Brothers, Wertheim Schroder, Merrill Lynch, and Goldman Sachs, as well as several European firms and even interested investors from South America and China—were casting about wildly for an "in," *any* in, with Cosby, his people at the William Morris Agency, or his New York law firm, Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler. Still, the story faded.

But Cosby has kept on—despite Jay Leno jokes and the continuing skepticism of those who may have their own plans for NBC. Extremely knowledgeable sources confide that America's favorite comedian has linked his campaign with an elite management group and has hired Goldman Sachs to find financing for a serious run at NBC. Behind-the-scenes arrangements are proceeding for an offer in the $4 billion range. June 3 was the original target date for the offer to G.E. chairman Jack Welch. But the delay "is no big deal," said one insider.

The group's leader is Robert "Bobby" Wussler, who has previously served as president of CBS Sports, senior executive vice president of Turner Broadcasting, and most recently C.E.O. of COMSAT Video Enterprises. Wussler, a former chairman of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, is described by those who know him as "Wussler the Hustler," a brilliant golden boy who always manages to ride the next trend.

The Cosby/Wussler management group has plotted "a specific strategic plan," designed to "dramatically enhance profitability right away, re-establish affiliate relations, and put the network back in the hands of TV professionals," explained one source. Brandon Tartikoff, initially contacted last fall by Cosby, was formally asked to join the team by a Wall Street intermediary during the second week of June. Tartikoff declined both times. Cosby is, however, continuing his search for other members of a proposed triumvirate to run NBC. He himself would continue to perform, but would also put his philosophical imprint on all programming.

Cosby was originally willing to underwrite at least part of the deal personally; he now thinks he won't use his own money. That leaves the onus on Goldman Sachs, which has done deals for G.E. in the past. Its bankers know that Welch, anxious not to look bad to shareholders for his original payment of $6.3 billion for the network and parent RCA, dreads a substantial write-down in the event of a sale. So they are suggesting, sources say, that the deal include some kind of "revenue stream" to G.E. over several years. Clearly, Welch wants more than the network is worth. And it's worth less since those "G.E. weasels" (as Letterman calls them) have taken over. *Cheers* and Dave himself are history; aging hits are propping up NBC's prime time, while the hot new shows are turning up elsewhere. ABC has replaced NBC as the family-frien network, and even NBC News suffered because of deep cutba and the *Dateline NBC*–rigged G.M.-truck scandal. And We may be loath to delve into high-tech interactive televisio expand further into cable until the network gets back on tra

Wall Street analysts now set a fair price for the network below $2.5 billion (based on assets such as the owned-a operated stations), but concede that the group may have to g least $1 billion higher to make the deal. Currently, the ef has reached "a very serious stage," one associate confid

On April 12, Welch gathered members of the news di sion at 30 Rockefeller Plaza to make the point that NB now the third-place network, was not up for grabs. Publi billed as a show of support for recently installed news ch Andy Lack (who replaced the problematic Michael Gartne Welch's P.R. pep talk in Studio 8-H (home of *Saturd Night Live*) ended with the upbeat assessment that "we rea feel like we're turning the corner." This may be as optim tic as Cosby's acquisition dreams: NBC won the May swe because of *Cheers*' final show and the N.B.A. play-offs *not* its regular prime-time schedule.

Cosby, not surprisingly, is reticent about his NBC pla By mid-June, he was telling reporters, "I'm not commenti until the damn thing is finished." One thing is clear: Cosby ambition is not financially motivated, but is fueled instead specific creative, ideological, and even spiritual beliefs, a cry from the M&A raids of the 80s. Cosby's is a distinc 90s campaign, a charismatic's crusade rooted in the values Martin Luther King and Jesse Jackson but empowered, least in part, by desperate Wall Street investment banke who have seen their godlike status relegated to mere trade Those close to the star say that Cosby is driven by what sees as three specific sins: television's one-dimensional st reotyping of African-Americans, the pervasiveness of vi lence-as-entertainment in TV programming, and NBC cancellation of his *Here and Now* sitcom.

The show, minority-positive and nonviolent, was a par gon of Cosby virtue, and he seems to have viewed its canc lation as a sign that TV was on its way to becoming a Sodo and Gomorrah. Observers say that he considers buying NB not so much retaliation, but rather his opportunity to set newly purified, on the path of higher conviction.

"This particular activity has nothing to do with kingdoms empires or money," Cosby's publicist, David Brokaw (son Cosby's longtime agent, Norman Brokaw), insisted during o conversations. "It has to do with the responsibility of t public trust in the media. It's about the idea of putting son important values in front of the public. It has to do with the id of presenting life as it really should be presented."

But the TV establishment, who see the business as havi *everything* to do with kingdoms, empires, and money, aren convinced that Cos will make the grade at the helm of network. They see parallels between the 56-year-old comic bid for power and the campaign of another unlikely can date. "Bill is one of the smartest people I've ever met wh it comes to understanding the TV audience. But I think h wanting to buy NBC is like Ross Perot's wanting to be pres dent," said Brandon Tartikoff, who green-lighted *The Cos Show*. "I think Ross Perot's job when he ran for preside

vas to stimulate and jar people into realizing that there could be a different way of doing things. It's more the idea that's attracting Bill than the actual doing it."

Cosby has always fancied himself a relatively sophisticated philosopher on media and related issues. He was personally encouraged to enter the University of Massachusetts's doctoral program in 1972 by Dr. Norma Jean Anderson and was awarded his doctorate in education. His dissertation was an analysis of one of his own shows entitled "An Integration of the Visual Media via *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids* into the Elementary School Curriculum as a Teachers' Aid and Vehicle to Achieve Increased Learning." (Dr. Reginald Damell, a former UMass professor who served on Cosby's dissertation committee, has called his degree an empty credential and has noted that Cosby received course credit for appearances on *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company*. But Cosby has defended himself by saying, "I completed every requirement that was asked to complete." University officials have also said that Cosby was given no special treatment.)

Cosby received his doctorate in 1976, at a low point in TV history, when *The Waltons* was giving way to *Charlie's Angels* and Aaron Spelling's *Love Boat* was plowing its first turgid passages. But Cosby was already vowing to "use the tube to address itself to educational values, to teaching, to subjects that have to do with morals." He is still sending the same message, but now he has the cash and the clout to really raise the roof. Recently, in a little-known move, Cosby pressed ABC Television president Robert Iger to renew the series *Where I Live*, a streetwise sitcom in which Cosby had no involvement (on a network where he had no particular relationship), because he supported the show's way of depicting African-Americans. Cosby's lobbying reportedly saved the show.

Cosby's influence and experience could be valuable to NBC. In politics, friends like U.S. commerce secretary Ron Brown, New York City mayor David Dinkins, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson may, at some point in the future, be helpful in the battle to turn back the tide of government regulations now threatening the broadcast industry. And as the pitchman for Jell-O, Kodak, and, once upon a time, E. F. Hutton (oh, the irony), Cosby also picked up some helpful experience on how to pry dollars out of advertisers—helpful to a network owner. It should be said here that Cosby's entertainment philosophies make for very advertiser-friendly programs.

The contours of Cosby's life story would not seem out of place in an inspirational volume. This product of a North Philadelphia housing project pitched in to help his mother—a cleaning lady—after his father abandoned the family. Over time, he became an actor with the highest TV Q rating for familiarity and likability in the history of the medium, and a hugely successful businessman who is annually around the top of the *Forbes* list of wealthiest entertainers. His personal fortune is estimated at between $300 and $500 million. He already owns the favorite toy of C.E.O.'s everywhere, a Gulfstream IV jet with a pair of pilots. His investments include a New York Coca-Cola bottler, considerable artwork, and real estate. In Manhattan, he and Camille, his wife of 29 years, own two East Side town houses. Near Amherst, Massachusetts, they own a 19th-century farmhouse on 250-plus acres. There are also homes in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Vegas. But Cosby hates being tagged as a big spender. He once became furious when a magazine reported the number of classic cars he owns (22 then, close to 60 now). But he wears T-shirts featuring the luxurious Hôtel du Cap in the South of France, where he summers.

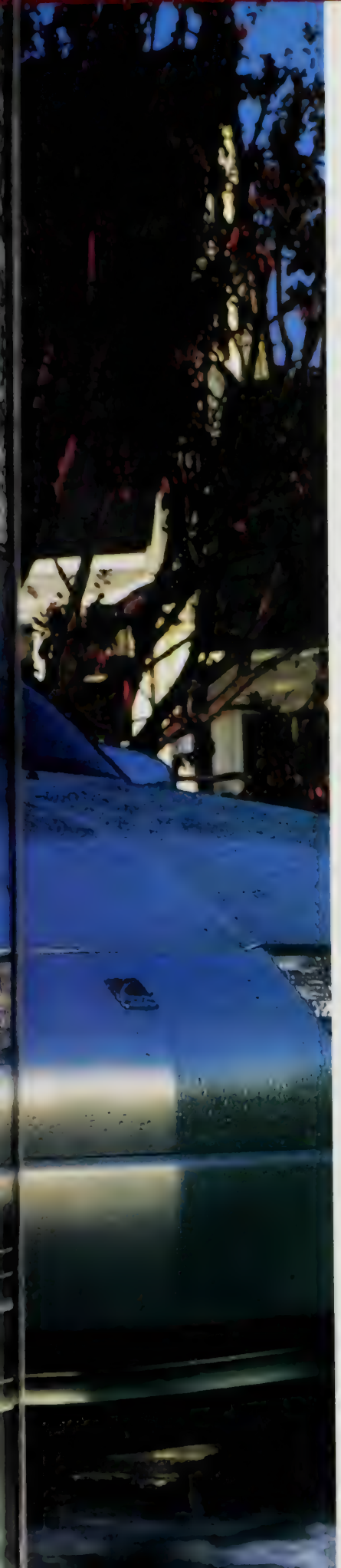
Cosby (estimated worth, $300 million) has hired Goldman Sachs for a run at NBC. Expected price: $4 billion.

The Cosbys are sometimes known to take fastidiousness to a comic level: one guest remembers a secretary calling several days in advance to inquire whether she preferred red or white wine with dinner. (Responded the bemused guest, "I guess it depends on what we're having.") In 1989, however, the etiquette of the household was disrupted when a bitter legal battle broke out between the Cosbys and their former business manager household confidante, Mary Waller, whom they charged with fraud and embezzlement of more than $8.5 million over the last decade. One of the Cosbys' accusations was that Camille phoned ahead to ready their jet for a trip, only to discover that Waller had used it to fly to New York. Waller, in turn, claimed the Cosbys were notorious for overdrawing their bank accounts by as much as seven-figure amounts. The charges were later withdrawn.

In contrast to his playful and occasionally infantilized public image, Cosby's personality is complex and idiosyncratic, falling somewhere between autocratic and charismatic. Often, he is just plain strange. A *TV Guide* reporter once called Cosby "one of the most arrogant celebrities I've ever met." "He made no attempt to be amiable and was by turns combative, defensive, challenging, threatening, and hostile." And *USA Today* reported in June that when Cosby called to deny that his NBC bid was a sham publicity stunt, he was "screaming and repeatedly cursing." Cosby's angry side also emerged in 1976 when he *(Continued on page 164)*



The Nelsons are pictured with a 1993 [illegible]. Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 1993 Saturn SL2 is $11,595, including retailer preparation. Tax, license, transportation and [illegible] additional. © 1993 Saturn Corporation.



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k. d. lang

(Continued from page 98) absurdly trite and ordinary next to such majestic bone structure; you might call it beautiful, although that isn't quite right either. One day many years ago, when lang was suffering the inevitable growing pains of any adolescent, let alone one as oddball as she was, her mother gave her unexpected solace by describing her as handsome. It is the perfect word. Lang has just finished nuzzling with Hannah and Arthur, the goats, and bringing a bucket of something wet, grayish, and disgusting to Gracie, the very dirty pig. Lounging in various states of alert repose are two greyhounds rescued from a racetrack, a whippet, and a mixed-breed part–German shepherd that looks like the kind of mangy cur you'd find prowling around a city trash can. Missing but not forgotten is Stinker, lang's beloved Benji-like mutt, who disappeared and was presumed eaten by a coyote; lang was heartbroken. Her sister Keltie, who lives on the farm and is currently dedicating her life to dressage, is attending to the horses in the barn. A fresh breeze rustles the ancient cedars towering overhead, fat bullfrogs emit an occasional croak from the pond, and the whole scene is as pastoral and relaxing as could be. But lang is restless, thinking ahead to her flight to London tomorrow. "I get itchy if I'm in one place too long," she says. "I don't really feel like I'm ever home anywhere."

One look at her house and you know she's not a nester. This is not the home of a star. This is not even the home of anyone who pays the slightest bit of attention to her domestic surroundings. The house itself is a weird and quite sickening pinkish brown; lang keeps meaning to have it painted white with green trim, but she hasn't gotten around to it yet. The outdoors is pleasant enough, with masses of pink rhododendrons surrounding the house and providing a welcome distraction, but inside, the place is as barren as if lang had moved there two weeks ago instead of two years ago. What furniture there is looks as if it belongs in the town dump, it's so broken-down and frayed and stained. The sagging living-room sofa is in shreds, and all the other upholstery is equally well clawed, thanks to a shifting array of cats. A dog is lying on its back on the sofa, snoring, its legs sticking straight up. There are no rugs on the floors, no pictures on the walls, no tchotchkes anywhere to soften the stark emptiness. The downstairs bathroom is utterly bare except for one lonely hand towel, a dead moth stuck to the sink top that looks as if it's been there a long time, and a dying beetle feebly waving its feet in the air. In the garage are a Jeep and lang's favorite car, her battered '64 Mercury Meteor, a rusting junker that still sports its original arresting shade of bright robin's-egg blue. In less than a day lang will start whirling through the capitals of Europe, dazzling audiences and dutifully submitting to an endless barrage of interviews in one country after another. She has always known her life would be like this. Eight years ago, when her collaborator, Ben Mink, first met her, at the World's Fair near Tokyo, he was taken aback by the self-assurance of this most unlikely creature, who was then at the beginning of her career. "She said, 'I'm going to be one of the world's biggest stars,' " he reports.

Gazing out toward the snow-speckled mountains, lang says, "I've always known that's what I was, that that was what I was going to be." For a moment she seems lost in thought, and then she looks back at me as it occurs to her that I might take this the wrong way. "It's not even like an immodest thing," she explains apologetically. "It's like somebody saying, 'I'm going to be a doctor.' It's not a big deal. I've known since as long as I can remember."

Given lang's upbringing, the fact that she made that vision come true seems incredible. She was raised in the middle of the vast prairies of the Canadian West, near the border between Alberta and Saskatchewan, in a microscopic speck on the map called Consort. An 18-hour drive from where we are sitting, Consort has a population of 714 and is about as rural and isolated as you can get. It was 220 miles across the plains to either Edmonton or Calgary, the nearest major cities, "on gravel roads when I was a kid," lang says. Back then k.d. was still Kathy Dawn, the youngest of four children of the town pharmacist and his schoolteacher wife. Consort had "one TV channel, one radio station, no movie theaters, one bar, one drugstore, no police—and no swimming pool," lang adds with a grin. "I guess when I was about 10 we got pavement." There were six or seven streets, and the Langs' square little one-story house was right on the edge of town. "On one side was a slew, the other side was wheat fields," lang says. "Lots of sky. Fields and sky. I was dying to get out, but I didn't hate it. I loved growing up there. I just knew when it was time to leave I was going to leave. My dreams didn't have anything to do with staying there, but my roots are very happily situated there. There's been some turbulence between my roots and me, but what I loved about I still love about it. I like the geograph the wind, the openness—not the peop but the land," she adds wryly.

She doesn't even consider such relati deprivation to have been a liability. think there's a certain freedom growi up in a limited cultural environment," sh muses. "It allows you to become mo imaginative. If you're inundated with cu ture, sometimes you become jaded ar start closing things off before you can a similate them. Growing up in Consor you took what you could get, and yo found something positive and creative everything. Every sort of information got would be a huge thing for my fantas life. An album cover would be like a mo ie—a whole other dimension I would trav in, like stepping through the looking glas Everything I ever did was part of the deve opment of my imagination and lust for di covering new cultures and new sounds."

And what was she imagining? Lan leans back and watches a hawk tailing smaller bird high overhead. "I was imag ining travel," she says, her voice dreamy "I was imagining being onstage. I wa imagining lovers. I was imagining ownin something like a place like this. I imag ined what I would be like when I was old er." Even when she was just starting ou however, she knew exactly what to d when she got in front of an audience. Ca Scott, the senior vice president for arti relations at Warner Bros. Records, firs saw lang perform with the Edmonto Symphony, surrounded by bales of ha and cutouts of little barns. "She came ou onstage and it was just incredible," Sco says. "She was totally superior to anyon I had ever heard. She was very shy an withdrawn back then, but onstage she wa completely in charge. When she gets ou on a stage, she's queen of her domain She understands everything about it, an she loves it." Despite lang's strangeness her potential was always clear, even whe she still considered herself a performanc artist and appeared in vehicles such as 12-hour re-enactment of Barney Clark' heart transplant, using pickles and vegeta bles as organs. As a singer, she was give her first major contract by Seymour Stein founder of Sire Records and the man wh signed Madonna, the Talking Heads, an the Pretenders, among others. When Stei flew up to Canada to see her, he says, " was just transfixed. She was wearing coun try square-dance clothes and real short hair but you could close your eyes and imagin her singing anything—show tunes, R&B hits from the 50s, country classics."

Ben Mink suspects that lang's gift was

always apparent. "She was just a born ham," he says. "There's some famous footage of her at her first or second birthday party, and you can see the charisma. She was always an entertainer."

Most of lang's other passions haven't changed much either. Her custom pea-green Harley Springer is down at her place in L.A., but it is only the latest in a long line of motorcycles. She has ridden them since she was a child. "I love the wind," she says. "I love the feel of them. I love the aloneness. I love moving and seeing things. I like the romance of being on a motorcycle." Thanks to her parents, lang seems to have grown up remarkably free of most sexual stereotypes, even as an adolescent. "I was raised with no gender barriers and a real healthy dose of self-confidence," she says. "My father treated me like a tomboy. I did very 'boy' things with him. He bought me a motorcycle when I was nine; I've been riding cycles for 22 years. I was a marksman; I used to shoot guns with him—revolvers, shotguns. But we shot targets; I never killed animals. . . . I remember him getting me an electric guitar for Christmas when I was in grade six."

Lang was very close to her father, and nothing prepared her for the seismic upheaval that occurred when she was 12. "We were a pretty normal family," she recalls. "We had supper every night at six o'clock, and Saturday mornings I had to vacuum the carpet and clean the bathrooms. I loved both my parents very, very much, and of course I went into shock when my father left." He didn't just leave; he simply vanished. Lang hates to talk about it; she feels that discussing the wreck of her parents' marriage or the lives of her siblings constitutes an invasion of their privacy. Whatever the circumstances, his departure marked his daughter forever. "It was very sudden and drastic," she says, her voice low, her eyes fixed on the floor. "I didn't hear from him for about eight years, until I ran into him on the street in Edmonton one time. I haven't really talked to him since. I think I'm just processing it now."

Lang's father did show up at a concert in Edmonton once, according to her manager; he watched his daughter perform with tears streaming down his face. That scarcely made up for the years of silence. His disappearance shaped lang's view of love as something that may be ecstatic but can't be relied upon over the long haul. It may not even be mutual; the entire song cycle of *Ingénue* was based on lang's own experience of unrequited love for a married woman. "Maybe I've developed my spirituality around coping, but I truly believe it's the law of nature that love isn't something we necessarily own," lang says earnestly. "It isn't necessarily shared. There are moments of sharing, but I don't think there are any rules. I don't think my father didn't love me. I just think he felt like he couldn't deal with what was happening in his own life. I knew there were troubles, but him leaving the way he did was a shock, and very hard for me to watch my mother go through. He left everything, so my mother would teach in the day and then go down and try to run the store. I had to take on some of the responsibilities, whether it was working in the drugstore or getting home on time so my mother wouldn't worry. I went from being a kid to being an adult very fast."

> "Androgyny is making your sexuality available to everyone, using the power of both male and female."

Recently lang went into therapy, where a major focus is her difficulty in maintaining intimate relationships. "I think there's a deep pool of pain, a deep hurt that I manifest in different ways in my life," lang says slowly. "That is not why I'm gay; it has nothing to do with that. But there is a difficulty trusting, and it's exacerbated by being famous. I think resolving it, and understanding how it's affected me, is something very deep and intricate, and I'll be dealing with it all my life. . . . I think I sabotage relationships because I'm afraid of being left again. I'm extremely loyal, but I'm extremely scared, so I just do things to tamper with things so I can get rid of it so I don't have to worry about it leaving." She thinks about this for a moment, then throws her head back and yelps with dismay. "Maybe my potential true love is reading this and saying, 'Oh, she's *never* going to be able to have a relationship!'" she moans.

In any case, there is little doubt which gender her true love will be. Lang knew she was a lesbian before she ever learned the word. "When I was five, I remember playing Batman and Robin," she recalls. "There was this one point in the play where we were going home to our spouses. I was playing with two little boys, and they said they were going home to their wives. I said I was going home to my wife, too. They said, 'You can't have a wife!' I said, 'Yes, I can.' I remember that really clearly. My earliest memories are of being attracted to women."

Her view of why someone grows up to be homosexual is complex. "I think it's a lot of things," she says. "I don't think it's any one thing. I think it's a choice, for some people. I think it's genetics. I think it's the result of being abused, like a reaction. I think it's completely natural in some cases. I don't know why I'm gay. I find women more enticing, both emotionally and sexually." Although one of her songs, "Nowhere to Stand," is about child abuse ("A young heart is broken / Not aware that it's just / A family tradition / The strength of this land / Where what's right and wrong / Is the back of a hand"), lang says it wasn't based on personal experience. She has always adored her mother, and came out to her when she was 17. "I was having problems with my girlfriend, and my mother said, 'What's wrong?'" lang reports. "I said, 'You wouldn't understand.' She said, 'Try me.'" Her mother apparently took the news in stride. "I didn't want to live a life of dishonesty with my mother," lang says now. "I wanted her to understand me. And I had known this for years and years and years."

She seems always to have had a reasonably easy relationship with her sexuality. Her connection to her femininity is more problematic. Looking at her right now, one could easily mistake her for a very cute, smooth-faced boy, despite the assortment of silver bracelets on her wrist. She is wearing ripped jeans, a white T-shirt with a denim shirt over it, and those rubber boots. It takes a while to realize that there is a quintessentially womanly body inside those clothes. "Her figure is a revelation!" exclaimed one critic after seeing lang's nude scene in *Salmonberries*, a Percy Adlon film written for lang, who plays a half-Eskimo mine worker in a remote, desolate outpost above the Arctic Circle in northern Alaska. When she becomes infatuated with the town librarian, the librarian assumes that the young ruffian is a man until lang sud-

denly takes off her clothes. For a long, startling moment she stands there between the rows of books, utterly naked. Massive and voluptuous, her body has the *gravitas* of an ancient female fertility figure, all rounded thighs and belly and breasts. There is nothing boyish whatsoever about that body, but lang's attitude toward it is clearly ambivalent. She has, of course, capitalized on that ambivalence. "I really pride myself on being 100 percent woman, but with this great luxury of pulling from both sides equally," she explains. "Like a lot of women, I have a little bit of penis envy. Yeah, they're ridiculous, but they're cool. As much as I hate it, I admire the male sexual drive because it's so primal and so animalistic. I think that's one of the reasons women have a hard time with them, but it's one of their greatest assets; there's a certain freedom in that. It's very elemental. I think female sexuality gets convoluted because of social pressures. All these different ways women are pulled—everything from being a virgin to not being a virgin, getting pregnant, having a nice body—I definitely have been affected by that disease. I was 170 pounds in the seventh grade, so I don't have a very healthy attitude toward my body. My brother and sister used to call me 'Mama Kath Elliot,' so I was scarred for life." She rolls her eyes, laughing ruefully. "But it has to do with more than siblings. It's social pressure, the pressure society puts on us to be beautiful, thin, stylish."

I remark on how much of her body she keeps hidden, even onstage. "I guess because I'm not comfortable with it," she says. "My body is very womanly; I think that's why. Or maybe because it's so overused in the entertainment industry. Maybe it's like a deep rebellion. I don't understand my own feminine power yet, in terms of my body. I don't know how to use femininity as a powerful tool. I use my sexuality, but I eliminate the gender from it. I hesitate to use the word 'androgynous,' because it's overused and misunderstood, but androgyny to me is making your sexuality available, through your art, to everyone. Like Elvis, like Mick Jagger, like Annie Lennox or Marlene Dietrich—using the power of both male and female."

Like all successful people, lang has also found ways to transform weaknesses into strengths. Onstage in Amsterdam a few nights later, she closes the show with "Big-Boned Gal," introducing the song with the kind of thunderous, rollicking drumroll that ushers in the elephants at the circus. Sashaying across the stage in a hilarious parody of feminine wiles, lang belts the lyrics with her usual high voltage: "She was a big-boned gal / From southern Alberta / You just couldn't call her small / And you can bet every Saturday night / She'd be headed for the legion hall. . . . You could tell she was ready / by the look in her eye. . . . She walked with grace / As she entered the place / Yeah, the big-boned gal was proud!" The song is the kind of irresistible country rocker that makes you want to get up and dance, and lang also makes it extremely funny, but like most of her work it resonates on deeper levels as well. She takes everything a woman is not supposed to be—big, funny, fearlessly defiant, physically powerful—and makes it not only O.K. but glorious. What appears on the surface to be just another good-time country song turns into a thrilling statement of triumphant self-assertion.

When she finishes, the audience erupts. By this time lang has shed her jacket to show a loose, flowing white blouse that drapes fluidly over her body, revealing the womanly fullness of her hips for the first time. A black bra is just barely visible underneath. The audience is screaming and jumping up and down; they will not desist. When lang comes back for her first encore, it's "Crying," the Roy Orbison classic she has made her own. Her rendition is awesome; this is the number that brought down the house when she sang it on the Songwriters' Hall of Fame TV special after Orbison's death. You watch with your heart in your mouth, wanting it never to end. When it does, all hell breaks loose again. Lang's final encore is "Barefoot," the song she wrote with Bob Telson for *Salmonberries*. "I'd walk through the snow barefoot / If you'd open up your door," she sings, the soaring purity of her voice conjuring up the vast, frozen bleakness of the Far North, the ache of a lonely heart, the ineffable yearning for a love to thaw the soul. The song's chorus is a haunting wolf howl that vaults through the octaves, reverberating in an unforgettable cry of longing. It's a passage to defeat almost any singer, but lang makes it seem effortless, her tones so rich and full you feel as if they're pouring over you like honey. Long after the concert is over, her melodies linger in your mind, echoing with the unearthly power of the wolf howl.

By this time a cluster of fans has found the stage door; charged with hope, they wait eagerly, their faces raised to the balmy breeze ruffling the canal in front of the theater. Lang is wandering down a corridor backstage, fretting over the fact that she forgot to introduce her drummer and brooding about whether the concert was good enough, a question that wouldn't even occur to anyone else but that tortures her after every performance. Compared with her electrifying presence onstage, she seems only half there—not tired but simply absent, a faraway look in her eyes. A large part of her has just shut down, and will not reawaken until the next time she gets onstage in front of an audience.

"She lives to perform," says Ben Mink.

When Mink met lang in 1985, both realized immediately that they were soul mates. She could tell from his violin. An electrified fiddle with a cutaway body, it harbors a secret world inside it, a complex miniature scene of tiny toy figures that range from naked musicians to bathing beauties to British soldiers. There are plastic farm animals, a teeny-weeny bagel with cream cheese, a bottle of Manischewitz, and a sandwich flag from a Nashville restaurant, all carefully glued into an intricate tableau. "She saw that and said, 'Do you have any songs?' " recalls Mink with a grin. Their backgrounds were entirely different; Mink, a self-taught musician who grew up in Toronto, is the son of Holocaust survivors with numbers tattooed on their arms, and the grandson of a trained Hasidic singer. But he and lang share a mysterious bond that was apparent during lang's rehearsals for the European tour. As the percussionist worked on the drum pattern for one of the songs, lang lounged out in front of the auditorium, talking to me while Ben fiddled around onstage with sound equipment. She didn't even appear to be listening to the drummer, but suddenly she jumped out of her seat. She and Ben converged on him simultaneously: they had independently arrived at the same conclusion about a specific but minute change in the drum pattern. Both are perfectionists, exhibiting the same obsessive attention to every element in a song, no matter how infinitesimal. "When you pay attention to detail like that, it's like a comma in the wrong place in an entire novel," Mink explains. "That's really rare. I think it's just similar sensitivities."

When they started working together, lang was still deeply entrenched in country music, despite its standoffish attitude toward her. She was a student at Red Deer College in Alberta when she landed a role in a musical at a local theater, playing a country singer loosely based on Patsy Cline. Cline's music was a revelation.

galvanizing lang and awakening the passion that launched her career. Cline died in a plane crash in 1963, and for a long time lang even believed Cline's energy had been reincarnated in her. But lang's approach to country music made Nashville very uncomfortable. "They wouldn't let her in the club," says Mink. "They felt she was making fun of them. They were so far off, because she is one of them. She's a real character out of *Hee Haw*, she's a real Minnie Pearl. She grew up in a real rural community. She understands that. She *is* a country person. She's the real thing." Lang's irrepressible sense of humor certainly colored her approach to the music, but to assume she was making fun of her material was to misread her work entirely. The plastic farm animals on her shirt notwithstanding, part of lang's genius is the ability to take a song like "Three Cigarettes in an Ashtray," camp it up for all its undeniable melodramatic potential, and then stun her audience by segueing seamlessly into a gut-wrenching finale that rips out all the genuine anguish of the classic lover-done-me-wrong genre. Nashville didn't get it. Well, some of Nashville did; Minnie Pearl always spoke kindly of lang, Roy Orbison shared a duet on "Crying" with her, and Kitty Wells, Loretta Lynn, and Brenda Lee joined her to record a memorable "Honky Tonk Angels' Medley." But the rest of Nashville closed ranks. "We set out to be part of the changing face of country music, but she wasn't accepted by the industry," says Larry Wanagas, lang's manager. "She didn't look like you're supposed to look. You're supposed to look like all the rest of them."

Maybe it's true that you just can't make it in Nashville without big hair. "The higher the hair, the closer to God," as k.d. likes to put it. But the problems obviously went deeper. "I think country radio suspected she was a lesbian, and even if they weren't sure, the image was all wrong," says Wanagas. "They weren't about to put k.d. on a pedestal and use her as a role model for all the young women who want to be country-music stars. By endorsing her, they would have been doing that, and they couldn't bring themselves to do it." Endorse her? Hell, they wouldn't even play her. "They were afraid of offending their listeners and losing advertisers," lang says with a shrug. Largely shut out by country radio, lang managed to build a remarkable following even without any airplay to speak of. The country-music establishment still wouldn't bend. "In 1989 she got the Grammy for best country female vocalist," reports Wanagas. "The National Association of Recording Merchandisers named her the top-selling female country artist, but she never even got nominated for the Country Music Awards." Sales of lang's country-oriented recordings climbed steadily over the years. *Angel with a Lariat* sold more than 460,000 copies worldwide in 1987. *Shadowland* sold more than a million in 1988, and *Absolute Torch and Twang* sold more than 1.1 million the following year. After that, however, lang finally moved on. "How long can you hit your head against a wall before you say, 'Jesus, this hurts, and I'm going to quit doing it'?" says Wanagas. The result was *Ingénue*, a crossover album that clearly transcended country but is hard to fix a label on; lang and Mink humorously describe it as "postnuclear cabaret" and cite such influences as Kurt Weill.

By then any semblance of peaceful coexistence with Nashville had been blown apart by lang's public debut as an anti-meat spokesperson two years before. Although she was raised in cattle country, in a family that always had roast beef on Sunday night, lang had long been a vegetarian when she recorded a television commercial attacking the beef industry on behalf of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), an animal-rights organization. Hugging a cow named Lulu, lang inquired pleasantly, "We all love animals, but why do we call some 'pets' and some 'dinner'? If you knew how meat was made, you'd probably lose your lunch. I know—I'm from cattle country, and that's why I became a vegetarian. Meat stinks, and not just for animals, but for human health and the environment." The commercial never even aired, but *Entertainment Tonight* broadcast a feature on it, the media covered the controversy as news, and all of a sudden lang was embroiled in a great furor. The meat industry reacted like a gored bull. The American Meat Institute and the National Cattlemen's Association attacked her. THE WEST WASN'T WON ON SALAD! argued the North Dakota Beef Commission in a billboard message. The folks back in Canada were even more wounded; k.d. was one of their own, and now she had turned on them. A sign proclaiming Consort the hometown of k.d. lang was defaced. "They sprayed EAT BEEF DYKE on it," lang says wryly. Her main concern was the impact on her mother, but the career implications were considerable. Country stations all over the Midwest announced a boycott of her songs, although the move struck many as ludicrous, since they'd never played her in the first place. Gay activists were indignant. "Why wasn't anything done to James Garner, who had been a beef spokesperson until he had a quintuple bypass?" demanded one Chicago-area commentator. "Why wasn't anything done to boycott Cybill Shepherd, another meat spokesperson, after she said that one of her beauty tips was to avoid eating meat? Maybe if k.d. didn't look so dykey she wouldn't have a problem."

Lang hadn't even acknowledged her lesbianism in public at this point, but the meat controversy made coming out look like a day at the beach. As with the anti-beef commercial, lang didn't consult any advisers and didn't even tell such interested parties as her manager and her record company until after the fact. "She called me up and said, 'I think I just came out to *The Advocate*,' " reports Carl Scott. "I said, 'Oh, shit.' But it hasn't hurt at all. People admire her for expressing herself and being who she is and getting rid of the baggage." Indeed, the reaction was negligible compared with the "meat stinks" hullabaloo. "We got well over 1,000 letters attacking her on the meat thing," says Larry Wanagas. "I could have filled my trunk with the CDs and cassettes that came back. When she came out, there was not a phone call, not a letter; somebody sent back one of her records, and that was it. I think it was a huge weight off her shoulders. She felt completely emancipated." Actually, k.d. was somewhat annoyed by all the speculation about her sexuality and the pressure to make a public proclamation. "I think it's important for people to come out, because it's broadening the acceptability walls. But I always thought I was out," she says irritably. "I presented myself as myself. I didn't try to dispel lesbian rumors. I sang songs like 'Bopalina,' which was about my girlfriend. I didn't take boyfriends to the Grammys. I didn't do anything to cover it up; I just lived my life. There was a part of me that really didn't think it was important to make an announcement. But to the gay community, saying 'I'm a lesbian' is dispelling any doubt."

"That's why her coming out has been so important," attests Torie Osborn, executive director of the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force. "She's been the first major woman pop star who's out and proud and fine about it. It signals a whole new era of possibility for celebrities. The classic thing about celebrities is that they supposedly have so much to lose. They're supposed to allow public perceptions to define them. The thing about k.d. is that she's Ms. Gender Bender. She's not afraid; that's always been part of her appeal. She's absolutely herself, and when you see her onstage you see

k. d. lang

a living example of how, when you step out of the closet, you become more whole and are able to be more powerful. She's come out with grace and ease—and no loss in sales. She counters the mythology.'' In retrospect, of course, it looks easy, but it might not have been so. ''I don't think I sacrificed anything, but I didn't know that at the time,'' lang points out. ''My career could have been over. In the industry, they thought that could happen to me. So I was freaked. I agonized over it. My biggest fear was my mum. When I did it, I called her and we had a cry. Any mother wants to protect her children and see them be happy, and I think she thought people would be more negative than they were.''

At this point lang is virtually unique among mainstream stars; it's hard to think of another woman who has so completely refused to conform to male-defined images of female sexuality. ''She's not afraid to let her butch side out—her masculine side,'' Osborn observes. ''She plays a very sexy female, but she also plays what we would call her dykey self. Her concert audiences are overwhelmingly women and a lot of gay men, and a scattering of boyfriends and husbands. This is not a heterosexual male fantasy object.'' Osborn laughs. ''I think she would jam the radar.''

Actually, jamming the radar is one of lang's favorite recreations. She herself came up with the idea of being shaved by a beautiful model, a playful fantasy realized in the photo shoot for this month's *Vanity Fair* as a sort of modern twist on Norman Rockwell. She loves to play with stereotypes, and the more provocatively and irreverently the better, as far as she's concerned. However, lang has resisted the pressure to become Lesbian Spokeswoman of America. ''I'm not interested in making that my thing,'' she says. ''I'm an artist.'' She hasn't backed away from the causes she cares about; the meat brouhaha notwithstanding, she willingly performed at ''Fur Is a Drag,'' a fashion-show parody in which drag queens modeled fur coats splattered with paint for a PETA benefit earlier this year in New York. ''k.d. came in drag—she actually dressed as a woman,'' notes Dan Mathews, PETA's director of international campaigns. She did more than that: she wore makeup and bouffant hair and a big yellow chiffon party dress.

Right now, however, she's on tour, and when she's performing, her focus is single-minded. ''I totally dig the stage,'' she says. ''It's the same feeling I had when I walked into a gymnasium and could smell the sweat: it's potential. I felt the space and I felt the potential. I feel a strong connection to God when I'm onstage. Art is my way of communicating love.'' After the European concerts are over, she and Ben will hustle to finish the sound track for *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues,* the Gus Van Sant movie adaptation of the Tom Robbins novel, which is scheduled for release this fall. So far their music is decidedly eclectic. ''The novel takes place in 1973, so a lot of the music is sort of period-influenced,'' says Mink. ''We had one day where we did a polka, a jazz-fusion tune, a country waltz, and a Sly and the Family Stone boogie tune.'' When *Cowgirls* is finished they'll start working on the next album. The first challenge will be not succumbing to the temptation to recycle *Ingénue*. ''Artists are put into a trap,'' lang says. ''They attain success, and there's pressure to do it again, so they basically just write the same record again. It's very hard to stay away from formulation when there's so much pressure to make the money while you're hot. I'm not interested in producing for success. I don't think I'm ever going to be selling 42 million records. My legend isn't going to be based on sales, but hopefully on longevity and the purity of the product—on being unique and doing it my way. I'm not at all in a hurry to become famous. I like to work hard, I like the challenge of touring and the challenge of the business, but I'm not in a hurry. One of my goals is to keep dissatisfied. I am very conscious of not checking out and just going through the motions. It's like really bad sex. You're not reciprocating the gift, and you're going to feel really awful. The pressure I feel most is the pressure of being an artist and of having to create. No one's making you do that. That is a gift—or a punishment.'' She laughs sardonically.

The movie scripts are piling up as well, and lang has long toyed with the idea of doing *Annie Get Your Gun* on Broadway. The big-boned gal from southern Alberta has always had her sights fixed on the big picture, and she doesn't accept limits. ''I would like to be global instead of local,'' she says matter-of-factly. ''As everything—as an artist, a spiritualist, a cook, a singer.'' She's well on her way, although sometimes she's the only one who doesn't think so. ''It doesn't feel like I am,'' she says. ''I feel like I'm known and recognized and listened to, but I always feel like there are these major mountains I have to climb, creatively.'' She unfolds her large frame and stretches, reaching out her arms to the mountains and the sky. Then she turns. There is a half-smile on her face. She looks radiant. ''I always feel like I'm just beginning.'' □

Pete and Joan

(Continued from page 120) have very little compassion for the windfalls for the well-off. Do you have to bribe the rich to help the poor? If everyone receives, who pays?' That's the political basis of this free lunch: they bribe all of us and we pass the bill on to our kids.''

The upshot was two articles on Social Security in *The New York Review of Books* which Epstein helped arrange with editor Robert Silvers. The *Review* got so many letters that Silvers devoted a follow-up issue to the debate. Mort Zuckerman too had become so intrigued by their talks that he put Peterson together with the editor of *The Atlantic,* which Zuckerman owns. ''I had rarely met someone,'' says Zuckerman, ''who was as articulate and knowledgeable in the sense that he not only had wisdom to bring to it but he had facts and analyses of the facts to support his conclusions.'' Peterson's article on the deficit, ''The Morning After,'' was published in *The Atlantic* just weeks before the crash of 1987 and won a National Magazine Award for public service.

Suddenly Democrats even more than Republicans were beginning to recognize the validity of Peterson's ideas. Political lines were being crossed, and this caused some backlash from both the right and the left. In a devastating profile in *Barron's,* Joe Queenan called Peterson a ''Cadillac Cassandra'' and a ''Schmoozemobile.'' Robert Kuttner in *The New Republic* made the point that ''whenever selfless millionaires declare that 'we' must tighten our belts for the greater public good, the appropriate response is Tonto's 'What you mean ''we,'' Investment Banker?' '' Finally, William Greider summed up the economic opposition: the austerity measures Peterson proposed were just as bad as the disastrous advice that Wall Street's

"If I were seriously in trouble," says Peter Jennings. I would tell them about it and ask for their support."

financial conservatives gave to Herbert Hoover in 1929.

Criticism of economic theories seems to come with the territory. But Peterson has also been the target of a far more serious and destructive, personal attack, one that haunts him to this day. In 1985, Ken Auletta published a two-part story in *The New York Times Magazine* about the fall of Lehman Brothers, where Peterson had been chairman from 1973 until he was toppled in an ugly power struggle with trader and co-C.E.O. Lew Glucksman in 1983. The following year Auletta expanded the articles into a book, *Greed and Glory on Wall Street*. Ironically, the book was edited by Jason Epstein, who had been so helpful in promoting Peterson's economic ideas only a few years before. Through the testimony of Lehman partners, Auletta painted Peterson as a self-centered, arrogant Establishment insider who made his subordinates feel like second-class citizens. Auletta also maintained that Peterson—egged on partly by Cooney—had been inordinately greedy with Lehman over the terms of his settlement when he decided to leave rather than fight.

The book hurt Peterson and Cooney profoundly, perhaps all the more so because Peterson had spent nearly every Sunday morning for three months giving Auletta his side of the story. That proximity may have augmented the problem. Even at their first meeting Auletta began to chafe. "I had all I could do to contain myself," Auletta says. "As a journalist it's your project and he was talking as if it were our joint project, as if I was going to write an authorized Pete Peterson version. I felt like I was going to explode because I felt like this guy was trying to manipulate me. We were on the first date and he was running his hand up my leg and saying you're going to do what I say. I remember feeling exceedingly uncomfortable."

Auletta also says he was "stunned by [Peterson's] tendency to make speeches at people." This tendency still exists. It's very hard to rope in Peterson's mind, to focus him once he goes striding off on a subject. He tends to make his own rapid-fire transitions, and his thoughts keep spiraling outward with their own logic. One question may lead to a 40-minute answer. Diane Sawyer calls this "his great, rambunctious mind." It is consistently interesting if he is your subject. Following the way his mind approaches and tackles complex problems—whether international economics in the Nixon administration, Medicare, or our peculiar brand of democratic capitalism—is heady. But Auletta had a different agenda, as do many of those Peterson encounters.

"He's one of the most intellectually demanding people with whom I've spent time," says a former colleague at Blackstone. "His mind tends to race, and if it's a subject you're on, it's fascinating, and if he's on a subject other than the one you're on, he can appear aloof and distracted. But he's always moving." His partner Stephen Schwarzman, cofounder and C.E.O. of Blackstone, speaks of Peterson's brain with a certain reverence, perceiving it at times almost as a distant object: "It's a brain that is very powerful," he says. "It's methodical and logical and tenacious, and it gets you the right answers. The cells are all being used constantly. So the things that you would see interpersonally he might not see. Why? He's busy. It's different than normal people."

This "humanoid" aspect to Peterson has caused a lot of antagonism among people who don't know him well, but it is the source of amusement for some of his friends. Suzanne Goodson, ex-wife of the late TV producer Mark Goodson, remembers sitting right next to Peterson at a dinner party after he had come home preoccupied from a 3M board meeting. They made the usual party chitchat. The next day he greeted her as if he hadn't seen her in months. She finally realized he had absolutely no recollection that she had been there the night before.

Peterson is lucky now in that he has Schwarzman to cover his "interpersonal" flanks at Blackstone and Cooney to do the same at home. Cooney is passionate, intuitive, and tough. She forcefully reaches into his emotional life and diverts him from being the computer. Peterson himself refers to her as his "moral compass, inner-directed gyroscope, and outer-directed radar."

The marriage is the second for Cooney and the third for Peterson. All of their friends speak of it as a strong, devoted union. No doubt part of that strength comes from surviving difficult divorces. Cooney's first husband was a "brilliant but loony alcoholic," as their friend John Scanlon puts it. Originally a dashing figure in New York City mayor Robert Wagner's administration and a radical feminist when Joan met him in 1962, Tim Cooney was the one who urged his wife to go for the top job at Children's Television Workshop after she had put the project together. "Without him," Joan Cooney admits, "I don't know if I would have gone as far as I went."

After Tim Cooney's career in politics petered out, Joan ended up supporting him and eventually paying him alimony. Epstein remembers him, near the end of the marriage, playing in a mud puddle in the country with the neighborhood children. He describes himself as a "functioning" alcoholic; his ex-wife supports him to this day.

Peterson's first marriage was brief. His second lasted 26 years and produced five children, so the divorce was far more shocking, in part because virtually no one saw it coming. On the surface Sally Peterson seemed the perfect government and corporate wife, giving lively dinner parties in Washington with home movies and popcorn, and later entertaining the likes of Mollie Parnis, Beverly Sills, and Barbara Walters in their lavish Gracie Square apartment. As Walters recalls, "When they first came to New York they were the most popular, sought-after couple. They were attractive, amusing, wonderful company, and seemed devoted. They entertained often and gave wonderful dinner parties. I don't think any of us realized what was going on."

What was going on was Sally Peterson's growing disillusionment with her constant role as hostess for the chairman of Lehman Brothers. It was the 70s, the height of the feminist movement, and she wanted something more substantive on which to hang her identity. She had raised their children and was at an emotional crossroads. She stepped up her studies in psychology, and, perhaps more significant, she started an affair with agent Michael

Pete and Joan

Carlisle, who was 20 years younger and the son of her close friend Olga Carlisle.

A friend from their Washington days remembers being stunned. "I didn't have a clue that inside her was the diary of a mad housewife ticking away. I thought I knew her, but I obviously didn't. It just exploded." Peterson had gone into therapy a few years earlier, partly to placate his wife, but the extent of her alienation was a devastating shock. "He was grieved and obsessed by it," says Barbara Walters.

Cooney and Peterson clearly saved each other from the specters of their pasts, and perhaps because they have each undergone analysis they are acutely sensitive to anyone suffering similar pain. They reach out generously to others who are going through marital troubles or who have recently broken up with a partner. Both Stephen Schwarzman and Richard Holbrooke were asked to live with them after their unions dissolved. When Peter Jennings and his wife, Kati Marton, were having difficulties, it was Pete and Joan who counseled them. "If I were seriously in trouble," Jennings now says, "they are two people I would go and tell about it and ask for their support." Cooney has also given Marton an office at C.T.W. so that she can write her new book without the interference of children. "I don't know any woman who is more generous than Joan in wanting to pull other women along," Marton says.

After Jason Epstein broke up with his longtime girlfriend, Cheryl Merser, Peterson and Cooney kept in touch with her, offering her their weekend house when they were away. When she later got married, they gave her a wedding party and even insisted that the husband of her agent come. That husband happened to be Ken Auletta.

Cooney's gift for reaching out to others may stem from wounds that go even deeper than those from her draining first marriage to an alcoholic. When she was 26, her banker father committed suicide behind their comfortable house in Phoenix, after a serious depression. The tragedy sent young Joan into a period of anorexia, which today she considers a form of passive suicide. Maybe more important, in 1975 she underwent a radical mastectomy, and lives with the threat of cancer to this day. "To understand Joan," says Stephen Schwarzman, "you have to understand the cancer. Because of the cancer she has a policy of no bullshit. 'Life is too short, I could have checked out, I'm going to check out. There is no dress rehearsal.' That's one of her constant lines. Because of that she demands authenticity."

By the mid-80s Peterson himself was obviously no stranger to bad times. Only a few years after his wife Sally left him so ingloriously came the humiliating defeat at Lehman Brothers, Auletta's articles and book, and directly after that a failed partnership with an entrepreneur named Eli Jacobs (who filed for bankruptcy last April). By the fall of 1985, in fact, Peter G. Peterson, former secretary of commerce and former chairman of Lehman Brothers, was out of a job.

In his birthday toast to Peterson at Tavern on the Green two years ago, Mike Nichols suggested that Peterson understands plot. "He understands it is important to triumph after the trouble in the second act."

The triumph came at the hands of no less a personage than David Rockefeller. In October of 1985, Rockefeller recommended Peterson to succeed him as chairman of the ultra-prestigious Council on Foreign Relations. The Greek immigrant's son was following in the footsteps not only of Rockefeller, who had been chairman for 15 years, but also of "wise man" John J. McCloy, Rockefeller's predecessor.

"The Auletta pieces came out after he was considered a very serious candidate," says Rockefeller today. "But I didn't feel, and neither did the members of the board, that that should be a reason not to pick him. He's a very strong personality and not everybody is his fan, but I thought the Auletta pieces were unfair. . . . He's a very capable person and I think he's done a very good job."

Other members of the council seem to agree. Peter Tarnoff, former president of the council and now undersecretary of state for political affairs, says there were no problems with Peterson's management style, although he points out that Peterson does not have an office in the building. "There was never a trace of [arrogance]," Tarnoff says. "In his dealings with me and the staff he was always jolly, easy, and very considerate."

The same month that Peterson was named chairman of the council he started the Blackstone Group with Schwarzman. Today the firm's annual revenues are anywhere from $50 million to $70 million, making it one of the most successful boutique ventures started in the 80s. Peterson and Schwarzman own a Bell 222 helicopter worth about $2.5 million. With two pilots and hourly operating costs of around $1,500, it is a luxurious way for Peterson and Cooney to travel to the Hamptons each weekend. Cooney, who originally asked for the helicopter, says she did so only because Peterson was traveling so much she worried about his health. "I don't like it as a symbol of how we live," she says. Still, theirs is a more than comfortable existence. In 1992, *Financial World* listed Peterson as taking home about $7 million a year—and that's a conservative estimate.

The four-and-a-half-acre Water Mill estate, which adjoins a nature preserve, has one of the largest waterfronts in the Hamptons. Peterson says he was able to afford it because of a windfall deal, but wondered at the time whether $6 million was a little too much to pay for a house. Cooney reminded him this wasn't a dress rehearsal—and went on to spend two to three million dollars on renovations.

In addition to the Water Mill property the couple have a spacious Manhattan apartment in the River House, its walls covered with Peterson's collection of contemporary art, mostly Abstract Expressionist: Rothkos, two new Diebenkorns, two Matisses, two de Kooning drawings, and a Miró. Peterson's interest in art is both aesthetic and financial. When he left the government in 1973 he "wasn't in very good financial shape," with no stock options and five children in private schools. He sold two Max Ernst paintings, which had cost him $7,000 in 1959, for $350,000. That enabled him to finance the renovations on his Gracie Square apartment, which he later traded for the one at the River House. One of Peterson's favorite distinctions in life is "first-rate first-rate versus first-rate second-rate." Although he unflinchingly characterizes his own mind as first-rate second-rate, he is adamant—primarily for financial reasons—that his art be only first-rate first-rate.

Having so much money is new to both Peterson and Cooney. "My assumption," says Peter Jennings, "is that he's phenomenally wealthy, but I never think of money when I'm around either one of them. The subject of money never comes up, and you don't notice money on him." Jennings and Peterson, in fact, have been seen washing dishes together after a party at John Scanlon's. And *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt prides himself on the fact that after their Saturday breakfasts at the Bridgehampton Candy Kitchen he and Peterson used to go to the King Kullen supermarket. "We said, This is a good place to get reacquainted with your roots, who you really are, who's out there, who the people are."

The Candy Kitchen itself is a good

place for Peterson to get reacquainted with his roots. Formerly owned by George Stavropoulos and sold in 1981 to Gus Laggis, another Greek, it clearly reminds Peterson (whose father was born Petropoulos) of his childhood waiting on tables at his father's 24-hour diner in Kearney, Nebraska. Peterson has had an early breakfast at the Candy Kitchen almost every summer Saturday for the past 10 years, invariably joined by both Hewitt and Scanlon. The illusion of the power breakfast diminishes slightly when you realize that they are talking about real estate, golf, and the morning headlines, and are usually joined by assorted locals, rather than moguls. Ironically, however, this kind of casual integration is so rare and coveted in the Hamptons that it has its own kind of snob appeal.

Peterson may still feel at home in a diner, but he has been in the business of making money for a long time, and one wonders what ultimately motivates him. When I asked him about Blackstone after a wide-ranging discussion of public-policy issues, I was surprised to see his body deflate. The light went out of his eyes. I queried Cooney about this later. "I think there's no question that he'd rather engage in these other things," she says, "that he's more engaged intellectually. Blackstone is what he does for a living."

Scanlon has a theory that there are transformational people, people who actually change the world for a living, and transactional people, people who basically do transactions for a living. "Joan is clearly a transformational person," he says. "She has changed the nature of television. Pete is essentially a transactional person who wants at this stage in his life to be more transformational."

Cooney has already stepped down as C.E.O. of Children's Television Workshop in order to let David Britt take the reins. While still very active at C.T.W., she finally has more freedom to create new projects and is becoming more involved with her own foundation, which she has formed with her husband to support children's programs. At Blackstone, succession is a trickier problem. Peterson brings in most of the clients, and the word on Wall Street is that he and Schwarzman haven't created a company which could sustain his leaving. "The biggest problem is that Pete and Steve have been completely unsuccessful in building a firm," says a Wall Street source. "They've had enormous turnover. They both have the same attitude, which is that basically everyone is expendable." This same source insists that Peterson and Schwarzman own well over half the firm, but Peterson adamantly denies this, saying that he and Schwarzman own less than half and that he plans to give up more and more of his equity to junior partners over the coming years.

Peterson is still jumping planes to China and Singapore to raise money for a new investment fund for Blackstone, and it doesn't look as if he is going to stop in the near future. But at the same time, he is trying to resolve the vast and unwieldy questions of the deficit and health care. Peter G. Peterson doesn't like to be daunted. ☐

Pop's Granddad

(Continued from page 134) high level of quality is something fairly staggering, quite apart from the numbers involved."

Those include more than 900 paintings, 250 prints, 120 sculptures, and a vast array of Lichtenstein-designed objects, including a BMW, furniture, rugs, ceramics, clothing, jewelry, book jackets (most recently the antic cover of Frederic Tuten's novel *Tintin in the New World*), and a champagne bottle for Taittinger. Though some critics have sniffed at Lichtenstein's willingness to blur the lines between high art and low commerce, the New York art dealer James Goodman, a close friend of the artist's, stresses that "Roy is a *Pop* artist. It's *Pop*ular art."

The Guggenheim survey is assembling more than 120 of Lichtenstein's works, which include some of the most beloved and widely reproduced images in modern art. Emblazoned with explosive exclamations (VOOMP! VAROOM! BRATATATATA!) and glorifying postpubescent mush (THAT'S THE WAY—I *SHOULD* HAVE BEGUN! BUT IT'S HOPELESS!), these pictures opened the public's eyes to what art might encompass. As *Time* art critic Robert Hughes has written, "Suddenly, there was the commercial vernacular of America, that amniotic fluid in which every collector had been nurtured, right there on the museum wall."

Lichtenstein's seemingly congenital congeniality and his purposeful blandness are his most frequently cited character traits. According to Manuel Gonzalez, executive director of the Chase Art Program, "The bad boy of the 60s wasn't even a bad boy. He's the most considerate person. He's almost boring."

But not quite. Beneath Lichtenstein's unfailingly courteous, endlessly cooperative manner lies a steely resolve, devoted largely to excluding the unpleasant realities that might adversely affect the most important thing in his life: his art. "There's a lot of substance there," says the New York art dealer Irving Blum, an old friend of Lichtenstein's. "But it's hard to get through to, because it's veiled. And so much energy goes into the activity of making art. It's his way of dealing with the world."

Thus there has been a tendency to accept Lichtenstein and his work at face value. But, for those who look more closely, there are deeper readings to be found in Lichtenstein's reactions to the turbulent times through which he's lived. "In his own weird way," proposes New York University professor Robert Rosenblum, the art historian who first wrote about the painter almost 40 years ago, "Lichtenstein has been a very politically correct artist. Insofar as it reflects so many hideous American myths—like the early gender pictures of shopping consumerist females and macho men in the army—his work has terrific, subtle political statements."

To the surprise of many who were unaware of Lichtenstein's sense of political involvement, the artist testified before a House appropriations subcommittee in 1990, in the wake of right-wing attacks on government support for the National Endowment for the Arts. "Restricting funding for the arts on the basis of content is a dangerous road to follow," Lichtenstein warned the congressmen. "It has a chilling effect on the arts, which thrive on innovation, daring, and risk.... One must sometimes suffer the sophomoric to achieve the sublime.... Could it be that demagoguery is as hard to pin down as pornography?"

Though he wouldn't publicize it, Lichtenstein also refused to be honored by a political ally of the head of the porn-in-art posse, Senator Jesse Helms. "I was in Roy's studio and this phone call literally interrupted us. It was the White House," remembers one museum curator of a day in the spring of 1992. "They wanted to give Roy the National Medal of Arts. And he turned them down. When he got off the phone he said, 'Well, I wonder if I did the right thing.' He just didn't like the idea of

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accepting the medal from George Bush, from someone whose attitude toward the arts and censorship was so horrendous."

But when that curator urged the artist to go public with his demurral, as Leonard Bernstein had done, he declined, for if there is one thing Lichtenstein hates more than repression it is turmoil. "He's all the things you don't expect from a painter," observes an Italian art dealer who has entertained Lichtenstein and his second wife, Dorothy, during their infrequent trips to Europe. "He's a very charming, slightly bourgeois man. Think of all the rest of them: He doesn't have any of the nervousness that Jasper [Johns] has, nor the secrets. [Robert] Rauschenberg is a bit of a *maudit*—he likes a very dangerous and very generous life. He takes a lot of risks. I don't think Lichtenstein is someone who takes risks.

"Everything," the dealer goes on, "is a bit like his painting—extremely well organized and thought-out and intellectual. And no passion. I don't know if there *is* a passion, but it's not to be seen. He seems to me like someone untouched and untouchable."

"Roy's not a sufferer," says Kathy Goodman, wife of the dealer James Goodman. And no one else in the artist's small inner circle notices any of the agony so typical of the creative genius. "Roy really does think everything is good," says Susan Ginsburg, an art historian and confidante of Lichtenstein's. "He wakes up every morning and says, 'I'm a really lucky person. Everything is great. It's never going to be any better than it is today.' He doesn't have bad thoughts, he has wonderful dreams. I always say that somebody should test him for endorphins. He might just have one of those really strange body chemistries."

The same good humor that infuses Lichtenstein's art is also an integral part of his personality. "Roy is one of the funniest people in the world," Ginsburg continues. "He does all kinds of accents, he can do jokes—he could be a stand-up comic." Given Lichtenstein's almost pathological shyness, don't expect to see him anytime soon on *A&E's An Evening at the Improv*. But he has been cracking up people in the art world for years.

In public settings, the artist's humor tends toward gentle irony and is often self-deprecating. At the Museum of Modern Art dinner for the opening of his 1987 drawing show, Lichtenstein tweaked his own reputation for taciturnity by beginning his remarks, "Of course, I have nothing to say." And at a dinner for the Archives of American Art, Lichtenstein's introducer so garbled his syntax that he made it seem that the artist and his dealer, Leo Castelli, were lovers. "Gee," cracked Lichtenstein when he took the podium, "I didn't realize people knew about Leo and me," bringing down the house.

In private, however, his humor can get quite gamy. "Sex is number one in his life," reports Susan Ginsburg. "Did he tell you that? Painting he thinks is second, but sex is first. He thinks about it all the time—he says *all* the time. You wouldn't know that by looking at him, right?

"Last month, Dorothy and Roy and I went out for dinner," she continues. "And we were talking about euphemisms for sex. And all of a sudden here was Roy, this mild-mannered man, saying 'porking.' Dorothy and I literally fell off our chairs." On another occasion, recalls Ginsburg, the painter made an unexpected revelation: "Roy said he didn't worry about the size of his penis because he had two of them."

But, for all of his amiability and his talent to amuse, Roy Lichtenstein is not a very forthcoming man. His awareness of that, and of the negative effect it has had on those close to him, gives a hint of the same poignancy that can be found just beneath the surface of even his funniest paintings. "I don't know whether I've buried important things or whether I simply don't have them," Lichtenstein muses. "I don't have anxieties. Not that I'm not nervous about certain thoughts. I think I'm fairly level, if I analyze myself."

That equanimity is matched by his equally strong elusiveness. "Roy's complications," Susan Ginsburg points out, "are that you can't want anything from him. because finally what you'll get is nothing. That's one thing his kids [David, 39, and Mitchell, 37] will tell you: he'll give them money, but he can't give them himself. Roy'll say to me, 'Well, you'll be proud of me. I had a very, very serious talk with David yesterday.' And I'll say, 'What did you talk about?' And he'll say, 'Quarks.' "

Lichtenstein acknowledges the difficulty he has in opening up. "We can discuss anything unless it's important," he says of his relationship with his sons. "The kids live very nearby, and we see them quite a bit. I'm very interested in what they're doing. But I have the feeling that I don't get the really important things, the things that are really troubling them. That disturbs me. The kids have the same kind of shyness and hesitancy to bringing up anything emotional that I have."

According to several of Roy and Dorothy Lichtenstein's friends, their 25-year marriage (they will reach their silver wedding anniversary three days after Lichtenstein's 70th birthday) has suffered some of the same difficulties. The pair are close and clearly devoted to each other, and aside from being demonstratively affectionate they are also well matched intellectually. "Dorothy speaks for him," explains one intimate of the couple's. "She's a real foil. He needs Dorothy, otherwise he can't go anywhere."

But, according to another friend, "even though Roy is probably the world's most civilized living artist, apart possibly from Jasper—and he's certainly nicer in a fundamental way than Jasper—it's no fun being an artist's spouse. And especially somebody with Roy's apparent equanimity and extraordinary, consistent, disciplined approach to his work."

"With Roy," says Irving Blum, "there's an essence and a residue. The essence is absolutely in the studio and the work. The residue is everything else." According to one friend who has been a frequent guest at the Lichtensteins' Long Island vacation house in Southampton, "One time Dorothy and Roy had a big argument. She was screaming at him—she gets really angry at him, you can imagine—and threw a chair at him. And his comment was 'Oh, I wonder how much it's going to cost to fix it?' "

Robert Rosenblum believes that Lichtenstein "is like a combination of an elf and a sphinx. He seems very lightweight and puckish and smiles and nothing is too serious. On the other hand, the smile is kind of fixed. And you feel that there is such a quiet intelligence underneath, digesting everything, and such mystery and maybe even such anguish, that you can't put together the façade and what goes on inside."

That duality—the smooth, bright surface and the darker, unseen forces lurking underneath it—has been the hallmark of Lichtenstein's work and perhaps his personality as well. "He's self-effacing and not modest," says Diane Waldman. "Like his cartoons, he's funny and silly. He's shy and ambitious. He's full of contradictions." But the artist has tended to reject the idea that his art can be read for clues to his private life—unlike Picasso's oeuvre, which was a virtual illustrated diary of his daily concerns, lusts, terrors, and even meals. "Roy feels that people should look at the paintings," says Waldman, "and not judge the paintings by who he is."

"You can't make art without including yourself," Lichtenstein concedes. "But you can certainly make it *look* as though

're on the outside and your concern is nal, not biographical." Yet Lichten- 's cartoon images originated in his dren's urging that he paint their favor- characters. The Pop sculptor George al, a close friend of Lichtenstein's at me, has said that the weeping women painter depicted in the 60s were done as his first marriage was falling apart. the most telling of all his autobio- hical images may be the 1978 self- rait, included in the Guggenheim show, which he represented himself as an ty T-shirt, with a blank mirror in e of his head.

ut at this late date there's little likeli- d that he will depart from an obsessive ine of hard work and repetitive recrea- . "I have that tendency, there's no stion," Lichtenstein admits. "I have kind of regularity. It doesn't bore *me*. ight drive people around me crazy. I ss I have the feeling that if you don't inue you won't do it. I used to run. I ld run two miles, and I figured if I ran e than that I probably would never get nd to running because it was too h. And if I didn't do that much, it ldn't be doing anything for myself."

e applies the same strict discipline to ing art. "I do work every day, pretty h, and all day, essentially," says tenstein, who went to his studio even he day after his mother's death. "I to work on a group of things so that of them will speak to me in some way need something, rather than to try to n front of the work until I can get an for it. But it seems painfully slow. ple come and see a whole bunch of k, and it looks as though I work quick- To me it doesn't. But it does seem , relative to other artists, I get a lot e. It certainly gives purpose to your and it's less neurotic to work than to k about work."

till, there seems to be almost no mo- t in Lichtenstein's life when he is her working nor thinking about it. ere are times when you are having a l with Roy," reports James Good- , "and you can see this idea passing ss his face and he just has to get back e studio to fix the area that was both- g him." As Irving Blum recounts, "I in Southampton staying with Roy and othy, and at 11 o'clock they went to and I retired to my room. At 8:30 or 9 e morning I met Roy for breakfast in downstairs kitchen. And as he was sit- there chatting he said, 'Do you re- ber what we were talking about last t?'—some kind of graphic idea—'I t you to look at this.' And he went into the next room and brought out three drawings, which he only could have done in that time. It just never ends with Roy."

That diligence makes Lichtenstein an ideal collaborator in several of his favorite mediums—large-scale murals, fabricated sculpture, and prints—which require team work with other professionals. "He's a very classy artist and always comes prepared," says Ken Tyler of Tyler Graphics, Ltd., in Mount Kisco, New York, with whom Lichtenstein has made prints for more than 25 years. "There're no tantrums, there're no unorganized moments. I think Roy ponders everything to the nth degree. I believe that in his own mind he is seeking a perfection that is usually beyond what we're thinking about. The concentration is to be admired. You can feel it when he's working. It fills the whole studio."

> Lichtenstein's weeping women of the 60s were done just as his first marriage was falling apart.

Lichtenstein's own studio, in Greenwich Village, is usually filled with music—either tapes or a radio is played all day long, engulfing the cavernous, white-walled converted ironworks with well-tempered Baroque concerti or cool-jazz riffs. "I like Charlie Parker and I like Bach," he says, "but they don't play in the same band."

"I'm always waiting for something important to occur to me," explains Lichtenstein about how he gets his ideas for what to paint. "Usually it's just some small, little thing you're interested in. And then, if you follow it, it might get bigger or you might find it makes no sense at all. I tend to get ideas when I'm half asleep. Most of them are just moronic. I write them down because I'm going to fall asleep, and in the morning they don't make any sense. But sometimes they do."

On other occasions inspiration comes more directly. The concept for the Interiors, Lichtenstein relates, "was triggered by an ad I saw while I was in Rome at the American Academy [in 1989]. It just happened to be a highway sign that had furniture that gave me the style it should be handled in. That got tied back into the Yellow Pages. I was always looking through the Rome Yellow Pages for various thoughts. There's nothing like the Colosseum or the *Winged Victory of Samothrace* done about that small to give you an idea of the great monuments."

Significantly, it was just that word, "monument," that the National Gallery applied to Lichtenstein's most historically important work, *Look Mickey*, the 1961 oil on canvas which the artist promised to the museum in 1991 as part of its 50th-anniversary acquisitions drive. The painting—in which a hyperactive Donald Duck, brandishing a fishing rod, exclaims to the Disney rodent, "*LOOK* MICKEY, I'VE HOOKED A *BIG* ONE!"—cannot, however, be reproduced without permission from the Disney Company, a fact that rankles Lichtenstein. He mentions a Disney-authorized magazine "which has Andy Warhol's and Claes Oldenburg's and my painting of Mickey Mouse, and it's almost admitting that it exists," says Lichtenstein. "I mean, if you reproduce it and don't sue us, isn't it a sort of recognition?"

"*Look Mickey* is a monument of vanguard American postwar painting," wrote the art historian Jack Cowart in the catalogue accompanying the National Gallery's exhibition of the donations, calling it "a complete creative and functional transformation." In fact, Lichtenstein's alchemy in turning an image he says he had found on a Bazooka bubble-gum wrapper into a masterpiece was almost as startling as that achieved in his own life by the artist himself.

Roy Fox Lichtenstein (he still signs his work with the initial of his little-known middle name) was born in New York City in 1923. He and his younger sister, Renée, were raised in a nonreligious German-Jewish family who lived in a comfortable apartment on the Upper West Side. "Roy functioned socially in a nice family," says Diane Waldman. "Unlike Woody Allen, there wasn't a lot of yelling and screaming and self-analysis and neurosis." Lichtenstein's father, a real-estate broker, died in 1946. His mother, to whom Roy was particularly close, died two years ago at the age of 96 and is remembered fondly by the artist and several of his friends.

"That wonderful humor he got from his

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mother, who was hilariously wonderful,'' says Kathy Goodman. ''She told me that when he was little, every day when Roy came home from school she would be there to help him with his homework. She said, 'I had to. He was *so* stupid!' '' Lichtenstein remembers his mother's innate sense of humor surviving the ravages of old age. ''She was fun even when she had practically no memory left. She could still think of ironic things to say.

''My father did fairly well during the Depression,'' Lichtenstein reminisces. ''We weren't wealthy or anything, but I didn't even think about it. . . . I was completely out of touch with real life, all except my own.'' Roy was sent to the nearby Franklin School, a rigorous private institution. The one thing Franklin didn't offer was art instruction. But, Lichtenstein recalls, ''I spent a lot of time drawing funny pictures,'' though he was not very interested in the comic books that were to become the foundation of his artistic fame.

After his senior year in high school, Roy took summer classes at the Art Students League of New York from the celebrated painter Reginald Marsh. Marsh's breezy embrace of local low-life subject matter—Bowery burlesque queens, Times Square floozies, and Coney Island Lotharios—anticipated his student's later attraction to populist themes.

Lichtenstein then entered the School of Fine Arts at Ohio State University, but his education was interrupted when he was drafted into the army at the age of 19 to serve in World War II. He was assigned to the engineering battalion of the 69th Infantry Division, and during the Allied invasion of Germany, he drew up maps for the march across enemy territory. ''I wasn't right *at* the front,'' Lichtenstein remembers, ''but I was technically in the front. Shells were falling around and people got killed by mines and booby traps and various things. You're not careless, but you just can't continue on any level of fright for week after week. . . . My life was somewhat emotional at that time.''

Mustered out in 1946, Lichtenstein returned to Ohio State and graduated that year. He went on for a master's degree, which he received in June 1949. That same month he married Isabel Wilson, with whom he had two sons, David (now an electrical engineer) and Mitchell (an actor who appeared in the final episode of *Cheers*). After teaching at Ohio State, the artist moved to Cleveland. There he supported his family with a variety of para-artistic jobs, including working as a draftsman for graphics and engineering firms.

At the same time, Lichtenstein continued to pursue his own, far less disciplined art in his spare hours. ''I thought I was an Abstract Expressionist,'' he recalls. ''It was all of my training. And, of course, de Kooning and Pollock and Kline were heroes. I used to see their work and it was what I thought art was all about.'' Lichtenstein's Wild West motifs, however, were antithetical to the agitated, nonobjective manner of his masters. As Robert Rosenblum has written, his 1954 review of a Lichtenstein show in New York was far from a rave: ''I complained that his subjects, taken from American cowboy and Indian themes, were at odds with his style.''

Things were not going too well for Lichtenstein at home either. ''He had a rather difficult time,'' says Irving Blum. ''His wife went a little mad. She wasn't really very useful in the raising of his two children. He saw to the raising and schooling of those two boys and took responsibility virtually on his own.'' Roy and Isabel Lichtenstein separated and were finally divorced in 1965. An alcoholic, she was later institutionalized and died in 1980.

''When I started,'' says Lichtenstein of his early career, ''nobody ever thought they'd make any money in art. I thought I'd teach.'' He took a job at the State University of New York at Oswego in 1957, and three years later moved to Douglass College, the women's division of Rutgers. There he fell in with a group of iconoclastic artists with close ties to the New York avant-garde—including George Segal and Allan Kaprow—whose encouragement prodded him toward his climactic change of style.

As early as 1956, Lichtenstein had done a work that foretold his future direction: a proto-Pop lithograph of a $10 bill. Two years later he made a picture of Donald Duck for his sons that was of pivotal importance. The art dealer Ivan Karp recalls Lichtenstein's explanation for his startling new subject matter: '' 'I did some paintings for my kids,' Roy told me. 'They asked me if I could paint a cartoon if I had to. And I said I probably could. So I did this giant, oversize cartoon. And they were very impressed by it.' ''

So was Karp, who vividly recalls the first time he met Lichtenstein, at the Leo Castelli Gallery in 1961, and saw the works that were to earn the painter his place in the Pop pantheon. ''There, at the top of the stairs, was this young, slender man with four paintings. I said, 'How come you didn't bring slides or photographs?' And Roy said, 'Well, I didn't really have any, and I put these on the top of my car.' ''

According to Karp, ''This young student who was with me that day later said, 'Mr. Karp, you looked back and said to us, ''A historic moment.'' ' I invited Roy into the gallery, I looked over his things, and I said, 'This is pretty curious stuff that you're doing here. You know, it's almost against the law to deal with imagery like this. The Abstract Expressionists are going to hate you, because this has nothing to do with the inward world.' ''

Among the canvases Lichtenstein had strapped to the roof of his station wagon was *Engagement Ring*, in which a pensive cartoon blonde, complete with word balloon, hesitantly asks her clean-cut boyfriend, ''IT'S. . . IT'S NOT AN *ENGAGEMENT RING*, IS IT?'' Another was *Look Mickey*.

Within a month Leo Castelli asked Lichtenstein to join his gallery, and offered the artist a stipend. Lichtenstein did not quit his day job immediately, but after the success of his first solo Castelli show, in February 1962, it was clear he should give up teaching and devote himself full-time to painting. ''This was as much a switch for me as it was for everybody,'' Lichtenstein recalls of his radical new pictures. ''In fact, I didn't think anybody would like them.''

Unbeknownst to Lichtenstein, another struggling artist, by the name of Andy Warhol, was also doing paintings based on cartoons. After seeing Lichtenstein's work, Warhol showed Leo Castelli his canvases. They were much less finished than Lichtenstein's neatly outlined images, and reluctant to have two gallery artists mining the same iconographic vein, the dealer turned Warhol down. The rejected painter soon gave up that subject matter—which provided some of the best paintings of his career—and moved on to other themes. Nonetheless, Warhol and Lichtenstein became friends after Warhol was taken on by Castelli in 1964, and Lichtenstein remains a great admirer of his early rival, several of whose pictures he now owns.

As shocking as what Lichtenstein chose to paint was how he chose to paint it. Both Rauschenberg and Johns—Castelli's first stars—worked in a rich, painterly style that derived from the still-dominant Abstract Expressionist mode and thus seemed unquestionably artful. Lichtenstein, on the other hand, tried to efface any sign of the painter's touch, mimicking not only the crudity but also the flat, affectless surface of mechanical reproduction. He believed

that simplification could increase the power of his paintings. "There are certain symbols of Romanticism that make people think that the artist is more involved than when it's classical and you think he's removed, that Romantic or brushstrokey work is human and the other is more clinical and more scientific. But I think they're just styles. In Romantic work you achieve an ongoing feeling that you're immediately *doing* it. Whereas my and other classical work—if you can look at it that way—is delayed gratification."

Lichtenstein did not have to wait very long, however. Pop art, and his works in particular, created an immediate media sensation. They were easy to understand (at least superficially), they were fun (no agonizing search for meaning in vague blotches of paint), and they reproduced like a dream (because they used the same visual vocabulary as illustrations in mass-market publications).

But to some art critics, Lichtenstein's seemingly mindless appropriation of compositions from such recondite sources as *Girls' Romances*, *Secret Hearts*, *G.I. Combat*, and *All-American Men of War* signaled the final degradation of American culture. At the Museum of Modern Art's "Symposium on Pop Art" in 1962, Hilton Kramer harrumphed that the work of Lichtenstein and his peers was attempting "to reconcile us to a world of commodities, banalities, and vulgarities. . . . This is a reconciliation that must—now more than ever—be refused if art—and life itself—is to be defended against the dishonesties of contrived public symbols and pretentious commerce."

Only 30 years later, Lichtenstein is compared in art-history texts to Poussin, Cezanne, and Seurat. Another analogy might be made to Rubens. The dynamic diagonal compositions, all bravado and high drama, of such Lichtenstein war pictures as *O.K.*, *Hot-Shot* (now owned by David Geffen) and such romance pictures as *We Rose Up Slowly* are much like the mythological canvases of that great Baroque master. And if Lichtenstein's Brads and blondes bear little resemblance to people in the real world, neither did Rubens' Venuses and Adonises look much like your average Flemish burgher. Lichtenstein has immortalized the gods and goddesses of modern mass culture, whose travails and triumphs are as instantly recognizable to us as the exploits of the Olympians were during the classical age.

Although Lichtenstein has retained the basics of his Pop-art style ever since—the black outlines, the Benday dots, the optic stripes, the almost exclusive use of the primary colors red, yellow, and blue—he abandoned his cartoon subjects after only four years. They are still the most sought after by collectors; several canvases have fetched well over $1 million each. But Lichtenstein has not painted with an eye toward the marketplace. Although he is now hugely successful financially, that has more to do with his ceaseless imagination and dogged industriousness than with pandering to public demand.

For example, he followed the cartoons with a cerebral series of trompe l'oeil Ab Ex brushstrokes, a gibe at the gestural extravagance of his predecessors. Even less commercial at the outset was his Mirror series of the early 70s. Those abstract canvases, their ghostly surfaces shimmering with Benday dots but "reflecting" no images, went over with a thud. Lichtenstein still owns many of that sequence, which has become a cult favorite among critics.

> "Sex is number one in his life. You wouldn't know that by looking at him, right?"

From the early 60s through the late 80s, Lichtenstein carried on what Martin Friedman, former director of Minneapolis's Walker Art Center, calls the painter's "romance with art history." Beginning with takeoffs on Picasso's distorted women of the 30s, Lichtenstein has worked his way through virtually every movement in modern art. Impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism, Expressionism, Futurism, de Stijl, Art Deco, Surrealism, and Abstract Expressionism all became grist for his thematic mill. But no matter what he has copied, the results have always been thoroughly his own.

In 1968, Lichtenstein married Dorothy Herzka, who worked in a Manhattan gallery and was widely considered to be the reigning beauty of the New York art scene. Furthermore, she bore an uncanny resemblance to the seductive, full-featured, emotionally intense women he had portrayed in his romance cartoon paintings. In 1970, at his new wife's behest, they moved to Southampton. The couple remained there—making frequent forays into Manhattan—until 1982, when Lichtenstein purchased a loft studio on East 26th Street, his base of operations until 1989, when he bought the Greenwich Village building in which he currently lives and works.

Although the Lichtensteins give each other a great deal of latitude in their married life, Dorothy Lichtenstein has become more of a force during the past few years in managing the endless demands on her husband's time. "She's really involved with who's who and career moves," reports a member of the inner circle. "It's good for business. It's Dorothy who's the real operator that way. It's not about money. It's about being very important. They think that somehow all that makes him more successful, and can't quite believe that it's the work."

In fact, Susan Ginsburg says, "the only anxiety I can sense in Roy is about living forever. Cholesterol and his body—he really thinks about that. He's so compulsive, he would eat bran at every meal if Dorothy didn't vary it with pasta and fruit." When Lichtenstein is told that his superb condition and his mother's longevity make it likely that he will remain active for as long as Picasso—who worked almost until his death at 91—did, he replies with a nervous laugh, "I think of the possibility of keeling over any minute."

If that should happen, it is more than likely to occur in his studio. And at the moment, Lichtenstein is working at the top of his form. "Unlike a lot of artists who started big and then just shriveled," says Robert Rosenblum, "he seems to me absolutely strong, strong, strong. Those big Interiors are some kind of masterpieces. The work of the last decade has been tremendous and masterful. It has that retrospective quality that Johns has. It's very interesting in terms of postmodernist self-quotations that give it a mocking old-master grandeur that's perfectly in tune with what he's always done. I really think he has something like an old-age style, but in quotation marks, as usual."

And as Ken Tyler confidently predicts, "Roy's going to live to be an artist who works right to the very, very end, because he has no hang-ups about continuing. His work, for him, is getting up and going to work. That's his life."

The Veil

(Continued from page 127) negative manner by the men in power," she says. "We have a woman at our refuge whose husband teaches Islam at the school! It's unbelievable." Riaz is flushed with feeling. "It was the Prophet's first wife who *proposed* to him! She, a woman, was the first convert to Islam! They're taking Islam backwards. They're taking out all the best bits."

Dr. Kalim Siddiqui is the West's nightmare. He's also a nightmare to many secular Muslims—and even devout ones. However, he does have a constituency, and its number is growing. A former editor at *The Guardian*, Siddiqui gained fame during the Rushdie scandal by urging Britain's Muslims to rally round the ayatollah's *fatwa*. Since then he's organized a group called the Muslim Parliament, a 150-seat assembly of his followers, but with only the slimmest support from the Muslim community. A published "white paper" enumerates its goals: "a Muslim welfare state, a Muslim economy and a Muslim educational system," as well as the founding of an Islamic university, Muslim health centers, and a campaign to convert non-Muslims.

"The global ambitions of Islam," Siddiqui tells me on the phone from his home in Slough, near London, "are in conflict with the global ambitions of the West. Both are fundamentalists wanting to use force to impose their will on the other. The roots of this conflict go back to the Crusades." Since then, according to Siddiqui, there has been a millennium of suspicion, fear, and paranoia on the part of the West regarding Muslims.

"The current revolution began in Iran," Siddiqui continues. "That was the first installment. And there are others in the pipeline," he adds, alluding perhaps to Egypt and Algeria. With the exception of Iran, he says, "all the countries in the Arab-Asian world are under occupation." When I inquire about the aspirations of moderate Muslims—the vast majority—he cuts me off. "There are no moderate Muslims," he says with annoyance. "Scratch them and you'll find a fundamentalist under every one of them. Unless they're the ruling elite of certain countries or they've been in the West so long they don't even know they're Muslims anymore."

Reportedly financed by Iran, Siddiqui faithfully mouths the Iranian party line. He denies that there has been widespread killing of Christians in the Sudan, when in fact thousands of Christians have been massacred in the South by those wanting an Islamic state. Regarding the Christian Copts in Egypt, Siddiqui says, "There is not a movement against the Copts except those that have sided with the government. Maybe one or two have been killed." In fact, hundreds have been killed.

Siddiqui advocates veiling and prohibiting gym classes in schools for Muslim girls. The chador and veiling, he says, save a woman from "being a sex symbol, as she is in the West."

"The stunning thing to me is that the strength of this movement comes just as much from the elite," says Geraldine Brooks, who has been covering the Middle East for *The Wall Street Journal* since 1987. "It's not just the illiterate, powerless, impoverished people. When I walk in the streets of Jordan—one of the more moderate countries—maybe one out of three women is veiled. But when you go to the university there, almost all the women are wearing veils."

Mai Yamani, an Oxford anthropologist and the daughter of a former Saudi oil minister, who splits her time between London and Saudi Arabia, has taught at the university in Jidda in recent years. "I've lectured to many women there, and they simply memorize everything. Once, I asked for some analysis, and they were just terrified. They couldn't do it, because it's dangerous now for a woman to use her mind, or for anybody, really, to use their mind in Saudi Arabia."

Brooks, who is based in London, is finishing a book on women and Islam called *The Prophet's Daughters*. "I've been warned by one of the Hezbollah sheikhs that my title was unadvisable," she says with a wry smile. "I was talking to this sheikh because I needed his permission to interview his wife. The sheikhs never look at you directly, never make eye contact, because women are sinful, but when I told him the title of my book, he looked me right in the eye and said, 'Maybe you should call it *Daughters of Islam*.' I said very politely that I liked my title better. 'In that case,' he said quite sternly, 'you better not make any mistakes.' " To the sheikh, "the Prophet's daughters" meant literally that—the daughters of Muhammad, not a metaphor for the women of Islam. "They take these things very literally," Brooks says.

The West, according to Brooks, seems incapable of understanding some of the concepts that govern much of the Muslim world. Last December, a Sudanese man was tried in London for killing his wife after he found out she had had an affair. The jury, believing it was a crime of passion, gave the man a reduced manslaughter sentence. "What the jury didn't understand is that this was an honor killing," says Brooks. "He killed her not necessarily because she was his wife but because she was also his cousin. It was a premeditated honor killing."

"Every religion gets hijacked by certain special-interest groups at certain times," Rana Kabbani, a Syrian-born writer living in London, declares irritably. Kabbani is representative of many Muslims who seem reflexively defensive, a condition, she says, born out of being forever stereotyped and misunderstood. Nevertheless, Kabbani is capable of summoning true revolutionary fervor, as she did early last year in an essay in *The Guardian* called "The Gender Jihad." "A Muslim reformation is in the making," she wrote passionately, "and it is Muslim women who are at its forefront. . . . *That* is the *jihad* that calls out to us."

But when I ask Kabbani if she spoke out after Khomeini's death sentence upon Salman Rushdie, she responds cautiously. "It became very difficult to say anything without instantly being part of the amazing anti-Muslim backlash that the whole thing occasioned," she says. "I found it terrifying. . . . In a way, everybody was framed because of Khomeini's utterance. . . . Suddenly you're guilty because you're a Muslim, unless you denounced everything about Islam totally. . . . I have very great difficulty, being a Sunni Muslim from a tradition that considers there's really no intermediary between the human being and God. I have a great feeling of disapproval about the mullahs and interpreters. I just don't accept them at all."

Cameron Fyfe is a 38-year-old Scottish yuppie lawyer. The bread and butter of his firm, Ross, Harper and Murphy, in downtown Glasgow, comes from the British equivalent of "legal aid." Fyfe is flying high these days, having recently won an annulment for his client Nasreen Rafiq on the unprecedented grounds that she had been forced into an arranged marriage when she was under the legal age.

Rafiq, who now lives with her three children in a grimy council flat in Glasgow, tells an amazing story. When she was 14, her father announced that he was taking her on a holiday to Pakistan. Shortly after their arrival in her family's village, she was told that she would be marrying her cousin. Following the ceremony, her father turned over his daughter's passport to her new husband and returned to Scotland. Rafiq's new home was "a mud hut with no electricity, gas, or running water," and from day one her husband beat her.

Two years later, he decided to move his

young family to Glasgow in hopes of making more money. When he finally got his own residence permit, he punched Rafiq in the face, screaming, she says, "This is the only reason I married you." The beatings became so grisly that neighbors finally called the police, who explained to the bewildered, battered girl that she could legally leave her husband.

During the three years it took to win her case, Rafiq became the pariah of Glasgow's Pakistani community. "Some people spat on me, others would cross the street if they saw me, and someone put an envelope filled with excrement in the letter slot of the door."

Rafiq, now a full-time college student in Glasgow, juggles two jobs at night, determined, she says, "to make a better life." However, she is panic-stricken by the possibility that her ex-husband will follow through on his threat to kidnap their children and take them back to Pakistan. In many Muslim countries, in the name of Sharia, child custody is awarded to men in the event of divorce or separation.

Such misery has created a boom business for Cameron Fyfe. "The parents think I'm the Antichrist," he says, "but the kids think I'm their hero." Currently, he has 10 more cases involving arranged marriages, including 3 in which the plaintiffs are men. "It's a lot of cases," he says, "considering the pressure the mosques and the families put on them." His saddest case involves a young Pakistani man who was living contentedly with his Pakistani girlfriend in Glasgow. "His family tricked him into going to Pakistan, and once he was there, they took away his passport, and told him that if he didn't marry his cousin they would tell the police he committed some horrible crime. So he married his cousin, came home as fast as he could, and moved back in with his girlfriend, whom he married straightaway—refusing to honor the first marriage. The girlfriend is then kidnapped back to Pakistan and forced into *her* arranged marriage. My client flew to Karachi and finally found her village, but her family shot at him, nearly killing him. He came back here and is suing for an annulment of his first marriage, so that his marriage to his girlfriend could be valid—at least here." But can he find her? Fyfe shrugs. "Right now she's a missing person in Pakistan."

London is the capital for the exiled Islamic community," explains Rose Issa, an art curator of Lebanese and Iranian background. "London is the first stop for the Third World. This is our capital." Some maintain residences in their native country as well as in the West, keeping a wary eye on developments at home; some say they are too bitter ever to return; some are desperate to be back where they came from.

Belonging to the last category is Benazir Bhutto, the first woman elected to govern a Muslim country—only to be deposed by Islamic fundamentalists less than two years later. One of the striking paradoxes of Muslim countries has been the willingness of the people to elect women leaders when given the opportunity. Two and a half years after Bhutto's election, Bangladesh also elected a woman, Begum Khaleda Zia, as prime minister, and in June, Turkey chose Tansu Ciller to lead the country.

Bhutto agrees to speak with me at her sister's house in Knightsbridge. Since Bhutto was deposed in August 1990, she says, "there have been repeated assassination attempts on my mother, myself, my lawyer. Each time they announce that I'm dead or wounded."

> "The word 'circumcision' is a complete misnomer. This is the equivalent of whacking off the entire penis."

According to Bhutto, the current regime has stripped non-Muslims of any significant voting rights and has systematically terrorized them with the new blasphemy laws. "Say I don't like somebody who is from a minority," explains Bhutto. "I call the police and say that they have blasphemed the Prophet, the Koran—whatever." Conviction for blasphemy is a mandatory death sentence, she says, and the law requires the testimony of only one Muslim. Hindus and Christians, says Bhutto, "live in fear of these laws." Actually, Muslims have just as much to fear from the blasphemy laws, as the noted writer and social reformer Akhter Hameed Khan learned recently. Last October, the 78-year-old Khan was dragged from his bed in the middle of the night and arrested for defaming the Prophet and his son-in-law in a nursery rhyme Khan had written years earlier. His accuser, claimed Khan, was a disgruntled employee. Khan successfully fought the charges, only to be charged again by a Punjabi mullah who accused him of blaspheming Muhammad by saying in an interview, "I admire Muhammad, but my main inspiration has been Buddha." Khan denies giving the interview.

The new regime has legalized the infamous "blood money" laws, which, among other things, according to Bhutto, "means that women are forced to give up their inheritance money to brothers or to uncles." She also confirms reports of slavery in Pakistan today, saying, "There's a huge, thriving trade, importing girls from Bengal and selling them as slaves in Pakistan." However, when the fundamentalists want something, she says, they have no problem tinkering with the Koran, even when it comes to something as sacrosanct to Muslims as the prohibition of eating swine. "Now you can eat swine to survive," she says sarcastically. "The mullahs have introduced this whole hypocrisy. The Koran repeatedly says to beware the hypocrite."

The success of fundamentalism, says Bhutto, has two causes. First, it springs from an authentic "search for identity in an increasingly global village where all the messages come from the West. . . . In the absence of the Cold War, when Muslims look out they see the Christian West. It is a reaction to preserve one's culture when other cultures have dominance." Second, she says, it is the monster child jointly created and funded by the West and the totalitarian regimes of the region to keep the Communists at bay. "Political parties were largely banned," she says. "To keep the clerics happy, the mosques were well funded. The mosque was allowed to become a place where people could gather. The clerics became very powerful, and they started a new doctrine, where the clerics knew what was best for everybody else." Virtually every regime in the region which has played the religious card, she says—from Iran to Saudi Arabia—has seen it backfire, leaving the regime hostage to the religious right. In 1977, when Bhutto's father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, needed to appease the religious right, he outlawed gambling and alcohol. "Some people say that it opened the door at that time," she admits, "because, after that, General Zia came in and started Sharia [in alliance with] the Muslim Brotherhood."

The biggest catastrophe for the region, and perhaps the world, began, she says,

when the C.I.A. decided to fund—to the tune of $3 billion—the most extreme right-wing Islamic groups in Afghanistan (Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's Party of God) to fight the Russians. "The Muslim Brotherhood ran the training camps," she says, which were headquartered in Peshawar, Pakistan, and which soon became the stomping grounds for the international fundamentalist set, including Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman, the Hezbollah, the Sudanese strongman Hassan al-Turabi, the outlawed Egyptian party Gamaa al-Islamiyya, and "the usual suspects" from Iran. "A lot of money was funneled through [the Brotherhood], and they siphoned off a lot of money. Now we have all these revolutionaries—bought and trained—and nowhere to go. Where could they go after Afghanistan?" (One place they went was the United States. Several of the suspects in the World Trade Center bombing in April are reportedly Afghan veterans trained in these camps, and their mentor, Sheikh Abdel Rahman, frequently held court in Peshawar.)

Still, Bhutto is hardly a radical—never mind a feminist. As prime minister, she was criticized for instituting only the barest of reforms for women. "I had a limited mandate," she says quickly, defensively. Even if she wins power again this year, she makes no promises for radical change. "One can only be as effective as one's majority." Nor does she have a problem about living in an Islamic state under a form of Sharia law. Her own arranged marriage, she says, is a happy one, despite rumors to the contrary. "I have a problem with the Muslim Brotherhood—not with being Muslim, not with Sharia," she says. "Because it is making a political bid for power that will lead to the destruction of our society. Because it is based on apartheid."

Demonizing the Muslim world and invoking the Green Peril (green being the color of Islam) as the successor to the Red Menace, says Bhutto, is not helpful. "Being frightened of fundamentalism is not going to get anywhere," she says, warning that it is ill-advised for the West to support the repression of democratic elections for whatever reasons. "Eventually, the fundamentalists will spend their force, because they have no social or economic programs. Eventually, people will be fed up and throw them off like they have colonialism. . . . That's why Iran is now trying to come back into the mainstream.

"In Islam, the communion is direct between God and the individual. Any Muslim can lead the prayer. But throughout the Muslim world, you have clerics saying that Muslims don't know what's good for them. We have to tell Muslims which side of the bed to wake up on, how to brush their teeth, how to wear their clothes, how to look. They say a woman has to look down at the floor. But the Prophet said the best veil is the veil in the eyes. You don't have to look down. You have to look with good eyes. The Prophet himself married a working woman. She was 15 years older than him. She was a businesswoman. I mean, she was the first convert to Islam. He didn't want her to be in the kitchen. So why don't we learn from their examples?"

The United States has an estimated Muslim population of three to four million, of which more than a third are African-American converts. Although most of the female Muslim African refugees have undergone F.G.M.—commonly called circumcision here—there is not a single state or federal law banning the practice. In fact, excision was the basis of a courtroom soap opera played out in Atlanta, Georgia, last November. Ibrahim Yassin, a 27-year-old Somalian, asked the state of Georgia to annul his marriage on the grounds that he was unable to consummate his union with his 22-year-old Somalian wife, Sara, because she was infibulated. Somalian-born Dr. Asha Mohamud, who is based in Washington, D.C., where she works for the Center for Population Options, says she testified that it was inconceivable that Yassin did not know that his wife had been circumcised, since "at least 98 percent of all Somalians are, while 80 percent are infibulated."

What was really at stake, according to the husband's lawyer, was a $300,000 jackpot that Yassin had won in the Florida lottery several months after his marriage in an Atlanta mosque. Following a week-long trial, the jury ruled that, in fact, consummation had occurred "Somali-style," and Yassin was compelled to share his winnings with his wife.

Dr. Joseph Tate, an Atlanta obstetrician-gynecologist who has deinfibulated (unsewn) seven African women now living in the United States, resents the American use of the word "circumcision" for these cases. "It is a complete misnomer," he says. "This is the equivalent of whacking off the entire penis." Catherine Hogan, who heads the Washington Metropolitan Alliance Against Female Genital Mutilation, believes that the practice is widespread in the United States. A major problem, she says, is that no one advises refugees against it when they enter the country. "The I.N.S. tells all Muslim men that polygamy is illegal here," says Hogan, "but says nothing to the women about F.G.M. How can you charge someone with a crime if there isn't even a law against it, and you never warned them?" Asha Mohamud is campaigning not only for a ban on F.G.M. in the United States but also for penalties for parents who take their daughters elsewhere to have the operation performed. "Every summer," she says, "people whisk their daughters back to Africa to have it done. We need a law so that the children can sue their parents." Currently, says Hogan, there is a frightening trend among some American doctors and even some feminists striving to be politically correct. Hogan cites Dr. Luella Klein, chief of obstetrics at Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital, who has said it's a woman's prerogative whether she wants to be reinfibulated after pregnancy. Klein stated, "You must talk to the patient, and if she really wants to have this done, you need to support the patient's choice, even if you don't agree with it." "It doesn't matter that the patient wanted it done," retorts Dr. Tate. "Would you cut off someone's leg if they asked you? What's the difference?"

The American insistence on the separation of church and state—or mosque and state—defuses most of the problems and abuses seen in Islamic countries. However, among a small segment of American Muslims there is a resentment bordering on hostility toward any kind of scrutiny or criticism of Islam. When *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* ran a carefully balanced series on women and Islamic fundamentalism, it was besieged with letters accusing it of racism and Muslim-bashing. Deborah Scroggins, who wrote the series, says, "The paper received death threats and envelopes of soiled toilet paper even *before* publication." A former production executive of *Cagney and Lacey*, who has requested anonymity, had a similar experience when the show ran an episode about an "honor killing" in an Arab-American family. "We often adapted true stories, so we thought nothing of it," says the executive. "We were completely unprepared for the hate mail and threats we got. I think it scared the network from showing the episode in syndication."

The 1991 release of *Not Without My Daughter*, a film based on the true story of an American woman's heroic escape from her Iranian husband, occasioned the most chilling suppression. Movie theaters where the film played received threats, and its star, Sally Field, was forced to hire a body-

guard because of numerous death threats. Still, it is unclear whether such terrorist censorship is homegrown or orchestrated from abroad. Most observers believe that extremist elements have found nesting sites throughout the country, and that they hide within unsuspecting Muslim communities. Whoever they are, their efforts have not been in vain. Movie studios and networks "avoid Muslim topics like the plague," says the executive, while the media, scrambling to be politically correct, have cranked out a plethora of feel-good features on Muslim culture, at the same time citing—erroneously—restrictions against women as part and parcel of Islamic law.

"We try to educate our own community about the true teachings of Islam," says Nahid Ansari, a member of the Muslim Women's League and the Islamic Center of Southern California in Los Angeles, a progressive mosque. "Polygamy, for instance, is very misunderstood. It's true that the Prophet married eight times after his wife died, but these were political and humanitarian marriages—to unite all the warring tribes. One was Jewish and two were older widows. And he said that others should not take more than one wife unless he can treat them equally. . . . It's appalling what goes on in the name of Islam. Our center," she says with a laugh, "is on the fundamentalists' hit list. The Saudis have been trying to give us money, but we won't take it, because if we do, we can't criticize them."

"I am not a woman of ideas. I'm a storyteller," protests the Lebanese writer Hanan al-Shaykh, whose claim to fame, she says with a laugh, "is writing the first sexually explicit novel in Arabic." Her experience with fundamentalism is firsthand. "My father was an orphan, and he was brought up by a sheikh, meaning a religious man, in his village. He had nobody, nothing, except religion. When I was eight years old, my father told me to cover my hair with the *hijab*, and I recall so clearly saying to him, 'Why did God create such a beautiful thing as hair only to tell us to cover it?' "

At 17, she persuaded her parents to allow her to study in Egypt. "It's very sad when I go to Egypt now," she says, "because this is where Huda Shaarawi became the first Muslim woman to take off the veil. In the 1920s. And here they are again, wearing the veil."

Al-Shaykh believes fundamentalism, at least in Lebanon, will fizzle and die with the resolution of the Palestinian problem. "I visited my mother recently, who lives in Beirut. Even now, in the same district where the Hezbollah is, you see girls wearing hot pants. It's surreal."

"I always look at Islamic fundamentalism in that it's coming into the vacuum of the political process," says Karma Nabulsi, 35, a striking dark-skinned woman who is an Oxford scholar and a former P.L.O. official. "There was a very interesting poll that showed that when there is movement within the peace process the support for Hamas [Palestinian fundamentalists] recedes, and when there is a cycle of despair and regression, the support for fundamentalism rises."

Like her colleague and friend, Palestinian spokeswoman Hanan Ashrawi, Nabulsi is a creature of arresting humanity. Although she likens the appeals of Islamic fundamentalism to "fast food" and "an infectious allergy," she is reluctant to make it her enemy. "We [the Palestinians] are going down the tubes anyway on so many levels. Not only do you not have a state, you are living under occupation. Islamic fundamentalism is not my fear. What? Because the fundamentalists are going to take away my right to go shopping? My fear is that my people aren't taken seriously."

> "There's a huge trade," says Bhutto, "importing girls from Bengal and selling them as slaves in Pakistan."

However, should Hamas—which was supported for decades by the Israelis as a buffer against the P.L.O.—prevail, Nabulsi concedes, "of course it's a disaster for us as Palestinians," long regarded, along with the Bosnians, as the most secular Muslims. "If you try to break down the agenda of the fundamentalists or Hamas, they have no political platform. They're saying, 'We'll fix it instantly with religion,' and that feels good.

I ask her how she matches the will to fight for the rights of a group like Hamas, who, should they prevail, have promised to purge women like Nabulsi and Ashrawi from leadership positions. "Because that's who I am," she says softly. "If I give that up, then who am I?"

The name repeated over and over again, like a mantra, as the bearer of the solution to the misogynist pickle of women and Islam is Fatima Mernissi. Unlike many of the Muslim intelligentsia, Mernissi is not in exile. If I want to see her, I discover, I have to go to Rabat, Morocco, where she teaches at University Mohammed V. "There has been a terrible hemorrhage of educated women to the West, where they can flourish," she tells me over the phone in her songlike English, with an occasional French phrase. "I understand, but it is terrible. We must stay home."

A tall, grand woman, Mernissi is a blaze of color and jewelry at our first meeting, at a beachfront hotel outside Rabat. Her hair wrapped in a filmy red turban, her large expressive eyes lined in turquoise, she is the spirit of the souk. "I cannot live anywhere but here," she declares. "I am away more than three weeks and I am desperate for this," she says, waving toward the ocean. "Living here, I feel I can make sense." She lowers her voice. "So I am careful what I say. The state can stop me; they stopped *The Veil and the Male Elite*. [Regarded as Mernissi's masterpiece, it was banned in Morocco as well as throughout the Gulf States and Saudi Arabia.] But I made such *un grand scandale*," she says with a laugh, "that they've never bothered me again."

While Morocco's King Hassan is widely regarded as a fairly benign despot, he has been under increasing pressure from the religious right. When Latifa Jbabdi, a human-rights activist, gathered a million signatures endorsing the banning of polygamy and repudiation in Morocco, she was viciously attacked by fundamentalists. A powerful sheikh issued a *fatwa* calling for her death, according to Jbabdi. The country—long regarded as among the more moderate in the Arab world—was stunned. The crisis was defused only when the king intervened. "He said basically that there was not to be any conflict between men and women in his country," relates Mernissi approvingly. "He made sure that the *fatwa* was rescinded, and made clear that the only person who would be issuing *fatwas* would be himself."

The author of five books on Islam admired for their original and scrupulous re-

The Veil

search, Mernissi is regarded by many as the pre-eminent Koranic scholar of our time. A Muslim feminist may seem an oxymoron to some, but not to Mernissi, who describes herself as "the product of a lifetime of Koranic schools." "You find in the Koran hundreds of verses to support women's rights," she tells me, "and perhaps four or five that do not. [The fundamentalists] have seized upon those four and thrown away the rest."

Born in 1941 in Fez, she was educated entirely at Koranic schools, and spoke only Arabic until she was 20. Her mother and grandmother were both illiterate. After earning a degree in political science at University Mohammed V, she won a scholarship to the Sorbonne, and later received a doctoral degree in sociology from Brandeis University. "So much of Islam is Judeo-Christianity. It's impossible to divorce them," says Mernissi by way of explaining the relative newness of her religion. "Islam is 600 years after Christ. Thousands of years after Judaism. Christ, Moses, Abraham—they are all in the Koran," she says between sips of coffee. "In the Mecca desert, these guys were really savage. There was no respect; you just robbed your neighbors, took their wives, killed—whatever. And along comes this guy Muhammad, who had this completely subversive idea about slaves, nonviolence, and women, of course. Saying that you cannot be violent against another. They were going to smash him. They tried. That's why he left Mecca for Medina."

Muhammad, says Mernissi, revolutionized life for women—granting them the right to divorce, the right to inherit, the right to have custody of their children in the event of divorce, the right to pray in the mosque, and the right to participate as fully in life as men. In Mernissi's latest book, *The Forgotten Queens of Islam* (to be published this month by the University of Minnesota Press), she documents the lives and reigns of 16 women who have mysteriously fallen out of recent Islamic history books, but who ruled from 1000 A.D. to 1800 as governors, sultanas, and queens throughout the Islamic world.

"Sharia law," she says, "does not exist in the Koran. It was created by man. There are only four or five laws in the Koran." Much willful misinterpretation, she says, stems from the Hadith, a four-volume encyclopedia believed to be the sayings and wisdom of the Prophet. But as Mernissi and others have pointed out, the Hadith—similar to the Gospels—was compiled long after Muhammad's death, and over a period of centuries. Moreover, some of the sources were known to have conflicting and oddly selective memories of their conversations with the Prophet. For instance, Abu Bakr, a disciple of Muhammad's, is said to have heard the Prophet say, "Those who entrust their affairs to a woman will never know prosperity," among other disparaging notions concerning women. "Abu Bakr must have had a fabulous memory," writes Mernissi in *The Veil and the Male Elite*, "because he recalled [this] a quarter of a century after the death of the Prophet."

One must be careful, warns Mernissi, to distinguish between what she calls Risala Islam—the true Islam of the Koran and the Prophet's intentions—and political Islam. Much of what is preached by fundamentalists today in the Middle East she refers to as "Petro-Islam." And the West, she avers, has no right to stand in judgment, having gone into business with most of the repressive Islamic states. "Misogyny is the key to the global economy," she declares. "If you have a king in Saudi Arabia, then [the West] is only dealing with one guy and his family—his club. He needs a symbol which says, 'I am a Muslim country.' That is the veiled woman. So if women are veiled, you can have whiskey, you can have whores, you can squander money, you can call foreigners in to run the place, you can treat other Muslims like shit. You can do all that, because you only need one symbol of the despotic tradition where half the population have no rights—the veiled woman. Now, if I were in the White House, I would want things to stay that way, because if you have democracy you are going to be dealing with many men and around 100 million Arab women. If you don't understand this, you don't understand why people are financing fundamentalism."

As for veiling, Mernissi says that the Koran puts no restrictions on how a woman should dress, but suggests "modesty for both men and women." The *hijab*, which Mernissi explains means "curtain" in Arabic, has nothing to do with women's wearing veils or chadors. It refers, she writes, to the curtain that Muhammad dropped outside his bedroom on the night of his marriage to his cousin Zaynab, to ensure privacy. While many Muslim women gasp with relief at the scholarship of Mernissi, others say it is irrelevant. "I'm very pleased that Fatima Mernissi can tell us that this nonsense is not in the Koran," says Hélie-Lucas, "but that's not the point. What if it were? It would still be unacceptable. There are no excuses."

The flight of the affluent and the educated to the West, says Mernissi, has further fertilized the feeding grounds of fundamentalism, much of it homegrown at the universities. "The university in the Arab world has no link with the job market whatsoever," she says. She adds sarcastically, "They are now thinking about that. The upper class sends their daughters and sons to schools abroad. The ones sitting in the university here are the slum kids, the ones who in New York would be into drugs and throwing rocks." Suddenly she looks very sad. "What a pity that people don't see interviews with the *little* fundamentalist—the one who is not a terrorist but who is just a lost kid trying to give sense to his life. Fundamentalism tells him, 'You are O.K. You belong to a very old religion. It gives dignity.' And it is much better to have fundamentalism sweeping our cities than drugs. At least we can win them back later."

To her amazement, she says, she recently came across a U.N./UNICEF-financed booklet for young girls. "One of the chapters," she fumes, "is entitled 'Islam Wants You to Have a Lot of Babies.' The fundamentalist states do not want us to make the connection between birth control and unemployment. After all, they thrive on poverty. One thing we all saw during the Iran-Iraq war was the value of babies as cannon fodder. How despots don't hesitate to use their people for target practice."

I ask her whether the condition of Muslim women warrants intervention from the United Nations or the West. "The Muslim states *have* signed the United Nations charter, which prohibits discrimination against women," she says with some agitation. "They need only to enforce it. It's just like slavery. Slavery only stopped when they criminalized it." She does suggest, however, that the International Monetary Fund reconsider the terms of its loans to certain countries. "The day the I.M.F. says you cannot get a loan unless you repeal all the laws which justify aggression against women, believe me, we will have another planet."

It is near sunset, and we are walking along the beach. "I do not want to be an angry woman," Mernissi says. "I fight very hard not to be an angry woman. It is such a waste." We pass a ragtag group of fishermen, men and boys, who scrounge along the shoreline from morning to night looking for mussels to sell for a pittance. As the sun melts into the Atlantic, one of them, his clothes wet and grimy, walks off by himself, turns toward Mecca, and bows to his knees. "I don't think we should say Islam," says Mernissi, "but Islams. Each person should have their own Islam—their own relationship with God. I think that's what Muhammad intended." □

red Hughes

ontinued from page 110) education. So went to St. Thomas High School in uston, where he made the honor roll in sophomore year.

"You know," Hughes told me, "when I rted working with Andy, people said, ow could a boy from a nice family work place like that." And I said, 'Look, after Thomas Aquinas High School, with ottish priests of the Order of Saint Basil l boys studying to be priests, the Fac- y looked like small-time loony stuff.' ere's nothing like the Catholic element bring some surreality into your life."

Karl Kilian, the owner of the Brazos okstore in Houston, recalls Hughes in r high-school years: "The great charm idenced itself from the start. He had a nderful sense of self-irony. Everybody's rents, starting with mine, were nuts out him. He just had a tremendous se of aptness—social and visual."

Hughes's Catholic education continued Houston's University of St. Thomas, ere he majored in art history from 1961 1967, but did not graduate because he led the required theology course. The -history department, where Hughes was e of only six or seven students, was a rld unto itself. It was financed by the e Jean de Menil and his wife, Domi- que, whose family fortune was based on Schlumberger oil-equipment compa- ; they were Houston's most committed patrons—their River Oaks house had en designed by Philip Johnson in the s, and they built the Rothko Chapel for city in the 70s. The department was aded by Dr. Jermayne MacAgy, an noclastic curator who had been the act- director of the Legion of Honor muse- in San Francisco, and who organized hly original thematic exhibitions twice year at the university, which her stu- nts helped catalogue and install.

"Fred came to college and found that partment, and that was all there was to ," says Louise Ferrari, a Houston art aler who was MacAgy's assistant at the e. "Even then he had an incredible e. And it was wonderful for Fred that MacAgy was there, because that was solutely his only interest."

In 1964, MacAgy died in the middle hanging a show, and Dominique de enil took over her teaching and cu- orial duties. "Jean and Dominique re absolutely devoted to Fred," Fer i continues. "They clicked immedi- ly. They loved the same things—odd ll things, far-out things, avant-garde things—things that were exquisite. A R I

One of the five children of Jean and Dominique de Menil, the New York architect Francois de Menil, told me: "I remember feeling that Fred was like my brother in a way—that Dominique and Jean had almost adopted him." The de Menils took Hughes on their art-buying trips to New York and Europe, gave him the run of their Manhattan town house, and got him his first job, at the Alexander Iolas Gallery in Paris, which represented Magritte and Max Ernst. In 1967, the de Menils underwrote a benefit for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company at Philip Johnson's Glass House in New Canaan, Connecticut. Hughes arranged for the Velvet Underground to play at the party, and asked Henry Geldzahler, then a Metropolitan Museum curator, to introduce him to one of the guests, Andy Warhol.

"Andy liked Fred because he came to the office every day, seemed reliable, and could act as a private manager-dealer, who would only take a 10 or 20 percent commission, instead of the 50 percent Andy was giving Leo Castelli then," said Paul Morrissey, who directed most of Warhol's feature films. "And Fred immediately got the de Menils to finance Andy's *Sunset* movie for $20,000, which impressed Andy a lot."

Hughes once referred to his de Menil connection as his "dowry," and he eventually turned all the de Menil children into Warhol collectors, including Francois, who bought his first Warhol, a Liz Taylor painting, at a Sotheby's auction to which Hughes took him in the early 70s, and the youngest daughter, Philippa, who, along with her German husband, Heiner Friedrich, started the Dia Foundation, which bought 80 Shadow paintings for $1.6 million later in the 70s.

Hughes also persuaded Dominique de Menil to commission silk-screen paintings of her and of Jermayne MacAgy in 1968. This was the beginning of Warhol's lucrative commissioned-portrait business, which provided a steady source of income to finance ventures such as *Interview* magazine and the experimental videos produced by Vincent Fremont. It also provided a handy cover for the five-star social climbing and shopping trips to Europe that Warhol, the awkward boy from Pittsburgh's Slavic ghetto, grew to love. In rapid succession, Hughes set up portrait sittings with Eric de Rothschild, Gianni and Marella Agnelli, Hélène Rochas, São Schlumberger, Baroness de Waldner, and Yves Saint Laurent. (Hughes was married to YSL executive Marina Schiano from 1973 to 1975.)

In general, Hughes Europeanized Warhol a bit. One of the first deals Hughes cultivated was Bruno Bischofberger, who walked into the Factory one day in the late 60s and bought 11 early Warhols from Hughes for $42,000. Bischofberger soon became the leading promoter of Warhol portraits in Switzerland and Germany; his first "victims," as Warhol sometimes called his subjects, were the Munich industrialist Gunther Sachs and his then wife, Brigitte Bardot. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Hughes merely made Warhol into the Sargent of the Jet Set, because he also established a network of gallery owners in London, Paris, Milan, Naples, Düsseldorf, and Berlin who were prepared to advance hundreds of thousands of dollars for shows of much more difficult work: the Mao series, the Drag Queens, the Hammers and Sickles, the Skulls.

I asked Hughes if he had ever added up the total value of everything he had sold for Warhol over the years. "Yes," he said, "but I don't want to say the wrong thing. Anyway, it's *decades of millions*."

In 1975, Hughes persuaded Warhol to make a will, which was revised in 1982. "I said, 'Andy, I don't want to say it, but if you don't lay it out simply, your *least* favorite Warhola, Uncle Sammy Warhola, will get *everything*,' " Hughes told me. "And I got Bob Dennison, Andy's financial adviser, and I lined up a plan with Andy for a foundation for the visual arts. And there were just three trustees: Andy's brother John Warhola, Vincent Fremont, and myself."

When Warhol died—at the age of 58, at about 5:30 in the morning on Sunday, February 22, 1987, of unexplained heart failure following gallbladder surgery—the first person to be informed was Fred Hughes. Warhol had listed him as next of kin when he secretly checked into New York Hospital two days before under the name Bob Robert. Hughes then called Ed Hayes, a lawyer-about-town with whom he had recently become fast friends. A Queens-born Columbia University Law School graduate and former Bronx assistant district attorney who had a small office specializing in criminal cases, Hayes is invariably identified as Tom Wolfe's model for the tough, smartly attired defense attorney in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. His 1986 wedding to onetime model Susi Gilder was attended by Robert De Niro and his girlfriend Toukie Smith, Tom Wolfe, Ed Marinaro, Geraldo Rivera, the police captains of East Harlem and Staten Island, and Bruce Cutler, John Gotti's lawyer.

Hayes was at his weekend house in

Fred Hughes

Bellport, Long Island. Hughes asked him to meet him at Warhol's house on East 66th Street, where they were joined by Vincent Fremont, who had received the news from Warhol's longtime physician, Dr. Denton Cox. "It was like being punched in the stomach and thrown out the window," Fremont told me. Later that afternoon, Warhol's brothers, Paul and John Warhola, flew in from Pittsburgh.

"One of the first things I did," Ed Hayes (who is a contributing editor of this magazine) told me, "was secure the incredible warehouse of stuff Andy had accumulated at his home, and in other places where he kept things. Fred was afraid that when the news got out lunatics and fans would try to get into the house. So I arranged security from the Major Case Squad. We had probably the highest-quality security in the Western world. I wanted guys I knew. Homicide detectives."

The following morning, Ed Hayes presented Fred Hughes with a two-page contract appointing Hayes attorney for the Warhol estate and stipulating that his fee would be 2.5 percent of the estate's value. (In April 1987, Hayes's fee was adjusted to 2 percent.) To date, Hayes has collected $4.85 million for his own firm, and $6.7 million has been paid to other lawyers, including Hayes's brother, Steve Hayes.

"Look, my career was going very well," Ed Hayes told me as he planted perennials in the garden of the East Side town house he bought after going to work for the Warhol estate. "I was doing trial work, I'd had some success as a real-estate renovator, some substantial success, right? And *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was on every best-seller list. And I said to Fred, 'Look, you want me to basically devote full time to this. It's a tremendous risk for me, not just for the years I do it, but for clients I could've gotten to go forward.' And I said, 'It has to be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for me, too.' "

I asked Fred Hughes why he hired Ed Hayes. "That's very easy, Bob," Hughes replied. "I didn't exactly hire Ed Hayes on my own. *Andy Warhol did*. Then when Andy died, horrendously, the lawyer that I generally used and *brought* to the Factory in the first place—it wasn't anybody else who brought Robert Montgomery [of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind], and he was recommended to me by Jean de Menil—was on safari. So I desperately needed an attorney, and I'd been working with Ed, and Andy knew him—he's in the Diarrheas." Hughes was referring to *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, which contains a reference to Warhol's meeting Hayes at a party in 1980.

"I was never aware of him being officially hired," Vincent Fremont said. "I met Ed Hayes that morning, and I remember Fred asking me later, 'What do you think of Ed?' I didn't know what to think. Fred was running the show as executor, and it seemed O.K. And the decision to let Paul, Weiss, Rifkind go was up to him. I had no real say in it." Hughes told me, "Ed Hayes acted like he needed an education for art, so I figured he was one person I could kind of trust. *Mistake*."

For a while it seemed that Fred Hughes, Ed Hayes, and Vincent Fremont were one big happy family. Hughes spent many weekends in Bellport, and when Susi Hayes had a baby girl a few months after Warhol's death, he was asked to be Avery's godfather. The next two summers, Vincent and Shelly Fremont rented a house on Shelter Island with Hughes and his then constant companion, Sarah Giles, *Vanity Fair*'s European editor, who later rented an apartment in the Hayeses' town house. And as executor of the Warhol estate, Hughes, supported by Hayes and Fremont, went from triumph to triumph.

In April 1987, Hughes staged a grandiose memorial service for Warhol at St. Patrick's Cathedral, attended by more than 2,000 people. In November 1987, he signed a multimillion-dollar licensing deal with Schlaifer Nance & Company, the marketers of the Cabbage Patch Kids dolls. In April 1988, Sotheby's conducted a 10-day, six-catalogue auction of Warhol's collectibles which brought in an astounding $25.3 million. In May 1988, *210 Coca-Cola Bottles*, an early-60s painting, broke the million-dollar mark for Warhol at auction when it was sold at Sotheby's for $1.43 million. In August 1988, after a yearlong inventory supervised by Fremont, the Warhol estate was appraised at $297 million, including $250 million in Warhol works. In November 1988, *Marilyn Monroe 20 Times* broke all records for Warhol at auction, selling for $3.9 million at Sotheby's. In December 1988, Sotheby's auctioned off a cache of jewelry found under a filing cabinet in Warhol's house for $1.64 million.

In February 1989, the Museum of Modern Art, which had never had a Warhol exhibition, opened a two-floor retrospective, which went on to Chicago, Paris, London, Cologne, and Venice. In March 1989, the 800-page *Andy Warhol Diaries* was published by Warner Books, which had paid a $1.2 million advance. In May 1989, *Interview* was sold to newsprint magnate Peter Brant for $12 million, after a byzantine competition that involved S. Newhouse, the late Malcolm Forbes, Jan Wenner, and Ronald Perelman. That same month, at Christie's, Warhol's auction record was broken again when *Shot Red Marilyn* hit $4.07 million. And in October 1989, the Warhol Foundation, along with the Dia Foundation and the Carnegie Institute, announced plans for an Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh.

But things were not as rosy as they seemed from the outside. I attended a meeting at the Factory in late 1987, for example, where the strain on Hughes, and on his relationships with both Hayes and Fremont, was already becoming noticeable. In 1980, Broadway producer Lewis Allen had taken an option, renewed every year since then, on Warhol's *Philosophia* and *Exposures* books, which I owned half of as a ghostwriter on the former and co-author on the latter. Allen planned to adapt them for a multimedia musical starring robots of Warhol and his dachshunds, Archie and Amos. Hughes surprised Allen, Warhol's literary agent, Roz Cole, and me by announcing that he was again renewing the option again because, as he said, "I don't control this project." When Cole said that "a certain degree of trust had been established over the previous seven years, Hughes stood up behind his huge desk in his huge, all-red office and, throwing his hands into the air, roared, "*I don't trust ANYONE!*" Fremont sank in his chair in embarrassment, but didn't say a word. A few minutes later Hayes arrived, and Hughes attacked him. "Where *were* you?" he snapped. "When I tell you to be someplace at 2:30, I expect you to be there at 2:25. *Got it?*"

It was only later that I learned that Hughes had recently been diagnosed as having a progressive form of multiple sclerosis, a disease of the central nervous system which need not reduce life expectancy but which causes widely varying symptoms that can range from blurred vision and slurred speech to complete paralysis. During the 10-day Sotheby's auction in April 1988, Hughes was sporting a silver-topped walking stick that seemed more like an elegant accessory than a physical aid. Less than a year later, at the party for the opening of the MoMA retrospective, he was so dependent on his cane that he spent most of the night sitting at a table and waiting for people to come to him. By November 1989, at the memorial service at the Metropolitan Museum for Diana Vreeland, his closest friend and most important mentor after Dominique de Menil, he was in a wheelchair.

"It was an alarming deterioration,

ncent Fremont recalled. "Here was a
n in his mid-40s who suddenly had all
se things he had to do and who had
ways had great energy steadily losing
energy and steadily losing the mechan-
l movement of just walking. That's a
ry sad thing."

Hughes resisted using a wheelchair for
nost two years. He had handrails dis-
ised as Appalachian-twig-style decora-
ns attached to the walls of both his
use and the Factory. And, according to
veral close friends, he started taking ste-
ds, which can alleviate the symptoms
the disease but can also cause extreme
rsonality changes and dramatic mood
ings if not very closely monitored. "I
k steroids for the *shortest* time, and it
l *not* have the effect on me that people
d," Hughes told me. "I did start call-
g a spade a spade, but it had nothing to
with steroid medication."

"He was totally manic, as if he were on
eed, but *wild*," said Brigid Berlin, a
etime Warhol superstar, who has worked
the Factory for more than 20 years.
He'd just *scream*. No one could do any-
ng right. As hard as you tried, you were
t a dummy. You couldn't prop him up
bed right, you couldn't put the footrests
ht on his wheelchair. He came into the
fice every day, and the first thing he
uld notice was if the door to the clothes
set was open, or even ajar. And he
uld scream, *'Who left that door open?'*
we'd have door alert. We'd get a call
m the car service that Fred was on his
y and it would be 'Door alert! Door
rt!' I understood how hard it was for
ed to adjust to being in a wheelchair,
t if you tried to help him when you saw
n struggling, that was the worst. He
ted it. He'd make a snide remark and
ke you feel awful."

One of the main targets of his sarcasm
came Ed Hayes. When *The Andy War-
l Diaries* was excerpted in *People*
agazine, Hughes was barraged with
one calls from some of his oldest
ends, who were furious at the indis-
eet disclosures. He reportedly accused
yes of not having reviewed the manu-
ript before publication, and shouted at
m, *"No movie!"*

"His mood swings were enormous,"
id Ed Hayes. "He was always saying,
ddie, you're supposed to be my friend
hy aren't you doing more for me? Why
n't you help me?' I said, 'Fred, I *can't*
lp you. You're sick. I'm not a doctor. I
uld help you if I could, but I can't. I'm
ing the best I can.'"

Hughes doesn't see it that way. "Once,
l Hayes started crying in my office, be-
cause he didn't know that I knew the kind of things he had said to people about me. Unfortunately, he said one of them to a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art whose son is a friend of mine, Peter Pennoyer. He asked Peter Pennoyer's father's advice about how you get rid of a trustee who's the head person and mentally deficient. He didn't know that Peter Pennoyer's father's father had just died at 80, and had *multiple sclerosis for years!*"

Ed Hayes denied this story and blamed Hughes's mistrust of him on Arch Gillies. "The first and most important thing that Mr. Gillies did was take Fred's confidence in me away from him. I would have been there for him forever. We were an odd couple, but we were good friends, and I was the perfect lawyer for Fred."

> Arch Gillies said, "I said to Fred, 'I'd like to be the guy who runs the place.' I said, 'Fred, you be chairman and I'll be president.'"

When Brigid Berlin asked Fred Hughes "Who is Arch Gillies?" shortly after Gillies had been hired as a consultant to the Warhol Foundation in the summer of 1988, Hughes replied, "You *don't know* who Arch Gillies is? Arch Gillies is the husband of Linda Gillies, who runs the Vincent Astor Foundation."

Archibald L. Gillies, 59, was born in New York and educated at Choate and Princeton. He worked for Nelson Rockefeller for 10 years and met Linda Boyer, whose aunt was Rockefeller's longtime private secretary, during the governor's 1968 presidential campaign. In 1966, Gillies ran as a Republican for a Long Island congressional seat, and in 1977 he ran for New York City councilman. He lost both times. From 1970 to 1979 he was president of the John Hay Whitney Foundation, and in 1982 he became president of the World Policy Institute, which a Gillies enemy portrays as an ultra-left think tank, though the masthead of its quarterly publication reads like a Who's Who of foreign-policy establishment liberals —James Chace, Ronald Steel, Sidney Blumenthal. "We were mainstream, just further down the stream. We were progressive," Gillies told me, sitting in his tiled office at Warhol's last Factory, a former Con Edison plant on East 33rd Street, which now houses the estate and the foundation.

In the fall of 1987, Paige Powell, the advertising director of *Interview*, arranged a lunch for Hughes to meet Arch and Linda Gillies. "We had a rather pleasant lunch, talked about how the Astor Foundation and the Whitney Foundation gave money away," recalled Arch Gillies. "Fred took it all in and said, 'We'll continue this conversation.' And I said, 'When you're dealing with professional people, you have to pay for their advice.' One of the things I feel strongly about is if you use somebody's mind, you've got to pay for it."

Contracted as a consultant for $35,000 a year, Gillies organized a series of advisory panels of respected art-world figures, including Jasper Johns, Kynaston McShine of MoMA, Ashton Hawkins of the Metropolitan Museum, and Peter Palumbo, currently chairman of the British arts council. "The whole point was to open the floor and ask, Where should we give money?" Gillies explained. In the spring of 1989, the Warhol Foundation announced its first 58 grants, totaling $1.99 million, to art, film, video, educational, and preservation institutions.

Every so often, Gillies would lunch at the Factory with Hughes, Hayes, and Fremont. "But then, in the fall of 1989," Gillies told me, "it became clear Fred was having a problem with Ed. It was obviously creative, but also chaotic, here. And I thought there was a way it could be creative but a bit more structured. I said to Fred, 'The foundation is soon going to receive major art assets from the estate, and you will need three things: first and foremost, an independent board; secondly, a strong staff with experienced executive leadership; and thirdly, the best possible advice you can get on everything, whether it's lawyers, accounting, art dealing, commentary on the art itself—just make sure it's topflight.' Fred said, 'You're right.' I said to Fred, 'And I'd like to be the guy who runs the place.' I said, 'Fred, you be chairman and I'll be president.'"

In February 1990, Archibald Gillies was named president of the Warhol Foun-

dation and given a seven-year contract with an annual salary of $150,000 plus an annual pension contribution of $30,000. "Fred was crazy for Arch," said Ed Hayes. "Tricked," said Fred Hughes.

Gillies's first act was to fire Ed Hayes as lawyer for the foundation, though Hayes remained lawyer for the estate. He replaced Hayes with Peter Gates, who had been a lawyer for the Whitney and Astor foundations. The foundation bylaws were changed to expand the board from the original 3 trustees—Hughes, Fremont, and John Warhola—to as many as 15. The first two additions were Agnes Gund, a major philanthropist, art collector, and now the president of MoMA, and Brendan Gill, the elderly *New Yorker* writer and critic.

"The next thing I know," Hughes told me, "Arch Gillies has convinced Vincent to resign as a trustee, which was an excuse for *him* [to come on the board]. He has a *million* people he wants to be trustees. I have my own feeling that that's the way he social-climbs and status-climbs his way around. He just says, 'Hey, would you like to be a trustee?' As for Vincent, that was really Benedict Arnold. He left me alone on the battlefield without my horse in the middle of winter."

Gillies told me that Hughes agreed to the expansion of the board "right from the beginning. And I'm not going to respond to the social-status thing other than to say that it's ridiculous."

Both Hughes and Fremont had been selling Warhol works from the estate—a reported $30 million worth between 1987 and 1989—and receiving commissions. In 1990, Peter Gates advised that, according to I.R.S. regulations for nonprofit foundations, such sales by trustees are permissible in theory but cumbersome in practice. Hughes decided to keep his seat on the board and give up dealing, but Fremont opted to give up his seat on the board and accept a five-year contract as exclusive agent for Warhol Foundation artworks. Gillies said that Hughes voted to approve opening negotiations between the foundation and Fremont at the October 1990 board meeting, and that Hughes had promised him a seat on the board when he was made president, but at the December 1990 meeting Hughes was the only trustee to vote against making Gillies a trustee. Hughes denied he promised Gillies a seat on the board. "Vincent *could* have sold the art," Hughes yelled at me. "I now have better legal advice. [The conflict of interest] was easily overcome. That's when I first had doubts about the value of Mr. Gillies's advice."

From then on, it was open warfare. Gillies began lobbing memos at Hughes ordering him to restrict expenses. Hughes had hired architect Peter Moore to make extensive renovations in the Factory. "I think architecture has always been Fred's major interest, and with Andy gone he thought he could finally create his dream building," Moore told me. "One of the things we put in was a mezzanine, which he then had us tear down. He really was like Mad Ludwig of Bavaria." According to Brigid Berlin, Hughes hired five or six court painters from Germany to stencil the walls of the library with Latin sayings, which he then had painted over. "That was a $40,000 job," she said. "The foundation wouldn't pay for it. That was another thorn in Fred's side."

Soon Hughes was bad-mouthing Gillies up and down Park Avenue. At the October 1991 board meeting, Gillies read a list of grievances against Hughes, arguing that his behavior was seriously damaging the foundation. Among his allegations, which Hughes denies: that Hughes had told Peter Palumbo at the Venice Biennale that "to know Gillies is to loathe him," and that Hughes had told Brooke Astor at a party that Gillies was "an ass" and had recommended that Astor dismiss his wife. At the next board meeting, in February 1992, following another flurry of curt memos, Hughes resigned as chairman of the foundation and was replaced by Brendan Gill.

"*The New York Times* had a big fire-me scene, and it all came down to me just changing my title," Hughes said, sitting in his study. "My new title is co-founder and chairman emeritus. I looked it up. You know where that comes from, 'emeritus'? From the Praetorian Guard. *Et tu, Brute*. . . . You know titles never meant a damn thing to me, Bob. Once I have danced with the Princess of Wales, I mean, where are you going to go from there? And once you've danced the flamenco until three o'clock in the morning at Doubles with the King and Queen of Spain when they were visiting incognito, well, titles just don't mean that much."

That spring Hughes retreated to Paris, where he stayed in a suite at the Meurice for a month and ran up a bill of tens of thousands of dollars. In April, exhausted, he fell ill with the flu and a urinary infection and was taken to the American Hospital. When his friends Clara Saint and Loulou de la Falaise visited him there, they were flabbergasted to find photographs of him and Catherine Deneuve taped to his door along with his engraved card, which read, FREDERICK W. HUGHES, PRESIDENT, ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION. There was fabric over the lamps, and the room was full of flowers, with cards that were signed with the names Jack Nicholson and Mick Jagger among others. Taped to the wall were photographs of Paloma Picasso and Howard Hughes, whom Fred Hughes often half-jokingly refers to as "Cousin Howard." They were served foie gras, and in the middle of their visit a young man arrived with three red-and-gold chairs from the Saint Laurent couture house to replace the hospital chairs. "I'm sure if I was in a mudhole I would decorate it," Hughes told me. He added fliply, "A frustrated lampshade queen *cannot* be suppressed."

Peter Davis, a young writer who was one of Hughes's assistants during this period, said, "Fred had his assistants in New York send him flowers from Mick Jagger, from Jackie Onassis. . . to get the nurses to be nice to him. And it worked. They lavished him with special attention. They thought they had a huge celebrity staying there. He planned it all out." He added that whenever Hughes traveled he redecorated his hotel rooms with fabric he carried with him. "When I worked at his house, I realized that Fred took things down and put things up every day. His house was like a museum, and every day was a new exhibition."

According to several employees, starting in 1990 Hughes went on a three-year $7 million transatlantic shopping spree. In November 1991 alone he spent an estimated $1.5 million on antiques and jewelry and another $125,000 for an apartment around the corner from his house for a maid, whom he then let go. "Antique dealers would call Fred constantly," said Peter Davis, "the Eskimo dealer, the quill-box dealer, the antique-toy dealer—he bought 20 toys for $15,000 one day. He bought tons of folk paintings, Masonic paintings, modern art and furniture, Americana, and antique quilts from Hirschl & Adler. Someone who worked there said that Fred Hughes is keeping Hirschl & Adler open—because no one else in New York was buying three Masonic paintings at $5,000 each in one afternoon in the middle of a recession. He bought *a lot* from Didier Aaron—$300,000 to $400,000 at a time. I went to Didier Aaron with him, and they rolled out the red carpet. Anthony Stuempfig, a dealer from Philadelphia, would drive up with a big van and unload chairs, tables, desks at Fred's house. It was the best stuff, and Fred couldn't resist. But he didn't get a deal for buying so much. Fred paid top dollar for top things."

Brigid Berlin says, "I think Fred want

amass an even bigger and better collec
on than Andy's, so that he can have an
uction that lasts more days with more
atalogues. And M.S. must be a very
ustrating disease, so the shopping is one
his few outlets."

In April 1992, Ed Hayes filed a petition
against the Warhol estate for the remain-
er of his $12 million fee, which he was bas-
g on a 1991 appraisal of the estate at $600
illion by Jeffrey Hoffeld & Co. The New
ork Attorney General's Office then filed
apers accusing Hayes of "fraud and over-
aching" in his dealings with Hughes.
ince Hughes, on the recommendation of
illies, had had Christie's evaluate the es-
te in 1990, at $120 million, the founda-
on claimed that Hayes had been overpaid
nd actually owed the estate about $3 mil-
on. The foundation also claimed that if it
ad to pay Hayes what he was asking,
ughes was liable, because the agreement
at Hayes had had drawn up the day after
Varhol's death hadn't included a personal-
demnity clause. In the meantime, Hughes
ust wait until a hearing in the surrogate's
ourt later this year before he is paid any-
ing beyond the $2 million he has already
eceived as an advance on his executor's fee.

"What they were trying to do was pit
e against Fred," said Ed Hayes. "Re-
ember, when Peter Gates came in in
990, we showed him every single thing
at we had done—all of our expenses,
y contract—and he said that everything
as in good order. The I.R.S. saw it all
o, and O.K.'d it. Why didn't Arch Gil-
es complain then? He didn't say a word
ntil he had a falling-out with Fred. It's
diculous. The last time we went to court,
here were 11 lawyers there—4 from the
oundation, me, my partner, and our law-
er, a lawyer from the Attorney General's
ffice, and 3 lawyers of Fred's. The law
rovides a million avenues to resolve
hese problems. Ordinarily, you sit down
nd talk to each other—in terms of mon-
y. I would have been happy to sit down
nd work out a number. If you can't come
terms, the judge will do it for you. Or
se you go to an outside mediator. But if
ey turned all that down, the only infer-
nce that you can draw is that they have
nother motive. It's a power struggle to
rce Fred out and muzzle him up. Be-
use there's no way that the last year has
een good for this institution. Or Andy
Varhol. The only thing these people
hould be thinking about is how can we
aximize the value of this legacy, to do
e most good for the most people. And if
goes on, it's going to be a catastrophe.
's going to rip apart the lives of every-
body concerned. The foundation will be
forced into big sales to raise money. And
what will happen in the marketplace, and
in people's minds, when the foundation
goes to court and says, 'We don't think
Andy Warhol is a good investment'?"

According to Hayes, the $120 million
Christie's appraisal on which the founda-
tion is basing its case puts a value of only
$1 apiece on Polaroid photographs that
sold at Pace/MacGill Gallery last year for
$7,500 each. "I always say that Mr. Gil-
lies and I have something in common,"
he went on. "Fred gave us both the best
jobs we've ever had. There is only one
emotion that anybody should feel toward
Fred, and that's gratitude. What they're
doing to Fred is a disgrace."

Arch Gillies responded, "There's been
so much disinformation put out by Ed
Hayes it's hard to keep up with him. The
facts are that the day I was appointed he was
asked to resign as attorney for the foun-
dation, and, moreover, I took the posi-
tion that no further fees were to be paid
to Ed Hayes as of that day, pending a
review of his contract. I was really look-
ing forward to working with Fred as
chairman. I worked with Jock Whitney
as chairman. . . . I know that the board of
directors and myself have created a foun-
dation that makes grants that people re-
spond to, taken care of Andy's art, and
done everything expected of a foundation,
but it hasn't been easy."

As if Hughes didn't have enough prob-
lems, last summer, during an extended
stay at the Hotel Baur au Lac in Zurich,
he agreed to trade five major Warhols he
owned for more than 50 artworks by Jean-
Michel Basquiat, George Condo, Fran-
cesco Clemente, and others from Bruno
Bischofberger. After Larry Gagosian sug-
gested that the Basquiats were unfinished
and that the Condo market was low,
Hughes tried to reverse the trade, but Bi-
schofberger refused, and Hughes filed suit.
In December, Hughes, accompanied by a
lawyer and a secretary, flew to Zurich for
a court hearing. The matter has since been
resolved, at considerable expense.

And so, this past May, Hughes once
again turned to Sotheby's and put 10 of
his Warhols up for sale at an auction
which already had 2 Warhols from other
consignors. Only two lots sold—*Old Tele-
phone*, from the early 60s, and a 1982
portrait of Princess Diana—bringing in
about $600,000. He had turned down an
offer by Larry Gagosian and the recently
deceased Zurich art dealer Thomas Am-
mann of several million dollars for the 10
paintings before the auction, and rumors
swirled that Gagosian had retaliated with
a whispering campaign which questioned
whether the paintings were finished work
and why 8 of the 10 hadn't been signed.
(The two that had sold were signed.)

Gagosian denies suggesting that there
were any improprieties, but says, "The
problem was that the word on the so-
called street was just poisonous. The con-
temporary market is soft. Warhol is a bit
softer than some of his peers, which I
think is momentary. And you cannot put
12 paintings by one artist in one sale in
this kind of market. The pictures should
have been sold quietly, one at a time."
Why didn't Hughes do it that way? "I saw
the auction was a risk, but I'm a risk-tak-
ing-type guy," Hughes said. "Win a few,
lose a few. I like Larry Gagosian, but he's
a bit like Fred Hughes—you have to like
him in spite of himself, right?"

Meanwhile, all kinds of questions were
being asked by John McNicholas—the pri-
vate investigator hired by Peter Gates for the
foundation—of former Warhol associates,
including Jed Johnson and Jay Shriver,
who haven't cooperated. When McNicho-
las approached Brigid Berlin, she met with
Gillies and, according to her, told him,
"Private investigators have never been part
of my lifestyle. And I think you should
remember that every single object in this
building, and every single cent the founda-
tion has, was made by Andy Warhol and his
quote-unquote crazy drug-addict friends."

Arch Gillies told me that after *New
York* magazine ran a piece called "What
Happened to Andy's Treasures?" in Janu-
ary 1992, he felt obligated "to find out if
there's any truth to these rumors. The
only thing I'm looking into is whether the
beneficiary is receiving all the assets of
the estate. Period. We're not generating
these rumors, but if someone says, 'Did
you know paintings were leaving 33rd
Street after Andy died?' I have an obliga-
tion to look into it."

Rumors. Accusations. Investigations.
Lawsuits. As summer began, the mess at
the Warhol Foundation was almost the only
thing the art world could talk about, from
painter Philip Taaffe's book party for Brad
Gooch's biography of Frank O'Hara in
New York to Marella Agnelli's AmFAR
benefit at the opening of the Venice Bien-
nale. What few knew, however, was that
the three de Menil sisters, Adelaide, Chris-
tophe, and Philippa, had quietly visited
Fred Hughes in May, and soon after had
enlisted the support of their mother, Domi-
nique de Menil, in a letter-writing campaign
on his behalf. "My mother is saddened and
pained by it," said Christophe de Menil.
"All of us—and some people on the board,
too—feel that they have a big problem, and

Fred Hughes

they have to resolve it with fairness to Fred, with compensation that reflects what he has done for Andy. I think people forget."

There were no fireworks at the last board meeting, in early June, which Hughes attended. Three new members had been added: Kinshasha Holman Conwill, director of the Studio Museum in Harlem; Kathy Halbreich, director of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis; and Anthony Solomon, former C.E.O. of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. An inside source told me that the board is prepared to pay Hughes a $5 million executor's fee and drop all claims against him. But things are far from settled.

Agnes Gund, whom some see as a mediating force on the board, told me, "Lord knows, it would be so much better for Fred and for us if we could settle. If we go to court, Fred isn't going to come out of this better than we are. Why should both of us end up worse off? Ed's not going to fare well, either. I used to stick up for Ed, but how can he say the estate's worth $600 million? And Arch is understandably dismayed. For Arch, the upsides of this job are not nearly as many as he thought, and the downsides much worse than he ever could have imagined."

One thing everyone agreed upon is the recent appointment of Tom Armstrong, the former director of the Whitney Musuem, as the director of the Andy Warhol Museum, which will open in Pittsburgh in the spring of 1994. The foundation has already given the museum more than $50 million worth of Warhol paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs, as well as his films, videotapes, and some 2,700 audiotapes he made, of everyone from Edie Sedgwick to Elizabeth Taylor, from the 60s through the 80s. Brigid Berlin, who has listened to and indexed every tape, believes that they should be sealed for at least 50 years. "I'm told they are going to have to be 'exercised.' " she said. "Every six months they are going to be played on fast-forward, then turned over and fast-forwarded on the other side. So that's a full-time job for one person. If it's true that the tapes need a personal trainer, that would be the first thing the foundation's done that Andy would be happy about."

I asked Fred Hughes about two other lawsuits involving the Warhol estate, one with Schlaifer Nance & Co., which sued when its licensing deal turned sour, and which was awarded a $4 million settlement in arbitration last year, and one with Peter Brant for the disputed $7 million still owed on the sale of *Interview*. "Oh, this is such *ordinary* stuff," Hughes groaned. "I'd rather talk about history." He was propped up on a mahogany day bed under a portrait of Charles I in his TV room. The television was sheathed in a snug coverlet handmade by one of his assistants out of Picasso scarves. Within a few days, Hughes would be leaving for Seville, Spain, to attend the debutante ball of one of his several godchildren from aristocratic British families. He was planning to spend the rest of June at Count Volpi's palazzo in Venice, and most of July at the Honorable Desmond and Penelope Guinness's castle in Scotland. "Now that I'm rather broke," he said, "I'm accepting *all* invitations."

He told me he was reading a book about tombstones: "Nothing beats W. C. Fields's I'D RATHER BE IN PHILADELPHIA, which is pretty damn great. Have you thought of what you would put on your tombstone? I thought of a tombstone that says, on one side, HE WAS, and on the other side, HE WASN'T. Because that was *always* the question, Bob, wasn't it?" □

Bill Cosby

(Continued from page 139) decked Tommy Smothers at the Playboy Mansion. (Smothers said he'd only tried to compliment Cosby on his new show, *Cos*. Cosby claimed Smothers had been badgering him.) More recently, in 1987, Cosby and Robert De Niro reportedly almost came to blows outside Mr. Chow's in Manhattan. They had been arguing over Cosby's treatment of De Niro's ex-wife, actress Diahnne Abbott, whom Cosby had originally selected to co-star in his movie *Leonard Part 6* and then replaced.

When I interviewed Cosby in 1991, he was both charming and cooperative. He did, however, continually refer to himself in the third person as he puffed on a long, fat Hoyo de Monterrey Havana cigar. He *is* unpredictable. For instance, after a disastrous test screening of *Leonard*, a last-minute recut was done. Walking out of a dubbing room on the studio lot, a delighted Cosby threw his arms around then Columbia president David Picker and said, "Nobody's ever helped me the way you have."

Two weeks later, on November 27, 1987, without any warning to Columbia executives, Cosby booked himself onto CNN's *Larry King Live* and took the unprecedented step of warning his fans to stay away from the film, on which he had creative control. "It is not my picture," he said. "I don't want them to go see this movie thinking that I'm saying to them that this is a great picture, or that this is even a good picture. . . . It might be better that these people wait and have their friends tell them if they like it or not."

Last November 30, during a fund-raising dinner for Mayor Dinkins's re-election campaign, Cosby, the M.C., was expected to deliver a lighthearted speech; instead, he went on a riff about Jewish-black relations in the aftermath of the Crown Heights riots, which pitted Hasidim living in the Brooklyn neighborhood against African-American residents. Cosby repeatedly referred to the appearance of the Hasidic demonstrators outside the Dinkins event—their "beards," their "hats," their "dark coats," their "high-strung tension." "You are a young man on the sidewalk," he said to one demonstrator, "with a beard and that's all you are, one vote."

"I was there and I have always been predisposed to like Bill Cosby," one Wall Street executive told me later. "His comments were making fun of Jewish people." As Cosby spoke, Dinkins's deputy mayor, Bill Lynch, "emitted a string of small choking sounds," a *Newsday* columnist wrote. Dinkins, for his part, looked shell-shocked. (Cosby says he wasn't sure if the demonstrators were actually Hasidim. "If I was wrong, I'll take the hit on that. I didn't mean to belittle Hasidic Jews.") Six months later, on *The Arsenio Hall Show*, Cosby decried the new wave of *Def Jam*–style African-American comics as "black people making fools and minstrels of themselves." While Hall squirmed in his seat at first, Cosby also railed against HBO for not showcasing minority comics "unless you undignify your Africanness, unless you become what they think is black."

Some have applauded Cosby's own idea of what is black, especially his demand that TV provide African-American characters more realistic than the extremes of Aunt Jemima and boyz in the 'hood. But critics have been tougher, suggesting that Cosby's idea of what constitutes "black" is a product of his own peculiar reality,

orld cushioned by celebrity, where the air nditioner of fame has cooled the harsh lges of experience and created a perspec ve as smoothly rounded and perfectly arketable as a frozen Jell-O Pudding Pop.

Since the days of *I Spy* (the first prime time series to feature a black in a starring role), Cosby has been colored man, egro, black, and now African-American. As a colored man, he could never ave bid for NBC. As an African-American, it may finally be possible. He is, after all, the Jackie Robinson of the medium. ut if he has a game plan for winning the etwork, only he understands it. To date, is specific plays are difficult to decode.

On May 17, he showed up with Jack elch and NBC president and C.E.O. obert C. Wright at a confab of NBC affiliates in Orlando, Florida. NBC corpoate spokesperson Judy Smith explained osby's presence this way: "Bill Cosby alled up Wright and said, 'Look, I really eel like we're turning the corner here. hings are going to go well. How can I elp you guys?' " But some say Cosby ade the call out of fear for NBC's future—not out of optimism. According to ese accounts, Cosby said, "Bob, NBC as got to get back to being No. 1. I want see these peacocks fly."

In Orlando, addressing the crowd of 700 ated in a meeting room at the Grand Flodian Hotel in Walt Disney World, Welch d not sound like a man ready to give up on e network. He declared that the differnce between broadcasting and other busiesses is that, "even in an economic owntum, it is better than just about anying else that you can get your hands on."

The next day was Cosby's. Decked out a bright-orange blazer and a beret, he ave Wright a "manly hug," in the ords of one eyewitness, before striding the podium. Then, almost immediate-, Cosby tweaked Wright, the G.E. corate man turned network boss, saying "may have been, when he first came board, a bean counter. But, ladies and ntlemen, he's been taught. Yes, indeed. ou are looking at a bean counter who is human being now."

Cosby described NBC's current situation "times of bottomness," but declared at "I think this confusion is over. The nfusion of what to put on the air." He so used the term "we" several times—We were really trying"—to describe network activities. "Well, I'm involved, and m involved with this peacock," he noted. I want you to know that I care." Clearly, osby had an agenda or he would never ve made the appearance. Grant Tinker, NBC chairman from 1981 to 1986, notes that "I could never, ever, get Cosby to come to an affiliates meeting, and I really tried. In four years, I think he came to only one. Bill must have had something very specific in mind for him to place that call to Wright in the first place."

On May 24, looking for clues, I attended a fund raiser in New York City for the St. Augustine School of the Arts that was hosted by Cosby and Wright. An oasis in the South Bronx, St. Augustine's is an NBC adoptee, and even Welch attended the function, nabbing the best seat in the auditorium. He arrived early and watched Cosby and a group of St. Augustine kids rehearse their program.

> Cosby continually referred to himself in the third person as he puffed on a long, fat Hoyo de Monterrey Havana cigar.

Then he and Cosby "had a chance to yak," confirmed NBC's Judy Smith.

Glowingly introduced by Wright, the sartorially schizophrenic Cosby was carelessly dressed in a white T-shirt and chinos held up by red suspenders (afterward, he changed into a Gordon Gekko–style handmade suit and tie). While amusing the audience with a concert of some of the worst music ever performed, Cosby slipped in some insider jokes: he dedicated his first song on the clarinet to Warren Littlefield and Perry Simon—NBC's number-one and number-two entertainment programmers, respectively—and then played a tone-deaf rendition of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." No way could Cosby's dig at NBC's sinking fortunes have gone unnoticed by either Welch or Wright.

Then the houselights dimmed, and Cosby, looking paunchy yet grinning boyishly, sat on stage with just a chair, a spotlight, and a microphone and proceeded to spin stories about his school days, his relatives, even his own cholesterol count. ("It's 761. My wife took me into the intensive care unit of the hospital. She pointed at one heart patient and said, 'Ask him what he thinks about bacon *now*.' ") To Cosby fans, the riffs were familiar. A decade ago, before *The Cosby Show* made TV history (and more than $1 billion for all involved), the jazz comedian was doing the same sort of act.

In the early 80s, before Dr. Huxtable swept in with his good medicine, it was said that NBC, dead last in the ratings, stood for Nothing But Carson. Hollywood's favorite joke of the period? The only difference between the *Titanic* and NBC was that the *Titanic* had entertainment. Then came the sea change. Cosby, long absent from prime time, had grown tired of life as a lounge act. One night, in the spring of 1984, his wife, Camille, called agent Norman Brokaw with big news: Bill might star in another series. Cosby's initial concept? A black man who had his own table at New York's '21' Club. Well... No matter if the idea seemed bizarre, the Morris agents were ecstatic. They had been trying to persuade Cosby to go back on TV for years. So had nearly every network executive. But after *I Spy*, *The Bill Cosby Show* for NBC (1969–71), *The New Bill Cosby Show* for CBS (1972–73), and the disastrous *Cos* for ABC in 1976, Cosby satisfied his television appetite with occasional appearances on made-for-children programs and the odd *Tonight Show* turn.

By the spring of 1984, William Morris had put Cosby together with two of their producer clients just starting out, ex–ABC executives Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner. After ABC passed on the idea of a Cosby sitcom, NBC's Tartikoff ordered up six episodes of the team's show (it was too expensive to risk more). The new Cosby vehicle debuted on September 20, 1984, and grabbed a greedy 48 overnight share. ("I've gotten fours before, and I've had eights," an amazed Tartikoff said at the time. "But the two together?") A No. 1 hit can turn a network around, and with Cosby, NBC heated up. The network soon owned Thursday night with a programming block so solid that advertisers fought for time. NBC now stood for Nothing But Cosby. ABC and CBS became the butt of jokes.

Cosby, too, had a big payoff. He had gambled by forgoing a too fat salary for an equal split of all profits. By the time the show was ready for syndication in early

Bill Cosby

1987, stations were willing to pay double the regular price for this proven winner. Since then, Cosby and Carsey-Werner reportedly have pocketed a $333 million pretax payment each, plus another chunk when the original five-year contracts expired and the show was sold a second time. (In 1996, it will be resold for a third run, and *Forbes* has predicted Cosby will become a billionaire.) Tom Werner is now one of the owners of the San Diego Padres. William Morris also profited, so much that a new office building that they erected on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills was dubbed "the house that Cosby built." But then, in 1992, *Cosby* said good-bye.

Today, third-place NBC is Nothing But Costly, one good thing G.E. has not brought to life. Overall, the future of network television looks a lot less upbeat than the resolution of a typical *Cosby* episode. The old clout of the networks has been diluted by cable. Network ad revenues are plunging. Production costs are soaring. But broadcasters are beginning to get a break on two issues: "retransmission" (where under one option cable operators must make payments to TV stations for signal carriage or choose to drop the network signal) and "fin/syn" (the financial-interest and syndication rules, which determine what percentage of their prime-time entertainment programming the networks can own and syndicate).

Because of these developments and because CBS and ABC are making money, NBC is not an unattractive asset, and its potential suitors are legion. In early 1985, soon after Capital Cities began negotiating with ABC, Walt Disney Co. C.E.O. Michael Eisner and his chief stockholder, Fort Worth financier Sid Bass, met with then RCA and NBC management. Eisner wanted NBC, not RCA, so he suggested that the parent company let the network go in exchange for a big premium and being a major shareholder in a new entertainment colossus. But RCA chairman Thornton Bradshaw wanted someone to swallow the company whole.

This cleared the way for Lazard Frères investment banker Felix Rohatyn to match G.E. with RCA. That the union has been troubled is no secret. Recent candidates, real or imagined, to take NBC off G.E.'s hands have ranged from David Geffen (who professes no interest) to oil tycoon Marvin Davis (intrigued, but not enough to do anything concrete about it) and Barry Diller (at one time, perhaps, but not now that he sees QVC home shopping as a cubic zirconia in the rough). Most serious has been Martin Davis, the chairman of Paramount Communications, who has dipped a toe into talks, obviously testing the waters, at the urging of Creative Artists Agency (CAA) chairman Mike Ovitz, who would dearly love to broker an NBC deal (and knows he never will if Cosby, a mainstay at William Morris, succeeds).

NBC apparently played a part when Marty Klein, the late president of the Agency for the Performing Arts, lost client David Letterman to Ovitz at the end of 1991. In a tape-recorded conversation soon after Letterman switched agencies, Klein told me, "Very simply, David was told by Mike Ovitz that he's going to handle the sale of NBC. And as part of the sale of NBC, he'll negotiate him out of his contract. Is that the biggest news to hit show business?" (Ovitz declined to comment for this article. He has always said, as in the ongoing conflict-of-interest controversy over his representation of Credit Lyonnais in Hollywood, that his entertainment-company deal brokering and his representation of stars are kept strictly separated.)

Of all the rumored suitors for NBC, Cosby was never even mentioned before October 1992. Part of the reason for this and the Cosby-can't-be-serious routine may be race and racism. Opportunities for ownership of the airwaves expanded rapidly under the Carter administration when laws were enacted to allow anyone who sold a station to a "qualified" minority-owned company to defer paying tax on the capital gains. But currently only about 200 of the 20,000 U.S. broadcasting companies are owned by African-Americans. Most opportunities are in cable. (Less than two years ago Black Entertainment Television, Robert L. Johnson's cable network reaching 36 million homes, went public on the New York Stock Exchange.) When the Cosby-NBC report first surfaced, the surprise in the corridors of Wall Street and Hollywood was punctuated by guffaws, a response that seems peculiar in towns that saw Sony pay huge bucks to install hairdresser turned producer Jon Peters at Columbia and Credit Lyonnais lend millions to busboy turned mogul Giancarlo Perretti to buy MGM.

What seems nuts to black leaders such as Percy Sutton, onetime head of the N.A.A.C.P. in New York and founder of Inner City Broadcasting, is why anyone would wonder why Cosby wants NBC. "Communications are good for society to begin with, but especially for African-Americans, who historically have not had access to tell their story, or to participate with others in telling the story of America," Sutton explained. "So for Bill Cosby, someone of my community, someone who's had my experiences [and] many of the indignities that have been inflicted on me, I understand why he would want to buy a network. Because I understand the value of that. Not just the commercial value but the psychic value."

Ownership as a value has been a recurring theme in Cosby's life. In 1967, at the start of the third season of *I Spy*, Cosby's first hit show, his then manager, Roy Silver, scheduled a meeting with executive producer Sheldon Leonard to renegotiate Cosby's contract. Cosby had been hired initially for just $1,250 an episode, some $500 less than co-star Robert Culp, and Leonard was prepared now to substantially raise the comedian's pay because of the show's success. Still, it was a surprise when Silver opened the negotiation by announcing, "Bill thinks he should have some ownership in the show."

Immediately, Leonard balked. Giving away ownership meant giving up control. "Well, just how much ownership?" Leonard asked warily.

"Bill wants one-half of 1 percent," Silver said.

In profit terms, Cosby's request was "nothing," recalled Leonard, who granted it (but not before trying to negotiate it down to one-quarter of 1 percent). "It was like a flyspeck. This was clearly a symbolic gesture for Bill. He just wanted the acknowledgment that he was of value to the show."

Years later, at the affiliates confab in May, Cosby said that his loyalty to NBC dated back to what "this network did for me in the 60s. . . . I mean, I am still who I am and what I am because of NBC saying, 'O.K., put him on *I Spy* and keep him there.' " In fact, in 1965, some NBC affiliates below the Mason-Dixon line had threatened to defect from the network after *I Spy* became a test case for integration. But NBC swallowed hard and stared them down. (The next season, when Sheldon Leonard went to NBC with new series ideas, executives were disappointed. "Where are the Negroes?" they asked him.)

When *The Cosby Show* folded, the comic wanted to leave his network a legacy. After taping the final episode, which aired on April 30, 1992, Cosby raced around backstage searching for Malcolm-Jamal Warner. There was something he had to do before he could leave, something he had to give his TV son. When he found him, Cosby proudly passed to Warner a red-and-blue baton. Warner could barely keep his composure. The gesture was an allusion to Cosby's decision to make Warner

e star of his next television venture, a
tcom targeted for the 1992–93 season.

As the creative force behind *Here and ow*, Cosby poured all his social concerns to the new show, in which Warner played young graduate student in psychology ho volunteers as a counselor at a Manhat n youth center. As its executive producer, osby decided to fly the show solo, without larcy Carsey and Tom Werner. He listed is executive-producer credit as Dr. Wil-am H. Cosby Jr., a telling gesture.

Here and Now, Cosby hoped, would elp stem the epidemic of adolescent vio-nce that had become the leading cause of eath for young African-American males ged 18 to 24. He even had a bible of orts to follow—*Deadly Consequences: ow Violence Is Destroying Our Teenage opulation and a Plan to Begin Solving e Problem*, a book written by Dr. Debo-ah Prothrow-Stith, a former Massachu-etts commissioner of public health and ow assistant dean at the Harvard Univer-ty School of Public Health.

To promote the show and to publicize s message, Cosby hired Prothrow-Stith a consultant, and they made several joint ppearances on TV, including *The Maury ovich Show* and *Like It Is*. As Cosby told ne Pauley in a *Dateline NBC* segment in e spring of 1992, "I have a feeling that ter Malcolm's show, an awful lot of eople are going to say, 'I looked at my ildren differently.' Malcolm's show, if 's accepted, really and truly means more the United States of America."

NBC ordered 13 episodes of the new eries, which was considered hot, a "can't iss." But miss it did, especially when it as scheduled at eight P.M. Saturdays—a me period when teen viewers are not to e found in front of their TV sets.

Surely the man former NBC chairman rant Tinker had once called "the 800-ound gorilla of television" could get a ttle thing like a time slot switched as ayback for saving the network, right? Vrong. Cosby personally lobbied for the ow to run at eight P.M. Thursdays (his ld time slot), but the network didn't udge. A few weeks after the fall season arted, *Here and Now* was bombing big—limped in at 88 out of 109 regular prime-me shows. The time slot wasn't the only roblem. Even Cosby's former co-star and aunchest ally, Phylicia Rashad, was sur-rised that the new show was so preachy. BC programming honchos warned Cosby hat the show had too much social rele-ance and not enough sitcom humor.

"I don't think they understood what he as trying to do. That's what was coming ack," said a source close to Cosby. "What I was hearing was that network psychobabble that 'we've got to be fun-ny,' whereas he was playing for context and texture and information. And my sense of it was that the network was trying to play the low road—shtick and stunts and low-grade black humor. And Bill said, 'We're not playing it like that.'"

For Cosby, the whole process became a humiliation, culminating in *Here and Now*'s cancellation.

"I don't think this show had an adequate chance. The time slot killed it," said Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a Harvard Medical School psychiatry professor and author of two books on black child care, who served as script consultant to both *Cosby* and *Here and Now*. And who was responsible for the lethal time spot? "I think it was the head of entertainment, Warren Littlefield," Poussaint noted. Cosby was virtually not talking to Littlefield, and the feud strained his relationship with Wright as well. Some see the cancellation of *Here and Now* as the start of Cosby's quest for the network.

"He was feeling a kind of frustration that, as powerful as he was, and the experience he had, he wasn't listened to," said Poussaint. "And I think, yes, [that's when it occurred to him] that if you own it, then you can control it and do what you want."

As it happened, this thought coincided with two events. On October 16 both *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Los Angeles Times* reported that G.E. was supposedly involved in discussions (again) about the possible sale of NBC—this time with Barry Diller and Paramount, separately. More important than the players was the idea that NBC might be "in play" once again—at least for Cosby.

Later, Norman Brokaw was brimming with excitement when he made his daily call to Cosby. At first, the comic thought NBC had been sold. It turned out that Brokaw was calling so Cosby would be the first to know that the Morris agency had acquired smaller rival Triad Artists in a secret deal.

It was at that point that Cosby said to Brokaw, "Start looking into getting NBC. I want you to let NBC know I'm interested in trying to make a deal with them."

On October 23, 1992, *Daily Variety* columnist Army Archerd broke the news that "Bill Cosby is interested in buying NBC, his agent Norman Brokaw confirmed." That same day, Brokaw flew into New York expressly to inform NBC's Wright of Cosby's intentions. Wright, in turn, politely insisted the network was not for sale.

Scooped, both Hollywood and Wall Street set off in search of the person, or persons, who might be throwing in with Cosby. Brandon Tartikoff became a prime candidate when he announced his resignation as Paramount Pictures chairman later that week. When a TV report said Cosby and Tartikoff might be buying NBC together, Tartikoff's wife said, "Brandon, you have to call those people up and say we can't afford to buy NBC now because we just bought a house in New Orleans." In fact, both Cosby and Brokaw did make overtures that week to recruit Tartikoff, Barry Diller, and Marvin Davis. They all passed.

On October 28, the *Los Angeles Times* quoted anonymous industry sources as saying that Cosby had backed away from a run on NBC "after his financial partners soured on the deal." One unnamed executive quoted by the paper said it "was a whim, and now it's dead." Both Cosby and Brokaw knew that wasn't true. What they didn't know was that Ovitz reputedly had been spinning that scenario all over Hollywood. Brokaw—acting at Cosby's insistence—issued a denial and telephoned Wright that very day to press the issue, telling Wright, "Whether NBC is available or not, I want to say again Bill Cosby is interested."

Immediately, Cosby instructed Brokaw, his lawyers at Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler, personal business adviser Herbert Chaice, and corporate expert Jack Schmidt to proceed full steam ahead and find an investment banker. And Brokaw gave brief interviews to *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* to let financial circles know that Cosby had decided "to fully pursue a deal" for NBC. "This is a real story," Brokaw told the *Times*. Meanwhile, Brokaw complained he couldn't get any work done because there were so many Wall Street firms "on my back," and directed Chaice to take the calls from then on. It was Cosby's lawyers who advised the comedian to choose Goldman Sachs.

Cosby remained quiet until November, when he was inducted into the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences Hall of Fame. In his acceptance speech in Orlando, before every past, present, and future network V.I.P. (including NBC's), Cosby railed against the fact that here it is 1992 and the programmers at the TV networks are still spewing sitcoms about blacks as caricatures—written by "drive-by" white writers (who he says drive by black people on the streets and think they know about them). "Really and truly, *The Cosby Show* should have shown producers and writers something about our own people. I'm not talking about, as an African-American, our own people. But African-Americans as American people," he lashed

Bill Cosby

out. "But clearly none of these images happen to the kind of people that you can imagine graduating from college, or you can imagine working beside you in the steel mill and thinking seriously about their family, about their life, about their contribution to making a better United States of America and world. . . .

"Now, I am not a person who believes that a white writer cannot write about African-Americans. They can. The point is, do they want to?" Cosby said indignantly. "I'm talking to people who are supposed to be my peers, and I'm saying to you all, and I'm begging you all now, stop this horrible massacre of images that are being put on this screen now. It isn't fair. It isn't fair to your children watching. Because that isn't us. It isn't us. It isn't us. It isn't us."

The audience responded with thunderous applause. Tartikoff, who was there, called it "brilliant." Phylicia Rashad, who introduced Cosby, was ecstatic. "If the industry was going to listen to anybody, it would be him." The speech is now known among Cosby and his inner circle as "the Moses Pronouncement."

A month after Moses went to the mountain, he found himself in the paper. On New Year's Eve 1992, Cosby was the subject of a *Wall Street Journal* editorial. It praised his courage, saying, "We'd like to believe that someone, somewhere in that industry felt the force of the home truths delivered at that Hall of Fame induction ceremony—in particular, the final ones, which we think should be posted on the walls of Hollywood's watering holes and network meeting rooms."

But someone was listening. In January 1993, Wussler (who had been looking seriously at NBC for more than a year) decided that Cosby, with his credibility and recognizability, was a perfect linchpin for the management group he was assembling for his own run at NBC. "Why wouldn't he want a creative genius to help in the TV-entertainment sphere?" said a source close to the deal. Once joined, Cosby, Wussler, and company decided to go with Goldman Sachs, whom Cosby's lawyers had previously chosen from all the interested investment banks.

Wussler's invitation solved Cosby's main problem. The comic had not been afraid to bid for NBC on his own, but when he realized, according to one source, that "not even $4 billion was going to be enough," he started to re consider. He was rich, but not that rich

The idea of Cosby as network kingp is greeted with enthusiasm by thos who appreciate his creative genius an moral commitment. But it doesn't sit we with some entertainment veterans wh have worked with Cosby in a business ca pacity. The picture that emerges fro these sources is of an ego out of contro someone who is not used to hearin "No." But does that make Cosby temper amentally unsuited to helm NBC? Or ar these the necessary qualifications?

Matt Williams, who helped create *Rose anne* and *Home Improvement* and who go his start as a writer on *Cosby*, sums it up "Bill is a jazz musician, literally and met aphorically. In life, he doesn't follow th notes on the page. He riffs and it's un structured. And when he's standing on stage as a single performer, it is one of th most brilliant things you will ever see But a jazz musician running a network? can't be. A network is very big and struc tured. I would give Bill a shot at artisti director, but don't ever let him get manag ing director."

That's what Wussler and friends hav in mind. □

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(Continued from page 103) communications are the least of the problems. The president's lack of discipline is the big problem," says Al Hunt, Washington bureau chief of *The Wall Street Journal* and moderator of CNN's *Capital Gang*. "The counselor's office is worthless; personnel is in paralysis; the political office is a sham; the intergovernmental-relations office doesn't know what intergovernmental relations are. Congressional relations has no depth, no tough-ass to tell people [on the Hill] what to do. The president has no discipline himself. And David Gergen's gonna solve all that? It's preposterous."

Mack McLarty wouldn't put it quite like that. A small, immaculate man—fifth-generation Hope, Arkansas, with penetrating blue eyes—he sits in his large, sunny office, down the hall from the Oval Office, and patiently explains in splendid understatement that it was his idea to bring David Gergen in, because "I think there was a recognition that press relations were not as positively constructed as we would like." No matter that the charismatic George Stephanopoulos had emerged as a star inside and outside the White House; there was no rhythm, no "chemistry" between him and the temperamental divas of the White House press corps, who rarely hit any high notes when George was briefing. "George is one of those people of whom you have to ask the right question in precisely the right words, and if it is even one millimeter off, he won't answer," said *New York Times* White House correspondent Gwen Ifill. "Are you saying he toyed with the press?" I asked. "Yes, he did. His attitude was always: I'm smarter than you and I'm younger than you, heh, heh, heh."

As long ago as April, McLarty said, he and Stephanopoulos, who was trying to do three jobs at once, discussed the possibility of Stephanopoulos's giving up the communications job. "I could call my memoirs *From Zoe to Lani*," jokes Stephanopoulos. By May, McLarty continued, "it became clear to me the president had developed his thoughts and really missed George being available as a senior adviser—a role George played in the campaign." He said he suggested that the "formalize George's role as a senior ad viser, reporting to me and to the pres dent." How did the president react? "Th president kind of lit up," he said. "I' looking at you right in the eye," McLart admonished, "and saying that this is promotion for George."

"I feel very comfortable about the job did," Stephanopoulos tells me. Howeve hurt and betrayed Stephanopoulos's youn acolytes may have felt in having Gergen appointment announced so that it cause confusion about the celestial placement their boss, Stephanopoulos seemed re lieved to be back at Clinton's side all day "I feel very comfortable about the job I' going to do and the interim." All the gos sip concerning the idea that he had to fa on his sword for his boss is dismissed. " doesn't matter. None of it matters, be cause I'm only 32 years old." Will he a least concede that he was arrogant? "Yo can't leak on your boss," says Stephano poulos. "I didn't feel I was arrogant. I fe I was overworked. Nobody can be awar of all things at all times. I thought I wa trying."

Late Sunday night, April 25, the awful week of the Waco, Texas, inferno having just passed, the White House operator reached David Gergen at home. "Hi, this is Bill."

Gergen and the president had met at the 1984 Renaissance Weekend, when they were both on a panel to discuss the topic "Things I Didn't Do." Gergen spoke about why he didn't leave the Nixon White House, and Clinton spoke about why he didn't run for president. They had become friendly again at the most recent Renaissance Weekend, when the place was mobbed with hundreds of F.O.B.'s. Gergen, having just returned from a three-day Aspen Institute seminar which had visited South-Central Los Angeles, gave an impassioned New Year's toast–cum–lecture in front of the president-elect on deteriorating race relations. The toast turned off a number of Democratic Party operatives, who felt that Gergen bore more than a little responsibility for the state of the union and was coming rather late to the cause.

Nevertheless, throughout the weekend Gergen was seen chatting with both Bill and Hillary Clinton. And during the transition, he had flown to Little Rock to meet with Stephanopoulos, at the transition team's request, to advise on how to set up the communications office. To his disappointment, Gergen never got to see Clinton that weekend, and, ironically, Clinton's houseguest was Bill Moyers, an old Gergen nemesis. Early in the Reagan years, Moyers had made a CBS documentary, *People Like Us*, about the needy, who, as a result of Reagan's cutbacks, fell through the social safety net. Gergen had gone ballistic at the time and labeled it "below the belt." Today he says, "I still think there was an imbalance."

The night he spoke with the president, Gergen told me, "we had a very much heart-to-heart about cultural Washington, about what he was going through. It was clear he was frustrated. He'd never run into anything like this in politics before. Throughout his governorship, he was never accused of having an incompetent operation." Washington was proving far more difficult to handle than the Comeback Kid had ever imagined. "He was searching for some understanding of what was happening—how this city worked. What happens in this new world of the press? What happens in this new world of the Congress?"

The next week, Gergen wrote a characteristic column called "Give Clinton a Chance," in which he reported that when Waco exploded the president "three times suggested to the staff that day that he speak up and was urged to wait until the facts were clear." He did not write that he had spoken directly to the president, but he did tell his editors. "It was quite a delicate problem for me," said Gergen somewhat grandly. "He's a friend, and I was aware there was a tradition like that. I mean, Ben Bradlee used to talk to Jack Kennedy like that all the time."

Eleven days earlier, on April 14, Gergen had run into the president in the White House mess, where Gergen was lunching with Mack McLarty. The president complimented Gergen, a navy veteran who labels himself "very pro-military," on a column he had written encouraging Clinton to "build better ties to the military," and predicting confidently that "Clinton will surely turn out to be a better commander-in-chief than most troops now think." Gergen said the president told him it was the best advice on the military he'd gotten.

Gergen and McLarty were just becoming acquainted. They had met on March 26 at another traditional Washington insiders' do, the annual *New York Times* cocktail party given the night before the Gridiron dinner, the ultimate nexus of politics, media, and publishing.

McLarty liked Gergen, he says, and respected his ideas. No wonder. Gergen, ever deeply respectful of the presidency, has always given Clinton a lot of slack; last summer he wrote a column criticizing the "attack-dog journalism" covering the candidate. "I read very carefully his more recent writings on Clinton, and he's generally been supportive. Of course, his politics are those of moderation, and where he was critical he's always been constructively critical. So I recommended to the president David Gergen."

Significantly, the discussion about Gergen took place during the week of May 17 to 23, the week the president got his infamous haircut aboard Air Force One the same night he gave a tour of the plane to a group of Hollywood celebrities; the week of Travelgate, when it was revealed that the White House was firing the employees of its Travel Office and that a cousin of the president's was going to be put in charge there instead; the week it came out that it was Arkansan TV producer and close friend of the president Harry Thomason who had called the White House to lobby on behalf of friends in the air charter industry and to complain that they were being shut out of the bidding for White House travel contracts; the week leading up to one of George Stephanopoulos's worst moments before the press, when he was forced to disclose that the White House had called in the F.B.I. in what appeared to be an attempt to justify its Travelgate actions; the week it was revealed that Thomason's spouse-partner, Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, had introduced the Clintons to Beverly Hills couturier Cristophe, the barber on Air Force One that night, and that Cristophe had been flying across the country at $2,000 a clip to make up Hillary Clinton for magazine covers; the week Thomason and his wife freelanced their own embarrassing *Hee Haw* media blitz, proclaiming themselves very un-Hollywood and extremely rich and declaring total sympathy for such past presidential friends in the soup as Bebe Rebozo and Bert Lance. It was as if Elvis were back—in the White House.

Sadly, many of these missteps could have been easily avoided. One of the advantages of having an open-door policy in the White House briefing room, presidential correspondents point out, is that it allows the administration to hear "the morning buzz" from reporters about how stories are going to be played. But the administration people had shut themselves off, openly announcing from the beginning that they were going to work around the White House press corps. "The president decided the White House press corps was expendable," says their dean, U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas. Waco was proof of that folly, and when more bad news came with Hairgate and Travelgate, the Clinton crew had no one in the pressroom to give them the benefit of the doubt as the negative coverage continued to pile on. "On the day of the Waco tragedy, the White House misjudged how the story was being reacted to," says Susan Page, *Newsday*'s White House correspondent. "Their instinct was to protect the president from recrimination, when in fact he should have stood up and taken responsibility, the way Janet Reno did. If their antennae had been better, they would have understood that from the git-go. As it was, Clinton ended up taking a hit."

Too many hits, obviously. In the middle of the maelstrom, McLarty raised the idea with the president of bringing Gergen aboard "the rolling deck," as Gergen refers to the White House. Bill Clinton was caught off guard. "It took him back a little bit—it is an innovation," says McLarty. "Then he said, 'I think that's a very good idea. Do you think he might be interested?'"

McLarty reached Gergen on Sunday, May 23. Gergen and his wife, Ann, a mental-health counselor, had spent the weekend at yet another high-level floating seminar Gergen was part of, a bipartisan panel studying health care, chaired by

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Senators Sam Nunn and Peter Domenici. When Gergen heard the White House operator, he turned to his wife and said, "I bet they're looking for help."

Sure enough. "It sounded like it was going to be the Mack approach to the Clinton conversation," Gergen told me. "He said, 'We really need somebody here who will be at the intersection of policy, politics, and communications. Do you know anybody who would fit that bill?' "

Behind that request, said Gergen, was a belated recognition that the Washington establishment was alien and unfriendly, and that the president was being "unfairly brutalized." They needed someone "to help translate what Washington is all about to them."

"Did you suggest to either the president or McLarty that the problem just might rest with the president himself?"

"No," Gergen admitted, but he thought that they were familiar with his writings, which raised the question of the president's "core beliefs." On the phone he said, "What you are communicating is a lack of core. There is no central thrust, and it's not clear what he stands for. And that the Bill Clinton I knew was getting lost in this picture. It's a very fuzzy picture of the person I thought I knew." Before they hung up, Gergen promised he'd think of three or four names and suggest them. He never did.

On Tuesday, May 25, Gergen picked up his voice mail from a Chevron station in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he was speaking to a group of bank managers. Gergen has been earning several hundred thousand dollars a year lately by explaining how Washington works to such groups. There was a message from McLarty, and when he called him back, they talked for a half-hour. "It was then he offered the job. He offered it straight up. He said, 'We would like to have you do this.' "

The next day Gergen went into the offices of *U.S. News & World Report* and told Michael Ruby and Merrill McLoughlin, the husband-and-wife team who edit the magazine, as well as his closest confidante there, director of editorial administration Kathryn Bushkin, that he had begun a conversation about going to work at the White House.

After the first startled moment, Bushkin said, they thought, "Yes, that would be really smart. Second, we thought, What a loss; and, third, we wanted to know: Is this good for Dave?" They agreed that he should be an adviser, not the communications director. "It's a little awkward for a Republican to be a spokesman for a Democratic president," said Bushkin, who once worked as press secretary to Gary Hart. Gergen also confided his conversation to *U.S. News*'s owner, Mort Zuckerman, and to his friend Kenneth Duberstein, White House chief of staff during Reagan's second term, as well as Joanna Bistany. All advised him that (1) he needed direct access to the president, and (2) Hillary Rodham Clinton had to be in favor of the move.

Deep inside the White House, the First Lady's nickname is the H-bomb. Gergen has remained friendly with another strong First Lady, Nancy Reagan, but Hillary Clinton, he said, is "quite different. . . . Both have an enormous amount of influence over their husband's thinking. Both are relied on heavily for their counsel. Both are seen as anchors. Hillary Clinton's much more involved in the day-to-day." McLarty had assured Gergen that Hillary Clinton was all for the plan. They made a date to have dinner at McLarty's house on Thursday night. "If the pieces fit," Bushkin told me, he had decided to take the job.

Behind his decision, Gergen said, was a sense of personal responsibility: "Social conditions in the country are deteriorating." While trying to acquire his journalistic "voice" over the last decade, Gergen said, he's gone out into the countryside and actually gotten to know Democrats for the first time, and while he was not willing to disavow his former service to the economic and social policies which caused the income for the bottom fifth of the population to drop by 4.6 percent from 1980 to 1991 while the income of the upper 5 percent of the population increased by 21.4 percent, he did say that "those of us who had the privilege to serve in the last two decades haven't served the country well." Was this a new spin to the old Gergen? Marian Wright Edelman, head of the Children's Defense Fund, and Hillary Rodham Clinton couldn't have said it better. "We're becoming two nations," he said. "And it's very serious, and it has to do with training. It has a lot to do with education. It has a lot to do with the safety net. It has a lot to do with changing the culture.

"I'm not taking any shots at Reagan or Ford or Nixon. They were enormously kind to me. Life has been very good to me. I can't walk away from that. It would be unethical of me to take on the Republicans, but I do feel that this city has failed. . . . I think we live lives of privilege, we are all paid extraordinarily well, we all live well, we have lots of power and perks. And if you go around the rest of the country, you see a country that is falling apart for most people." Gergen, whose face flushed red at the thought, said, "I don't mean to get up on my high horse about it, but I feel strongly we're playing games, you know."

On the night of Thursday, May 27, the House voted on the president's budget package, which squeaked through by six votes. At 10 o'clock, on his way out of the White House, McLarty raised the subject of Gergen for the first time with George Stephanopoulos. Stephanopoulos insists that the reports that he hit the ceiling when he heard the news are not true. Stephanopoulos says that he knew the multifold job he was supposed to be doing "was not getting done. I was stretched too thin." "He may have been a little bit surprised," concedes McLarty. Gergen and McLarty then met at McLarty's house, ate cold roast beef, and talked until 1:30 A.M.—about, among other things, having "clarity in your message," says McLarty, and "an acknowledgment we could do better." During dinner, the president called and asked Gergen if he wanted to come over and see him that night. Instead, Gergen made a date to go to the White House to talk to the president, the vice president, and the First Lady the following evening.

The news about Gergen and Stephanopoulos began to leak on Friday. "The kids" in the White House communications office were in a state of shock at realizing that "a grown-up" would suddenly be in their midst, an alien Republican grown-up, who had spent his youth working inside the Watergate White House with Tricky Dick. At 7:30 P.M., Stephanopoulos called a meeting of about 10 of his troops, saying, "I'm going to be having these new responsibilities for the president. It's important we make it work. . . . We need to tighten things up." Interestingly, the one person Stephanopoulos had not yet heard from was the president himself. Stephanopoulos was finally called by Clinton around 10 Friday night.

But the deal had not actually been done. Gergen wanted his sit-downs first. McLarty had to fly home to Hope to deliver a commencement address. Gergen talked to Vice President Gore by phone during the day and saw the First Lady alone in the family quarters at 10 P.M. Gergen said they talked about the central philosophy of the presidency.

"I said, 'Look, there's this perception on the outside that he's the centrist and you're pulling him off to the left all the time, and that's why there's all this conflict. I want to talk about that.' She said, 'It's just wrong, and here's where I'm com-

g from and what I'm doing and where I ink he ought to be going." Gergen said e knew that press relations had "deterio ted," and she thought "the press didn't ow them as people very well."

I mentioned to Gergen that many insiders ew it as a co presidency. "I don't think s a co presidency. I think that's a percep n—that's what I wondered when I came here," said Gergen. "I see it much less at way now that I'm here. But I do think e's a very, very important adviser."

Gergen and Hillary Rodham Clinton lked until 11 P.M., when the president rived. She went to bed around 11:15. he president and Gergen, who are both nown as talky night owls, didn't finish eir conversation until almost two. The esident said, "I need you here. I'd real- like to have you here." "He was very rsuasive," Gergen told me. At the end the talk Gergen said, "I'll do it."

The man who had helped script the Re- ublican convention of 1972—where Nix- n delegates spat on paralyzed anti-war ietnam vets, while Bill Clinton was anaging George McGovern's anti-war mpaign in Texas—the man who kept a cture of General Alexander Haig on his fice wall in the Reagan White House, e man in whose file Jimmy Carter's 980-debate briefing book was found (un- er "Afghanistan") after it was revealed at the book had mysteriously come into e possession of the Reagan campaign efore the debate, David Richmond Ger- n was going to go to work for his fourth esident, the self-proclaimed "New Dem- crat" of Arkansas.

If they had asked me at the begin- ning of the administration to do this b, I would have probably said no," ergen said. Over the years David Ger- n had changed positions, changed par- es, changed sides. His membership in 7 top-drawer institutions, clubs, organ- ations, and boards—all of which he re- ntly resigned from—did not seem to mplete him. He was a man without a ission who wanted a mission, or at least me action. Why, he wonders, should he et nailed for that? "The only thing I'm ying to say is, since leaving govern- ent—from 1984 until now—it's been ne years, a long time. That is certainly as nportant to me as the time I spent in gov- nment in terms of forming who I am."

He grew up in Durham, the youngest four boys, whose parents had moved outh when his father began teaching in e math department at Duke University. e rejected Andover for Durham High d followed two brothers to Yale. Much has been made of the similarities between Gergen and Clinton—the disorganized man who runs three hours late trying to tame the undisciplined man who is rarely on time. Several years ago, Gergen even failed to show up on time to host an al- ready late Governor Bill Clinton at a lunch on Capitol Hill. But although they are only five years apart in age, David Gergen and Bill Clinton represent a dis- tinct generation gap.

On the Yale campus, where he was managing editor of the *Yale Daily News*, he was hardly a B.M.O.C., as Clinton was at Georgetown, "not part of the east- ern establishment that still set the tone of Yale in the early 60s," says his classmate Ridgway Hall, who characterizes Gergen then as "thoughtful and quiet." Certainly he never identified with the countercul- ture. During those years that Bill Clinton was at Oxford not inhaling, Gergen was with the U.S. Navy in Asia, at a safe re- move. "I missed Woodstock," Gergen said. "There's a gap in my culture." Considering the polarized times, it proba- bly didn't matter much then if the unhip Gergen voted for Hubert Humphrey be- fore he came to Washington to work on helping design the draft lottery, which a short time later would cause young Bill Clinton such angst. His boss, Ray Price, remembers no philosophical disconnect. "I don't think anyone considered him a McGovernite, and I don't recall him tell- ing me he voted for Humphrey," says Price. "He was generally philosophically in tune with us."

Leonard Garment, who was White House counsel for Nixon, says Gergen was "one of the early alarm-system peo- ple on Watergate," someone who im- pressed him. "There was something at the core of this young man other than ambi- tion." Gergen, however, stayed to the bit- ter end. "You know, the cover-up worked better inside the White House than any- where else," he explained to me. "I thought it was the cowardly thing to do to walk out."

Under James Baker, Gergen got the reputation of being the Prince of Leaks. The White House staff was divided be- tween the pragmatists, led by Baker, and the ideologues, led by Ed Meese. "Baker and I and [Baker protege Richard] Dar- man—we had an aggressive strategy to try to put our spin on stories, to get the word out as to what we wanted out about the presidency," said Gergen, who doesn't feel he was disloyal to the president the way the conservatives do. There were more than a few snickers around the pressroom, however, when Reagan one

Credits and Fashion Information

Page 4: [illegible]

Page 8: [illegible] Goodman, [illegible] Leonor, Miami, Comme des Fous, L.A., and A[illegible] thorized Capezio dealers, boots from Susan Bennis Warren Edwards and Henri Bendel, both in N[illegible] and Neiman Marcus, Dallas, razor from Sentimento and Bergdorf Goodman Men, both in N.Y.C. Bot[illegible]

Page 52: Photograph, bottom, from Allsport.
Pages 56, 62, 70: Photographs courtesy of Nike.
Page 75: Grooming by Lori Guidroz.
Page 77: Photograph, right, shirt by Antonio Miro; styled by Santiago, grooming by Sandy Gray.
Page 80: Photographs, top, grooming by Jozef Matheny; bottom left, by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; bottom center, by Eric Roberts/*The Daily Telegraph*.
Page 82: Photographs, top left, taken at the Kona Kai Mobile Village, Canoga Park, California; top right, styled by JoAnna Giuliano, grooming b[illegible] son Sherwood for Cloutier; bottom, styled by Traci Marmon, hair and makeup by Gloria Pasqua, both for Photo Rep.
Page 84: Pants and jacket by Cathy Hardwick, blouse by Michael Kors; shoes by Stephane Kélian; styled by Lisa Fernandez; hair and makeup by Gary Stevens for Sarah Laird.
Page 86: Photographs: Top left, by Jules Allen. Top center, from the McGregor Museum. Bottom, styled by Alayne Patrick for Oz; hair and mak[illegible] by Lynn Barron.
Page 92: Photograph, top, grooming by Jonathan Setaro for Visages Style.
Pages 96–97: Shirt and suit from Polo/Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; tie from the Stagg Shoppe, Savannah, Georgia, Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans, and Gorsuch Ltd., Vail, Colorado.
Page 99: Rings from Dö Kham, N.Y.C., and Connie Parente Vintage Collection, L.A.; tie from Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.
Page 104: Photograph from Ron Galella Ltd., painting © 1993 by the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.
Page 106: Inset photographs, left to right, by Patrick McMullan, Christopher Makos, Peter Freed.
Pages 108–9: Inset photographs, far left, courtesy of Jennie Hughes Fallon, second from left and far right, courtesy of Frederick W. Hughes.
Pages 112–13: Dress and shoes from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C., stylist for Visages Style, hairstylist for the Stephen Knoll Salon, makeup artist for Nubest & Co.; manicurist for Butler-Reghanti, wig, Barry Hendrickson's Bits-N-Pieces, N.Y.C.
Page 114: Dress from OMO Norma Kamc[illegible] N[illegible]
Page 115: Coat from Bergdorf Goodma[illegible] Persian kitten from Linda Hanrahan, N.Y.C.
Page 119: Photograph, right, courtesy of Joan Ganz Cooney.
Pages 122–23: Photograph fro[illegible]
Page 125: Photograph from [illegible] Photos.
Page 126: Photograph fro[illegible]
Pages 130–31: Photographs, left, fro[illegible] courtesy of Roy Lichtenstein.
Pages 132–33: Painting © by Roy Lichtenstein.
Pages 134–35: Photographs courte[illegible]
Pages 136–37: Photograph from LGI.

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day announced that he had had it "up to his keister" with leaks, and dispatched none other than the Prince of Leaks himself to relay the message to the press corps. "He was not the best source in the White House, because he was not the closest in," says *The New York Times*'s Steven R. Weisman, who covered the administration at the time and was widely believed to be Gergen's favorite recipient of leaks. "I think Baker and—for me—Deaver, especially, and Rollins and Atwater leaked just as much. It was a leaky White House, because it was always at war with itself."

"When I came out of government in '84, I was penniless. I had been in the government a lot, and we had nothing saved," Gergen said. As his son and daughter were getting ready to go to college, "I got heavily into the speech circuit." He landed at *U.S. News & World Report*, first as a consultant and then as a managing editor, at a tumultuous time in 1985, soon after real-estate tycoon Mortimer Zuckerman bought the magazine. Once again David Gergen was the outsider. Neither he nor Zuckerman knew anything about producing a weekly newsmagazine, but that didn't prevent Gergen from going after the editorship and spending hours on end thinking of ways to please Zuckerman. "He and Kathy Bushkin functioned like Batman and Robin," says one editor. "They started a big campaign to whisper in Mort's ear to get Mort to name Dave." In 1986, Zuckerman did. Now added to Gergen's burdens was an endlessly interfering Zuckerman. Says one insider, "Thirty years ago people would wake up and say, 'Gee, I wonder what Walter Lippmann thinks of so-and-so.' Well, that's Mort's fantasy—he wants people to wake up and say, 'I wonder what Mort Zuckerman thinks.' " "Dave had a paralyzing fear of Zuckerman," says former managing editor and design consultant Edwin Taylor. "You could always tell when Zuckerman had called, because it always led to changes."

Gergen, other co-workers say, had a great sense of news, a good nose for trends, and a wide range of contacts, and many people liked him. But he would focus on the magazine product only at the last minute. There were endless meetings, and the staff was thrown into turmoil. "After two or three months, Dave realized his habits were not those of an editor," says Marvin Stone, the former editor and chairman, who had hired him and presided over the sale of the magazine to Zuckerman. "He wanted to do speeches and columns, and get on TV. You couldn't do that sitting in an editor's chair." It would be another frustrating two years, however, before Zuckerman, under the pretense of learning that Gergen was talking to ABC News about a job, replaced him as editor with Roger Rosenblatt, who is now a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*. Gergen became editor-at-large, a position he held until he went to work for Clinton, and the arrangement worked to mutual benefit. He got visibility and a chance to become a member of the commentariat. The magazine got a knowledgeable, high-profile spokesman.

On the night of Monday, June 7, the first official day of David Gergen's new employ, the president had a meeting in the Oval Office with Senators Mitchell and Moynihan to discuss the budget bill. The president and vice president sat in straight-backed chairs, facing a coffee table. On either side was a sofa, one for the high administration people—McLarty, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, and Budget Director Panetta—and the other for the two senators. David Gergen, like George Stephanopoulos, was consigned to a staff chair against the wall. But Gergen didn't stay there long. He picked up his chair and moved it to the opposite end of the sofas.

"So now the president and vice president are looking at him," says an observer, who adds, "Gergen is a pro. He knows exactly where to put the chair to show that he is not one of the principals, but now he's not one of these guys against the wall, either. George Stephanopoulos, meanwhile, is forced to get up to hand McLarty notes and then go back and sit down. Finally, George just gets up and stands at the corner of the couch and conducts his business from there—standing up."

Yet the new arrangement seems to be working. There is a new Big Five advising the president: the troika of McLarty, Stephanopoulos, and Gergen, plus the First Lady and Al Gore. The first call Gergen made, when he got back from a Memorial Day holiday after the announcement, was to Stephanopoulos, from the Baltimore airport. The two "nonideological technocrats" have bonded. "We finish each other's sentences now," enthused Gergen, who also admitted, "It's hard. I've been on an emotional roller coaster since I've been here."

"There are always lots of sharks in the White House pool," says Michael Deaver. "Look, my model here today is Jim Baker," says Gergen, citing a different kind of cold-blooded creature. "When I'm sitting here in the various meetings, I keep thinking to myself, What would Baker do? How would he handle this?"

"And look what Baker did," I say. "He came in a staff person and went out a senior statesman."

"I don't feel that would be bad, of course," replies Gergen earnestly. "I worked with good chiefs of staff. I worked with Al Haig [under Nixon], I worked with Dick Cheney [under Ford]. Dick Cheney was wonderful. I would never be in a campaign against Dick Cheney." Former secretary of defense Cheney, of course, is often mentioned as a potential Republican presidential candidate to run against Bill Clinton in 1996. What would Gergen do? "I don't want to be involved in the campaign—I'd feel very uncomfortable. But if somebody goes after me with a pitchfork, I guess things could change." Next year the Democrats will have to make an all-out push to hold their majority in the Senate. Where will Gergen be? The ultimate irony, of course, will be for Gergen to do for Clinton what Baker helped do for Reagan—lay the groundwork for a two-term presidency. "I did not come to make this a lifetime tenure. I think sometime between now and the State of the Union in 1996 that my usefulness will come to an end." Meanwhile, Bill Clinton will continue to argue for a reversal of the Reagan revolution—with David Gergen at his side.

It's all in a day's work for Mr. Inside Out. □

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Planetarium

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

With Mars in your 2nd house, you're fired up about getting out there and kicking some major ass (commercially speaking). But you can't quite handle it right now. In this dog-eat-dog hit the road and sell yourself world, even hotshot Leos have to accept the fact that to all things there's a season. There's a time to hustle your make-out and a time to step momentarily out of the fray, slip into the shadows, and let the universe take over. Life would be so easy if, instead of kicking ass, you could just kick off your shoes and run through the cool grass with the other kids—which is probably exactly what you should do.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

If you're a normal Virgo, you're dying to be fulfilled by your work now—yet the whole work thing is killing you. With Venus in Gemini all July, and Mars in Virgo till August 10, you're revved up like a sports car with the accelerator pressed down to the floorboard. The weird thing is, with Mercury retrograde, the car's in neutral and stuck on a garage lift eight feet off the ground until the end of July. Meanwhile, doesn't it make sense for you to hang loose with old friends and enjoy a bucket of soft-shell crabs? How much did obsessing ever refresh anyone, anyway?

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 22*

The transit of Mars through your 12th house can be one hell of a spooky six weeks—best spent muttering prayers with your eyes cast downward. Every so often, however, Fortune smiles on Libras at this time. Take right now, for instance. During most of the period that Venus is transiting your 9th house, Jupiter will remain in Libra. If your brother-in-law embarrasses you, if your sister totals your car, or if an astrologer throws the fear of God into you because some planet is in the wrong place, be big about it. When Mars leaves your 12th house on August 11, that's the time to start showing people how angry you can get.

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

Despite all those rumors about how Scorpios enjoy executions, you do not get your kicks by operating a guillotine. Sometimes, though, people have to be called to answer for the messes they make. For the most part you have tried *not* to abuse your position of power. But with Pluto going direct on August 2 and even *more* power coming to you, you may be asked to hold up a bridge so that a train can pass over, or save a family of kittens from the rapids. Even more scary is an approaching confrontation. Nobody really likes confrontation. O.K., so maybe you do get a shivery little thrill when the mighty cower before you.

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

With Jupiter direct in your solar 11th house, you're probably sporting a big, wide, friendly grin and volunteering, "Yeah, sure, I'll help you move the piano two flights up." And you mean it. You truly love people. But with Pluto going forward in your 12th house on August 2, you're also grumbling through clenched teeth, "Why doesn't everybody just leave me alone?" The inner turbulence and frustration are mounting, and anger is beginning to leak out like puffs of steam from under the lid of a pressure cooker. No sweat. You'll blow the lid off when you reach wit's end. P.S. Wit's end is closer than you think.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

When you were a kid, you probably never dreamed that Uranus and Neptune would go crashing through Capricorn or that Pluto would creep through your 11th house, changing your whole direction and view of the way your life was to be lived. Whether you were once the social-climbing straight-arrow type Capricorn teachers liked but other students only tolerated, or the fun-loving "pal" type who stayed home on Saturday nights watching TV with the folks while your friends were out necking, here you are about to enjoy the freedom (and agony) of adolescence at last. If only your high school class could see you now.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Protocol. We all hate and despise it, but until the Age of Aquarius really gets going, and anarchy reigns throughout the land, and you come clearly into your own, there are going to be times (Lord, I hope) when (short of court and prison) you're simply going to have to (at the very least) act respectful. No matter how much you're tempted to (say, throw your mother, who's a lunatic, out a window or do some other type of act out against the authority figure at work or in your family), With Saturn sparring Pluto through the end of the year, you're involved in a *major* power struggle. Deal with it.

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

You could definitely benefit from the advice of a good right now, though nothing too organized, heavy, or clerical, because the last thing you need is some judgmental do-gooder helping you get your life together. With Saturn in your 12th house, you may be spiritually exhausted, but you've got a pretty good handle on who your friends and enemies are. And even though you spend your share of time sprawled on the couch, you're still pretty damned conscious. But with Mars in your 7th house, it wouldn't hurt to find yourself a nice, commonsensical companion to help button you up and get you through the night.

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

There will always be days when things aren't cool, but if you look back over your life, you'll realize that problems do eventually get worked out. When you think about life that way, there's really no downside, so you might as well just trip on the good stuff and forget about the bad stuff. That's your philosophy, isn't it? So why not practice what you preach while Saturn's retrograde, Pluto's moving forward, and Uranus and Neptune are continuing to afflict you? That way there might not be quite so much swearing and screaming when you can't find anything to do or when the Red Sea doesn't part for you.

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

You're being slowly remodeled and changed, and it doesn't do a bit of good to resist. You're under a spell you've been under for years. It's called Pluto in your solar 7th house. With it you will have people who infuriate you at times with their manipulative ways and sneaky unavailability, their presumptuous belief that you need your consciousness raised, and their annoying insistence that they know exactly what's going on in your head every minute and how you "really" feel about things. Their seductive, beguiling manner riles you no end. And yet, at the end of the day, they're so attractive.

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

So you're doing over your back room or caulking the garage. Big deal. How much does any of it mean in the great scheme of things? A hundred years from now, who's going to know or care that you finally got around to cleaning the oven or had a screaming match with Daddy? Nobody, of course, but with Venus, Mercury, and Mars in Gemini, Cancer, Leo, and Virgo, you have to go through all the motions of daily life—hair dryer and all—no matter how you feel inside. Huge, dark question marks may hover over your head, but you still have to make it to the mall to purchase lightbulbs and toilet paper.

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

Apart from making short trips to the market, the beach, or the doctor, watching old home movies, going off your diet, and thanking God you're still conscious enough to know that you're exhausted, now is the time for you to rest up, at least for the entire month of July and as much of August as you can pilfer. The oppositions of Venus and Mercury to Uranus and Neptune indicate that though you may have been born into a life of tradition you've suddenly been tossed and turned by passions you don't understand. If you need any guidance on the subject, rent a look at any old Susan Hayward movie.

By Michael Lutin

Can a few simple questions sum up an entire life? That's the point of the Proust Questionnaire (named for Marcel, who took it twice). NELL SCOVELL updates the notion and tries it out on Connie Chung. Even though she shares a desk with Dan, Connie says that Maury remains the apple of her eye

Connie Chung



What is your idea of perfect happiness? Being with my husband.

What is your greatest fear? That my *husband's* idea of perfect happiness is being on the golf course.

Which living person do you most admire? My mother. She is strong.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself? Being compulsively neat and a perfectionist. My desk is ridiculously neat. Stacks of file folders for each individual story I'm working on for *Eye to Eye*. Computer at a perfect angle. Pencils in one cup. Pens in another. TV remote control lined up with the VCR remote control. In and Out boxes perfectly straight. It's insane! As for being a perfectionist, well, I am hopelessly doomed—nothing is ever perfect.

What is your greatest regret? Not marrying my husband earlier.

What or who is the greatest love of your life? My husband.

On what occasion do you lie? When I tell Maury I am *not* going after a story *he's* going after. For example, when we both tried to get an interview with Ellie Nesler, the woman accused of killing the man who allegedly molested her son. Maury got her.

When and where were you happiest? Right now, answering these questions.

What is the trait you most deplore in others? Negativity.

Which living person do you most despise? Pass.

What is your favorite journey? Anywhere in Italy.

What is your most treasured possession? My mother's jade engagement ring.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be? To bring back my father, who died three years ago.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be? To shed myself of my favorite emotion: guilt.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse? "Absolutely."

What do you most dislike about your appearance? I look scary without makeup.

What do you consider your greatest achievement? Being able to spend my entire professional life doing something I really enjoy.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be? A man.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be? A woman.

Which talent would you most like to have? To write as well as Charles Kuralt.

What is your current state of mind? Very happy, but I'm a little *fartootst*—I have so much to do!